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Editorials

One More for Our Side

One of the twenty-two young Americans who, following capture by the Communists in Korea embraced the Red philosophy and indicated intention of staying with communism when release of prisoners was agreed upon, has changed his mind. He began the New Year with a good decision: To return to his fellow-countrymen, especially to those back home in Kermit, Texas.

Perhaps it was the dull New Year's eve that prisoners were observing in their camps. More likely it was a tugging at the heart strings brought about by letters from Corporal Claude J. Batchelor's petite wife in Tokio. She had never given up hope that he would choose love, home and country as against a wild-eyed, impractical philosophy and its emphasis upon envy, malice and hate.

More important perhaps than the repentance and return of this one young man is his report that others of the 21 whom he left behind may be coming over to the side of democracy. This almost undoubtedly would occur were it not for the pressures exercised within their camp to prevent defections. According to Batchelor, the prison leaders are armed with daggers and threaten any who wish to break away. Inasmuch as Batchelor appeared before his Indian guard at 1 o'clock in the morning, after he had spent hours in meditation about his decision, it would appear that he took the walk while dangerous men slept.

So the prisoner situation is fairly satisfactory. The Reds have little to brag about in swaying the minds of some three hundred men, all told, whereas North Korean and Chinese prisoners deserted the Red side by the thousands. The small number of men who have elected not to come home may be more afraid of what will happen to them back home than what may happen to them in China. Various soldiers, who have returned home after having been prisoners of war, have had a lot to report about "rats" in their own ranks. Prisoners who do not want to come home may do so not because they love communism but because they fear the revenge of their fellows and certainly contumely from everybody when once their perfidy is revealed.

Living Dangerously

One of the happiest phases in the observance of entry of the New Year by the American people was the accident toll which attained a figure much below the calculations of the casualty experts.

Always during extended holiday periods there is a rise in the casualty rates. This is especially true upon the highways where speeding cars in the hands of temporarily irresponsible or careless drivers bring about accidents serious to life and limb.

There was lower traffic and other casualty total during the immediate Christmas holiday season than had been anticipated on the basis of averages for this particular part of the year. Altho the New Year weekend holiday has not yet ended, all indications are that its casualty figures will be lower even than those of a week ago.

Of course the best that can be expected is some reduction in accidents rather than increase. People who live as dangerously as the millions who traverse our American highways every minute and hour of the day and who are as active in their homes and in all their private and business matters as Americans are known to be, must have a lot of dangerous slips. Not every one can be expected to be up to par every minute of the day and in the performance of each and every job. Not every one can be safety-conscious and perfectly behaved at all times both in his own interest and in that of all around him.

While most accidents are entirely preventable and would be prevented if completely forseen, it is inevitable that mankind will have a lot of them. Prehistoric men fell out of trees, drowned in streams, burned up in fires, fell before the attacks of wild animals and human enemies. Modern man faces even greater threats to his safety. It is all a part of the tremendous struggle for existence that has faced all men from the cradle to the grave. The wonder is that the struggle has been made as easy as it can be seen to be when one considers all the hazards at hand and compares them with the actual number of accidents and casualties.

Malenkov Coos

The hope of a greater change in Russia than a mere change in rulers brought about by the death of Stalin is given some encouragement in the New Year's statement from Premier Malenkov which has just been published in the government's newspaper and therefore is official.

In this statement, which is a reply to questions submitted by Kingsbury Smith, of the International News Service, Malenkov professes to see no obstacles to the reaching of a better understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. Furthermore he professes a desire to see a ban upon the use of atomic weapons and reduction in armaments.

It all sounds very good and, it is to be hoped, is good. But there always must be exercise of caution about these pronouncements which generally are hedged in by so many ifs and buts that nothing ultimately comes of them.

Certainly there is nothing that the people of the United States would rather do than reduce our costly armaments and devote our energies to the promotion of the arts of peace. There will be nothing so repellent to the American people as to take defense in atomic weapons in the event of provocative attack.

But the people of the United States are not going to strip themselves of their strong right arm and encourage, even invite attack against ourselves because of weakness. This nation has not yet become so foolish. This nation has not forgotten the great disarmament conference in Washington thirty years ago and the baneful results because of deceit and duplicity in carrying out the disarmament terms.

The United States then was a babe in the woods. It cost plenty—a World War perhaps—to learn the lesson that now comes back to mind as Malenkov coos like a dove of peace.

Overstating the Case

There are two separate and distinct ideas involved in the unusual diplomatic pressure the United States is putting on France to get that country to ratify the European Defense Community treaty. It is unfortunate that they have been lumped together.

One idea, expressed on several recent occasions by Secretary of State Dulles, is that failure to ratify .D.C. would force on the United States an agonizing reappraisal of its policy. The other idea, also voiced by Mr. Dulles and even more unequivocally in a statement issued by President Eisenhower the other day, is that E. D. C. is the only practical proposal for bringing permanent peace between France and Germany.

As to the first, it is no more than the simple truth that the United States would have to change its policy if there's no E. D. C., and Mr. Dulles did well to say it publicly, so that it would be understood by the French people as well as by French government officials. German troops are essential to the eventual defense of Europe; moreover, it is unfair and in the long run impossible that American troops should constitute, as they now do, the principal defense of Germany, while the Germans contribute not a man.

Therefore, if E. D. C.—which would create a European army, including Germans, under an international command—fails, the United States must do something else about the defense of Europe and the defense of Germany. This might mean a German national army or it might mean other things; the important point at the moment is that the United States would have to reorient its European policy.

This argument is sound. But it tends to be weakened by the intrusion of the second idea. Lasting Franco-German amity is an obvious and praiseworthy objective of this country, which twice in a generation has been drawn into Franco-German wars. The United States is right in asserting that ways must be found to translate that ancient enmity into constructive friendship. It may be that E. D. C. is one step toward that goal.—Wall Street Journal.

Today's Text

By Dr. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 13:27-30

The greatest tragedy of human history without exception is the fact mentioned by Paul in v. 27, which reads as follows: 'They that dwell at Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew Him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath Day—they have fulfilled them by condemning them to death. And though they found no cause of death in Him, yet they demanded of Pilate to have Him put to death. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of Him (in Ps. 22 and in Is. 53, etc.), they took Him down from the tree (the cross) and laid Him in a sepulchre. But God raised Him from the dead.' Here we find the text of every sermon in the book of Acts, Christ crucified and risen again, the joyous note of the Christian religion, a living Saviour, one only Mediator between God and man. Paul was, of course, speaking from personal experience, for he had seen Jesus in the glory on the Damascus road, fro m Whom he had received his commission to preach the Gospel to Jew and Gentile.

Horoscope

The things that you know and the skills in which you are proficient can be put to use to your profit in the coming months. Your prospects are likely to greatly improve. A sincere, honest, original and independent personality may be looked for in the child born today.

Iced tea is an innovation of the United States.

What IS This?



Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Mr. David Lilienthal's proposal, which he broadcast last Saturday evening, is interesting and worthy of respect. But it differs radically from the President's proposal.

Mr. Lilienthal would like the United Nations to set up an agency for production and research in the peaceable uses of atomic energy before negotiations with the Soviet Union have been completed. This is just what the President did not propose. The fundamental condition of his proposal is that "the Soviet Union must, of course, be one" of those "principally involved" in developing the plans of the agency.

It would be a great pity, in my view, if here or abroad Mr. Lilienthal's proposal were to become confused with the President's. For it leaves out what is essential in the President's conception and it introduces an amendment which can add only to the discord and trouble of which we already have plenty.

If Mr. Lilienthal's proposal were based on the special knowledge which he acquired as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, I would not venture to differ with him so sharply. But what he is proposing is not in the technical field of atomic energy but in the general field of international relations.

He is advising the President to ask the United Nations to set up the atomic energy agency immediately — without waiting to negotiate the matter fully to a conclusion with the Soviet Union. What makes him think that the United Nations would do that if we ask it? Which of the nations among the members of the United Nations would vote for such a proposal and themselves participate in the agency? Would the Arab-Asian bloc go out of its way on our invitation to inflict such a gratuitous affront upon the Soviet Union? How many of our allies in NATO does Mr. Lilienthal think could be lined up for his proposal?

The very act of our adopting such a proposal would at one stroke undo the main good that was done by the President's speech. The main good was a clarification and vindication of the motives of the United States. The immense volume of good will which came from all the world, so great that it made its impression inside the Kremlin, would be deeply jeopardized. For what had been an invitation to see if the division of mankind can be transcended would have become simply one more among the many agencies for conducting the cold war.

Agencies for conducting the cold war, such as the Marshall Plan, NATO, Military Aid and the like are necessary. But in establishing them we have remembered that the United Nations is a universal society and we have not asked it to sponsor them. There is no reason why we should now begin.

The President's proposal would never have evoked the response it did had it not been so evidently and so sincerely an effort to find a little ground of accomodation outside the trampled fields of the unending struggle. It may be, of course, that the Soviet Union cannot or will not come on to any ground of accomodation. But the principle of the President's proposal is that it is a good thing, good in itself, good for the aching spirit of mankind, which includes American mankind, that the ground of accomodation should be there and should be acessible.

Let the seed that has been sown in it be allowed to lie for a while, unforced and undisturbed. Let us forego the itch to do something by digging it up to see if it is sprouting. The peaceable uses of atomic energy will in the long run no doubt be great. But there is a false urgency in talking as if all could be won or lost in the next few months.

What could be won or lost now and in the next few months has nothing to do with the future of atomic energy but much to do with the confidence of men all over the world. What matters most is not so much the specific plan but its intentions and its purpose.

Being used to disappointment, we know that the Soviet Union may refuse to participate no matter how patiently we negotiate the issue. If that is to be the outcome, we shall, of course, have to find another plan. But there is no point in starting now with another plan which would by its very terms cause the President's plan to fail.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

An 18-year-old student in a Western college shot and killed himself the other day.

His fellow students had not noticed anything very unusual about the boy except, perhaps, that he seemed "nervous and lonely."

When his father, an attorney, was asked whether he could explain his son's action, he said: "Who could tell if he was troubled? Parents would be the last to know of those things."

He said that he had seen the boy only the week before "and he appeared in good spirits."

Why is it that "parents would be the last to know of those things"? Shouldn't they be the first ones to know whether their child is troubled by problems that may seem a mountain to him but may easily be explained as just a molehill by an understanding father or mother?

Youth is lonely and nervous. That may be the reason why children form into gangs and groups.

Nobody knows exactly when the child turns into a man or a woman, and least of all the average parent.

Imagine a child suddenly becoming aware of life with all its worries and puzzles.

He is afraid to go to his parents for the answers and the solutions. "Parents don't understand," a kid told me.

Haven't they always told him "you are too young"? Haven't they, by their anxious desire to shield him from harm, closed the very doors to life for him?

So what is he to do? Where is he going to go for advice and guidance?

His fellow adolescents don't know any more about life and its responsibilities than he does. But they have the same problems.

God help the boy or girl who has to find the answers himself or by the help of his schoolmates! They can go only by what they see their elders do or what they read in the kind of literature that children like to read.

I saw a newspaper strip the other day. A teen-age girl says to her father, "Lots of women have married as young as I am. I don't see why I shouldn't." "Can the young man support a wife?" asks the father. "He earns $12 a week after school," says the girl. "Do you think you can live on so little a week?" the father queries. And then comes her reply: "Heavens father, when two people truly love each other, a week slides by before you know it."

That's all there is to marriage and its economic problems, as far as the teen-ager is concerned.

Did the father explain to his daughter what marriage is all about, what its responsibilities are, that love is a wonderful thing but that while it makes time shrink, it certainly does not shrink grocery bills?

If parents are "the last to know about those things," it certainly is not the fault of the child.

Child-suicide — and there is too much of it — is usually the result of too many unanswered questions.

(Copyright, 1953)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE GRUNDSOW LODGE IS OM KUMMA: Bei darra tzeit sotta ol die gleader fon da Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw ihra Nei Yohr gruss howwa woh na secht woh ihra 1954 Grundsow Lodge tickets tzu griega. Wos noch mainer is, die Lodge hut sich 'n neiie hamet g'such'd—fersomm'ld sich des yohr in Northampton Community gabei, uf Laubach Avenue, Northampton. 'S owr in Northampton os die airsht fersommling k'halta is werra, un now gait die lodge widder tzurick hame, weil 's Rawd maint, 's het net yusht 'n besserer fersommling blotz g'funna, ow'r aw ainer mit mainer blotz fer mashina shtella. Die lodge fersomm'ld sich Grundsow Dawg owet da 2nd Harning, 1954 im Northampton Community gabei, un die gleader hen fon now bis da 15d Yanner, fer ihra tickets uf nemma.

'S hut net long tzurick 'n annering gewwa uf 'm Rawd. Der g.. haver Charlie Oswald hut sei g'shift uf gewwa—die elt hut 'n iwwer numma, un hut g'sawt er kent nimmy langer diehna. 'S Rawd hut noh net yusht 'm Charlie sei boo John aw ganumma ols 'n Rawd glead, un'n aw nei g'shtim'd ols gelt haver, die g'shefta iwwer nemma in seim aigna nahma, woh er seim Pap Charlie shun fer yohrra mit k'holfa hut.

IM MARRICK FER 'N BRILL: Mohl ains fon da dawga wert der Norman Schneck fon nagshd on rising Sun all'm noh noch da shtadt kumma 'n brilla schmidt sehna waeich ra brill griega. Net long tzurick hut er der fee docktor Bob Oplinger, un woh aw Habtmon is fon Grundsow Lodge Nummber ains on da Lechaw, garufa, er sot kumma 'n annering mocha omma glaina kalb os er het. Un der Docktor Bob is aw kumma, yusht er wie er gaguck'd hut, wors net die ort kalb os der Norman gamaint hut os er het, un tzieg'd's now uf fer 'n kuh.

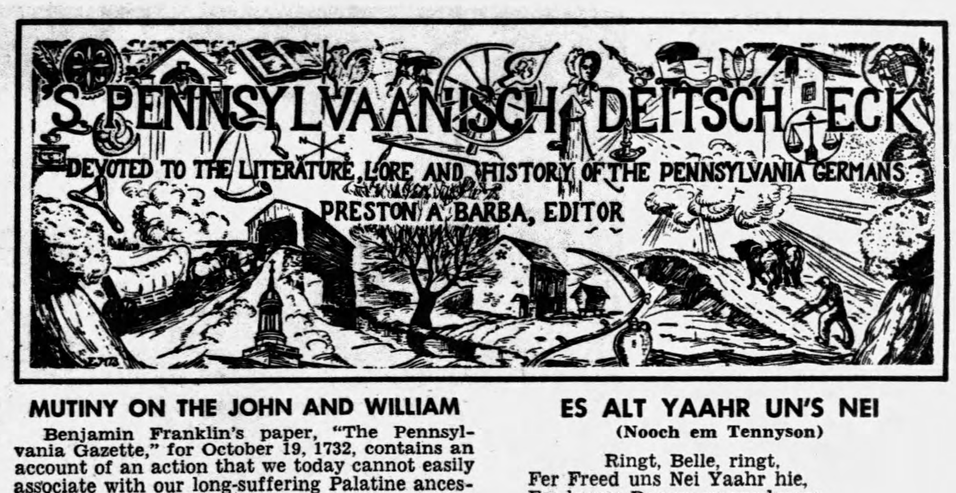
'S HUT NET GANEV'LD: Sei lebdawg wor der Fritch Milling kumpany Johnny Wetzel net aryer fershrucka, os wie da onner dawg wie er nous in der hinkel shtol is, uns hut 'n grossie altie biskotz uf 'm nesh'd k'huck'd. Der John hut die ort neshder mit deckle owwa druf fer nei longa die oyer ous hava. Die barichda sin, er het sich die ledshda paar hoar uf 'm kup rous garissa, wie er wedder 'n bolka gajump'd wear fer glora angshda.

Die biskotz wor ow'r arrick manierlich — hut ken awshpruch gamocht fer aenich ebbes duh os net gaduh sei sot imma hinkle shtol. Fer ous aenich ma g'fohr bleiva, is der John noh shnell outside on der kinkle shtol, un hut heftich dawedder gaglubb'd mit ma wesh shteiber fer die biskotz wissa lossa os es tzeit wear fer ous tziega. Sie wor ow'r net imma huddle fer ferlossa, ow'r da nagshda morya wie der John nous is gucka danoh, wor die biskotz fert, un er hut folshter die oyer ous k'hova—owets dafor hut er nimmy's hartz kot sel g'sheft fartich tzu mocha.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der John die socha aw net hous howwa—wil et howwa os die Marie Beidler Kratz ous fin'd dafon, odder sie maich'd im shtond sei uns 'm Pumpernickle aw drawga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R: Der Roland Scheirer fon Laurys hut shun fer mohneta net fershtae kenna wos seinra mashina faila dade—alla gabur hut sie gaglux'd.

Kartz fer Grishdawg hut e. 'm Marcus Marcks, ainer fon seina shoff kummerrawda ons Macks fertzailt, er het der druvel now g'funna—'m ledshda summer wie er in Konadaw wor, hut er 'n buddle shnops mit hame, un gons un gore fergessa die buddle fon da mashine tzu nemma.



MUTINY ON THE JOHN AND WILLIAM

Benjamin Franklin's paper, "The Pennsylvania Gazette," for October 19, 1732, contains an account of an action that we today cannot easily associate with our long-suffering Palatine ancestors. It reads as follows:

"Sunday last arrived here Captain Tmyberton, in 17 weeks from Rotterdam, with 220 Palatines—44 died in their passage. About three weeks ago, the passengers dissatisfied with the length of the voyage, were so imprudent as to make a mutiny, and, being the stronger party, have ever since had the government of the vessel, giving orders from among themselves to the captain and sailors, who were threatened with death in case of disobedience. Thus, having sight of land, they carried the vessel twice backwards and forwards between our capes and Virginia, looking for a place to go ashore, they knew not where. At length they compelled the sailors to cast the anchor near Cape May, and eight of them took the boat by force and went ashore; from whence they have been five days coming up by land to this place, where they found the ship arrived. Those concerned in taking the boat are committed to prison."

The ship was the "John and William," which reached Philadelphia October 17, 1732, under Captain Tymberton from Rotterdam according to Vol. 17, Sec. Series of Pennsylvania Archives, p. 72.

Turning to the list of passengers on that ship we find Martin Lorenz, George Albright, Jacob and Benedict and Hans Peter Brackbill, and John Peter Reinhart, John Martin Schaeffer, Jacob Weber, Gideon Hoffer, Jacob Henrich, John George Sprecher, John Nicholas Boshung, Philip Melchior Meyer, John Peter Appel, Laurens Kieffer, Baltzer Gerlach, Stephen Matz, John George Martin, Ludwig John Herr, Sebastian Druckemiller, John Shock, Conrad Getz, Mathias Musser, John Vogel, John Michael Hoffman, John Jacob Scherr, Joseph Houbley, Michael Miller and Mathias Mentzer among the ship's list.

We recognize all of these as familiar Pennsylvania names. It is indeed interesting to contemplate that these persons—ancestors no doubt of present families of the same name living among us today—suffered such a discouraging experience on their journey here. What a fascinating story they must have told their children and grandchildren of their desperate plight at sea. No wonder they mutinied! Ordinarily ten to twelve weeks were quite sufficient to make the passage. But these people saw no land after 12, 13, yea 14 weeks of patient sailing. Then they became frightened—horror stricken. They felt that they were lost—lost on the great Atlantic Ocean, with no land in sight anywhere. They threaten the master and seamen and take charge of the ship. This they did at the end of 14 weeks or as the account states, about three weeks before landing.

Think of the scene on that ship from another point. According to the record there were 98 women and children on the vessel when it landed in addition to about the same number of men. What terror they must have experienced and how the children must have cried in terror. How desperately in despair were the mothers. How helpless all of them! Think too of the deaths—44 deaths that voyage. That is, one each third day dies and is sunk in the sea.

It took brave souls indeed in those days to cross the ocean and found a new land. This was no doubt one of many similar fated ships. These people were surely persons of grim determination; and it is not a great wonder that they succeeded in establishing themselves comfortably in a little while after they reached their new home.

Adapted from H. Frank Eshleman's Historic Background and Annals off the Swiss and German Pioneer Settlers of Southeastern Pennsylvania, etc., Lancaster, Pa., 1917.

DIE SCHTORI VUM RIP VAN WINKLE

Die Grischdaag am Barrig waare schtill, awwer es hot schier yeders en Grischkindel grickt. Ich hab mei Schtrump an der Schannschtee ghenkt, un maryets wie ich uffgschtanne bin, waar ebbes zum Loch raus gschtocke am Fauschte, un was denkscht du ass es waar? Du kennscht es gaar net rode. Es waar en Buch vun me alde Kall, wu als zu viel "Kefferbrieh" gedrunke hot un iss emol uff em Barrig eigschlofe un iss net wacker warre fer zwansich Yaahr. Sie Naame war "Rip Van Winkle." Vanne im Buch waar nei gschriwwe: "Kumblaments of Polly." Nau die Polly iss en schallu alds Weibsmensch, un ich glaab ass sie es geduh hot fer mir der Abschei gewwe vun Licker. Die Schtori vum Buch iss des:

Der alt Rip hot net gegliche zu schaffe, un iss yuscht rum gelegge an de Wattsheiser un hot Licker gedrunke. Sei Fraa hot Gretchen gheesse, un sie hot als Weseches eigenumme fer die Haushalding erneere. Sie waar en schmaudi Fraa, awwer hot en grosser Zann ghatt. Der alt Rip hot en Hund ghatt beim Naame "Schneider," un wann der alt Rip net am Wattshaus gelegge hot, dann waar er am Barrig rum geloffe mit seinre. Bix un em "Schneider." Doch hot er in seim Lewe nix gschosse ass wie eemol hot er me Nochber sei Bull gschosse bei mistake. Er waar en freindlicher alder Kall un hot als die Kinner im Schteddel uff der Axel rumgedraagge, awwer sell hot doch ken Brodwascht ins Haus gebrocht. Endlich iss es der Gretchen zu hatt kumma un ee Nacht ass en hadder Gewidder Regge am Himmel waar iss er widder gsoffe heemkumme yuscht ver em Schtaum, un es hot die Gretchen so verzannt, ass sie die Dier uffgemacht hot un hot gsaat: "Nau hawwich's yuscht lang genunk gschtent. Naus mit dir, Rip, un kumm mir in deim Lewe nimmi fer die Aagge!"

Es hot gedunnert un gewedderleecht so ass der Schneider unnich der Offe gschluppt iss. Der Regge iss runner kumme bei de Kiwwelvoll, un der Rip iss rumgedreht zu der Gretchen un hot gsaat: "Net in so re Nacht wie die. Es iss yo zu wiescht fer en Hund drauss zu sei."

"Naus mit dir," hot die Gretchen gsaat, "ich will dich nimme sehne."

"Good-bye, Meney, good-bye, Rip," hot der alt Rip zu seim gleene Bu un Meedel gsaat. Dernoh hot er sei Bix grickt un iss an der Offe un hot gsaat, "Kumm, Schneider."

Er un der Schneider sin naus un aafange am Barrig nuff graddle. Der Wind un der Regge hen ihn als schier umgeblose un dernoh hot's als widder es Wedderleech ihn so verblennt ass er net gewisst hot wu er hielaaft. Glei hot er ebber am Barrig drowwe heere rufe:

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

Es hot der Schneider verschreckt un er hot aafange gauze.

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" hot's widder am Barrig naus gschallt.

"Do bin ich. Was witt!" hot der Rip geandwatt, awwer die Yacht iss widder kummer wie devor:

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

Endlich seht er im Wedderleeche en glee Mennli am Barrig nuff graddle mit me Fessli uff der Axel. Wie des glee Mennli der alt Rip gsehne hot, dann hot's es Fessli hiegschtellt un hot gemoschent zum Rip ass er sett's der Barrig nuff draagge. Der Rip hot es Fessli uff die Axel, sei Bix in die anner Hand un iss der Barrig nuff gschtaert—es glee Mennli vanne haere un der Schneider hinne nooch mit em Schwans zwische de Bee gepetzt. Als un als am Barrig nuff, dann bletzlich fangt's widder frisch nei aa dunnere, un uff eemol kumme sie uff en langi Bank vum Barrig, un do schtehne en gans Dutzend so gleene Menner un rolle groosse Balle newe am Barrig naus. Wie sie der Rip gsehne hen, dann hen sie all ihm die Zeit gebodde. Der Rip hot gsaat, "Gude Nowed. Des iss en wieschdi Nacht." Sie hen ihn all aageguckt, un hen ihre Kepp genuckt, awwer kens hot ebbes gsaat. Sie hen moschens zu em Rip gemacht, ass er sett sei Fessli anneschtelle, un dernoh hot eens vun de gleene Menner der Schpunde neigschlagge, un sie hen der Licker rausgschitt in en Blech. Wie sie all rum gedrunke hen ghatt, dann hen sie em Rip en Blechvoli annegelangt, awwer der Rip hot's eweck gschtellt un hot gsaat, er hett abgschwore uff "Kefferbrieh." Nau, der Rip waar gaar wunnerbaar daschtig un hett ebbes hawwe solle fer sei Maagge ufftune, awwer er hot de gleene Ketzer net gedraut. Sie hen awwer druff insist, ass er eens nemmt, un er hot aafange schwetze—hot sie gfroogt, waer sie waere un wu sie herkumme deede. Sie hen yuscht die Kepp genuckt, hen nix gschwetzt, awwer hen druff insist, ass er en jigger aus em Fessli nemmt.

"Nee," hot der Rip gsaat, "ich hab abgschwore. Ich drink nimmi."

Dernoh hot eens vun de gleene Kalls gemacht, ass wann er es zerickschidde wett ins Fessli un sell warr zu viel fer der Rip un er hot gsaat:

"Hold on. Schitt's net zerick. Sell verdarrebt der Licker." Er hot's gedrunke un glei hot's ihm aafange dunnere im Kopp. Er iss blind un daab warre un iss unnich en gleener Schprusbaam gebatzelt. Datt hot er der Schneider aagebunne.

Der Rip iss eigschlofe nooch dem ass er selli Kefferbrieh gedrunke hot. Fer zwansich Yaahr hot niemand den alde Rip sei Bix heere schalle iwwer em Haase hunde. Ee Marye iss er wacker warre. Die Feggel hen uff de Beem gsunge um ihn rum. "Ei," hot er gsaat, "hawwich dann die gans Nacht gschlofe? Nau schelt widder die Gretchen wie alle Deihenker." Dernoh hot er rumgeguckt fer der Schneider. Er waar fatt. Sei Bix hot newich ihm gelegge, all verroscht un halwer faul. Sei Gleeder hen vun ihm ghunke in Zoddle. "Nau," hot er gsaat, "hen die gleene Ketzer mei Gleeder un mei Schneider gschtohle un hen mei gudi Bix verhandelt uff en schlechti." Er hot uffschteh welle, awwer sei Bee waare so schteif ass er sie net biegge hot kenne. "Ah," hot er gsaat, "die gans Nacht uff em Barrig schlofe, hot mir die Rummadis gewwe." Endlich iss er dann uffkumme un mit seim Bixelaaf fer en Schtock iss er der Barrig runnergschtaert. Wie er ins aerscht Schteddel kumme iss, sin die Kinner ihm nooch un hen ihn gezatt. Die alde Leit sin aus de Heiser kumme un hen ihre Baart gschtriche. Des hot der Rip gucke mache un dann hot er gsehne ass sei Baart en Fuss lang waar un so weiss ass Schnee. Er hot niemand gekennt, un die Hund, wu er gemeent hot ass all sei Freind waare, hen nooch ihm gegauzt. Endlich kummt er dann ins Schteddel, un iss aa graad gange fer ans Wattshaus. Es alt Wattshaus waar eweck gerisse un en gross nei Gebei waar in seim Blatz. Die Leit sin um ihn rum un hen ihn gfroogt waer er waar un was er wett.

"Ya," saagt der Rip, "ich weess net. Des iss alles fremm zu mir. Geshder Owed hot die Gretchen mich nausgedriwwe in all sellem Regge Schtarrem un ich bin uff der Barrig un hab mich verschlofe. Kennt eenich ebber der Rip Van Winkle?"

"Rip Van Winkle?" hot eens gsaat. "Datt driwwe am Poschde schteht er. Sei Daadi hot aa Rip gheesse, awwer er war so en schlechder alder Schellem un iss ee Nacht, about zwansich Yaahr zerick, uff der Barrig un iss nimmi heemkumme. Sei Hund iss heemkumme ohni ihn un es waar geglaabt er hett sich gschosse, odder waer dod gemacht warre bei de Insching."

"Gott weess," hot der Rip gsaat. "Ich bin mich nimmi selwer—ich bin ebber schunscht. Sell iss mich datt driwwe am Poschde. Nau wann sell der Rip Van Winkle iss, wunnert's mich waer der Deihenker ass ich bin?"

Glei sin die alde Leit zammekumme un eens nooch em annere hot ihn gekennt. Ya, es waar warricklich der alt Rip Van Winkle, awwer sei beschder Freind, der Schneider, waar dod. Sei Kinner waare grooss gewaxe un gheiert, awwer sei Fraa, die Gretchen, waar aa dod, un sell hot ihn es bescht gebliest vun allem.

Wie ich's Buch gans darrichgelese hab ghatt, dann hawwich der Polly gsaat, ich deed gaun zwansich Yaahr schlofe, wann sie verschpreche deet in sellere Zeit dodgeh, un sie hot en heess Biggelseise nooch mir gschmisse un es iss mir so neegscht am Kopp verbei ass es mir die Haar gsenkt hot.

—BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

ES ALT YAAHR UN'S NEI

(Nooch em Tennyson)

Ringt, Belle, ringt,
Fer Freed uns Nei Yaahr hie,
Fer bessre Daagge vannedrauss
Un freindlicher wie die;
Fer mehner Lieb un wennicher Schand,
Fer wennicher Schtreit un meh Verschtand,
Un darricheweck en besser Land,
Ringt, Belle, ringt!

Tollt, Belle, tollt,
Fer's alt vergange Yaahr,
Aus Leed fer manchi siessi Schtund
Wu vorhaer unser waar;
Aus Sarye fer verlorni Zeit,
Fer niddere tricks un kleener Schbeit,
Un Falschheet gschwische Tschentelleit,
Tollt, Belle, tollt!

Ringt, Belle, ringt,
Bis Daal un Barrig schallt,
Fer all die nei Geleeggeheet
Wu nau zu yeders fallt;
Fer frischer Eifer, hocher Ziel,
Fer nei-i Hoffning, mehner Gwallt,
Meh Eenichkeet un Mitgefiehl,
Ringt, Belle, ringt!

Tollt, Belle, tollt!
Leegt's Alt Yaahr in die Ruh,
Fer z'rickwatts hen mer alsemol
Viel Ungerecht geduh;
Die Sind henkt wichtig schwer am Haz
Un krenkt die Seel mit Sorg un Schmaz,
Fer Droscht mach doch der Elend kaz,
Tollt, Belle, tollt!

Ringt, Belle, ringt,
Ka-ling-a-ling-ka-lang!
Ringt's Alt Yaahr naus mit Sorg un Leed,
Un's Nei Yaahr rei mit Gsang!
Ringt fer en schtandhaft Mennlichkeet,
Ringt laut un lang mit Luscht un Freed,
Ringt, Belle, ringt!

En Yaahr iss fatt,
Ken Macht bringt's widder z'rick,
Un yeders muss verandwadde—
Der Grischt un hyprocrit!
Es gebt en Rechnung fer die Zeit,
Do odder in der Ewichkeit,
Fer groosse un kleene Tschentelleit,
Tollt, Belle, tollt!

Es Nei Yaahr kummt,
Mer weess net was es bringt,
Doch wann mer all rum besser duhn
Watt's gut sei wie mer's finnt;
Die Kraft vun unserm gseeggent Land
Iss net im Yaahrzaahl, 's iss im Mann,
Sei Haz, sei G'wisse un Verschtand,
Ringt, Belle, ringt!

Ringt, Belle, ringt,
Fer Freed uff's Nei Yaahr hie,
Fer bess're Daagge vannedrauss
Un freindlicher wie die;
Ringt fer meh Friede, Eenichkeet,
Fer hazlich Lieb un Heemetfreed,
Un endlich unser Seelichkeet,
Ringt, Belle, ringt!

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

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Editorials

Quakes Inevitable

Earth tremors, which were felt by people in Reading and nearby areas on Thursday, serve to remind people living in this Great Valley, underlaid with limestone formation, that old terra firma is not nearly so firm, so strong and immovable as a lot of us would have it to be.

Wherever there is limestone formation, and abundance of rainfall, there will be erosive subterranean effects. There will be caves, large and small, as in the Virginia area. There will be many caves unknown to man and unsuspected by him. There will be subsidences, as was the case in the vicinity of 9th and Gordon streets several years ago and highways and buildings will be damaged. When big "resettlement" occurs deep in the earth, the shifting of vast masses of rock and earth produces tremors or "shocks" such as were felt in Reading and such as were felt in this city on a number of occasions in recent years.

While little is known about what actually is going on deep in the bowels of the earth during such phenomenon Science has found the way to record these shocks, even tho they have occurred at points on the earth many miles away. Science even determines the location with accuracy.

Thus on Thursday the seismograph at Fordham University in New York registered the shocks from Berks County. The Rev. Joseph J. Lynch, the seismologist, not only timed the occurrence perfectly but he was able to calculate its location. He knew that there had been earthquakes in and around Reading long before thousands of people in the area had gotten out of bed for another day, for the tremors began at 2:26 a.m. and continued during the day's early hours of darkness.

There is of course no cause for considerable alarm. This sort of thing has been happening during centuries of history which are unrecorded except for great faults in local strata of rock, a curiosity which the geologists love to find and study. This shifting of the earth will continue to happen and nothing can be done about it. The fortunate thing is that not within recorded history has there ever been a highly disastrous tremor or series of tremors in this vast limestone area.

Minds Meet on Bridge

There are very favorable and encouraging signs that the City and the County thru their respective Council and Board of County Commissioners are coming to an understanding relative to the construction of a bridge at S. 15th street near Lawrence street.

It is most important of course that these bodies reach agreement for it is from these sources that all the money for construction will have to be secured. It is important that there be agreement as to the need for a bridge at this point and also that early construction is desirable.

Hitherto there has been division of opinion regarding the course which was to be taken by the bridge, whether it be a direct north and south elevated highway or whether it proceed from 15th and Lawrence streets to and along Ward street and thence to Lehigh Parkway.

Opinion is crystallizing to the point of agreement, it seems likely, on the latter course. Likewise the width of the bridge is likely to be four lanes not only because of present heavy traffic in that area but as a provision for rapid movement of a large volume of cars in the future. Certainly a two-lane highway over the bridge would be unthinkable in this Motoring Age of already vast and rapidly increasing traffic. A three-lane highway likewise should be eliminated from consideration because of its danger factors. A four-lane highway therefore is the answer. It may in fact be none too wide for the traffic in the early future, as early let us say as 1970, when the city's population can be expected to be nudging the 150,000 mark.

Swedish Defense

To read the current best-seller in Sweden one would scarcely think that it is published by the government of a nation dedicated in the most recent global wars to a policy of neutrality.

But the book, entitled "If War Comes" and with an introduction signed by the King and his Prime Minister, shows that the Scandinavian country is considerably ahead of some other less neutral nations.

Actually, the text reads as though it might have come out of our own civil defense organization. "If war comes," it begins, "your towns and villages will be set on fire and a blinding flash may be the first indication of an atomic explosion. An attack from the air may, in fact be your first warning that war has broken out."

Few governments in Europe today would dare give their people the unpalatable atomic truths as the Swedish government is pouring out daily to its people. But Sweden is leaving nothing to chance, and all citizens of both sexes, from 16 to 65, must undergo compulsory training in civil defense, with only active and reserve servicemen excused.

The training period takes 60 hours each year, and consists of 12 hours devoted to lectures and the remainder to practical exercises. In addition, Sweden is going underground by the construction of mammoth shelters including underground airfields and similar military bases.

Thus it may be seen that this neutral land has gone a long way from its pacifism of earlier years to its present unflinching facing of realities.

Perhaps, if we, as a nation, were as close to the enemies of freedom as our Swedish friends, we would be taking civil defense more seriously than we do.—Harrisburg Evening News.

Code for Teenagers

A great deal of information and pertinent opinion was voiced during last week when the conference on "Problems of Youth in Our Changing Era" was held at Muhlenberg College under the sponsorship of the Lehigh County Community Council.

These problems are disturbing parents of teen-agers everywhere in the United States. There is a universal groping for help wherever it may be found.

Fortunately for our young people and for the homes from which they come is the fact that parents thruout this country are making very serious effort to leave the answers to problems which are common in just about every household which has teenage members.

Parent Teacher Associations from the Atlantic to the Pacific are striving to attain something like a code to which not only they themselves can subscribe but which the young people will likewise endorse, first, because it is what all the rest of the teenagers are doing and second, because it outlines a reasonable line of action.

The first point is highly important in the minds and emotions of young people. A thing "is done" or "it is not done" according to their code. To act differently from the herd is to court unpopularity if not in fact ostracism that can be feared more than death of young people.

The Parent Teacher Association of a Chicago High School tackled its problems with young people and came up with a code which may be studied by similar bodies with profit. Such study may lead to imitation for there is a wealth of good ideas in the code if uniform adoption can be agreed upon. The code is being considered widely thruout the Chicago area where parents have the same problems as do parents hereabouts who constantly must hear the plaints: "But all the other kids can go" and "all the other kids get enough spending money" to do this and that, etc. etc

The code consists of the following thirteen points which, in the case of one high school, have been endorsed by more than fifteen hundred parents and more than two thousand children:

1. Parents should know where their childdren are and have an approximate hour for them to return home or to phone for other arrangements.
2. Chaperoned parties are desirable, but chaperonage should be somewhat inconspicuous though available at all times. "Open House" is not open to the public but only to those individuals who have been invited.
3. For high-school students social events should be confined to weekends and should close at midnight. They should seldom, if ever, be held on week nights and then only until 10 p.m.
4. An allowance is basic to the development of confidence and responsibility. The amount should depend on the income of the parents and should never permit extravagance.
5. Each young person should have certain home duties and should be taught to accept emergency duties when necessary. The allowance should not be directly related to the home duties; duties should be performed without consideration of pay.
6. Smoking is bad for growing youth and should be discouraged
7. There should be no drinking.
8. Profanity may be discouraged and its discouragement may be helped by its absence in the home.
9. Church attendance should be encouraged by parents.
10. Young people should not use cars except for parties or other special events requiring transportation. They should always be encouraged to drive with caution and not overload cars at any time.
11. As to the radio or TV there is general agreement that if concentrated study is required, the human mind is incapable of concentrating on two trends of thought at the same time.
12. Skills and hobbies should be encouraged whenever possible.
13. Always keep the line of communication open between parent and child regardless of rules.

Horoscope

The stars in their courses predict financial success for you, but curb impetuosity in all your affairs. Many fine characteristics may be noted in today's child, and success seems assured.

Tropical fish known as "guppies" were named after Lechmere Guppy, the man who first gave the world a good account of them.

The Man of Tomorrow



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Nobody, after reading President Eisenhower's message on the "State of the Union," will be able to say his administration is lacking in ideas—difficult as it may prove to be to put most of them into effect. For Mr. Eisenhower in his address to Congress touched on every conceivable subject of major importance on which there can be legislative or executive action.

But in most instances the President didn't give details or a bill of particulars. He promises these details in a series of messages on separate subjects, all to be delivered at different times during the rest of January.

The average man cannot grasp the meaning of all the topics covered in a presidential message on the "State of the Union." He can only get the feel of things. And the best way to describe the feeling to be derived is to say that the President is conscientiously and earnestly struggling to find solutions to a never-ending series of dilemmas at home and abroad.

A presidential address isn't a piece of legislation. Hence, it necessarily is written in implicit phrases. These phrases nevertheless give a hint of what's coming.

What Is Prosperity?

Mr. Eisenhower refers to 1953 as "the most prosperous year" in the nation's history. But much depends on what is meant by "prosperous." A flush of fever gives the face a look of health, but it conceals an illness. The "prosperity" of inflation from 1940 to 1953 can produce an epidemic of unemployment in the years ahead. It hasn't been a "prosperous" era for persons whose dollar has shrunk in buying power.

Nor is there "peace." Communist aggression has been halted in Korea, says the President. But he notes that aggression is continuing in Indo-China. The fighting in Korea is ended, but the draft for military services goes on. He thinks "tyranny is in trouble," behind the Iron Curtain, and leaves the impression that maybe this is the reason for what he calls "a great strategic change in the world during the past year."

Mr. Eisenhower appears to believe we have attained the "initiative" and that our foreign policy now is "free to develop along lines of our choice." But the behavior of the Kremlin to date offers no concrete proof of that hopeful wish.

What the President said about the United Nations is worth noting. For the words are carefully chosen. He says the United Nations is the place "where the nations of the world can, if they have the will, take collective action for peace and justice." But he doesn't mention that they didn't have the will, and that Russia and India, both members of the U.N., called themselves "neutral" when aggression occurred.

The President adds that the U.N. is a place "where the guilt can be squarely assigned." But he doesn't point out that Soviet Russia has publicly admitted her guilt in aiding the aggressor in Korea, and yet has never been tried at the bar of justice in the U.N. Such omissions merely promote the cause of hypocrisy in the world and tend to discourage champions of truth and justice.

Mr. Eisenhower hopes western Europe is gaining in "self-reliance" and says that, while military assistance to Europe must be increased, economic assistance can be diminished. He speaks vaguely of a "healthier and freer system of trade and payments within the free world." This is a glimpse of the big tariff controversy ahead.

Soviet Misbehavior

But behind it all lurks the spectre of Soviet misbehavior and the President somewhat wistfully, it appears, says that "a truly constructive reaction" toward his proposal for an atomic-energy pool "will make possible a new start toward an era of peace." The world has been waiting in vain a long time for something "constructive" to emerge from Moscow.

If peace can be assured or a war postponed, then lots of domestic reforms can be expected. Tax revision, enlarged social-security programs, a stabilized formula for agriculture, an improvement rather than a repeal of the Taft-Hartley act, and some stern measures against convicted Communists — mention of which got big applause from both Democrats and Republicans —are all put before Congress now as they are given the momentum of a presidential recommendation.

There are the customary words in the message about fostering "individual initiative" and "economic growth." But there's an ominous note in the request for a raising of the legal limit to the public debt and in the significant omission of any promise to balance the budget at a given time. Plans there are to cushion the shock of a recession or depression, and promises are made for federal aid in building schools and public works.

The key to the future, however, is in a single concluding paragraph, in which the President says: "A government can sincerely strive for peace, as ours is striving, and ask its people to make sacrifices for the sake of peace. But no government can place peace in the hearts of foreign rulers."

(Copyright 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

N BASEM MOCHER: Da onner dawg wors unser blessier 's airsht mohi in unser'm lava, sehna basem mocha. Basem sin nimmy gons so gute bakont wie sie ols worra yohrra tzurick — weibsleit heit tzu dawg kenna 's kairra nimmy ferdrawga wie sie ols hen yohrra tzurick — un ferleicht hen sie aw net besser gawist in da alta tzeita. Leit fuftsich yohr un elter, sin m'r shure kenna sich noch gute erinnerra wie die kich yader dawg ous gakairt is werra mit 'm basem, un won die fraw fert wor 'n dawg odder so, hut der mon der dreck gawainlich unnich der hame gamocht karbet, odder unnich der settee gakairt.

Basem mocha wor ols 'n gute bakont g'sheft, un yader gagend hut 'n basem mocher kot—'s same wie aw grubschmidt, un shoemocher. Socha annerra sich ow'r wunnerbore, un hen doh im fergongna summer numma gawinsch'd wie m'r 'n altie basem mocher bonk g'sehna hen in Egypt, 's maich'd miglich sei sehna wie sie ols basem gamocht hetta. Karrab hen m'r shun oft sehna mocha, un woh m'r aw donkbore dafor sin, weil sel 'n g'sheft os os may wenich leit fershtaina. Ow'r fer beim William Folck uf 'm mashina shub sei 'n sehna basem mocha da onner dawg — sel kon ich eich sawga hut uns blessiert.

Der William Folck fon Fogelsville hut im fergongna yohr die rug tzeit fon seim lava erraich'd, so weit os es shreiner hondwarick aw gait on da Fogelsville cement meal. Fer 24 yohr hut er darta g'shoft bis die elt 'n iwwer nemma hut, un now fer 'n gonser dawg dahame in da kich bei seinra Lottie hucka, dade 'm net tzu gute g'falla. Summers hut er sei grosser hofe fer in arder halta, ow'r winders won shunshd nix tzu driva is, hut er ous gamocht fer basem mocha.

Basem mocha is ken nei g'sheft fer der William — er is uf gawoxa im basem mocher shop. Sei Pap der Benj Folck fon Weissabarrick township hut basem gamocht, un so aw 'm Benj sei Pap, der lawda mocher Sam Folck, woh gawohn'd hut woh der Joe Acker now dahame is. Wos noch mainer is, der William yus'd die same bonk woh sei Grampap Sam gabora in 1802, gabout hut, un woh shun iwwer 'n hunnerd yohr alt is. Die uf richdich glom fer die basem hava fer naya, hut 'm William sei Pap der Benj gamocht. Die schneid bonk fer die basem unna riwwer gleich ob schneida, glawwa m'r is mohl ous ra shire kumma.

'N basem bonk is gamocht fers basem welshkern on der shteel binna. Der lare basem teck'd, darrich 'n win, (pulley) mit 'm unnerra end fom shteel hous, un grawd unnich ra roll drode. 'S end fom drode wert on der shteel ganog'd, un der shteel wert rum gadray'd mit foos power, darrich 'n paddle rawd uf 'm budda woh 'n belt dray'd, os darrich die win gait woh der shteel darrich g'shteck'd is. Noh die weil os deer sheel im gringla rum gait, werts basem welshkern die recht lang fosht gabunna mit 'm drode — so fosht os es bol noch brondawei shtink'd. Tzwae galaig welshkern is gawainlich ganunk fer ae basem. 'S welshkern lawb ol fosht, wert der basem in die uf rich. dich glom g'shteld, un wert drei mohl gabunna un ganay'd mit ra grossa nodel un leina (linen) band'l. Noh gait der basem in die shneid bonk — un alsa mohl wert er aw grawd g'schnidda, wie er ous da bonk kumt.

Der William secht, er kent gute 20 bis 25 basem der dawg mocha won er sich eisht bloga wot. Ow'r die weil os ers may dut fer 'n tzeit ferdreib os wie 'n g'sheft, mocht er net nagshd so fiel imma dawg. Leit fon weit un braid bringa 'm 's basem welshkern bei, un mocht die basem so fiel 's shtick, odder um die helft, grawd wie sie wolla. Der William hut uns 'n basem gamocht, un glawb wohrhoft net os es langer wie 20 minuta ganumma hut bis er fartich wor — so'n shainer basem os aenich aryads tzu finna is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wos m'r now gleicha dada tzu sehna, is 'n alt frankisher waib shtuhl fer karbet mocha—net die nei ort waib shteel, ow'r die alt ort, gamocht fon blonka.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 14:14-18

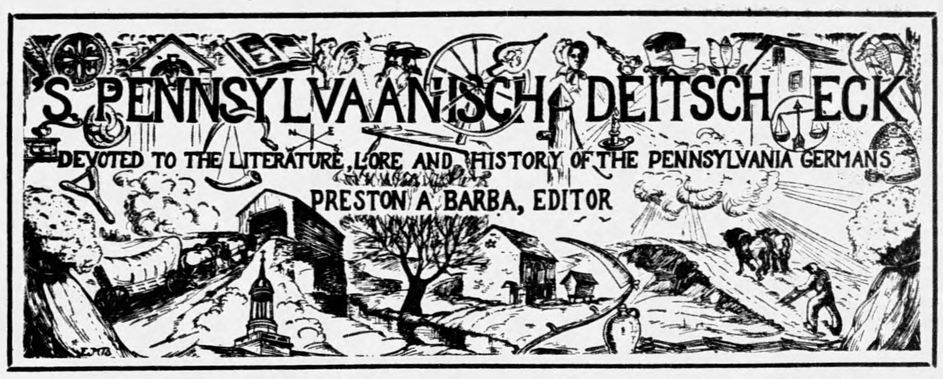
But as in the case of Peter in Acts 10:26, so Paul and Barnabas wanted no human honors. On the other hand, they rent their clothes when they saw the priest and the people trying to offer sacrifices to them. They ran in among the people, crying out and saying: Sirs, Why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that yet should turn from these vanities unto the living God, Who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein; Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless He left not Himself without witnesses, so that He did good, and gave us rain from Heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people from offering sacrifices to them. It is very easy for human nature to be proud, and to desire honors from men, but Peter and Paul were not interested in such things, for they were intent upon being witnesses to their Lord and always sought to give Him the glory.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The wall Street Journal carried a report about a biggie in the new Soviet set-up who suddenly blossomed out in a sumptuous villa, once the retreat of the Caviar King in Czarist days. The commie's sudden good fortune did not sit well with erstwhile cronies. Two days after moving into his new home, he found a card pinned to the front door reading: "Ratski! Where did you steal 200,000 rubles?" The indignant Red promptly offered a 5000 ruble reward for the arrest of the dastard who had perpetrated the sign. Next day there was a new sign on the door, corrected to read: "Ratski! Where did you steal 205,000 rubles?"

Colonel Duffy comments, with a note of bitterness in his voice, that philosophers are people who write about something they don't quite understand and make you think it's your fault.



DATT SCHTEHT EN SCHEENER BIEREBAAM

Several years ago Arthur D. Graeff published in his column **Scholla** of the Reading Times fragments of a folksong furnished from memory by Mrs. Sallie Troutman of Klingerstown. Later Mr. Charles Craumer of Wyomissing supplied missing parts and additional verses, and thus this folksong finally took the form here published. It may be that some of our readers can supply variants. It is a good example of the cumulative song much favored by our singing forefathers. Better known examples are "Yockeli will net Biere schiddele" and "Was kann ich so zwitzerich danse."—

Datt schteht en scheener Bierebaam
Der Baam draagt Laab.

Was iss an dem selbigen Baam?
En wunnerscheener Nascht.
Was is in dem selbigen Nascht?
En wunnerscheenes Loch—
En Loch in Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Was iss in dem selbigen Loch?
En wunnerscheenes Nescht—
En Nescht im Loch,
En Loch im Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Was iss in dem selbigen Nescht?
En wunnerscheenes Oi.
En Oi im Nescht,
En Nescht im Loch,
En Loch im Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Was iss in dem selbigen Oi?
En wunnerscheener Dodder.
En Dodder im Oi,
En Oi im Nescht,
En Nescht im Loch,
En Loch im Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Was iss in dem selbigen Dodder?
En wunnerscheener Voggel.
En Voggel im Dodder,
En Dodder im Oi,
En Oi im Nescht,
En Nescht im Loch,
En Loch im Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Was iss an dem selbigen Voggel?
En wunnerscheener Schwans.
(fast)
En Schwans am Voggel,
En Voggel im Dodder,
En Dodder im Oi,
En Oi im Nescht,
En Nescht im Loch,
En Loch im Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Was is an dem selbingen Schwans?
En wunnerscheeni Fedder.
(faster)
En Fedder am Schwans,
En Schwans am Voggel,
En Voggel im Dodder,
En Dodder im Oi,
En Oi im Nescht,
En Nescht im Loch,
En Loch im Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Was iss an der selbigen Fedder?
En wunnerscheener Flaum.
(always faster)
En Flaum an der Fedder,
En Fedder am Schwans,
En Schwans am Voggel,
En Voggel im Dodder,
En Dodder im Oi,
En Oi im Nescht,
En Nescht im Loch,
En Loch im Nascht,
En Nascht am Baam,
Baam in der Aerd.

Datt schteht en scheener Bierebaam.
Der Baam draagt Laab.

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Die Grischtdaag

Eemol 's Yaahr iss Grischtdaag. Die Daadis wu kleene Kinner hen sin froh. Ihre Geldseck gucke ass wann en Wals driwwer gerollt waer. Ya, eemol 's Yaahr iss genunk. Mer kann zu viel griegge vumme gude Ding.

Viel Leit wisse net wie die Grishtdaag zu feiere. Sie henke an de Bierschtuwwe rum bis sie schier nimmi darrelye kenne. Sell iss net schee un waar aa net schee ver alders, awwer do sin sie als heem geloffe odder gerollt. Sellemols hot 's net viel Unglick gewwe kenne.

Awwer nau gehne sie in ihre Automobils, drede uff der starter-button, noh geh't ab, fufzich Meil die Schtunn. Ya, oft geht's noch viel schtarriyer.

Es wunnert eem ferwas net meh Leit in die Kaerrich gehne uff Grischtdaag. Datt deede sie ans Grischtkindel denke. Un der Daag nooch Grischtdaag deede sie gut fiehle un waere noch beim Lewe.

Doyetz waar widder Grischtdaag. Ich wunner wieviel ass noch lewe deede, wann sie sich recht bedraagge hedde uff de Grischtdaag.

Ya well, es nemmt alle sadde Leit fer en Welt mache. Deel sin Gottes Schof, un annere sin em Deiwel sei Gees.

Do iss en klee Schtickli, ass ich gschriwwe hab. Des leegt aus vun zwee Sadde Grischdaag:

Eemol 's Yaahr kummt Grischtdaag bei,
Deel freesse viel un saufe Wei;
Mit Autos faahre sie noh druff nei,
Un des gebt en wieschti Seierei.

Deel gehne in die Kaerrich schee
Mit annere Grischte, gross un klee;
Sie singe luschdich un net allee,
Lob, Ehr un Preis zu Gott in der Heeh.

Ferwas kenne Leit net all des duh
Uff Grischtdaag, frei vun alle Unruh?
Loss uns verschteenich sei, ich un du—
Des bringt uns neecher unserm Heiland zu.

Karrebse

Ich bin bang es wunnert eich, ferwas ich am Schreiwe bin vun Karrebse middes im Winter. Des will ich eich iwwerdem ausleegge, awwer net graad, schunscht leest dihr den Brief net.

Es hot zwee Sadde Karrebse. Es hot Sei-karrebse un Boi-karrebse. Die letschte hen lange Hels un die Hels sin gans darrich gut fleeschich.

Die Sei-karrebse sin so rund ass mei Kopp. Die hen ken Hels un sie sin hohl in der Mitt. Un gucke sie awwer net schee geel im Harrebscht in de Felder!

Der anner Daag bin ich uff die Bus. Datt waar so en alder Schkieder druff, ass ich gut gekennt hab. Er hot graad hinnich em Busmann ghockt.

Nau, es waar zwitzerich kalt. Es hot geguckt, wie wann's Schnee gewwe wott. Dann saagt der Busmann zu dem alde Kall, "Hoscht dei Karrebse schunn reigenumme?" Sell hot mich an Karrebse gemaahnt.

Der alt Schkieder waar graad reddi mit re gude Andwatt. "Ya," saagt er, "Ich hab die letscht geschder rei grickt. Sell waar en Karrebs, ass mer aa en Karrebs heesse hot kenne. Es waar yuscht ee Weg fer sie reigriegge. Sie hett mir der Wagge nunnergebroche, so schwer waar sie."

"Wie hoscht sie reigrickt," hot der Busmann gsaat. "Ich hab drei Geil an sie gschpannt un hab sie ins Scheierdenn gschleeft." Sell muss en Karrebs gewest sei.

Sie hen als vun der Karrebs gschwetzt, Yuscht eb ich vun der Bus bin hot der Busmann gfroogt, "Was dutt dihr mit so re groosse Karrebs?"

Des will ich dir saagge," hot der Alt geandwatt. "Mir hen en aaremi Familye neegscht bei uns, ass ken Haus hen fer drin wohne. Geschter Owed hen mir die Karrebs ausg'hielicht, alles raus ass drin waar. Noh hen mir kleene Lecher neighackt fer Fenschdere, un en grooss Loch fer die Dier. Marye ziegt die aarem Familye in selli grooss Karrebs."

Sell waar nau net gelogge. Wann ebber's glaabt, sett er belogge sei!

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN BOOKPLATES. A study by Henry S. Borneman. Volume 54 of the Publications of the Pennsylvania German Society. Norristown, Pa. 1953. pp. 171.-$20.00.

This long-awaited book is in a sense a sequel to that magnificent volume, Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts, prepared by the same author and also published by the Pennsylvania German Society (1937). In the earlier work Mr. Borneman had considered Pennsylvania German Illuminated Writing in a general way, devoting only a small chapter to **Buecher Zeichen**, or Bookplates. Of the 32 color facsimiles only four were of bookplates. In the new treatise he enlarges upon the subject of bookplates. If the work was to be of interest also to the uninitiated a certain repetition on the part of the author lay in the very nature of the material. And so Mr. Borneman once more relates about Penn's Holy Experiment, his search for settlers of the newly acquired domains across the sea, the arrival of the Palatine immigrants, their dialect and their folk art. Some critics may complain that the author has gone too far afield and introduced material only remotely connected with his main theme. Be that as it may, the author has not only indicated his own wide reading, but has added materially to the human interest of the subject when accented against these larger backgrounds.

Bookplates are of course for the purpose of establishing ownership of books. It is pointed out that "next to the umbrella there is no item of personal property concerning the appropriation of which such lax ideas of morality are current as a book." Mr. Borneman being an attorney-at-law also adds that "possession is nine points of the law."

Pennsylvania German bookplates can hardly be called "ex libris" plates, for they are never produced in quantity as those from wood and copper engravings and etchings would be. Each Pennsylvania German bookplate is a separate work of art but relating to the larger and traditional concepts of Pennsylvania German folk art and therein lies their distinctive esthetic fascination.

By carefully tracing the Bibliography of books on inks and colors from the 16th century down to one published by Henrich and Ebner in Allentown, Pa. as late as 1819, the author indicates that the **Fraktur** of our Pennsylvania German folk artists was more than a pretty "Zeitvertreib" or mere dabbling in inks and colors, but rather an art practiced with the knowledge and experience of their remoter ancestors.

A discriminating collector of early Pennsylvania German imprints and **Fraktur Schriften** over many years, Mr. Borneman has listed from his own extensive collection 100 bookplates which he believes give us a fair cross-section of this type of **Fraktur** art. They range in date of production from 1752 to 1863, with the majority of them bearing dates that fall in the first half of the 19th century. Such bookplates were made in great numbers and were usually pasted on the inside cover of books. They were executed in brilliant colors and adorned with birds and flowers, with no endeavor to depict reality. The names of the owners, sometimes with the date of his birth and a bit of rime or moral precept, are executed in fine calligraphy.

The special joy and delight this book offers are the actual-size color facsimiles of 24 of the 100 listed bookplates. Of these only two are of the 18th century (1792 and 1797), the rest being of the 19th century, ranging from 1800 to 1845. If we may safely draw a conclusion from those reproduced here, they flourished at a somewhat later period than The Pennsylvania German Vorschriften, House Blessings and Birth - and Baptismal Certificates. This may explain why certain basic Pennsylvania German folk motifs —confrontal birds and animals, six-point compass stars, whirling sun symbols and trees of life would seem to occur less frequently in these bookplates than in other forms of **Fraktur** manuscripts. There are playful heart designs, baskets of flowers, floral borders, some of them already tending toward the less folksy and more sophisticated elegance and grace of the Biedermeier and rococo styles (Plates VIII, IX, XIII, and XVI, for example).

Fraktur bookplates were produced by the Brotherhood at Ephrata, by the Schwenkfelders and the Mennonites and by members of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. Of the reproductions in this book none are signed by the artists. Few illuminated manuscripts of any sort are signed by the artists, and, but for a few names such as Christopher Dock, Daniel Schumacher, Heinrich Otto and Susanna Huebner, the artists, whether local or itinerant, remain for the most part unknown to us. And this is as it should be in folk art which leaves little room for individual expression. We would therefore rather disagree with the author when he writes: "Folk Lore is static. Folk Art is ever changing and developing. Folk lore rest in tradition and its substance remains the same, although it is handed down from generation to generation in varying forms. Folk Art rests in the productive ability, the aesthetic taste and the power of its expression by the individual artisan or craftsman." While this may be true in a general way, it is none the less true that when a folk turns from its traditional motifs or loses sensitivity to the same its folk art ceases. With the establishment of the public school system and its implied Anglo-Saxon culture, together with the increasing intrusion of the machine-age upon the arts and crafts, around the middle of the 19th century, Pennsylvania German folk art entered a state of senescent decay.

This is a beautiful book, sufficient reason for its existence. But it is also important because the subject, hitherto neglected by or unknown to writers on bookplates, for the first time receives adequate treatment; and because it is a valuable contribution to the history of folk art in America.

It should be noted here that this work, so expensive of production, may for a limited time be got at a considerably reduced cost on the part of members of the Pennsylvania German Society by contacting the Rev. Thomas R. Brendle, Egypt, Pa.—P.A.B.

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Phone as You Run

There has not been, nor is there likelihood to be a stampede among motorists to install mobile telephone service in their cars. The expense is considerable and the service cannot be said to be a necessity for any but a comparatively small number of business people.

It is a highly important development in radio and telephone engineering that any car can be equipped with a sending and receiving set and that motorist, so equipped and while moving within a radius of 25 miles of the local transmitting station, can get into almost instantaneous communication with any one of the more than forty million phones of the Bell Telephone system in the United States.

It is praiseworthy that the local element of the Bell system is making this service available to any and all hereabouts who may wish to use it. Those who secure installations will do so not so much as a novelty and a luxurious opportunity for diversion while in motion but as a business adjunct. Just as businessmen make the ordinary operating costs of telephone service trivial by comparison with the value of time gained and business transacted, so many businessmen will make this new service pay handsome dividends to themselves. They will know how to employ the new idea and service to the greatest advantage.

Locally, the system was begun yesterday. Very appropriately our Mayor made the first call from a motor car equipped with the device. This was a recognition of the civic importance of the new installation and the advanced position of telephony in this area. It is another of the many advantages which are offered in and are stimulated by an active and progressive community which is modern in every respect.

Shun That Snow Shovel

Several deaths in nearby communities of men who keeled over after shovelling snow during the early part of this week calls attention to the strenuous character of this kind of work and the unsuspected unfitness of many men to perform it.

The danger is especially great to men with old or with weak hearts who take on the job when a car has been ditched or has been halted by drifts. What may appear initially to be a small and a simple job can turn out to be a larger task than any one would have guessed.

Many are the men who have returned home or to their business places during recent days thoroly exhausted after work to get their cars or some one else's car into motion on the snow-bound highways. Some have had to take to bed. A lot have gotten the fright of their lives as they have realized, a bit late, that a very foolish and reckless thing was done; that they might have keeled over and died right in the snowdrifts which they were attacking.

A lot of snow remains from recent storms. There will be an urge to move it from the vicinity of homes and business places. There will be a challenge to the motorist who becomes stalled in snow or slush to get his car out of trouble and move on about his important business. But this is a job for stout youth and strong young men, not for the middle-aged and the oldsters. Life can be brought to an end or shortened and rendered distressing by tackling of a job that is far beyond the capacity of all too many men.

The Finest Record

The Reading Company, some of whose most important lines center in this city, is properly proud and happy about its safety achievements during the year which has just closed. The twelve month was completed without a single fatality among its employes.

Reward of the highest and most satisfactory character is gained in this achievement. The Reading has spared neither time, money and effort to achieve such a record and it has been doing so for years. Now it pays off magnificently. The railroad has had a program operating thruout the years under which the officials and the leaders of the employes have stricken to make every employe safety-conscious.

The program has produced a record that certainly will rank the Reading with the leading railroad systems of the United States.

Busy-Bodies at Fires

It should not be necessary for Northampton's fire chief, Robert Newhard, to plead with motorists in general to stay away from the scenes of fires instead of racing to them with the first sound of the siren, getting into the way of the equipment while it is on the run and blocking curb parking areas in the immediate vicinity of the firemen's job. All this occurred at a recent fire in the boro.

While Northampton probably has abundance of local ordinances dealing with these stupid and inconsiderate practices there is reluctance on the part of officials to become severe with their citizens.

Only a few days ago a dwelling was reported on fire and the Northampton department apparatus and its men responded swiftly. Their response was impeded by pure busy-bodies who on arrival at the fire probably did not turn a hand in the public interest. In addition a number of the motorists, whose cars were equipped with chains, drove over hose lines, cut into this valuable and quite expensive equipment and in one instance punctured the line and interrupted the stream of water which was being played upon the fire.

Northampton is quite het up about this unwarranted and illegal behavior. It has been announced that henceforth there will be prosecutions for such behavior as indiscriminate parking refusal of motorists to obey orders of the fire police and refusal to yield the right of way to fire fighting equipment.

Motorists are being told not to do it again. But the damage already has been done and cannot be compensated for by threats of police action in the future.

There never should be such conduct at or in the vicinity of fires either in Northampton or in any area hereabouts. This is especially true as to behavior in rural areas when there are alarms of fire, response by volunteer fire companies and when fighting the fire will have all too many other handicaps.

The firemen will have plenty of trouble getting close to a lot of fires in rural areas. They will learn that water is scarce. Often the small amounts that are available are at distant points and hose lines must be laid over difficult terrain for long distances. Often they will find fires far advanced and so fierce that even if a great river were nearby and water could be pumped from it the fight would be long and uncertain.

It is really criminal in result for any one to add other handicaps to our self-sacrificing and brave rural firemen. They have troubles enough without being hampered in their movements and that of their equipment by a stupid herd of curiosity seekers.

Bureaucracy Hurts

Working people who still believe that government ownership or control of basic industry is in their interest would do well to read a recent Reader's Digest article by Joseph A. Fisher, president of the Utility Workers Union (CIO) of America. Mr. Fisher said: "We know from experience that our members employed by Government-sponsored co-ops of the Rural Electrification Administration, as well as those employed by municipalities which run their own light-and-power business, work under conditions inferior to those enjoyed by our members employed in private industry . . . Consumer rates, wages and conditions of employment are fixed by political management while the worker is denied the right to use either economic or legal appeal against the Government." The concluding sentence to Mr. Fisher's article is also memorable. He said: "Our union calls for curtailment of Government encroachment on private enterprise and a return of the electric-power business to regulated, taxpaying, privately owned companies." —Town & Country

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Because a young streetcar conductor in Boston once decided to play the role of motorman, and was caught by the yard foreman in the act of ramming his car clear through the barrier at the end of the track, he had to find a new job in a hurry. So he began to sell brushes from door to door on a commission basis for a local manufacturer. The young conductor's name was Alfred Fuller. The date was 1903 . . . Twenty-five years later, Mr. Fuller was a multimillionaire. "Thank heaven," said Mr. Fuller, "that foreman was on the job the day I became rambunctious in the carbarn!"

A very mean pickpocket in Hollywood made off with a wallet filched from a starlet wearing slacks. He atoned in part, however, notes Army Archerd, by sending her an anonymous card reading, "Lady, that was the softest touch I ever made!"

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Jan. 16th, 1929 a Wednesday.

City Council at its meeting on Tuesday morning awarded a contract to George H. Hardner for the laying of water mains and their appurtenances.

Dr. William M. Lewis, president of Lafayette College, Easton, was the speaker at the annual banquet and ladies night of the Lehigh Valley Assn. of Credit Men in the main dining room of the Hotel Traylor last night.

With a complete dress rehearsal tonight at the Lyric Theater, the cast of the Tall Cedars "Minstrel and Frolique" will be ready for the opening curtain on Thursday night.

Horoscope

Do not let set-backs discourage and annoy you, as clouds will pass and you may expand your business. Today's child may be the possessor of a fine intellect, a scientific and profound mind, with a geniality and good humor added.

Communist 'Free' Trade



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Prof. Edward S. Corwin, learned student of government and now organizer of a campaign against the Bricker amendment, wrote a book some years ago entitled "The President — Office and Powers." It is a scholarly contribution to the subject.

So when I received a circular letter in opposition to the Bricker amendment signed by Prof Corwin, I seized upon his book as an index to what the prof. thinks on the subject. As regards the constitutional stipulations concerning the foreign policies and relations of the United States, Prof. Corwin wrote:

". . .What the Constitution does, and all that it does, is to confer upon the President certain powers capable of affecting our foreign relations, and certain other powers of the same general nature upon the Senate, and still other such powers upon Congress; but which of these organs shall have the decisive and final voice in determining the course of the American nation is left for events to resolve.

"All of which amounts to saying that the Constitution, considered only for its affirmative grants of powers which are capable of affecting the issue, is an invitation to struggle for the privilege of directing American foreign policy. . ."

Purpose of Amendment

What the Bricker amendment seeks to do is to eliminate this particular struggle, which often becomes unseemly, by clarifying the authority of Congress and authority of the President. Such a clarification is necessary after the amazing and tragic performances of our Presidents at the Teheran, Cairo, Yalta and Potsdam conferences which brought upon us the state of permanent war.

Prof. Corwin, anticipating one phase of the Bricker amendment by many years, wrote:

"Of course, when it comes to legislation which would be capable of tying his (the President's) hands because of his constitutional obligation in respect to law enforcement, a President has usually an effective weapon of defense for his policies in his veto power. The trouble is that an act which was put on the statute books with the approval of a predecessor, or even with his own approval, may later turn out to be seriously cramping. Thus it was that President Wilson found it necessary early in 1914, when he was being subjected to strong pressure from Great Britain on account of his Mexican policy, to go before Congress and urge repeal of the Panama Tolls act of 1911:

" 'I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the administration. I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure.

"No more striking acknowledgment has ever been made by a President of the actual power of Congress in the foreign-relations field."

Wilson Case

It is now clear that while Woodrow Wilson ran in 1916 on the slogan, "He Kept Us Out of War," he was already in 1914 laying the foundation for getting us into war in the event that Great Britain was in danger of defeat. Congress was never informed of Woodrow Wilson's covert negotiations nor of the efforts of Walter Hines Page, our ambassador to the Court of St. James's, to support one side against the other in a war in which the Americans had no cause. The American people actually believed that Woodrow Wilson was keeping this nation out of war.

Congress did, on March 4, 1913, pass a rider to the Appropriations Act forbidding the President to "extend or accept any invitation to participate in any international congress, conference, or like event without specific authorization to do so."

To this caveat, Prof. Corwin remarks sagely: "Shades of Cairo, Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam!. . ."

It would seem that one who has written page after page about the confusion that has arisen in our history because the powers of the President and of Congress in foreign relations have not been precisely defined, would favor a measure that does define those authorities precisely. Were his position that the authority over foreign relations be exclusively the President's, it would be preferable to the present confusion. But then we should have to reorganize the American government on a Fascistic basis, making of our President a dictator, even in domestic affairs, as foreign relations and domestic affairs are today inseparable.

Is there then no alternative to confusion or Fascism? The Bricker amendment offers such an alternative within the tradition of the American people.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 15:4-10

In verse 4 we find Paul and Barnabas received by the Church in Jerusalem, to whom they told their experiences among the Gentiles on their first missionary journey. Their main point was that God had responded to their faith in Christ without having undergone the rite of circumcision. To this the Hebrew Christians in Jerusalem at first objected, claiming that they should obey the law of Moses in this particular. After the Church had been informed of the problem, the apostles and elders met to consider the matter, we might say, officially. After much argument, pro and con, Peter arose and described his experience in the home of Cornelius (ch. 10), where a number of Gentiles were converted by simple faith in Christ, with no rites, ritual, or ceremony, God testifying to their faith, for He knew their hearts, by giping them the Holy Spirit as He had done to the Hebrew Christians on the day of Pentecost, putting no difference between Jew and Gentile. He then asked why they should question God's action in the matter, and put a yoke (the demands of the Law) upon the necks of these Gentile believers.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S FARM SHOW IS FERIWWER: Yar bei jupps wons Farm Show net feriwwer is — hen tzu gamocht geshtrovet om sex uhr. Wase net wies des yohr wor — mier sin shun 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg hame, ow'r yohrra os m'r drous worra wie tzu gamocht is werra, fergess em net. 'S same wie owets won der blotz tzu gamocht wert, sawga sie iwwer der "loud shwetzer," ol mista nous. Un grawd danoh, kumma Shtawdt Police, gawainlich tzwae odder drei tzum gonk, fon hinna rei, un yawga allas farna har tzum loch nous. So aw Fridawg owets won tzu gamocht wert — leit on da shtander om ob reissa, missa gawainlich uf weissa in shwartz un weiss os sie uhrsoch hen fer bleiva.

M'r kon net sawga os es 1954'd Farm Show graiser un besser wor wie aenich onner yohr dafor. Die widdering hut fiel leit weck k'haltda, un so weit os die exhibits aw gonga sin, worra sie wie shun fer dale yohr — 'n lumba kon so fiel wosser hava un net may, un so gaits aw mit da shaehate fon socha os gawissa werra om Farm Show. Selar 34 pund g'shlocht welshhawna imma fedderra fenshter; der shansh'd karrab ebbel; die beshda grumbierra; der shansh'd 4-H ux; die shanshda hinkle; un die beshda si un shofe, sin m'r shure os ken pieca shanner un besser worra, wie die sama socha onnerra yohrra — yusht os leit fon onnerra gagenda die socha gawissa hen, un bei da tzeit die checks griega fer gawinna.

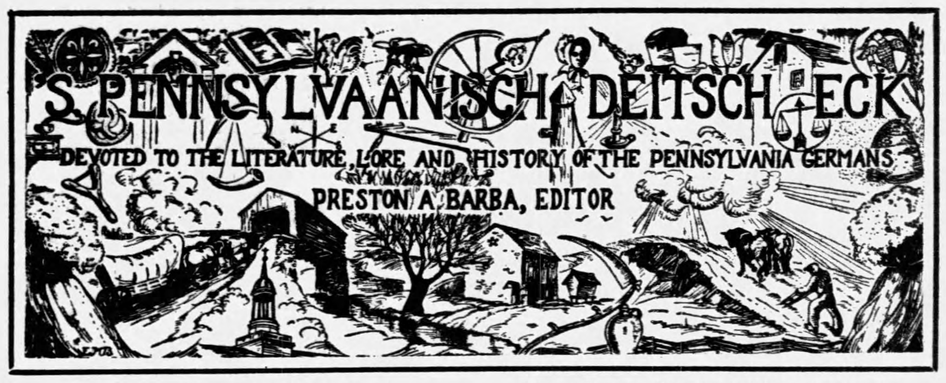
Ebs die widdering wor, odder eb die leit ous galarnt sin wissa m'r net, ow'r die fersommlinga in, da grossa shtubba owwa drowwa, worra glae die tzwae dawg os m'r drous worra — net wie yohrra os m'r shun wissa woh sie net ol nei gakent hen. M'r hen fiel shtubba g'sehna woh die shwetzer net may wie 'n hondfol leit fer sich hucka hen kot — ungfare dale net may wie 'n dudsend leit. Die grumbierra bauer hens mansh'd gatzoga, un darta is es em kayose fohr kumma won m'r driwwer nous gaguck'd hut. Die bakonta g'sichter fon onnerra yohrra sin bol ol fert — 's sin yusht may paar, so wie der Clayton Snyder fon Neffs, der Dr. Nixon, un etlicha onnerra os em on die alta tzeita gamohnt.

'M Dunnershdawg hen sie da gonsa dawg moovies gawissa in da grossa shtub owwa drowwa, gakent ols shtub "A." Ken mohl os m'r ferbei sin, worra may wie 25 leit drin — 'n blotz monicha yohr g'shtopta fol fon moryets bis owets. Ferol os sie 'n halb dudsend unnershittlicha pickters gawissa hen, hen m'r aenie hoerra sawga os iwwer die lisht on da fedderra dier gaguck'd hut, "What the heck, we saw all of those pictures at grange meetings." Leit kumts uns fohr hen heit tzu dawg tzu fiel socha dahame 's yohr rum; tzu fiel meetings; tzu fiel radio un luft bilder: hoerra un sehna tzu fiel fer noh aw noch 'm Farm Show gae darta hucka ols noch mainer so socha ei nemma. Yunga bauers leit, un onnerra fers airsht mohl odder so om Farm Show nemma die graishda indressa in da shwetzer. Fiel fon da elterlicha leit sheinds weara ous galarnt.

'S hut em shun oft gawunnert wie fiel leit os draw denka wie fiel gelt os es koch'd fer ol die exhibits uf duh os tzu sehna sin om Farm Show. Soicha os yohr fer yohr kumma, hen gawainlich ihra sama shtender fer ihra socha os weissa — shtander woh sie maina os ihra dinshda 's beshd diehna dada. 'S gelt woh sie batzawla fer ihra blotz, is, wos es Farm Show miglich mocht. Yusht sel sin net ol die koshda os 'n exhibitor hut. 'S kosh'd fer die socha noch Harrisbarrick un widder tzurick nemma, uns kosh'd aw fer ol die leit darta howwa die shtander om gae halt die gons tzeit os es Farm Show uf is.

Die blumma leit fon da Shtawdt hen des yohr net yusht 'n wunnerborer shainer shtand kot shier midda im gross gabei, ow'r hen aw tzwae shaina blumma lanner mit pointsettas kotta, im grossa fedderra gonk grawd tzu da dier drin. Sel hut em so fiel gamohnt on Florida os shier aenich ebbes drous — yusht os es fiela kelter wor im grossa gonk, wie drunna im lond fon sunna shein un shaina maid. Ebbes os m'r des yohr 'n lot mainer g'sehna hut wie onnerra yohrra, worra farab bilder. Die bilder worra gawainlich uf galeicht mit lichter hinna draw, un woh m'r mit aim auga blick, so fiel sehna hut kenna, os es 'n shwetzer 'n longie tzeit gammumma het fer fertzaila in werta.

So weit os die elt aw gait fon da leit os es Farm Show ei ganumma hen sheinds uns, gangds ols runner un runner. Yohrra tzurick eb der blotz 14 ocker gross wor, wors da elterlicha leit ihra Farm Show, maid un boova hut m'r sare wenich g'sehna. Now is es grawd rum gadray'd — die alta sawga sie kenta, 's nimmy lawfa, un die yunga sin darta socha weissa, un helfa judga. Amisha hen m'r sare wenich g'sehna, un kennie aw gadroffa fon Lebanon odder Langashter Kounty. M'r hen gablauder'd mit ma halb dudsend odder noch may, un ol worra fon Somerset Kounty. Wunner eb sie base sin iwwer Harrisbarrick, well sie net gons duh hen kenna mit da shula wos sie duh hen wolla?



BOOK REVIEW

THE JOURNALS AND PAPERS OF DAVID SHULTZE. Volume II, 1761-1797. Translated and Edited by Andrew S. Berky, Director of the Schwenkfelder Library — Published by The Schwenkfelder Library, Pennsburg, Pa., L953. pp. 307.—$3.50.

Volume I of The Journals and Papers of David Shultze was reviewed in the Eck for Nov. 14, 1953. Since that time we have received fresh from the press a copy of Volume II, a welcome continuation of what is easily the most engaging personal record of any 18th century German emigrant to Pennsylvania. While not comparable with the Diary of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, learned theologian and patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, the Journals of David Shultze, a devout man who had more to record about earth than heaven, excel as a more intimate revelation of the life of a Pennsylvania German pioneer. Editor Berky aptly points out that the odyssey of David Shultze establishes the pattern which was endured by all German immigrants of the 18th century. "Separated from the comfortable security of a mature culture, these immigrants made a difficult adjustment to pioneer life in a foreign country. The story of David Shultze is the story of this epic of the 18th century."

Born in Silesia in 1717 the Schwenkfelder immigrant, David Shultze, arrived in Philadelphia on the good ship Pennsylvania Merchant in 1733. With others of the Schwenkfelder group he settled in the Perkiomen Valley, where he tilled a farm and practiced surveying. As a surveyor who surveyed large portions of the counties of Chester, Berks and Northampton (then also comprising present-day Lehigh), he was widely known among the German settlers of those counties. He acquired an easy command of spoken and written English and therefore was much in demand in the drawing up of wills, drafts and agreements, in settling land disputes and rendering legal advice.

For us David Shultze lives today in the journals which he kept for more than 60 years. These journals were entered in the almanacs in which he had inserted blank pages. Unfortunately a number of these almanacs have been lost. Only 14 of these annual records have been recovered. The journals offered in these two volumes are therefore not consecutive. Volume I covers the years 1726-1760 and contains the diaries for 1750, 1752, 1756, 1757 and 1759. Volume II, spanning the years 1761-1797, contains the diaries for the years 1768, 1769, 1774, 1780, 1782, 1786 and 1790. However, in each volume the editor has utilized all available supplementary material in order to fill out the gaps and present a more consecutive account of Shultze's life.

This second and last volume of the Journals and Papers of David Shultze contains 6 photostatic illustrations: a page from the Journal for June, 1769 and five land drafts. The very interesting map reproduced on the end papers of this volume was done by Shultze in 1767 and sent to friends and relatives in Silesia. It was discovered in Harpersdorf, Germany, and returned to the Schwenkfelder Library in Pennsburg as late as 1919. This volume also contains the Index for both volumes, listing more than 2,000 persons mentioned by Shultze. Our respects go to Editor Berky, whose copious notes and comments enrich and illuminate many a brief entry.—P.A.B.

* * *

Here is a storehouse for readers of the most varied interests. The clergy, physicians, geologists, veterinarians, tillers of the soil, economists and sociologists—all will find something to engage them. In the Journals and Papers of David Shultze we can follow the annual cycles of life among our pioneer settlers of two centuries ago. Let us briefly turn a few of the pages:

1768—May 13. Sheared the sheep—17 pounds white wool, 2 pounds black.

June 1—Sold the second bee swarm to Michael Huber.

July 30—Threshed flax—20 bushels—1⅞ bushels of flax seed.

Sept. 15—Met at Krausses. Read letters from Silesia (More than 30 years have elapsed since the Schwenkfelders have left their Silesian fatherland).

Oct. 9—Wendell Wyant arrived happily in Philadelphia from Germany. (Had you ever heard of any of our PG pioneers who returned to their fatherland for a visit? Wendell Wyant (Wieand) was a neighbor of Shultze's in Goshenhoppen who had come to Pennsylvania in 1729 and now nearly 40 years later he returns to Freinsheim in the Palatinate. He was gone 46 weeks. It took him 8 weeks from Philadelphia to London and again 8 weeks returning from England to Philadelphia).

Oct. 25—Pressed a wagon full of winter apples.

Dec. 31—Hauled wood home. (With grateful heart he adds: Honor sit Domino. Finis cum Deo).

1769. April 1—(We learn of the burial of "old Ruch in Maccongy—105 years old," the progenitor of all the Ruchs. You may still read his epitaph in the churchyard of the Jordan Lutheran Church, this part of Lehigh being in the then "Macungie" area).

May 18, 19.—Got shad from Bethlehem. (No one now living remembers the time when shad were still being caught in the Lehigh).

June 2—School money paid off. (Shultze had pledged 50 pounds to the Schwenkfelder School System).

Sept. 25—Gedaechtnistag (Memorial Day, established by the grateful Schwenkfelder two days after their arrival in 1733 and celebrated annually to this day).

1774.—Under February there is an interesting note about the negro slaves of the Reformed Minister George Michael Weiss.

Under June Schultze writes: "All trade stopped at Boston on the first of June. The port and harbor . . . 54 miles broad . . . blocked by a squadron. A great Town Meeting at Philadelphia on the 18th. A meeting at Reading on July 2.

1780. April 26—A day of fasting—(set) by Congress.

(We now read frequently about Indian attacks and continued troubles with England).

May 18—George Benneville preached at David Meschter's. (George de Benneville, physician and founder of Universalism in America, residing in the Oley Valley, frequently preached among the Schwenkfelders).

August—Many horses from this township were given to the Continental Service on the 19th.

September—Old William Allen died in Grisim on Sept. 6th. He was a famous gentleman in former times. (Chief Justice, Congressman and wealthy merchant, founder of Allentown, died at "Grisim" (named for a Rhenish village "Kriesheim," the modern Cresham of Philadelphia).

Oct. 10—Election day in Pennsylvania. The children began to mow the buckwheat.

Nov. 6—Swung flax, pickled cabbage, hauled wood home, began Yeakel's drafts and exercised with the battalion.

1782. April 16—Rosina ploughed (Shultze's daughter).

July 4—Sowed buckwheat 130 perches. I went to Philadelphia with Nicholas Hermany on the stage wagon, about Romich's affairs. Returned on the 7th about 2 p. m. Lodged at Haines' (Editor Berky points out that this marks the first appearance of public transportation in the Perkiomen Valley).

September—Irish Hanna died in Limerick in drinking too much brandy and also one Keyser dies on the 11th for drinking in 10 days 10 gallons of brandy.

The extra dry weather continued without ceasing.

1786. March.—At Emaus (spelled with one m!) on the 12th, John Krauss' wife, that is, Michael Rader's sister, was buried. She was about 65 years old. She had assisted in the birth of 1,000 children.

* * *

And if the 20th century reader should require remedies for swollen feet, chills, constipation, erysipelas, fever blisters, "worm on the finger" (felon), backache, dysentry, the itch, frozen feet, an Allentown doctor's recipe for consumption (1774), burns, side stitches, etc., he will find all these, and more, recorded in The Journals and Papers of David Shultze.—P.A.B.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! sehn mol dohie, was die Daagshelling bringt,
Mit was mir waarn schtols, wie die Sunn unnersinkt;
Die Schtanne im Faahne, im gfaehrliche Gfecht,
Die weddele als noch fer all was iss recht;
Die Bombs in der Luft fliegge alsnoch so fatt,
Beweist in der Nacht unser Flagg iss noch datt.
Oh! kann nau seller Flagg unser shield alsnoch sei,
Iwwers Land was mir lowe un's Land was iss frei.
Uffem Land sehnt mer nau, un im Duft vun em See,
Wie die Feind duhn verschrecke, so gross iss die Gfaahr;
Was dutt der Wind nau so hoch in die Heeh,
Was nau so schee blost, nau iss dubschber, nau glaar;
Un sell was so glenst, was mer sehnt in me Baam,
Der Glans kummt zerick, wie er fallt in der Schtraam.
Un wu iss sell Bund, was so gross bralle duhn,
Mit Gemetzel vum Grieg un was geht noch dezu;
Die Heemet, die Landschaft sie nemme uns schunn,
Do waern mir die Schklaawe, ken Mensch hett do Ruh.
Ken Zuflucht, die Schrecke, sie ziddere wie Laab,
Vun der Gfaahr vun de Bombs un der Farricht vum Graab.

1953 Translated by D. Geo. Knecht

FLYING SAUCERS IN UPPER LEHIGH?

In his Journal for June, 1780, David Shultze writes as follows:

"In Allemengle on the 3rd of June, 3 Suns were supposed to have been seen. Finally two of the fireballs fell down into Ritter's yard. They rolled around each other and finally disappeared and a blue mist arose from them high into the air. Many people observed this."

INFLATION IN 1780

Canny old David Shultze, now 63, writes in his Journal for January 3, 1780: "Evacuated the chest." The assessor was to appear in a few days! In 1779 Congress had passed a taxation bill authorizing the township assessor and two free holders to enter the home of each inhabitant and inform themselves of all property for taxation purposes. Secretion of valuables was to be punished with a fourfold tax. On Jan. 8 Shultze signed a petition, presumably dealing with this tax bill which was very unpopular. On Jan. 17 he paid George Schneider $16.000 for cleaning his clock and in March he enters these current prices:

To stamp 1 bushel flaxseed: $20.00
For a little package of ink powder: $8.00
A book of paper: $8.00
1 gill rum: $5.00
Brandy: 25 pounds per gallon
Salt: 13 pounds per peck
Rye: 20 pounds per bushel
A scythe: $110.00
A window pane: $12.00
1,000 cedar shingles: $1,000.00
A whetstone: $120.00
1 gallon of rum: $200.00

In June he writes in his Journal: Prices of the Bank Notes, that is for 1000 Continental dollars, so much hard money will be paid. The table of the decrease of money:

1777	Sept. 1	$1000
	Nov. 1	828.1
1778	Jan. 1	658.8
	May	434.5
	July	330.3
	Sept.	250.1
	Dec.	157.7
1779	March 1	100
	April 1	90.6
	May	82.3
	August	61.3
	November	43.5
1780	Jan.	34.0
	Feb.	30.0
	March	26.8
	Mar. 18	25.0

DID OUR EARLY PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PIONEERS EAT POTATOES?

When did the Pennsylvania Germans come by their great fondness of potatoes? Raymond E. Hollenbach, an authority on the history of agriculture and horticulture in Pennsylvania, maintains that our pioneer ancestors did not raise potatoes. We know that the potato had made its way into the Palatinate as early as the 17th century. It was known as the "Grundbierne" corrupted in time to "Grummbiere." We also know that for a long time the German peasant believed the potato was an unwholesome and disease-provoking food.

The editor of the ECK has recently gone through the Journals of David Shultze (see Review in this issue) and has found but few references to the planting of potatoes. He raised turnips in large quantities and makes frequent mention of sowing turnip seed in the first week in August and hauling the turnips home in November. (Aug. 8, 1768. Plowed the turnip field. —Nov. 25. Hauled the turnips home—11 loads. —Aug. 10, 1774. Sowed the turnip seed—more than 1 acre.—Nov. 22, 1774. Got the last turnips home).

We incline to support Mr. Hollenbach's claims. We have found no reference to potatoes in all the years from 1733 to 1774. In this latter year, under "Remedies" Shultze writes, "Peel a potato and place the peeling on the burn." But only in 1782 we find him planting potatoes. (May 13, 14. Hauled, dug and planted Indian corn and potatoes.—June 10, 11. Planted corn and potatoes and continued plowing in the upper field. July 15. Planted potatoes and plowed for buckwheat).

Then follows a lapse of some years, when Shultze writes under Oct. 20, 21, 1786: "Got the Potatoes home." In 1790 he starts early and plants his first potatoes on May 5, planting again on June 18. On Oct. 29, he writes: "Ego sick. The potatoes hauled home."

We do not know how extensively potatoes were grown by the neighboring farmers. In 1782 Shultze drew up articles of agreement between Jacob Huber and Christina his wife on the One Part and his Mother Barbara Huber, widow, on the other Part, in which he writes that Widow Barbara is to have "a particular Piece of Land . . . for her to Plant Indian Corn, Potatoes, Cabbage, or other Vegetables therein."

As for David Shultze himself, perhaps he preferred turnips.

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Editorials

Save Emergency Police

Twelve years of conspicuous public service, rendered without pay, brought the Allentown Emergency Police association to wide public attention. So it was with regret that the public, just about two months ago, noted the severing of the bonds that had tied the organization of some two score vigorous young men to the Allentown Police Department.

As a result, the emergency police turned in the few items of public property which they had been using and their helpfulness to the understaffed police department was ended. This became particularly noticeable during the holiday season. During the many extra shopping nights, when traffic control was especially difficult and the department could have used a large number of extra men, the emergency police were absent. It was not their will that it was so. Their ardor for police work had never cooled.

Now it appears that this dynamic organization is not to be disbanded. The Civil Defense organization, thru its local coordinator Lloyd E. Grammes, is willing to embrace it. At the same time there is a great likelihood that handicaps attending use of their services by the Police Department will be removed. Thus instead of reduced opportunity for public service, the way seems to be clearing for wider use of these men's valuable, civic service.

It is not the general order of things that men give of their time and talents without any recompense to government. Government is expected to be able to pay for any service that it commands. So the emergency police are an unusual group. It could be expected that their services would be widely sought after and given full employment. They certainly distinguished themselves by notable traffic jobs during holiday season shopping nights in other years, in the course of large parades and at the Allentown Fair. They will distinguish themselves again if they be not discouraged and are given the chance which such devotion to the public interest deserves.

Americans on Move

The time has come for the annual housecleaning of the permanent registration rolls in Lehigh County. A survey of the voting lists shows that 3,776 persons failed to vote at any one of the four elections in the past two years and therefore their names will be erased unless they indicate that they still are in the land of the living and that they desire to maintain their citizenship in Lehigh.

Certainly a considerable portion of the 3,776 names is made up of persons who died during the past two years. The largest portion almost certainly is that of persons who have removed from this community.

In 1953 almost three thousand names were removed and most of them were for the two above reasons. Accordingly it can be expected that several thousand will be dropped this year.

All this is another indication of the fluidity and the mobility of the American people. Few are the families which for successive generations occupy the same dwelling. Vast are the numbers of people who move from one job to another and from one city to another or from one state to another. Much of this movement is by means of the motor car which stands handily by both to tempt any trace of the gypsy spirit in men's and women's souls and to assist them if necessity or even whim requires removal from one community to another.

The national character of much of our business and business institutions keeps a vast number of families and individuals upon the move while the experiences of three wars have served to keep our populations stirred into almost constant motion, with large migrations from virtually every part of the country to other parts. Growth of pensioners and the extension of the life expectancy for millions have prompted movement of the elderly in vast numbers to congenial climes whereas generations ago old age was likely to be passed in what had been lifelong surroundings.

The absence of almost four thousand persons from the polls during the past two years in Lehigh parallels nationwide experience. American society is in constant motion. Vast are the multitudes who are tied down to no one spot. They can move away from home, friends and lifelong associations almost at the drop of a hat. And they do so in great numbers out of almost every community in this land.

More Bad Coal News

More sad news has come to the anthracite region where Weston-Dodson Co. mines are to be shut down permanently at the close of the present mining season which is in the early spring. At the same time comes word to the pensioners of the Anthracite Welfare organization that their monthly pay checks have been cut exactly in half.

Anthracite has been pricing itself out of the market and this well nigh perfect domestic and industrial fuel has been replaced largely by oil and electricity. Reduction in the use of anthracite thus has cut two ways. In the first place thousands of men who mined coal have been made jobless and the anthracite communities are losing population and approaching the definition of distress areas. In the second place, reduction in the volume of coal that is mined has reduced the per-ton contributions of the operators of the Welfare Fund. Instead of $100 monthly checks, $50 ones now are received by the aged who a few years ago had a roseate future but now see years of stinting and struggle ahead of them.

There have been serious blows to the lower anthracite area in the past few years. These last two have been among the most discouraging and disheartening and there seems to be nothing that can be done about it.

Last Chance on Canal

For upwards of three decades there has been a lot of agitation on both sides of our common border with Canada for construction of a system of canals which, with navigable portions of the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, will constitute a waterway from the Atlantic Ocean to the head of navigation in Lake Superior.

Always, when favorable decision appeared close at hand, the idea was blocked by forces on this side of the line. Always there were potent arguments on both sides but always the necessary votes in our legislative bodies were absent when final decision for the project was made.

In the meantime Canada has gone ahead. She has expended over $150 millions and seems to be willing to spend $300 million more. And now, too, it appears likely that Congress is ready to go along with the idea whose cost to this country always was expected to be much below Canada's contribution.

But an anomaly has developed. The Canadians are not so sure any more that they want a partner in this close to a billion dollar enterprise. They have gone it alone so far. They seem to think they can go it alone to the finish. Furthermore there is indication that they believe the American contribution would be too small by comparison with the benefits to be achieved. They have come to have so much faith in the money - making prospects of this enterprise that they are willing to put in all the necessary cash to gain all the anticipated profits.

If the United States dallied all too long it will have been our own fault. Certainly Canada for almost thirty years provided all the opportunity that was necessary for partnership in building the inland waterway by which wheat and other grains can be moved out of the Northwest and Middle West to all parts of the world by water which still is the cheapest method of transportation. In turn the canal will make possible transportation by water of iron from Labrador to the Mid West steel mills as well as bring European imports to the central United States.

If the United States is to get on the bandwagon, Congress will have to jump in a hurry. Otherwise Canada will be in complete control of all navigation on the St. Lawrence. She will collect the tolls that will be charged on the vast tonnage that will move up and down the waters of the great river.

Readings in History

On Friday, March 7, 1788, there appeared the sixty-fourth number of The Federalist, written by John Jay. If the diminishing number of Senators who cling to support of the Bricker amendment today would turn back to the commentary of the man who was then Secretary of Foreign Affairs and was to become the first Chief Justice of the United States, we believe current enthusiasm for the proposed change in the Constitution would be still further dampened.

We quote herewith a few pertinent passages:

It seldom happens in the negotiation of treaties, of whatever nature, but that perfect secrecy and immediate dispatch are sometimes requisite. The constitutional convention have done well, therefore, in so disposing of the power of making treaties, that although the President must, in forming them, act by the advice and consent of the Senate, yet he will be able to manage the business of intelligence in such a manner as prudence may suggest.

If every Executive agreement were subject to Congressional regulation, as the Bricker amendment would require, there would be neither the secrecy nor the dispatch which often are as necessary today as John Jay said they were in 1788. For example, General Clay has suggested that the essential arrangements with Britain and France for the Berlin Airlift might well have been blocked had the Bricker amendment existed at the time.

If the Bricker amendment were adopted, a treaty would in effect have to be passed again by both houses of Congress and in many important cases by the state legislatures as well. Thus the whole process could be dragged out interminably.—N.Y. Times.

Women make up an estimated 30 per cent of the labor force in the United States.

The number of automobiles in the United States has increased 15 million since 1938.

If We Could Only Be Sure



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The 1930's in the economic field and the 1940's in foreign affairs are mental blocks in the 1950's. We employ terms which no longer fit, like Fascist, which currently, in the United States, has no meaning. There is a lingering opposition to colonialism, which is no longer a problem; it is rather that the nationalistic emergency of countries in Southeast Asis has so profoundly altered the balance of power that the formulation of a policy becomes very difficult for the United States.

Last Summer, an editorial in "The Manchester Guardian" began with these sentences:

"When London lost the diplomatic initiative as the result of Sir Winston Churchill's illness, this passed to the two other centres — Washington and Moscow. In the last 10 days all eyes have been on Washington. It was almost forgotten that the next moves might come from Moscow. . ."

Power of Initiative

The initiative was seized by Stalin in 1943 at the Teheran conference and has never been relinquished by Soviet Russia. President Eisenhower in his "State of the Union" message said:

". . . That precious intangible, the initiative, is becoming ours. Our policy, not limited to mere reaction against crises provoked by others, is free to develop along lines of our choice not only abroad but at home. As a major theme for American policy during the coming year, let our joint determination be to hold this initiative and to use it."

The American policy of restoring the military and economic power of West Germany and Japan has been so sound that these countries today represent stabilizing forces in Europe and Asia.

In taking all the risks involved in the rebuilding of West Germany and Japan, the United States has been courageous and farsighted. Public opinion, in this country, has not always supported these programs because of the hang-over of ideas concerning Germany and Japan from the 1940's.

In international affairs, neither allies nor enemies are permanent; they are interchangeable, depending upon the shifting winds of self-interest. Nor is self-interest always intelligent: sometimes, it is a response to immediate stresses. Self-interest can be dangerously temporary when no thought is given to consequences which seem so remote at the moment but come at us swiftly as the years pass.

Thus, we suddenly discover ourselves working with Franco's Spain that we accused of all felonies and misdemeanors not too long ago. It makes lots of sense to associate with Franco in the 1950's. For one thing, it balances the egotism of France, which has become politically senile in its understandable fear of war, having suffered so much from war and still being involved in it. And for another, it makes our defenses in Latin America stronger despite the Russian penetration in that area. The alliance with Spain represents a full victory for our side.

Not Habits, But Value

Similarly we shall have to make friends with Peron in the Argentine even if no one in this country likes Peron's way of doing things. The issue is not Peron's habits but his value to the United States. As long as Moscow is making deep inroads in such Latin American countries as Guatemala, Honduras, British Guiana, Colombia, and Venezuela, the United States must build power in Brazil, Argentine, Chile, Peru, Uruguay and the Dominican Republic. These countries must balance with military and economic power the geographical closeness to the Panama Canal and the United States of those countries which are moving into the Soviet universal state. These are realities for which prejudices cannot be substituted.

So we come to the question of the pact with Pakistan, which is being impeded by a sentimental attitude toward Nehru of India. A line of strong military states, with Pakistan, Iran and Turkey as central points, along the southern borders of Russia, would hamper the growth of the Soviet universal state. The pact with Pakistan is therefore a realistic recognition of a soundly defensible area, holding Russia in check and embarrassing the growth of a Chinese hegemony over the sub-continent of Asia.

It is undoubtedly embarrassing to Nehru that the United States should prefer Pakistan to India, but from our standpoint it makes more sense to do business with the Moslem than with the Hindu. We shall get farther in our objectives that way — the principal objective being so to conduct our foreign policy that we are not again involved in a war not of our choice.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FIREHARD BLESSIER: Won m'r tzurick denk'd on die alta tzeita, un die alta hameta, is nix os m'r may draw denk'd, os wie der alt firehard. Ich wase alla weil noch net fershure wel os die alta leit 's airsht gabout hen—der firehard, odder 's hous. Aenicha waig, der firehard wor's hartz fon da hamet, uns dale fon da hamet, woh der aigner sich tzwae mohl draw warma hut kenna—'s airsht fers huls fei mocha fer der firehard om gae halta, un noh aw, fer 'm fire hucka wons huls gabrent hut.

Firehard in fiel alta hameta, worra yusht 'n ornament—darta so wie der shwontz on ra sow, may fer der guck os wie aenich ebbes shunshd. Folsha firehard hen sie die ecka ols k'haisa, un alsa mohl aw yusht grawd aweck dreck neshder. Doh ow'r in shpaiterra yohrra sin sie widder in der gabrouch kumma fer recht shoffenda firehard in hameta hucka, un onnerra hen die alta firehard woh sie kotta hen, rum g'shoft so os es miglich wor fer fire nei mocha.

Ainer os grossa indressa nembt in seim shaina firehard, is der Paul Hartman fon Centre Valley, un woh im "Moulie" Frantz seina klerrick fon da Kourt offis shoft, im Lechaw kounty kourt hous. Der Paul un sei fraw die Ethel, denka 'n lot fon ihr'm firehard, un hen 'n farna in da woch aw gahairich om gae kot wies so bidderlich kalt wor. Sie hen ow'r aw noch onnerrie hitz im hous, 'n grosser kola offa im kaller, un wohs hous shae warm halt wons fire net fergessa gait.

Ae owet hut der Paul un die Ethel ewwa fer'm firehard k'huck'd un sich garawm'd, die same tzeit os sie aw die flom sehna hen on da hinnerra wond rum donsa, un die firefunka sin shtrawla weiss der sharnshtae nuf wie won sie om tagger shpiela weara. Wie long os es Pauls' k'huck'd hen sich blessierr in der firehard gucka kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, wie die auga deckla awfonga sin shwear werra, un die kletz woh der Paul free'r aw galaig'd hut kot bol ous gabrent worra, hen sie ous gamocht fer ins bed gae.

Farna om firehard woh sie worra, wors warm, ow'r die minute os sie darta weck sin—waricklich wons hous net g'fiel'd hut wie 'n ice kevich. Der Paul huts airsht die socha net recht fershtae kenna—net bis er in der kaller is fers fire im heater fixa fer die nocht, un swor ous, un der offa wor ice kalt.

Sel wor noh ae mohl woh der Paul numma gawinsch'd hut er het sei lava nix gawist fon ma firehard. Ow'r guter, gadreier kerl os er ainer is, hut er shliverra k'hock'd un fire aw gamocht, un fer 'n gonsie shtun odder noch langer, widder farna om firehard k'huck'd sich warma—worta bis es heater fire aw gabrent wor. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Paul die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wos 'n lot leit wunnert is, war 'm Paul 's huls hock'd fer sei firehard, odder fireblotz wie ever os m'r 'n haisa wil, om gae halta?

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 16:1-3.

One of the pleasing personalities who became associated with Paul in the course of his ministry was a young man named Timothy. Timotheus, in v. 1, is the Latin form of this Greek name, Timotheos, a name which means one who honors God, or one whom God honors (it works both ways, according to 1 Sam. 2:30). He lived in Lystra, and probably witnessed the stoning of Paul when he visited the town on his first missionary journey (14:19), even as Paul had seen the stoning of Stephen (7:58). He may have been influenced to become a believer as the result of Pauls' preaching there, having had the advantage of being the son of a godly mother, Eunice, and of a godly grandmother, Lois (see) 2 Tim 1:5). It is reasonable to believe that he came to know the Scriptures from them when he was but a child, as we read in 2 Tim. 3:15. Not much chance for juvenile delinquency in such a case! His father was a Greek, hence could not contribute anything to the spiritial development of his child—always a tragedy. The Christians of Lystra thought well of Timothy, so that Paul felt that he would be a desirable companion and helper on his journey. (My readers will no doubt know what the new Litheran Mission in Hamilton Park is named St. Timothy after the one of whom we are writing.)

Public Opinion

Mr. Bogert States Position on Re-Zoning Program in 19th Ward

In regard to the rezoning of the portions of the 19th Ward from Zone B to Zone C.

I would like it made known to the people whom I represented that I was in attendance at council meeting and gave approval to the rezoning plan only after assurance the plan they were presenting was to be followed thoroughly and in accordance with the zoning as the zoning board had asked, also, upon having the assurance these plans would be put on file before approval by the board.

LeRoy S. Bogert
205 East Federal St.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Jan. 23, 1929, a Wednesday.

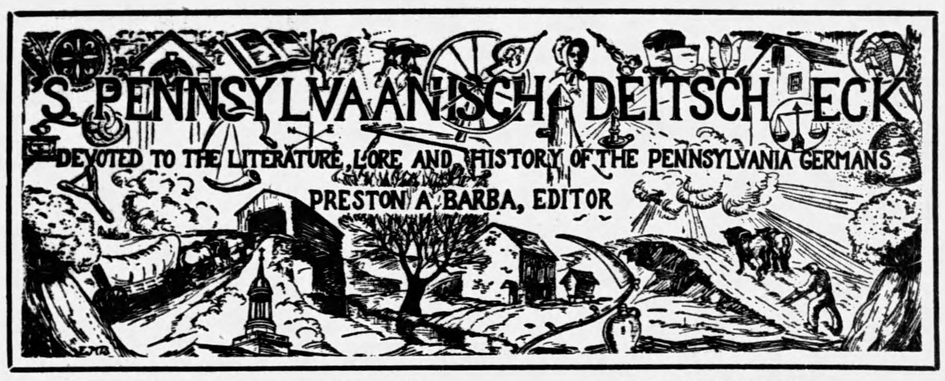
A citizens committee from the 15th Ward met with Allentown City Council to urge that something be done to curb speeding on Hanover avenue, as well as extend the storm water sewers to that section of the city. Elmer E. Osenbach was chairman of the committee.

A $25,000 fire at Paul's Restaurant in the heart of Easton's business district occupied the attention of firemen for more than three hours. The spectacular blaze routed 19 roomers from the 2½-story tavern and inn.

Dr. John A. W. Haas, president of Muhlenberg College, delivered the first in a series of six noon-day lectures before a capacity audience of business and professional men at the YMCA. His topic was: "The Causes of War."

Horoscope

A year of strange, and mostly happy events seems to lie ahead of you. Portents say the year will be a memorable one. Superabundant energy and vital force are foreseen for the child born today, and good luck is also indicated.



REVOLUTION IN THE WEATHER

Is the weather actually changing or is it only changeable and capricious as it has always been?

Grandfathers of each succeeding generation delight in telling how different the weather was in their own childhood, how the snows began to descend in November and remained until March, etc., etc. Today even scientists are trying to prove that the weather is changing in connection with the northward movement of the heat zone.

Since fairly reliable weather records are available only since the 1880's, it may be interesting and valuable to observe what David Shultze, Schwenkfelder pioneer, has entered in his Journals (see ECK, Jan. 3) about the weather during the years from 1750 to 1790. Like all Pennsylvania Germans, he was very weather conscious and sensitive to the phases of the moon, stars and planets and phenomena of the sky such as eclipses, northern lights and comets.

Let us choose at random some of his weather entries:

1750

Jan. 31—Warm for this time of the year.
March 15—Stormy, violent and severe weather from the North and Northeast, as not happened during this winter.
June 4—Lightning struck Somny's barn and it was destroyed by fire.
June 28—Exceeding dry weather.
July 3—Exceedingly dry. Dry weather beyond any example—never such dry times since I've been in this country. For 4 months in a row it has rained very little and it became drier than anyone can remember its ever been.
Oct. 30—Brought in the cabbage. Temperate for the season.
Dec. 9—Much rain and high waters.

1752

Jan. 24—Rain with clear ice.
Feb. 19-21—Warm thawing weather and high water.
March 11—Snow and thunder.
March 18—Snow, then dry winds and clear ice till the 25th.
March 27—Thunder and rain.
May 1—A fine rainy day.
May 2—The sun eclipsed.
July 9, 10.—Cut and bound wheat. Very hot. Stormy—thunder and lightning.
Aug. 29—The first frost.
Aug. 30—The second frost.
Dec. 4—Snowed a pretty good snow—and then became cold.

1756

March 12, 13—A most violent snow storm from Northeast as never before this winter.
June 1—In the morning there was a heavy frost which did a great amount of damage again.
Dec. 2, 3, 4—Surveyed for John Rhoads. Returned in very cold weather.

1757

Jan. 8, 9—Thawing weather.
Jan. 21—Rainy weather, high waters.
February—This month much snow and rain.
June 22—Very much rain and high waters with thunder.
Sept. 8—Was rainy weather—the whole week.
Dec. 25—Christmas night Fritz Reymer of Falconer Swamp froze to death in the snow.

1759

Jan. 26—Much snow.
Feb. 14—Snow, and very stormy.
April—On the evening of the 29th, a comet star was again visible toward the south—and before Easter, a comet toward the east.
May 3—Surveyed for Adam Deschler. In the evening I saw a Phanomenon near the evening Star.
Sept. 1-9—Most wet and rainy weather. Got in 4 loads of hay on the 7th.

1768

Jan. 1-4—Moderate weather.
Feb. 29—Very much rain. Finished Andrew Wint's draft. Peter Liebegutt drowned in the Manetawny while shooting ducks.
March 19—A most violent snow storm at night.
April 5—Very cold and windy.
Nov. 20—A great snow storm all day.
Nov. 26—Again a pretty good snow.
Dec. 4—Snow and then strong rain.
Dec. 22—It snowed all day—inches deep.
Dec. 28-29—Much rain. High water.

1769

Jan. 24—Returned in extremely cold weather.
Feb. 18-19—As warm as spring. Went to the mill.
April 24—Snowed the whole day. A calf was born.
May 1, 2—Rain and snow. Finished Tanner's drafts.
July 3-5—Extreme hot weather for this time. Extraordinarily dry.
Aug. 27—We saw the comet for the first time. (This was the Great Comet of 1769, about which Shultze and his contemporaries were much concerned. In his old age (1796) he copied a poem of 220 verses decidated to the "Comet Star of August and September Anno 1769." Whether he himself composed this long poem is not certain. Ed.)
For August he writes: "Extra dry this month without example before." And in September he again enters a long note on the movements of the comet.

1774

Jan. 3—An amazing "wunder" sign was seen in the heavens—it measured about 30 degrees long. (Editor Berky adds: Astronomical records do not list this phenomenon, but David Shultze sees several more extraordinary "heavenly" events in the course of time and it becomes apparent that "flying saucers" belong to more than one age.)
Feb. 9—A moderate snow.
Feb. 16—As cold as the morning of Jan. 25.
Feb. 19—Clear and warm with high waters from melting snow.
March 6—Much rain and high waters.
April 30—After a long drought with quite warm winds and sultry weather it finally rained on the 29th and 30th.
May 4—A snow several inches at night, heavy frost and ice. At the end of the month Shultze writes: "Most of the trees lost all their foliage from the hard frost. The snow and the hard frost during the night of the 4th did a great deal of damage."
July 23—Heavy thunder storm and fine rain.
September—The last three weeks in this month were cold. Most of the month was quite dry—mostly clear and dry weather.
Nov. 30—Rained the whole day and high waters.
Dec. 22, 23—Snow.
Dec. 28—Snowed the whole day.

1780

Jan. 11—Went to the mill in deep snow and again on the 17th.
Jan. 15—Because of the deep snow all roads are closed—all lanes and fences are covered.
Jan. 22—Pannebacker was here. Extreme cold nights. Most of the mills have been frozen shut for two weeks already. Very cold weather continuing until the 27th.
Jan. 28,29—Once again quite cold. This month was extra cold up until the end with many cold winds, a few days excepted. Whitehead from Reading froze to death in the snow above the Schulkiel on Jan. 28. (James Whitehead Jr., one of Reading's earliest lawyers.)
Feb. 7—A deep snow at night again.
Feb. 15—Rainy weather and the snow melted on the 16th. This week we had mild thawing weather, but on account of the deep snow and the ice in the water there was almost no travelling.
March 16—Snow the whole day—shoe deep.
March 31—Made Henry Funk's drafts. Plenty deep snow fell during the day and night.
Oct. 27—The eclipse seen—a great shadowing of the sun.
Oct. 31—Finished breaking flax. Heavy thunder weather with some hail, rain and snow.

1782

Jan. 22-23—Snowed the two days.
Jan. 29—The coldest day in many years.
July—Began to plow a little. The extra dry weather continued throughout the entire month so that only a few mills have enough water to grind and everything is withered.
Aug. 23—My wife and children washed at the Perkiomen at Schlichter's. (On account of the drought.)
Sept. 2—Began to sow grain. Very dry weather—the well is empty.
Sept. 7—Hauled water from the Perkiomen.
October—Rainy weather from the 29th to the 31st but no increase of water in the wells.
Nov. 6—A strong rain. Many wells and springs increased.
Dec. 16—Snowed a deep snow.
Dec. 30—Snow and rain. I went to the smith.

1786

April 30—From Saturday morning to Sunday morning there was a moderate snow and a stormy wind, lasting nearly 24 hours. Heavy rain and high water from the 26th to the 28th. High waters once again on May 30. This much wet weather has not happened for a long time.
October—This autumn was extra moderate. The first frost was on Oct. 19.
Nov. 19—Snow.
Dec. 4—A very deep snow.
Dec. 9—The whole day until Sunday morning there was snow and great wind.
Dec. 14-15—Mild and then again cold and the snow froze so hard that it was almost impossible to drive with the small two-wheeled wagon.

1790

Feb. 4—Sleet and much rain and afterwards very cold with ice. Scarce known before.
Feb. 17—High waters and all the ice gone.
March 11—Snow at night—1 foot deep.
April 28—Pretty good snow and some rain.
May 12—Very warm and some thunder.
In July Shultze writes: "On Account of all the dry weather the stands of corn, buckwheat, the pastures and the hay are very poor all over."

* * *

These entries will convey to us of today some idea of the weather as experienced by David Shultze, Pennsylvania German pioneer from Silesia, along the Perkiomen during the second half of the 18th century.—P.A.B.

VERBEI GENGER

Wann nix zu duh iss schunscht im Haus,
Dann guck ich oft zum Fenschder naus,
Watsch die Leit draus laafe;
En ganser Daag geht's uff un ab,
Deel duhne nix, deel uff em Tschapp,
Deel gehne ebbes kaafe.

Ich wunner oftmol, wu sie gehn,
Un was sie duhn, ass ich do sehn
Verbei geh uff der Schdross;
Wer sie all sin un vun wu bei,
Un was dann all die Schusslerei,
Un uff was Bissniss los.

Deel scheint's hen gaar nix uff der Meind.
Sin uff em Weeg vleicht zu me Freind
Wennich Zeit verdreiwe;
Do 's eener geht mit Kaerpet Sack,
Unnich em Aarm en grosser Pack,
Leicht fer en Woch zu bleiwe.

Un datt geht aa en Beddelmann,
Verflickte Kleeder, 's iss en Schand,
Wie doch der Mann aussehnt;
Un noh en Mann mit "Bullfrack" Rock,
En hocher Hut un Schpatzierschdock—
Ich wett 's iss all gelehnt.

Eeni uffgedresst in Seide
Nemmt ihr Hund im Auto reide
Fer ihm Luft zu gewwe;
Sie schdreckt ihr Naas graad vanne naus,
Wie's Giwwelend uff unserm Haus—
So duhn Schdolse ewwe.

Noh en Mann mit Karreb voll Oier,
Datt geht aa en Vendue-groiyer
Ebber ausverkaafe;
Do en Maad mit Bobbe Karrich,
Der Daag iss schee, un dedarrich
Nemmt die Kinner laafe.

En Dokter mit en kleeni case
Am Sarye vleicht far Krankheet bees,
Odder'n Kleenes bringe;
Un do, in Lieb, zwee yunge Leit
Beinanner drauss en karzi Zeit,
Aarm in Aarm am Schwinge.

Un noh zwee Leit, gans groo un alt,
Die hen en mancher Winder kalt
Zamme darrich gemacht;
Ihr Gsichter sin gerunselt sehr,
Die Yaahre leien uff ne schwer,
Der Gang iss langsam, sacht.

En Parre noh, vun de greesschte,
Er geht verleicht en Kranker dreeschte,
Verleicht aa ebber heiere;
Un do deel Kinner, Buwe paar,
Un kleene Meed mit lange Haar,
Verleicht Gebortsdaag feiere.

Do paar Weibsleit naus am laafe,
Gans leicht fer'n Frack zu kaafe
Aryets in de Schdore;
Was duhn sie dummle, schpringen schier,
Waart bis der Heemweeg, saag ich dir,
Sin sie ausgewore.

Butcher, Becker un Millichmann,
En Kreemer aa geht dann un wann
Do an meim Haus ver bei;
Schaffleit mit ihr Mitdaags Kessel,
Brenner Fuhr mit kleene Fessel
Verleicht voll Brandewei.

Un wann ich an der Schdross naus geh,
Dann ebber in seim Fenschder seh
Wie ich an meim hock do;
Ich denk er wunnert wie ich aa,
Wu ich hie geh, was Bissniss draa,
'S geht yeders ewwe so.

So geht's dann fatt en ganser Daag,
Immer ebber, gewiss ich saag,
Als uff un ab am Geh;
Doch wunnert's mich vun wu sie sin,
Un wer, un in was Bissniss drin,
Wu ich doch deeglich seh.

Es schteht mir ee Ding vor so weit,
All hen en gleichi Eegenheit,
Die Wunnerfitz iss gross;
Awwer 's macht nix aus yuscht was ich dreib,
So lang ich aus der Bissniss bleib
Vun denne uff der Schdross.

12. Feb. 1934 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Vanishing Wild Life

One of the most attractive exhibits at the Allentown Fair during recent years has been the showing by the State Game Commission of native wild animals, some of which are quite familiar to almost all our people but some of which, such as the wildcat, are seen only rarely and by only a very small number of persons.

The stream of people, both young and old, which poured thru the exhibit every day that it was open indicated public interest in the great outdoors and the animals and birds which can be seen there.

What the general public is unlikely to know is that in this exhibition it may be seeing some of the last representatives of species of animals once abundant in this state but now disappearing under the attack of three mortal enemies — natural enemies, the motor car and the hunters.

Fear that some of the species which have been decreasing steadily in numbers will die out completely is also based upon the known fact that within the years of the settlement of this commonwealth some species of animals have died out. There also is ample evidence that even before the coming of the white man processes destructive to wild life were taking their toll.

In the hope of arousing Pennsylvania public opinion to the point where something will be done about this problem, the State Game Commission, cooperating with the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, has set up an exhibit in that institution entitled "Deadline for Wildlife." This show graphically sketches happenings to Pennsylvania wildlife before and since the arrival of the white man.

A booklet descriptive of the exhibition outlines the need for such an exhibition and states the position of the sportsmen and all who enjoy life and activity in the great outdoors. It makes the statement that "most of us take our wild fauna for granted when we think about it at all." The hunter or fisherman initiates his son into the mysteries of field and stream without ever doubting that game will be there for the finding when his son's son goes in search of it. Picnickers and motorists accept wild creatures as part of the landscape—something you can ignore while it's there but might miss if it disappeared.

"The alarming thing is that some of our native wildlife already 'has' disappeared. From colonial days down to our own time, Pennsylvania has seen one important wild species, then another, and still another, fall into total extinction after flourishing for countless generations."

How long Pennsylvania can remain famous for wild hideouts within easy reach of cities is up to the people who visit such places. Acting for the citizens of this state, the Game Commission has withdrawn large acreages from cultivation and hunting. Effort is being made to preserve what is left of our wilderness areas and the wild life therein.

The public can help by care when motoring lest wild animals be run down on the highways. The sportsmen can help by scrupulously observing the closed seasons upon game animals and birds.

Pennsylvania has not only been beautiful but it has been interesting. A great deal of interest is provided by wild animals and birds. Prideful Pennsylvanians will do nothing to decrease or to remove this source of interest.

Where Will You Run?

Inasmuch as Allentown and surroundings are classified as a critical area in the event of a surprise atomic attack or an ensuing atomic war, a large number of people in discussing the possibilities of such an emergency indicate that they have given a lot of thought to what they would do, or think they would do, in an emergency.

Most of the thinking seems to be along the line of pell-mell flight from whatever point they may be in when the attack is made to some indefinite point which would be expected to provide a haven of refuge.

It is this kind of thinking and, subconscious or conscious, planning which can be fraught with great danger if a crisis ever were to arise. Dr. Richard Gerstell, state director of Civil Defense, says that such a course of action will amount to "mass suicide."

It will be foolhardy for people to attempt flight out of big cities for even with the most elaborate electronic warning systems and widespread sirens any surprise attack can be expected to be just that — a complete surprise. There will be no time to run, at least to run very far.

Because of this Dr. Gerstell says the only sensible thing to do is to "take cover" immediately. That is to say, take to the cellars in the homes. If on the street, make rapid steps to a church or school or other public building where it can be expected emergency shelter will be found.

As final warning of the folly involved in the "run for your life policy now being preached by ill-informed experts on soapboxes," Dr. Gerstell painted a fantastic picture of what can be expected if everyone were to attempt to "take to the hills."

Should all Pittsburgh and Philadelphia automobile owners "suddenly jump into their cars and hit the roads" the following situation theoretically could develop: Frightened Quaker City residents packed in their traffic-stalled vehicles completely would fill all 327 miles of the Pennsylvania Turnpike between Philadelphia and the Ohio State Line with four lines of cars standing bumper-to-bumper. At the same time, fleeing Pittsburghers would be hopelessly trapped in a single, solid line of vehicles stretching from the Steel Capital westward to Chicago.

"More realistically, perhaps," said the director, "we would find Philadelphia the hub of two-line, bumper-to-bumper traffic snarls blocking Route 611 northward to the heart of the Poconos, Route 309 northwestward to Allentown, Route 422 as far as Reading, Route 30 west to Lancaster, Route 1 southwestward to the Maryland State Line, together with the whole westbound lane of the entire Turnpike. Meanwhile, other two-lane, motionless lines north and west from Pittsburgh would jam Route 19 all the way to Erie, Route 8 to the New York State Line, and both Routes 22 and 30 to the Ohio State Line. Even York City's 60,000 people crammed with prized possessions into their 35,700 cars and trucks would form single, solid columns extending north to the Capital at Harrisburg, south to the Mason-Dixon Line, east to Lancaster and west to the heart of the Battlefield at Gettysburg.

"Now faced with perils from hydrogen bombs, no one can afford to confuse future plans with established facts. The mere thought of all-paralyzing traffic jams resulting from headlong flight from our cities should drive home the point that today's best bet is simply to hole up like a rabbit."

Cup of Hot Coffee

Morning, noon and night the American coffee pot is simmering as housewives thruout the land seethe over increasing cost of the beverage, and get angrier by the minute as they hear the threats of still higher prices.

Since the American people are going thru a well nigh universal experience with similar mental and emotional reactions there has been no necessity for the pushing of petitions to Congress saying that "there oughta be a law" against something or other. Congressmen, who drink coffee just as do other Americans, have already encouraged several investigations. The Federal Trade Commission is looked to especially to provide some answer thru a full-scale inquiry which, it is understood, is about to begin. This body wants to know whether there have been any unfair methods in the competitive phases of the coffee market and whether speculation in the big markets really has more to do with soaring prices than the plague of insects and the killing frosts in Brazil during last year.

Meanwhile a lot of individual action is being taken which is quite independent of any official actions or any of the findings which officials may make. Many a person is cutting down on his normal consumption of the beverage. Those who develop violent resentment against what they regard as injustice may cut it out altogether. Others may follow the advice of the big chain of American restaurants which is advising its customers not to ask for the expensive drink but turn to something cheaper.

Congress and the public often has been called upon to deal with problems so difficult to handle that they have been called "hot potatoes." It will be far easier for the American public to handle the current cup of hot coffee. We can take it or leave it. Billions of people have lived and died without it. Millions can do it now.

A Belgian Bull's-Eye

Around three years ago there was considerable argument over whether a British rifle or an American rifle should be adopted as an infantry piece to be standardized among the North Atlantic Treaty forces.

British arms makers had developed a .28-caliber semiautomatic rifle to displace the long-used Lee-Enfield .303. America's ordnance experts had improved the .30-caliber Garand, to which they were attached. But no decision emerged.

Instead, Sir Winston Churchill now has announced that the British Government is going to adopt a Belgian - designed .30-caliber self-loading rifle, and the Canadian Government, which favored the American model, is following suit. The Belgian gun, a gas-operated automatic, uses 20-cartridge magazines of the ammunition recently adopted as standard by the United States, Britain, France, Canada and Belgium.

In Washington, the Defense Department is obtaining a number of the Belgian arms for experimental use by United States troops. Experts say the Belgians have succeeded in devising a simpler mechanism than that of the American weapon.

Thus the North Atlantic Alliance cashes in on the fact that it is not an organization run solely by a few big powers. The skill of one of its smaller members, represented in Belgium's arsenal, the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes at Liege, presents NATO a fast-firing rifle, the FN-30, which throws a slug with more heft than the British .28 and which apparently will be easier for a soldier in the field to strip and reassemble than the American T-44.

The "Atom" Of Its Day



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington — The chairman of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee — Sen. Jenner, (R-Ind.) — has just exploded a bombshell that may stir up as much emotion as the case of Harry Dexter White, suspected of espionage in behalf of Soviet Russia.

The finger of suspicion regarding laxity in handling Communist suspects is now pointed to the White House staff in the administration of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Sen. Jenner told his story at a dinner here in honor of Robert Morris, newly elected judge of the Municipal Court in New York and formerly chief counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Mr. Morris was a lieutenant in the intelligence unit of the U.S. Navy during the last war, and it is revealed now that he was the victim of an order from the White House which destroyed the files of his office relating to Communist penetration.

Sent to Pacific

"Bob Morris," says Sen. Jenner, "was sent to the Pacific because he had been hustled out of the office of naval intelligence in New York. He knew too much about what the Communists were really up to. In May of 1944, he was in the counter intelligence section of naval intelligence in the New York district. One of his undercover agents had succeeded in penetrating the Communist organization and in reaching a strategic post in the network."

Sen. Jenner says that Kravchenko, an official of the Soviet purchasing commission, was ready to reveal Communist activities but Morris was told by his superiors in Washington to "let Kravchenko alone."

"Then," says Mr. Jenner, "something else happened. Word came to New York that plans were underway to have naval intelligence break up its Communist counter intelligence unit, including the secret apparatus which the New York group had set up. Morris was sent to Washington on Capt. Howe's instructions to urge the director of naval intelligence not to take this step. Did he succeed in saving this absolutely vital intelligence function? Well, if he had succeeded, how did he end up in Pearl Harbor?

"Someone scattered the members of the New York unit of Naval intelligence to the four corners of the earth — within a few days after Bob Morris made his plea. And they did something even worse. They ordered the destruction of the files gathered by that unit.

"Those were the files that had the basic information on Communists in the maritime units, Communists on the waterfront, and Communists in the convoys that went to Russia itself. Is there anyone who believes that the chief of naval intelligence gave that order on his own initiative? Who ever heard of intelligence officials destroying their own files? Well, then, who would have had the authority to give an order as sweeping and unprecedented as this one? Adm. Nimitz was curious about that.

"A few days after Bob Morris told him the story at that meeting I have just described, Adm. Ernest J. King came to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet and Pacific ocean areas, on one of his periodic visits from Washington. Nimitz told King what Bob Morris had told him and asked if it could possibly be true that such an incredible order could have been issued. Adm. King replied that it was true. 'But who,' demanded Adm. Nimitz, 'could possibly have given such an order?' Adm. King replied: 'the White House'."

Other Instances

Sen. Jenner mentioned similar efforts to destroy the files of the War Department on subversion. Sen. McCarthy recently issued a report of his committee pointing out that State Department personnel files were tampered with and many records destroyed under the Truman administration.

But the charge that someone in the White House gave orders around the government on matters relating to the handling of Communists or Communist sympathizers is not new. The records of the Internal Security subcommittee show that recommendations on White House stationery were sent out to assist certain applicants who were named in FBI reports as being suspected of a relationship to the Communist cause. Similarly, the famous FBI report of November 1945, published by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee last August, gave an outline of the extent of Communist penetration in the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration and gave a list of officials therein.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OYER UN TV: Won sei lebdawg tzwae socha worra os net tzomma g'shoft hen, don is es TV watcha, un oyer kocha. Un war sellie socha net glawbt brouch numma mohl shwetza mit 'm Clarence Mantz fon da Bind shtross doh in da shtadt, seinra fraw da Sarah. Un so weit os sel aw gait, der Clarence kon aw fertzaila wie unghandich os es is fer oyer fon da ewwershda kicha wond essa, fon ra shteblaider.

Ow'r fer die socha recht fertzaila, 's Clarence hen yusht doh kartzlich TV ins hous grick'd, un wie die alt sawg ols gait, "Alla neier basem kairt gute." Sie hen die g'shicht bol dawga nocht om gae — nemma so gore ihra essa farna in der parlor so os sie voh nix ferseima. Doh da onner dawg wor ow'r 's beshd wie die Sarah 6 oyer hard kocha hut wolla, un hut sich aw widder nei in der parlor k'huck'd luft bilder watcha, bis die oyer gore weara.

Wos om gae wor in pickters kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wie sie weil k'huck'd hut die socha ei nemma, hut sie 'n gahairicher groch k'hoert in da kich. Glei huts nocha mohl gagroch'd, un yusht wie sie om uf shtae wor sehna wos letz wear, huts nocha mohl gagroch'd shier wie won ebber 'n flint lose g'shossa het, un tzu gleich hut sie aw shtrawla sehna fliega alla waiga nous.

Wie die Sarah endlich in die kich kumma is, wor ihra oyer kessel shtawb drucka gakoch'd, un die oyer hen ol iwwer in da kich rum on da wend k'honka. Laenich hut sie die seierrei net butza kenna, un wie der Clarence hame kumma is, hut er die shteblaider grick'd, un die oyer dudder fon da ceiling gessa. Der g'shmock wor net gons iwwel, ow'r 's wor so sonderbore unghandich fer die oyer sella waig essa.

GUTE TZU DA BULFROCKA: Won ebber 'n g'fiehl hut fer die bullfrocka, don is es die Elda Zellner woh im Charlie Haaf seim hous wohn'd, wos ols die Harvey Wenners' bauerrei wor, nagshd on Fogelsville. Die Elda is 'n widfraw, un hut 'n freind os kumt fer ra wosser owets nei drawga ous da cistern, so os sie net im dunkla drous rum shtolberra brouch.

Da onner owet wor der freind darta, un hut 'n grosser, bloe'r aimer fol wosser nei k'hol'd, un woh ol rum rous gadrunka hen. 'S wor noch 'n lot p'such darta, un woh net driwwer kumma hen kenna wos fer gute wosser os sie het, un allas wor ol recht bis die Elda da nagshda morya der tae kessel hinna uf 'm offa filla hut wolla.

Wie sie 's wosser in der tae kessel galairt hut, hut ebbes gore mechdich g'flopp'd — libehoftich wie won 'n obbel in der kessel g'falla wear. Sie hut der tae kessel noh fom offa niver uf der dish g'shteld, un mohl datzu nei gaguck'd. Allas os sie g'sehna hut worra tzwae auga, un noh is es ra angshterlich werra, un hut ihra nagshd dier nochber'n, Betty Reppert garufa, fer kumma sehna wos sie im tae kessel het. Die Betty is aw gahairich fershrucka wie sie ebbes sehna hut drin hucka die auga ferdraya —un wie sie mohl recht gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei wons net 'n bullfrock wor. Die Elda hut sich noh net yusht arrick ganunk ershtouna kenna wie gute os sel bullfrocka wosser owets g'shmock'd het, ow'r wor aw shure os der freind der bullfrock ous da cistern gabumb'd het, un hut gamaint, sie het anyhow ihra g'flich gaduh der ohrm drup om warma halta iwwer nocht.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Soicha os die Grundsow ferrochda wolla ols dum, breicha numma uf uf H'rning kalanner bladder gucka — sie is es aintsich'd gadierts fon da ard, os ihra bild uf 'm kalanner hut.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 16:26-30

While Paul and Silas were singing praises to God at midnight in prison, suddenly there was a great earthquake. A commentator on this said that their soprano of praise had risen so high that God had to send an earthquake to furnish the bass! Immediately the foundations of the prison were shaken, the doors opened, and conditions favorable for a jail-break confronted the prisoners. The jail-warden, seeing this, was at once contemplating suicide, for the Roman government executed a warden for permitting a jail-break. Thinking that the prisoners had escaped, he was confronted by Paul, who exclaimed: 'Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.' Calling for a light, the warden came into the section of the jail where Paul and Silas were, trembling and falling down before them. He then brought them out and asked them, Sirs, What must I do to be saved? Paul and Silas had behaved like Christians and may have given the warden a Christian testimony when they were put into jail. He must have noticed that they had something that he had never experienced, hence the question.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

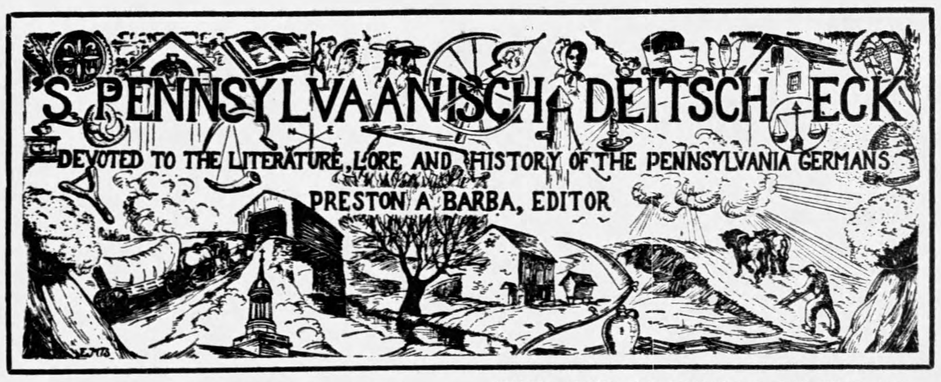
Ward Morehouse's first assignment, when he landed a reporter's job on the N. Y. Tribune in 1919, was to sound out Professor Jacoby at Columbia University on the Einstein Theory. Ward didn't tell the assistant managing editor, whom he describes as "slim, dark, brilliant, and sardonic" (and whose name was Lester Markel), that down Georgia way he never had even heard of the Einstein Theory. Up to Columbia he subwayed to discover that Dr. Jacoby was disinclined to be interviewed unless he jolly well got paid for it. Ward phoned Markel who, deeply impressed, exclaimed, "Good God! I didn't know there was a business man on Morningside Heights! Give him fifty dollars!" Ward has considered himself an expert on relativity ever since.

The Hollywood Reporter's Mike Connolly speaking: A certain actor refers to his wife as "the human dynamo;" everything she has on is charged. And a labor union leader loves to tell fairy tales to the kids. He begins them with, "Once upon a time—and a half."

(Copyright 1954)

Horoscope

A year of more than average good fortune seems ahead of you. Don't be extravagant or over-optimistic, however. A generous nature may be noted in the child born today, a character fond of freedom and very clever.



DAS WILDE HEER

The following narrative is found in that rare little book, **Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben, Philadelphia and Leipzig, 1869.** Its author, Ludwig August Wollenweber, was a Palatine, but arrived in Pennsylvania a century later than our pioneer ancestors from the Palatinate, hence his dialect is still colored by that of his homeland.

This story is interesting to the student of Pennsylvania German folklore because it sets forth in a new garb a very ancient theme widely spread among the Germanic peoples of northern Europe.

Wodan, highest among the pre-Christian Germanic gods, rides at night through the heavens at the head of his vast army **(das wilde Heer)** of departed souls. In popular legendry he becomes **der Ewige Jaeger** (the wild huntsman), who, under cover of winds and storms snatches up living sacrifices from among mortals. In the course of time he also takes on satanic aspects with witches and sorcerers as his minions. Wollenweber gives this ancient theme a local habitation in Lancaster County.—ED.

* * *

For viele Johre z'rick hot mer in einem Dehl fun Lancaster County wo's an Alt Berks grenzt, un was mer der Schwamm heest, als emol in der Nacht e Laerm in der Luft gehoert, dass mer gemehnt, alle boese Geischter waere los un daete in der Luft rum tobe.—Bis die Leut die Fenster ufgemacht un sehne wollte, was das ischt und was der grausige Laerm zu bedeute hett, do hot mer nix mehr gesehne noch gehoert.—Am naechste Morge noch dem Laerm sin die Nochbere als beim alte Squeier Reinbold z'samme komme, den e arg gut geschulter Mann war, um auszufinne, ob Eener oder der annere gesehne hot, wer de ferschterliche Laerm macht. Aber kener hot ebbes gewisst, un der alte Squeier hot gemehnt, es muesst's wilde Heer un der wilde Jaeger sein, die allemol Krieg, Pest oder sunst boese Zeite anzeige daete. Er hett do e Buch vun Deutschland wo es drin stehe daet, dass dort vun ehm Platz was sie de Rothenstein heese, der wilde Jaeger auszieht, just bevor Krieg, Pest oder Hunger ins Land kommt, un der Laerm den der wilde Jaeger mit seinem Gefolg in Deutschland macht, sei in dem Buch grad so beschriebe, wie er im Schwamm gehoert werd.—In dem Buch daet a stehn, dass der wilde Jaeger vun unserm Herrgott gebannt waer un ke Ruh im Grab hett, weil er in seiner Lebenzeit mit dem arme Gethier unbarmherzig umgange waer, un a die Mensche gequaelt, bis ufs Blut. Es moecht sein, dass in der Nochberschaft a emol so en wilder Jaeger gelebt hett, der ke Barmherzigket mit de arme Voegel die uns so wohltaetig sin, gehabt hett, un der nau ke Ruh im Grab hot, un verbannt ischt in der Nacht rum zu ziehe.

Gewoehnlich war der Laerm im September in der Nacht zwische drei un vier Uhr gehoert, wan der Tag bald am anbreche war. Unner den Leut, die als beim alte Reinhold z'samme komme sin, um wege dem Laerm nochzufroge war a der Daen Kegreisz, e herzhafter junger Kerl, der net em Squeier sei Geischtergeschicht glabe wollt. Seller Daen hot sich vorgenomme de Spuck zu watsche, un wann es sei Lebe koschte daet, trotzdem die aeltere Leut ihn gewarnt, sich net mit de Geischter einzulasse, er koennt Hals un Ben verliere. Der Daen hot sich aber net irr mache losse.

In der Nochberschaft hot e alter Schumacher gewohnt, der mit im Bockschott Waar (Buckshot War) gefochte hot, un ferchterlich voll Kurasche war, wan er e Peint Whisky ausgeleert, wan er aber neuchtern war, do hot ihn enig ebber in die Flucht schlage koenne.

Seller Schumacher geht zum Daen un biet sich an mit ihm uf de wild Jaeger zu passe, un weil der Schumacher e gespassiger Kerl war, hot der Daen versproche ihn mitzunemme un for e gut Peint Whisky zu sorge. Nau wie die Zeit komme ischt, wo mer als de wild Jaeger gehoert, sin die zwee Maenner noch der Mitternachtstund naus ufs Feld unere e grosse Kaeschtebam un do habe se Gaerd gestande, jeder mit ener Doppelbuechs un habe zwei, drei Naecht gewatscht, bis der Tag angebroche ischt, aber jede Morge war die Whiskey bottel leer, aber vum wilde Jaeger hen sie nix gesehne.—Der Daen war die Sach schier mued, un's blaekerte (to blackguard) hot schun in der Nochberschaft angefange, "ob er de wild Jaeger noch net geschosse hett," aber do ischt der Schumacher um die bestimmt Zeit immer do gewest un hot den Daen geweckt, net wege dem wilde Jaeger, aber wege dem Wisky.

Die erste paar Naecht hat sich der Schumacher immer sobergehalte, aber die viert Nacht hat er de Wisky zu geschwind nunter gelosse, hat Schlof kriegt, sei Buechs in de Arm genomme, un wollt grad anfange zu schlofe. 'S war about drei Uhr Morgens, da kommt aber ufemol e Laerm ueber de Schwamm rueber, dasz mer gemehnt hot alle Stormwind in der Welt waere uf emol losgelasse, un der Schumacher hot so arg Angst kriegt, dasz er am Kaeschtebam umgesunke ischt, un sei Kopp in's abgefallene Lab gesteckt, dasz er nix meh hoere sott. Aber de Laerm war so grosz um de Bam, dasz wann er a die Ohre voll. Sautcaroleina Bamwoll gesteckt hett, er doch de Laerm hett hoere muesse. Uf emol krachts un plumps, plumps, kommt ebbes warmes uf de Schumacher gefalle, dasz er vor Angst ohnmaechtig geworde ischt, un nix meh fun sich gewiszt hot.

Der Daen der nuechtern war, hot aber de Spuck ausgefunne—'s war e Zug vun e paarmol hunert Tausend wilde Taube.

Er war jetzt gesatisfait wege dem wilde Jaeger, lest die Taube uf, die er runner geschosse hot, un die uf de Schumacher gefalle ware, schleicht sich heem in sei Speicherstub un schliesst zu. Ke Mensch hot ihn gesehne heem gehe!

Die Sun hot schun zimmlich warm geschiene, do ischt der Schumacher ufgewacht, un wie er Blut an seine Haend un Gesicht gefunne un nix fum Daen gesehne, do denkt er, wie er sich an den ferchterlichen Laerm erinnert hot, de wilde Jaeger muesst de Daen mit in die Luft genomme habe, dann so e Laerm hat er ennihau in seinem ganze Lebe noch keine gehoert, un der Bockschott Waar war nix degege. Er laft nunner zum Squeier Reinhold un macht die Anzeig, dasz heut Morge about drei Uhr de Daen Kegreisz vum wilde Jaeger dorch die Luft fortgenomme worde ischt, un bitt de Squeier en Affidafit zu nemme, er wollt alles beschwoere, er hett gehoert wie der Daen dorch die Luft fortgenomme worde waer, un zum volle Beweis waer do noch Blut uf seiner Hand un uf seim Gesicht, fum Daen.

Der Squeier hot gemehnt, er wollt e Jury zusamme rufe, aber erst wollt er dem alte Kegreisz Notice gebe, un ueber die Sach mit ihm schwaetze.—Die Squeier's Office war bald voll Mensche un jeder hot de Daen bedauert, weil er e schmarter junger Mann war, der ueber Niemand boeses geschwaetzt un von seine Eltern arg gegliche war, un am aergste hat der Schumacher getobt, weil er noch halber gesoffe war vom Daen sein guter Wisky. Dem Squeier seine Weibsleut habe aber gemehnt, der Wild Jaeger hett sich vergriffe, un hett in der Mistake den Daen mitgenomme anstatt de versoffene Schumacher.

Die Maenner wo beim Squeier ware, mache sich uf for de alte Kegreisz zu sehne un ihm die Trauerbotschaft zu bringe, der Schumacher vorne dran, un wie sie gege das Haus komme, war der alte Mann ganz erstaunt schun so frueh so viel Leut zu sich komme zu sehne. Der Schumacher nemm's Wort, und sagt mit zittericher Stimm:

"Mr. Kegreisz, euer Daen hot mer ke Ruh gelasse, ich sott mitgehn for de Spuck fum wilde Jaeger zu sehne. Drei Naecht habe mir draus gestanne unner dem grosze Kaeschtebam, un habe nix sehne koenne, heut Nacht aber gege drei Uhr ischt der wild Jaeger komme, und ich kann's euch gar net sage, was das vor en Laerm un Spektakel war, 's Hoere un Sehne ischt mir schier vergange, un die Luft hat gestunke, dasz mir der Odem ausgebliebe ischt, un ich am Bam umgefalle bin. All mei Kurasche hat mich nix geholfe.—Wie ich gelege, hab ich's krache hoere, als wie wann geschosse daet werde, un in de Aescht fum Bam hat's gerabbelt, als wann sie alle runner falle wollte, un ich muss sage, trotz meiner Kurasche ischt's mir's ohnmaechtig worre. Wie ich ufgewacht bin, war alles still, mei Haend un Gesicht aber ware voll Blut, un vun eurem gute Daen war nix meh zu sehne, der wild Jaeger hat ihn mit."—Jetzt fangt der Schumacher an zu heule wie e kle Baebe!

Der Daen hat in der Speicherkammer de Laerm gehoert, macht's Fenster uf, un frogt was das zu bedeute hett?—Wie nau die Maenner de Daen gesehne, un dass er leibhaftig am Fenster steht, sin sie grad uf de Gedanke komme, der Schumacher hett sie gefuhlt, un wollte ihn recht dorchhaue for sei Humbug, un der arm Deiwel hat net gewiszt wo er vor Angst naus sott, do kommt gluecklich der Daen noch zur rechte Zeit, un nemmt ihn in Schutz, un verzaehlt seine Nochberen dasz der wild Jaeger, der den ferchterliche Laerm macht, Niemand anders waer, als die wilde Taube, die vor Tagesanbruch zu hunderttausend ihr Nachtlager verlasse daete, und weist e halb Dutzend die er uf ehne Schuss getroffe hett.

Jetzt glabt im Schwamm Niemand mehr an de wilde Jaeger, aber an die fette Taube, die sie in jeder Herbstzeit zu Hunderten schiesze. Der Schumacher hot sich heem geschliche, un in's Bett geschafft. Am annere Tag schickt er zum Daen un losst ihm sage, er hett's Fieber, un ob er ke Doctorstoff hett. Der Daen hat aber gleich gewisst wo's iehlt, un hat e Peint Whisky mitgenomme, un wie der alt Schumacher e paar Schluck genomme, war's Fieber weck. Die Leut in der Nochberschaft haben ihn aber bis zu seim Tod de wild Jaeger ghese.

—LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER

WITH OUR ANCESTORS ON THE SEA

The Pennsylvania Gazette, founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728 and continued today in the form of the Saturday Evening Post, contains a number of accounts of the hardships and perils endured by our German forefathers in crossing the sea to establish themselves in Pennsylvania.

The first of these accounts is found in the issue of Feb. 8, 1732, and reads as follows:

"There is a letter in town from some Palatines who embarked at Rotterdam in June last in a ship bound for this place, but instead arrived at Martha's Vineyard, an island on the coast of New England—containing an account that the ship, being four and twenty weeks in her passage, their provisions fell short, and in the last eight weeks they had no bread; but a pint of grouts was all the allowance for five persons per day. They ate all the rats and mice they could catch, and the price of a rat was 18 d. and of a mouse 6 d. and water 6 d. a quart. That seven persons died of hunger and thirst in one night; and of 150 passengers, which came on board at Rotterdam, over 100 were miserably starved to death. When at length it pleased God that a sloop should meet them and conduct the ship into Homes-Hole, a harbor of the above named island. In the first three days after their arrival fifteen more died, who had been reduced so low by famine that it was impossible to recover them. They write further that they think if they had continued at sea three days longer, they should all have died, no one being able to hand another drop of water. But the good people of the island are very charitable to them and do everything in their power to refresh them; so that many who were famished and near Death began to revive, but none are yet strong enough to travel."

In an item in the same Pennsylvania Gazette for February 22, we learn what was being done for the relief of these unfortunate Palatines. We read:

"Governor Gordon has been pleased to write a letter to the Governor of Boston, in behalf of the distressed Palatines on Martha's Vineyard as follows:

"Sir—On the application of several Germans and near death began to revive, but none are yet this province, I am to address you on behalf of their unhappy countrymen, who, after a passage of twenty-four weeks from Rotterdam, are lately arrived at a port in your government, near R. I., as I suppose. The enclosed letter being an exact translation of a letter from a Dutch Minister here, sets forth in full their calamitous circumstances, and the horrid barbarity with which they have been treated by Lohb, the master of the vessel, who seems to have formed a design to destroy them, in order to possess himself of their effects, which are said to have been very considerable, when they embarked. A gentleman of your goodness and humanity cannot but be moved with pity, for the miserable conditions of these poor wretches, and with a just indignation against the author of their misfortunes. And as it will be an act of great charity to relieve and protect the first, it will be no less a necessary act of justice to call the last to strict account. That if he cannot acquit himself of what is laid to his charge, he may reap the just reward of his oppression and cruelty.

" 'I am with much respect, sir, etc.

" 'Philadelphia, February 9, 1732'."

In the Pennsylvania Gazette for May 18, 1732, we learn further of the toilsome journey of these suffering Palatines from Boston to their destination in Pennsylvania. The account is as follows:

"Philadelphia, May 18.—Saturday last arrived here 34 Dutch passengers, being those who came into Martha's Vineyard half starved in December last. They have since been in Boston, where they say the people took them into their houses and used them very kindly, so that many of them were at no charge, all the while they waited for passage; and, more over a collection was made among the inhabitants for their relief, by which 200 pounds was gathered and given to them. The Captain who brought them from Holland was prosecuted there on their account; but the accusations against him were not made good and he was acquitted and has since arrested those five who signed the letter for damages, and they are forced to remain behind to answer his action. 'Tis said the people who arrived here complain almost as much of being abused by those five, who were the chief persons among them, as they in their letter did of the Captain."—

The above are excerpts from H. Frank Eshleman's **Historic Backgrounds and Annals of the Swiss and German Pioneer Settlers of Southeastern Pennsylvania, etc.** Lancaster, Pa., 1917.

SPRICHWADDE

The following proverbs and sayings were culled from the late Rev. Charles A. Butz's play "Der Tschim will Parre warre", written some time before 1938.

Wer annere en Grub graabt, fallt oft selwer nei.

Der Gruck kann zu oft noch der Schpring geh.

Geb dich in die Gfaahr un du kummscht drin um.

Kummt mer iwwer der Hund, kummt mer aa iwwer der Schwans.

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Editorials

Beaver's Come-Back

The first men to become millionaires thru business operations in North America are said to have been fur-traders. Since the luxurious pelt of the beaver was the modish fur in Europe in the days of the earliest voyageurs in Canada and the Northern United States, and the traders and trappers in what now are the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western states, the first million dollar fortunes are said to have been erected upon bales of beaver skins.

After more than three hundred years of intensive hunting and trapping by both white man and Indian and, before that, by the Indian who also knew a good fur when he saw it, the animal was wiped out in Pennsylvania. Today beaver are so plentiful in Pennsylvania that trappers this year will have their quota raised from three to four beavers in a day or an entire season. For several years three has been the limit and on occasion the beaver has been protected thruout the entire year.

Since 1934 when the trappers were turned loose upon the beaver, upwards of forty thousand pelts have been taken. In one year more than six thousand were trapped while, in the last year reported, almost three thousand were taken.

These are striking figures for a section of country that has been settled for upwards of three hundred years. For many years it seemed that there was total disregard whether the beaver survived or was made extinct like the mountain lion. He has not been heard from in Pennsylvania for more than a century and a half. In fact the beaver is believed to have become extinct a century ago.

Conservation methods and the cooperative efforts of sportsmen have turned the tide of destruction. From 1918 to 1925 the Game Commission released about a hundred of the broadtails and then in 1934 permitted trapping for the first time. Beaver population has increased so rapidly that the average bag is permitted to be 25 per cent larger this year than last.

Pennsylvanians can tell this story elsewhere thruout the country and people may not believe it. But the facts are that beaver are so abundant and destructive that it becomes necessary to reduce their numbers by thousands.

There is no single phase of the Game Commission's program to encourage wild life of all kinds in Pennsylvania which is more successful than the beaver program. It required only about fifteen years to prove itself. Now for twenty years it has been furnishing annual and highly satisfactory surprises in the evidences of this animal's ability to battle its enemies, to outwit man and to increase and multiply.

Recently, Floyd C. Meade, of Moscow, Lackawanna County, provided proof, that these, our largest furbearers, were here "away back when." He produced a sample of peat taken from the Moscow area under eight feet of which were found beaver chips and cuttings.

Geologists suggest these bits of evidence could be from 10,000 to 30,000 years old, indicating how long the forebears of present-day beavers have been native to the area now known as Pennsylvania.

All Want to Break Jail

Out of Japan comes the report that since a recent defection of a young Russian diplomat to intelligence agents of the United States, Red attaches of the Red embassy in Japan now go out upon the streets only in pairs, never alone. Since they are in no danger of arrest under their diplomatic immunity, the pairing can be for only one reason: Each man must keep watch upon the other.

The watch is designed to prevent desertion of the Reds. They know that their young people especially would like to jump the traces and seek haven in the United States or some other democracy.

Just about every time that the Polish ship Batory ties up at a dock in England members of the crew desert and throw themselves upon the mercy of the British. Up to this week thirteen men had escaped the totalitarian system in this way.

Defections to the United States, have occurred in Japan. The latest one, that of a top intelligence agent, or spy, is expected to be as important as the defection of the Russian code clerk in Canada proved to be in uncovering the successful plot for theft of atomic bomb secrets.

It all tells us what a miserable, shrinking, fearful, trembling life millions of people must be leading behind the Iron Curtain. Just about everybody except the strict party members and the important job holders would get out if a door for escape were opened to them even for a fleeting moment.

Faith in G. Washington

Just 160 years ago President George Washington, acting for this government, made a treaty with the Five Nations, the Iroquois Confederacy of New York, under which annual distribution of $4,500 worth of cotton cloth to the Indians was assured.

The treaty terms have been lived up to faithfully during the 160 years. Year by year, in the autumn, calico, gingham and sheeting have been distributed to the members of the Iroquois tribes who live in New York state and who still number several thousand on its reservations. One of the tribes, the Oneidas, moved to Wisconsin, and they have been paid an annual amount of cash in lieu of cotton goods. Most of the Mohawks went to Canada and forfeited the annual payment.

Now Congress, at the behest of the Indian Bureau, would like to end this rather childish business. Prices of calico etc. have gone so high and Indian population has increased so greatly that the annual budget for th· cotton goods, $4500 — a large sum when Thomas Pickering drew up and signed the treaty for President Washington — produces only a few yards of goods for each Indian. Congress would like to give the Indians a lump sum and get rid of the obligation and all the fussing attendant upon advertising for bids, award of contracts and the distribution to thousands of people of petty amounts of merchandise.

But there is vocal protest from the reservations. The women thoroly enjoyed the annual visit to their little shops where bolts of calicos of a variety of gay colors and patterns were on display and from which the miserable little pieces were cut for each member. Thereupon she duly signed a receipt and thus absolved Uncle Sam of any claim by that particular Indian for another year.

The Indian Bureau for years has been trying to effect the change. Always its officials and Congress are confronted with the argument that the word of "G. Washington" still stands and they regard it as good.

The American people, as a whole, have deviated widely from some of Washington's most earnest political precepts.

Lo, the poor Indian, abides faithfully by Washington's promises as guaranteed by his signature upon their 160-year old treaty.

Deadlock in Berlin

Any lingering hopes that the Berlin conference would reach agreement on Germany began to fade yesterday when Mr. Molotov rejected the Western plan for German unification based on free elections and advanced instead a Soviet plan for a half-Communist German Government designed to push Germany into Soviet hands. The Soviet plan, submitted after many stalling maneuvers, complements and elucidates the previous Soviet plan for a German peace conference and treaty intended to wreck the Western defense structure and convert all Germany into a "people's democracy." It is difficult to see how the Western and the Soviet plans could be reconciled.

The Western plan, presented by Secretary Eden, calls for nationwide free elections for a national assembly which would write a new Constitution and form first a provisional and then a permanent all-German Government to join in the peace negotiations and assume responsibility for the peace treaty. This Government, as emphasized by the Western Powers, would be free in all respects, including freedom to choose whether it will join or reject the European Defense Community.

In contrast, the Soviet plan calls for a provisional all-German Government formed on a parity basis by the Parliaments of the freely elected West German Government and the Soviet-imposed and controlled East German puppet regime. This hybrid creature, in which Communist "activists" would certainly attempt to usurp governmental powers to further the Soviet line, would then hold "free, democratic" elections for a permanent all-German Government to "represent" — the country in the peace talks — elections in which, after withdrawal of virtually all occupation troops, the "democratic," meaning Communist — dominated, "mass" organizations would have a free hand to the exclusion of "monopoly" bodies.

The results and final consequences of such "elections" are all too evident in Poland and every other satellite country. The West will have none of them. N. Y. Times

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 6, 1929, a Wednesday

The U. S. Navy's blimp, J-4, passed over this city on a navigational trip yesterday morning.

The latest styles from "New York and Paris" will be displayed in the home economics rooms of the administration building at Cedar Crest College today from 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.

Drastic action will be taken by the City of Easton to collect unpaid property taxes, Mayor S. S. Horn announced at council meeting on Tuesday.

Horoscope

Halcyon days are porphesied for you, bringing much prosperity, so forge ahead. A kind, sympathetic nature, possibly too easily influenced by others, is possible for today's child, but good fortune is foreseen.

Coming Up to Join the Team

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON—Avoidance of a decision now on the basic issues growing out of the debate over the Bricker amendment to the Constitution would be detrimental to the Republican party at the polls next November. Perhaps that's the reason Sen. Knowland, Republican leader, has been striving so hard to get a compromise, and perhaps it's the reason why various Democrats in the Senate are so eager to see the issue buried by sending the measure back to committee for further study.

Like many deep-seated issues, the widespread impact of which does not always appear on the surface, the Bricker amendment is far more than a controversy over legal technicalities. Hence, the impatience of those who say it's too important to be acted on now and needs further study simply plays into the hands of those forces which want to pile up troubles for the Republican party this year.

The fundamental problem involved in the Bricker amendment is far better understood generally than it is by some of the lawyers here who are arguing against its phraseology. It is no accident that the Bricker amendment has come up for consideration at this time, and furthermore it wasn't proposed suddenly. It has been debated before such organizations as the American Bar Assn. for the last several years, and approval was specifically given the Bricker amendment by the association after considerable study.

The controversy is reminiscent of how the debate started on the famous Article X in the league of Nations convenant when it was proposed by President Wilson back in 1919. At first, it seemed a highly technical affair when opponents argued that the proposed treaty would require the United States to go to war to protect the independence and territorial integrity of every member nation. But by the time the small minority which started the fight got through, they had converted the public and had won the election of 1920, thus rejecting the League of Nations covenant altogether. Had there been a spirit of compromise in time, the United States might have entered the league, the whole history of the '20s might have been different and World War II might have been averted — as Winston Churchill himself has so often declared in reviewing that fateful period in world history.

Abuse of Executive Power

The public furor backing the demand for the Bricker amendment has arisen from the abuse of executive power by both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman in making far-reaching commitments in foreign policy without consulting the Senate. It is not persuasive to say that President Eisenhower will be different. What one President has done in abusing power can be done by a future President. Incidentally, that's why the latest amendment to the Constitution prohibiting a third term was adopted—because Mr. Roosevelt used governmental power and funds to get himself elected to a fourth term. It was no answer to say no other President would try the same tactics.

The proponents of the Bricker amendment have indicated a willingness to compromise so as to meet possible misinterpretations. It is to the credit of men like Sens. George and McCarran, Democrats, and Sens. Knowland and Ferguson, Republicans, and others that conscientious efforts have been made by them to try to rewrite the amendment so as to make it satisfactory to two-thirds of the Senate.

If the Senate takes another week or two to debate and then act on the issue, it will not be time wasted. And if the Sentae drops the issue because a two-thirds vote is not attainable for any compromise, the controversy will grow in intensity and bring about a split in both the Republican and the Democratic parties, but with more serious consequences to members of the Republican party, especially in the House of Representatives, whose members will be called upon to express themselves as candidates in primary and final campaigns this year.

Others to Take Up Fight

Judging by the amount of organization work already done throughout the country and the likelihood that many influential bodies will take up the fight if nothing is done about it, the Bricker amendment controversy will play a leading part in the coming campaign. The public attitude will not always be identifiable as a position for or against the Bricker amendment but may appear as a demand that congressional candidates stand up and be counted on the issue of permitting the executive alone to make commitments which could lead the nation into more wars. The executive agreements offer an even more vulnerable base for attack than the treaties, and there is plenty of ammunition for the campaign in the record of important executive agreements that have been made in disregard of the wishes of Congress and without being submitted to the Senate for approval or rejection.

If the American people are told that, by making a treaty with a foreign government with the approval of a two-thirds majority in the Senate — such a majority as the late President Roosevelt had in his own party early in his administration — a President can amend the Constitution and take away the people's rights, there will be a greater clamor next year for Bricker amendments of various kinds than there is today. The obvious lesson is to write a compromise now and dispose of the issue.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 17:19-21

In spite of the criticism and ridicule Paul had to endure at the hands of the Greek philosophers as he spoke to them about Jesus and the resurrection, they wanted to hear more about his teachings, for their own 'wise men' had been interested, as Socrates, for example, had been interested in Job's question: 'If a man die, will he still be living:'; in other words, is there life after physical death? So they brought him to the high court of Athens, known as the Areopagus (Greek for Mar's Hill in v. 22), where he was asked to expound further what was to them new doctrine. A strange doctrine they said it was, v. 20, and they wished to know what proof he had for his novel ideas. Here is an interesting comment, as a parenthesis, concerning the Athenians, who, it is said, spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. 'What's new today?' must have been the common greeting along the streets of that great city. Too bad that they did not have newspapers, neither radios from which they might have heard: Every hour, on the hour, we give you the latest news!'

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A suburban lady driving a brand new sedan got mixed up in New York's traffic snarl, went through a red light, skidded off a parked delivery truck, and ended up smashing the plate glass window of a corner drug store. Her excuse to the cop who came charging up, "Officer, I'm terribly sorry, but I just washed the car this morning, and now I can't do a thing with it!"

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ALT FRANKISHER FRESS: Tzeita maiga sich annerra, un leit maiga essa wos sie wolla, alla gabut grick'd ebber lushda fer alt frankishie kosh'd. Un won m'r darta dafon shwetza wil, wissa m'r net wos alt frankisher sei kon omma wertshous, os wie 'n si roasht.

Longa yohr tzurick wor sel der gabrouch on wertsheiser won sie ebbes gons arbadiches howwa hen wolla tzu badolya tzeita, odder won shuttle metch wor — noh is 'n glae sichie g'shlocht un garoasht werra. M'r kenna uns noch gute erinnerra on so'n fesht om Rising Sun wertshous, glei noch dem os der Harvey Rabert der blotz iwwer ganumma hut, ungfare ebbes wie 50 yohr tzurick.

Ow'r wos m'r heit fertzaila wolla dafon, is yusht die onner woch fohr g'falla om Ruchsviller wertshous, beim Clint un da Lillian Kehm. Sie worra shun long om blawna wos tzu duh darta uf 'm kreitzwaig, un hen endlich ous gamocht fer 'n glae sichie um reissa, un 'n si roasht howwa.

Der "Schmidt" Peter hut 'm "Scotty" Fenstermaker helfa 's sichie shlochta — un so'n lebdawg. Won ebber 's g'shmutzt het kotta, hetta sie ken aryerrie tzeit howwa kenna fers fonga os wie sie so kotta hen. Wie sie ols gamaint hen sie hetta 's fosht, is es na widder ous da hand gawitch'd, un os es 'm "Scotty" net 's hussa bae nuf g'shprunga is wor allas.

Der "Schmidt" huts ow'r endlich in 'n eck grick'd, un gamaint fers dote shloga mit da fousht. Un er hut aw g'shloga, ow'r yusht huts sichie sich rum gadray'd, un in blotz fon 'm uf die shtarn shloga wie er gamaint hut os er wot, hut er 'm hinna datzu nei g'shloga, os es die si ben nous garent hut mit da shnoot, uns wor dote ummechdich.

Der "Scotty" huts noh g'shtocha un hens gabree'd in da Lillian ihr'm wesh tzuver. Die barshda worra glei garubb'd, un die ous nemmerrei hut aw ken lang ganumma. Die Lillian un die Isabella Derr hen die fei arwet gaduh fers sichie ready mocha fer die pon. Mit 'm kup draw, un 'n obbel im moul, huts awenich grisslich gaguck'd, ow'r der Clint hut g'sawt sel wear der waig wie die alta ols die glaina sicher garoasht hetta, un so dade des aw garoast werra in Ruchsville.

Sis ow'r ebbes kayoses g'shaina wie sie 's sichie garoasht hen. In blotz fon tzomma shnarra wie m'r gawiss denka dade os es wear, huts g'sheind die g'shicht wear ousa nonner gonga. Aenicha waig, 's het net fiel ganumma het der Clint un sei dochtermon Joe Bodish woh g'frok'd wor fer kicha dribble sei, 'n tackle block uf duh missa fers sichie ous 'm offa griega. Der "Fritz" Sherer hut evens mohl gamaint fer gae 'm Jack Dankle sei reck kar hola, ow'r die Lillian un ihra dochter Jean Bodish, hens noh so tzu note ous 'm offa grick'd.

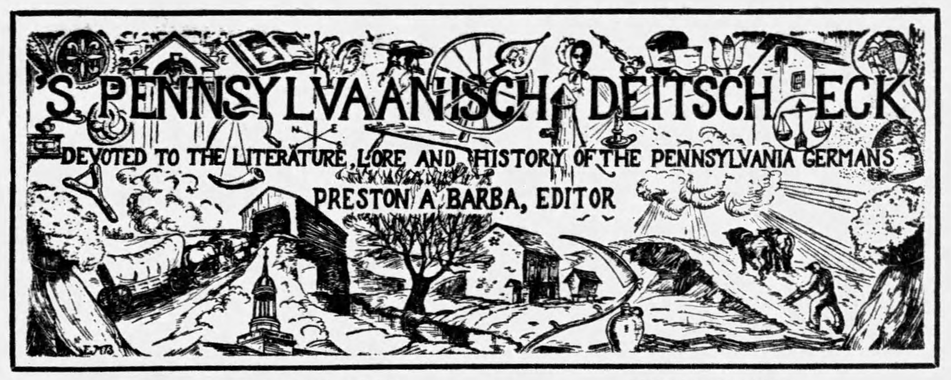
'S sichie het net besser sei kenna wies wor, wons gawolt het, un ol um der dish rum hen nei g'shloga bis on die ohra. Der "Schmitty" uf kours hut der obbel un die ohra grick'd, un onnerra hen net fiel danoh g'frok'd fon wel'm end os es flaish kumma is, — sei lava hen sie nix bessers gessa wie sel. Uf kours die Lillian hut aw 'n lot onnerra socha garish'd kot, so wie fils'l, lima bohna, groutt tzalawdt, un mehr-raddich, shtarrick ganunk fers glasure ous ma tae kessel fressa.

Die Isabell Derr wor kicha boss, un die Jean un der Joe Bodish hen ob gawort om dish. Der Clint un die Lillian worra uf kours aw die gons tzeit rum, ow'r hen wenich tzeit kot fer iel helfa — sie hen yusht hee g'shtonna sich ershtouna, wie arrick os ol nei g'shloga hen os kumma worra fer essa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Des wor so'n shaenie woch fer grundsow lodges os m'r uns noch erinnerra kenna os wor, uns wor unser blessier fer 1770 breeder Grundsi sehna sich blessierra in da 5 fersommlinga os m'r ei ganumma hen.

Bout 'n 150 hen sich 'm Midwoch owet aw fersomm'ld im Bind Bush, un woh shier tzwae dousand mocht, os kumma worra die Lodges ei nemma.



BOOK REVIEW

EARLY MORAVIAN EDUCATION IN PENNSYLVANIA. A Dissertation in Education. By Mabel Haller. Published by the Moravian Historical Society, Nazareth, Pa. pp. 409.—$4.50.

None of the religious groups in colonial Pennsylvania were more active educationally than the Moravians, and none has offered so colorful a chapter to the history of education in the colonies. One can only wonder therefore why a scholarly treatise of the subject was so long in the making. The other groups had already recorded their own achievements in this field, e.g. **Early Quaker Education in Pennsylvania,** by Thomas Woody; **Education in Pennsylvania Promoted by the Presbyterian Church, 1726-1837,** by Margaret Adair Hunter; **Early Lutheran Education in Pennsylvania,** by Charles Lewis Maurer; and **Eighteenth Century Reformed Church Schools,** by Frederick George Livingood.

It remained for Mabel Haller to record for the future the place of the Moravian Church in the whole education picture and to provide a companion-piece to the other denominational studies. Her book represents six years of intensive research and is based almost exclusively on primary source material. In this the author was fortunate indeed, for beside the official German chronicles kept from the very beginnings of the settlements at Bethlehem, Lititz and Nazareth, there were also the diaries of the Brethren's and Sisters' Choirs, all carefully housed in the Moravian Archives Building in Bethlehem, forming a rich depository of records unlike any other in colonial America.

The author's definite aim in this book is "to restore authentically and to interpret impartially the picture of Moravian education as it was practiced in Pennnsylvania during the century between 1740 and 1840." The work was offered as a dissertation for the Ph.D degree awarded to the author by the University of Pennsylvania. Invaluable to the pedagogue and the educator its far-flung material and interesting presentation also afford to the general reader glimpses down many other avenues besides education.

Chapter I "The Moravian Church in Europe and America" presents the origin and development of the **Unitas Fratrum** from the time of Johnn Huss to the establishment of the **Renewed Moravian Church** and its transplation to America, as a backdrop to set off effectively the subject of Moravian education in the chapters that follow.—Chapters II to VI locate and trace the development of the early schools that were established and maintained by the Moravians in their three types of settlements: 1, the exclusive Church settlements at Bethlehem, Nazareth and Lititz; 2, the town and country congregation schools scattered over eastern Pennsylvania at Rieth's in the Tulpehocken Valley, North Heidelberg in Berks, Oley, the Mission School at Gnadenhuetten, at Lancaster and Muddy Creek, Hebron, Mill Creek, Allemaengel, Emmaus, Danbury in Monroe County, Fredericktown in Montgomery, Kreutz Creek in York, at Schoeneck and at Germantown; 3, Indian Missions, with a most interesting study of the educational work done among the Indians, in which they surpassed all other religious groups. While the aim of the Moravian Brethren was conversion, their method of achieving it was by way of education. Moravian missionaries were to possess a thorough knowledge of the language of the Indians and for that purpose a training school for Indian mission service had been established at Bethlehem as early as 1744. The reader is taken to the Indian missions at Friedenshuetten near Bethlehem, to Gnadenhuetten on the Mahoning, to Nain about two miles northwest of Bethlehem, to Meniolagomeka eight miles west of the Wind Gap, to Shamokin and Friedenshuetten at Wyalusing. The education applied to all Indian missions included religious instruction, arithmetic, hygiene, reading and writing both in Indian and German, industrial and manual training, medical and domestic instruction, social and political science, moral and ethical philosophy. This great educational work was dominated by the apostolic spirit of David Zeisberger who labored for sixty-three years among the Indians of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, and the Dominion of Canada.

Chapters VII to IX give an account of the educational principles and instructional practices applied to all types and levels of Moravian schools for a whole century after the establishment of Moravianism in Pennsylvania. Because of the communal nature of the Moravian economy the first decades of Moravian education had the dual function of furnishing a Christian home and parental training for the children of the Brethren who were giving all their time either to missionary service or to the economy, as well as offering instruction to neglected children of other creeds and races in the Pennsylvania Province. To fit into the changing social and economic conditions after the founding of our new national life the Moravians organized two academies, the **Paedagogium** at Nazareth and John Beck's School at Bethlehem, and two seminaries, The Young Ladies' Boarding School at Bethlehem (the first Protestant school of its kind in America) and Linden Hall at Lititz. Like the primary schools of the Moravian Church these newly-organized secondary schools also existed in the first place for the culture of the soul and the development of Christian character. The idea of a thoroughly Christian home-life devoted to the service of God in the daily ways of life was the basis of the whole system of the Moravian academies and seminaries. Their curricula included the linguistic studies of orthography, prosody, etymology, grammar, syntax, rhetoric, poetic and prose composition, penmanship, punctuation, reading, elocution, German, French, Latin and Greek; the scientific subjects of botany, zoology, chemistry, natural philosophy, geography, geology, mineralogy, astronomy and physiology; mathematical branches such as mental and written arithmetic, algebra, geometry, mathematical geography, surveying, perspective draughting, and bookkeeping; the social sciences, including ancient, medieval and modern history; the domestic arts of embroidery, tambour and filigree work; and the fine arts of drawing, painting, vocal and instrumental music. Surely a generous diet!

Although the Moravian Brethren emphasized the spiritual values in the educative process, they made little distinction between sacred and secular learning. Looking back at a distance of two centuries from our own standpoint of scientific experimentation, Moravian educational principles and practices appear remarkably modern. Indeed some of the pedagogical procedures which we like to claim as our own product were already accepted practices in the eighteenth century, e.g. parent-teachers' meetings, community-school associations, educational and vocational guidence, and student participation in school management were common practices among the Moravians as early as 1750.

In several educational areas the Moravian Brethren were pioneers. They founded the first regular music schools in America, the first Protestant Girls' boarding school in the United States, and the first church boys' boarding school in Pennsylvania open to all creeds and races. They believed firmly in the equality of the sexes in education and maintained that "when you educate a woman, you educate an entire family," surely an advanced idea for 1742, and in decided contrast to the opposition to girls' education in New England as late as 1793 on the grounds that "learning might teach wives to correct their husbands!" They were pioneers in organized vocational education, in teacher training, in classes for the general education of adults, and in the study of Indian languages and culture.

The author has accomplished a formidable task with admirable scholarship. This well-documented work will remain a valuable contribution to the history of education in America.—P.A.B.

SNOWFLAKES

Aus de Luft ihrem grosse Schoos,
Runner g'schittelt aus de wolkige Falte,
Iwwer die Felder leer un blooss,
Iwwer die Barrige, die grooe alte,
Langsam un sacht un schee,
Flattert dar Schnee.

Juscht wie im 'me harrliche Gedicht
Die newwliche Gedanke sich vereene,
Juscht wie sich im 'me bleeche Gsicht
Druebsal, Druwwel un Schmarz bekenne,
So macht die Luft bekannt
Ihr Drauerschtand.

Des is de Luft ihr Drauer-Lied
Langsam in weisse Warte sachtig g'schriwwe;
Des is die Verzweiflung vum Gemueth
Lang in ihre Bruscht ve'schteckt gebliwwe—
In Pischpere now gemeldt
Zum Wald un Feld.

This fine translation of Longfellow's "Snowflakes" was done by Charles Calvin Ziegler (1854-1930).

ABOUT SCHOOLS IN EMMAUS 200 YEARS AGO

For the local reader who may not know of the place Emmaus occupied in the history of colonial education we reprint the following from Mabel Haller's **Early Moravian Education in Pennsylvania,** reviewed elsewhere in this issue of the ECK. In the early records the word "Maguntsche" is used to denote the general area in which Emmaus was later established.

Plans for a school at Maguntsche had been discussed officially as early as September 6, 1745. As a result of this discussion and subsequent ones, Jacob Ehrenhardt and Sebastian Knauss submitted a sketch for the proposed schoolhouse on Feb. 20, 1746. On March 28 of the same year, . . . Brother Joseph left for Philadelphia to attend the Synod there; however, he traveled via Maguntsche in the company of Brethren Siedel, Mack, Pyrlaeus and Hoepfner, to lay the cornerstone for the newly-planned schoolhouse. It happened in this way: After Brother Pyrlaeus had sung a hymn dedicated to the occasion, Brother Joseph set the stone in place, stepped upon it, and prayed to the Lamb of God with fervent petition, that His name alone might be honored and glorified in this settlement and especially in this schoolhouse. Afterwards a love feast was held with the brethren and sisters and friends of the congregation, to whom this occasion was of special blessing and who shed many tears of joy at it.

The schoolhouse, of log construction, was opened on Feb. 6, 1747, apparently several months before its completion. Christopher Demuth, a native of Moravia, and his wife were placed in charge of the 40 children who had been enrolled. In June of the same year, the day school was extended to include a boarding department. Some well-trained children from Nazareth were added "as a salt" and on July 15, 1747 two New York children were admitted. The school had already developed to this point by the time of the formal organization of the Moravian congregation at Emmaus on July 30, 1747.

In the autobiography of one Anna Boehler we read:

"Around the time of my baptism in my eighth year, a school was started in Emmaus, and its opening was annonunced in one of our meetings. Since Spangenberg wanted a few 'glowing embers' (as he expressed himself) for it from our midst, I was sent there with two other children. It was a difficult assignment to be sent from our beautiful school in Nazareth to an empty house far out in the wilds. I could not get used to it. It is true, we had frequent visits and diversion from Bethlehem, but still we kept wanting to return to our former school."

In August, 1747, Brother and Sister Anton Wagner were sent out from Bethlehem to Maguntsche for the express purpose of visiting the people of that neighborhood and soliciting pupils for the school. The formal and official opening of the school took place on Sept. 18, 1747, and thereafter followed a rapid succession of admissions to both the day school and the boarding department. Several Indian boys and girls were among those early pupils.

After five years of fruitful service, the Maguntsche school was dealt a hard blow in 1753. Its isolated location eight miles south of Bethlehem laid it open to Indian attack; and to forestall any brutal harm to the boys, the authorities deemed it wise to close the school. The evacuation plan was outlined at a conference in Maguntsche on July 23rd, at which it was agreed to return half of the boys to the care of their parents, and the other fourteen, whose parents were serving the Church in distant places or were not alive, were to be transported to Bethlehem. By the close of 1754 it was considered safe by the authorities at Bethlehem to return the boys to Maguntsche. This was done on Jan. 10, 1755, when a new boarding school department was opened in the Maguntsche school. The scene of the boys' departure from the Brethren House and their trip to Maguntsche are realistically depicted in the "Bethlehem Diary" of January 10, 1755, as follows:

". . . This departure of the boys took place very leisurely. A love feast was tendered to them at breakfast this morning in the dining-room of the Brethren's House, where at 10 o'clock following they enjoyed also a light midday repast, being entertained with music during the course of the meal . . . Our dear Father Nitschmann blessed them with the hymn 'Let them stand before Thee'. Our older Bethlehem boys accompanied these fourteen little pilgrims (who departed two by two, and were inspiring to behold) as far as the Lehigh, and standing on this shore, serenaded them with hymns until they had reached the other side of the river. Brother Ettwein and the older boys left our Inn and traveled to Salisbury (Maguntsche) on foot. The smaller boys followed in a wagon. The two Brethren, Jacob Ehrenhardt and Sebastian Knauss, as a testimony of their love and joyful reception, had come with their two wagons to fetch the boys; and a third wagon had been given them from here."

The school carried on, sometimes precariously, through the second half of the eighteenth century. On Nov. 15, 1805 the teacher, Brother Bardill reported to the Provincial Helpers' Conference "it was night unto impossible for him to continue to conduct the Emmaus school, because the brethren there want classes held from 8 to 12 in the morning and from 1 to 5 in the afternoon. He cannot stand such long hours." He was granted permission to hold sessions for three hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. H remained until 1807. After 1810 references to the Emmaus school are very few and widely scattered in the Moravian records, but there is conclusive proof that it continued to function as a congregational day school for the community of Emmaus down into the middle of the nineteenth century when it was replaced by the public school.

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Editorials

Farewells for 'Sketch'

Catasauqua today will say sad farewells to J. Sketchley Elverson, for many years one of her most prominent and useful citizens.

"Sketch," as he was known from one end of the town to the other and by just about every man, woman and child during three generations, was one of the most democratically - minded persons in a community that, by nature of its industries and their owners and the traditions associated with them in Europe, was very close to a feudalistic society. "Sketch" Elverson, by all the reasons of birth and breeding, might have been expected to be representative of and a pillar of that type of society. He was "in" it but he never could have been said to be "of" it. Exaltation of social position based upon birth and breeding meant little or nothing to him. Snobbery was as remote from his heart as the nether from the upper Pole.

He espoused all the worthy enterprises of the community and applied the talents of his heart and mind to their advancement.

It could be said of him during his life as it can be said at his passing that he loved the people and the people loved him.

Dead as the Dodo

A three-day boom and agitation for annexation of Salisbury Township either to Allentown or to Allentown, Emmaus and Fountain Hill blew up violently on Thursday night when citizens of the township in large and voluble numbers stormed to a meeting and repudiated the idea in toto.

Not only was there expression of disfavor with the idea but a veritable witch hunt developed in an effort to learn who it might be who originally had broached the idea to the press. It does not appear that anyone got hurt during the time that the subject was being discussed pro and con (principally con). Nevertheless the very suggestion of the idea seems to have been taken either as an insult or as attempt to perpetrate mortal injury to the township and its people.

It really should now be accepted as a boon for the people of the township. It served to rally them in a common cause and to make them all the stronger for their almost spontaneous recruitment in fight for a good cause.

Out of this rallying of strength to beat down and defeat an idea there can come promotion of and help for ideas that will aid and build up the township for the people's benefit.

The residents of Salisbury Township have spoken in no uncertain words if the three hundred persons at the meeting on Thursday night are speaking the opinion of the 1500 or so electors in the township and there is every reason to believe that they are. The idea that annexation shall be sought with any neighboring municipality, is, it would seem to be, as dead as the dodo.

The Dead End

The chairman of the House Agriculture Committee hardly could be described as an enemy of the farmer, or even an enemy of price supports. In fact, Rep. Clifford Hope (R., Kans.) was co-author of the support law passed by the 80th Congress.

Yet he now has concluded that price supports have brought farmers to a dead end.

Dairy farmers have reached that point as a result of depending on the government and on an archaic marketing system that would have ceased to exist long ago had it not been protected by high government price supports.

Dairy farmers no longer produce for the market. Milk and its products have been priced out of a large part of their market.

Dairy farmers produce for the government. The government will buy at a high price, all the dairy products the public will not buy at the same high price. So far as the law is concerned, the price would be the same if the public stopped buying dairy products entirely.

Chairman Hope says much more milk could be sold if the industry would merchandise it and eliminate the trade practices that make it so expensive to the housewife.

It will not be easy for dairy farmers and the dairy industry to get down to earth after these years of living in the clouds. But Chairman Hope's statement is a friendly warning that the time is running short.

Others Talk, He Did It

They often say they will do it, or would do it if they got the opportunity, but it remained for that Levittown stepfather of a brutally murdered girl to lash out with a powerful punch to the jaw when the confessed murderer appeared before a justice of the peace on Wednesday night for preliminary trial.

It was not according to the ethics of the court room. But William Gourley either forgot himself in his righteous indignation or long and deliberately had planned his personal expression of his outraged family's feelings when a chance offered.

There is unlikely to be any prosecution of the man for what certainly was an illegal act. Not a jury in the land would convict him under such circumstances. Altho an expression of desire to take the law in his own hands, and therefore a manifestation upon small scale of action by mobs who ride men on rails or string them up on telegraph poles, it will not be judged very harshly in public opinion.

Cut the 'Silver Cord'

The vicar of the Anglican church in the Stockport, England, parish has come up with an idea which is being greeted simultaneously with jeers and praise for it strikes at age-old conventions and, as we know, mankind is always slow to alter traditions that are deeply rooted in the entire institution of matrimony.

This venerable gentleman proposes that not only should the father of the bride give her away in the course of the marriage ceremony but the mother of the bridegroom likewise should give her son away.

There is a lot of sense in the proposal. If the action of the bride's father in giving her away indicates passing of all control from him to the bridegroom, then the action of a mother in giving her son away would indicate that she is cutting "the silver cord," as the often inordinate affection of mother for son has been called.

All too many young men leave the altar at marriage still a "mama's boy." Whereas the father of the bride has given her away and thus has said that the position of another as the husband of his daughter is henceforth more important than his position as a father, the mother of the bridegroom has not been asked nor is required to give similar, solemn pledge with respect to her son.

Yet such a pledge can be far more important than the pledge given by the father of the bride. It is pretty safe to say that more marriages have been made unhappy and that more marriages have been wrecked by meddling mother-in-laws of young brides than by the father-in-laws of young bridegrooms.

Men who give their daughters away in marriage seem to understand and to follow thru after they have ended authority over and ceased responsibility for their girls, no matter how close and dear to their hearts they have always been. But all too many women cannot resign their domination over their sons and entrust their boys to other women who, for them, have become rivals (sometimes hated) for the affections of their sons.

Slight alteration in the marriage ceremony might do a lot to cut that dangerous "silver cord" which has wrecked many an otherwise happy marriage.

Whether the Church, or any branch of it, ever makes such alteration and addition to its ceremony, adoption of its principle will be good.

Every mother of a son who goes to the altar, for the sake of her own happiness as well as that of the pair of young people who going forth upon life's great adventure, well may release him completely and unconditionally. It can be the very best deed she can perform for her son.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Count the candles! Count the pieces!
Grandma, grandpas, aunt and nieces.
Hail the cake with lettering on it!
Sing the while we look upon it:
Happy birthday! Happy birthday!
This is what must be a mirth day.

Make it one that he'll remember
When he reaches life's December;
Tell his children all about it,
And should they appear to doubt it,
Making sure they'll never miss one
Prove it with a cake like this one.

Soon the past succeeds the present.
Youth's the time for memories pleasant.
In the light of candles glowing,
Let no sign of care be showing.
Happy birthday! Sing or shout it.
So, when old, he'll talk about it.

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Public Opinion

Patient Makes Appeal For Sacred Heart Hospital

Gentlemen—

I, Alfred Johnson, now a patient at the Sacred Heart Hospital wish to thank the many friends for their kindness toward me these last 4 weeks or more. There isn't a finer place to go than the hospital if need be.

When I see the work that is going on here to help people in all walks of life, I can't help but beg you to give to the Sacred Heart Hospital expansion program. When you see people being brought in, and there is not a bed anywhere, it makes you want to do twice as much.

In the Sacred Heart Hospital you are given the best at all times. It is like one big family. Everybody trys to do more than their share to help you be comfortable. So again I say, give to the Sacred Heart Hospital until it hurts. You will never regret it.

I must thank you again for remembering me. I am always happy to see you, come get a shine on your shoes, and let's smile together once more at Wetherhold & Metzger downtown store, (shine stand).

Alfred Johnson
434 Court St.
Allentown, Pa.

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Sassy Valentines



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

A large element in the American population is self-employed. Grocers, butchers, musicians, writers, lecturers, doctors, lawyers, veterinarians, clergymen, manicurists—the list is long of Americans honorably engaged in numerous services and arts who manage their own affairs on a comparatively small scale.

This country was built by such self-employed citizens. Practically all of our great corporations are the product of their genius and success. Many of them remain small businessmen. Many of them continue to engage in efforts at smaller or larger fees. This, in some countries, is called the petite bourgeoisie, the lower middle-class, the economic and social backbone of any country.

Now such men and women have a partner, the government of the United States. Naturally, they have to pay income taxes and have to keep books and records just like a large corporation. The cost of such records, by inexperienced people, involves lots of time, which is tough on self-employed people who cannot afford to work only 40 hours a week. There is no living in that. Many have to hire an accountant (also a self-employed person), who charges for his time.

Squeezing to Wall

The income tax is squeezing the self-employed person to the wall. But nothing is harder on him than to have a field man from the Internal Revenue Bureau show up two years later to challenge his judgement as to business deductions. The self-employed person, using small capital, often operating his business out of current earnings, needs as much elbow room, if he is to be successful, as a large corporation.

A very distinguished lady, whose name is known to most, very often lectures before large audiences. This is an excruciating business, often requiring many hours of travel. Each engagement is physically and mentally trying. Often it involves pleasant but exhausting social engagements which are essential to the business. (This is also true of concert artists wh the train very tired but she has a room on the train, a bedroom or a compartment or a drawing room, whichever is available. She requires a room often because she has to do some writing on the train.

Two years later, a field man showed up and questioned her judgment as to the use of drawing rooms, costing extra fares. She asked me about it and I told her that her judgment ought to prevail, that she was as much entitled to keep herself in shape for the next engagement, so that she looked fresh and spoke ably, as a cigarette company was entitled to spend money to advertise its wares.

Some traveling salesmen work on commission, being allowed a drawing account. An important element in their selling ability is a capacity for good-fellowship. That often comes to a considerable expenditure for entertainment.

Disallowance, Argument

Larger corporations can absorb these expenditures in their stride. The self-employed take it out of their own income. In their record of deductions, such items stand out like sore thumbs, often seeming large for the volume of business they do, because a fellow figures that if he does not get the account this year, goodfellowship may bring it to him next year. It is as much an investment as buying shares in General Motors. Two years later, the field man shows up and insists on disallowing the entertainment costs. There is a prolonged argument in which neither side convinces the other.

I am not criticizing the field men nor even the Internal Revenue Bureau. The system needs revision if self-employed citizens are to continue to exist. Those who can afford to hire accountants are advised as to best procedure, but no one can really know because it becomes a matter of judgment, not of rule.

Meanwhile, savings become difficult and the self-employed person finds that he is setting nothing aside for a prolonged illness, for his wife and children, should he die. For 10 months of the year, he hypnotizes himself into believing that he is doing well. On Jan. 15, he makes his estimate and knows that he is in difficulties; on March 15, he is in trouble. The tax may leave him without sufficient working capital. He is reduced to the proletariat, to being a man who works for another.

This is a serious problem that requires serious attention. It is altering our social system..

(Copyright, 1954)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Philosopher Rudy Fenshaw, of Haverhill, Mass., assures us

"It's the little things that irritate
And put us on the rack;
You can sit upon a mountain
But not upon a tack."

Little Horace had just broken Mr. Miller's window for the third time. Collared, after biting Mr. Miller in the process, he glared at his captor, and used several words nice boys aren't even supposed to have heard. "Horace," said Mr. Miller despairingly, "whatever is going to become of you—in the unlikely event that your neighbors let you grow up?"

It happened, swears one of Atlantic City's prettiest publicity agents, at a plushy store on the boardwalk. A silly girl stole four bottles of perfume under the very eyes of a gendarme, and was promptly arrested for fragrancy.

(Copyright, 1954)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 13, 1929, a Wednesday.

Sacred Heart Players presented "The Black Tavern" for an audience of 800 in Masson Auditorium. Paul P. Fink directed the cast of Joe Wolf, Gwendolyn Ettl, Anna Grim, Leo Eddinger, Martha Frantz, William Holzer, Fred Tartarsky and Francis Grim.

Horoscope

Prospects seem of the best; business should prosper. Look for intelligence and a charming disposition in the child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS G'SHPASS: Yar bei jupps, wos is es net g'shpass fer shlochta wons immer so harlich har gait wie drous ons Paul Kressleys; on Haafsville. Der Paul un sei Madalyn hen g'shlocht, un won die brodewersht net ruich leia bleiva in da pon fer broda, brouch niemond wunnerra ferwos net. Die weil so der Paul die wersht g'shossa hut, hut die Madalyn gadonst im shlocht hous os es garobb'ld hut.

Der Paul is net yusht 'n aryer kerl fer musick, ow'r gleich'd aw immer tzu wissa wos aw gait in da welt. Fer sellier uhrsoch, hut er 'n radio mit ins shlocht hous ganumma, un tzeit k'halta tzu da musick, shpeck schneida. Allas wor ol recht bis sie Madalyn ins shlocht hous kumma is wie er awfonga hut wersht sheesa, un sie hut shtarta donsa os die shtrawla g'floga sin. Fer shure mocha os sie 'm ken shawda dade, hut er der radio ob gadray'd, un 'n tzurick nei ins hous ganumma, un fartich g'shlocht mit ous musick. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Madalyn aw net howwa os es rous kumt wie arrick so sie gadonst hut, un wolla don nix may weiter fertzaila, so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

WIDDER DAHME: Da onner dawg hen m'r ob g'shtop in Bowmanstown unser alter freind der shquire un fendu groyer Eddie Boyer p'sucha. Der Eddie, un woh die 80 yohr aw garissa hut, hut etlicha wocha tzurick shmartza grick'd ins rechts aug. 'N auga docktor hut 'm g'sawt 's wear ebbes darta os net dart sei sot — 'n glaenie puck inside 'm aug, ow'r sot die socha mohl lossa wie sie wears — fermuthlich weil nix dafor tzu woh wor.

Etlicha wocha danoh, hut der Eddie wunnerbora shmartz grick'd. 'S aug hut so gross g'fiel'd wie tzwae feisht, un sie boo Frank, un sohns fraw Mabel, hen 'n da nagshda morya — Somshdawgs der 30d Yanner, tzum Dr. Shoemaker ganumma uf da Hamilton shtross, un woh dafor 's aug g'seha hut kot.

In kartza werta, 's aug wor dote, hut der Docktor g'sawt, un der aintsich'd waig fer linnering griega wear fers aug rous nemma. In blotz fon die socha iwwer denka wie der Docktor gamaint hut os der Eddie sot, hut er g'sawt, "Wons rous mus werts net uf g'shova, won kon ich gae?"

In tzeita fon paar minuta wor allas in arder, un der Eddie, in blotz fon hame gae, is grawd noch 'm Allentown Hospital un woh der Dr. Shoemaker 'm sella nommy dawg 's rechts aug rous ganumma hut, un sei grossa shmartza worra omma end.

Ae woch im hospital un woh die yunga nursa gute ocht gewa hen uf 'n, is der Eddie 'm Somshdawg nommy dawg hame kumma, un kumt gute aw. Noch etlicha wocha may, un er grick'd 'n glawsa aug, un ferol os er net mit sehna kon, sin wenich leit so 'n sehna, os wissa wos 'm wedder fohrra wor. Ken monichie tzeit sin m'r shure, un er is widder aryads drous uf ma shtumba, on ra fendu groyerra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Shwetza fom Eddie Boyer p'sucha, ainer hen m'r net gae breicha se sehna — er is kumma uns sehna.

Der Allie German fon Andreas is aw shun long unnich 'm wedder, un hen 'm Dunnershdawg airsht ob g'shtopt seim bruder Henry un die Ida, on da Andreas posht ofis, mit ra maining fer noh ob shtoppa der Allie un sei Carrie p'sucha, paar dierra der pike drunna.

'S nagshd os wor, war sot die shtross ruf g'shtiv'ld kumma os wie der Allie — uns sis leicht tzu denka os 'n alta, alta fendu g'shpichter iwwer gablauder's sin werra, die weil os m'r bei nonner k'huck'd hen im Henry un da Ida ihra private offis.

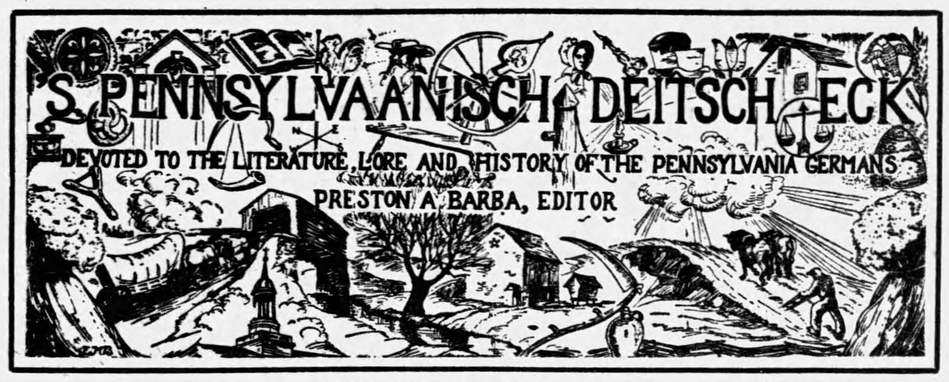
Der Allie is aw uf da ferbessering, un nembt ken monichie tzeit bis er widder da fendua noh gae kon.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 17:32-34

To the learned men of Athens, Paul's teaching concerning the resurrection was foolishness, so that they mocked him and his message. Their philosophers had some glimpses of truth about life after physical death, but it was only after Jesus' death and resurrection that 'life and immortality were brought to light..' Human wisdom can, of course, not grasp this apart from faith, and only as the nations that walked in darkness come to see the light as the Gospel is brought to them, do they experience the increase of joy of which Isaiah speaks in 9:3. The more seriously minded of Paul's audience may not have mocked, merely saying that 'we will hear thee again of this matter.' To ignore the Gospel is as serious as to mock and to reject it outright. We do not know whether Paul ever had the opportunity to speak to these people again, for the next statement is: 'So Paul departed from among them.' But a few did come to believe, as verse 34 says. We do not hear of a church developing here, but some men, one named Dionysius, and a woman, named Damaris, became converts.



UNSER SEIBICKEL

Ich un der Mawny un Unser Feini Invention
En Schtori bei em Jim Brenasel

We are able to offer our readers another short dialect story by John Wesley von Nieda (1853-1939), who, as Jim Brenasel, was a widely known and popular prose writer around the turn of the 19th century. The following story appeared in the weekly Schuylkill Haven Call for May 24, May 31 and June 7, 1901.—Jim Brenasel, sometimes called the Jules Verne of our dialect literature, is here toying with the idea of creating a "horseless carriage," with what success the reader will discover for himself.—ED.

Wie mir mol en Maschin gemacht hen, ass so aardlich verschinnert lively gange iss in Fense nei un alles.

Chapter der Aerscht

Wie die velocipedes es aller aerscht rauskumme sin, dann hen ich un der Mawny of course aa es fever grickt fer so en Ding zu reide, un es hot net lang genumme, bis mir eens gemacht hen ghatt aus en paar buggy Redder. Awwer unser velocipede iss so hatt gange, un mir hen so oft schier die Hels verbroche, ass mir endlich en resolution ge'passed' hen, ass mir ebbes besser hawwe misse—en arrangement ass vun sich selwer geh kann.

Mir hen unser plans gemacht, un mol ee Winder hen mir alli Nacht gschafft bis elf un zwelf Uhr, un ebmols viele schpeeder, an unserm "Seibickel", wie der Mawny druff insist hot, ass unser nei-i Maschin gheesse sei muss.

Es iss net dewaut ass ich en langi description geb vun unserem Seibickel un wie gut ass mir gfiehlt hen, wie die Maschin mol endlich reddi waar fer en trial trip. Ich will yuscht do saagge, ass unser Seibickel ge'calculate' waar fer vun sich selwer zu geh. Mir hen en groossi, mechtichi, powerfully Schpring vun Pittsburgh grickt ghatt, un die Schpring waar so gfixt mit Redder un so Gfraes, ass wann mir en Hiwwel nunner gehne, ass sie sich selwer uffziegt un dutt power 'accumulate's fer uff em Ewene odder Hiwwel nuff geh. Die Leit kenne verleicht en idea forme, wie grooss ass die Schpring waar, wann ich expleene duh, ass der Blatz, wu sie uffgenumme hot, so grooss rund waar wie en hogshead. Graad uff de Bord owwich der Schpring waar en Sitz, wu ich druff hocke hab misse un watsche fer Kieh un anner Sach ass verleicht im Weg waar, wann mir am Draewwele waare. Der Sitz waar farrichterlich hoch, un ich hab en guder view ghatt. About fimf Fusz unnich mir, uff em veddere Deel vum Seibickel waar so en aardlicher groosser cow-ketcher.

Ich weess heit noch net, wie die Leit es ausgfunne hen, awwer ennihau wie der Daag beikumme iss der neegscht Moi, ass mir unser Seibickel browiere hen welle, dann waar en farrichterlichi crowd uff der Schtrooss.

Un was hen die Leit drum gyohlt, wie mir der Seibickel aus em Daadi seim Schreinerschopp gebrocht hen un hen reddi gemacht fer unser aerschti trip. Fer's Ding recht schee gucke zu mache, dann hen mir en groosser flag graad newe an mei Sitz gfixt, un ich hab den flag of course mit der eente Hand e wennich hewe misse.

Ich hab somehow e wennich narrefich gfiehlt, wie ich uff die rund box nuffgegraddelt bin un hab mei Sitz genumme. Awwer der Mawny hot's gaar net gemeint, un hot reddi gemacht fer abzuschtaerte so unconcerned ass wann es Ding schunn devor browiert hett ghatt un ass wann er schur waer, ass alles graad recht uffs Haar schaffe deet.

In meim Lewe vergesse ich net, wie des gemacht hot, wie mir dernooch uff eemol abgschtaert sin!

Der Mawny hot en lever gedreht, un unser Seibickel hot uff eemol en Tschump gemacht uff en Aart wie en Bull, wann er iwwer en Fens tschumpe will. Ich hab mei Zaeh awwer hatt zammegebisse, un hab mich gut ghowe mit der eente Hand am Sitz die Weil ass ich der flag ghowe hab mit der annere Hand.

Un dernoh iss unser Seibickel ab die Schtrooss unne naus! Du liewer Friede! Es iss gange, ass wann ebber uns aus ere Kanon gschosse hett, un die Leit sin links un rechts aus em Weeg getschumpt un hen farrichterlich egrische. Un was iss der Schtaab drum gflogge, wie mir die main Eselschteddler Schtross unne naus gange sin wie en Schtraahl!

Der Mawny hot sei Bescht's browiert fer der Schpied vum Seibickel e wennich abzuschlaecke, awwer der meh ass er am liever gschafft hot diede schtarricker iss es verschinnert Ding gange.

Un was hen die Leit drum geyohlt, wie sie uns sehne hen geh!

Graad vanne ans Rischels Schtor hawwich mei Groossmammi sehne schteh. Ich hab yuscht so en Blick g'rickt vun ihre, wie mir verbei gschosse sin, awwer ich hab sehne kenne, ass sie uff die Gnie gfalle iss un hot evidently eiferich aafange zu bede fer uns.

Un yuscht selli Segund iss ebbes ghaeppent, ass gaar net uff unserm Program waar. Der cowkelcher am Seibickel hot ebbes gedroffe, un 's neegscht Ding ass ich gewisst hab, dann hawwich en Weibsmensch sehne uff em Mawny seine Axle hocke un mit ihre Finger tight im Mawny seine Haar un ihre Fiess graad vannenaus gschtreckt! Des Weibsmensch waar die Suss Schtenmarrix—en elflich Meedel, ass yuscht net so arrig viel Freind im Schteddel ghatt hot. (Die Suss waare in ihre Zeit ebbes vumme Schport.)

Un was hot die Suss drum gegrische, wie mir wie en Schtraahl als die Schtrooss unnenaus gange sin!

Drunne an de Hockelbeereschtrooss hot der Seibickel yuscht about schtarrkeppich geaeckt, un iss wie en Schtraahl graad so iwwers Eck darrich em Sam Reddich sei Hoffens gange. Die Glabb-bord sin in alle directions gflogge, un yuscht wie mir iwwers Blummeland waare un der Seibickel iss darrich die Fens gange uff der Mainschtrooss Seit, dann iss der Sam zugschprunge kumme. O, was hot seller Mensch drum gflucht un gedobt!

Un dernoh sin mir ewwe widder die Mainschtrooss unnenaus. O, was iss seller Seibickel awwer gange!

Die Suss hot ihre gleener Bonnet glei verlore ghatt, un ihre Haar iss dernoh loskumme un hot graad hinnenaus geblose.

Un was hen die Leit drum geyohlt, wie sie gsehne hen wer unser passenger iss. O, des hot nau farrichterlich gemacht!

Ich bin somehow e wennich excited warre, un hab dernoh aa gedichtich aafange zu yohle. Der Mawny hot dernoh aa aafange zu yohle, awwer er hot mir noochderhand gsaat, ass er's net helfe hot kenne. Die Suss hot ihn nau yuscht about wiescht geroppt, wie der Seibickel wie en Hasch als iwwer die gutters geschumpt iss.

Chapter der Zwett

Die Leit kenne ewwe yuscht gaar ken idea forme, wie des gemacht hot, wie mir wie en Schtraahl datt die Schtrooss unnenaus gange sin uff unserm Seibickel. Die Suss hot nau farrichterlich gegrische, un wie mir mol die Dreh an der Garrewwerei gemacht hen ghatt un sin naus ins Land kumme, dann sin die Leit an de Bauereheiser raus gschprunge kumme fer zu sehne, was dann in der liewe Welt letz sei kann. Un was hen die Leit drum geyohlt, wie sie uns gsehne hen un hen der Suss ihre gschpassichi position genotist.

Der Joe Kannebrieh, en dicker fedder Bauer graad uff der annere Seit der Garrewwerei, hot sich uffs Graas falle losse in seim Hof un hot gelacht bis er schier verschprunge iss.

Der Mawny hot awwer net gelacht. Er waar wennich in ere miene position datt mit der Suss uff seine Axle, un er hot sich net viel helfe kenne. Die Suss hot ewwe aaghowe, ass es en Aart ghatt hot, un hot em Mawny sei Kopp so aardlich teit gepetzt die Weil ass sie ihn noch dichtich geroppt hot. Ihre Fiess hen graad uff vedere Seit ver em Mawny seim Gsicht nausgschtanne, un es wunnert mich yuscht, ass er's at all mennitsche hot kenne fer seller Seibickel middes im Weeg zu halde.

About en Meil vum Schteddel drauss sin mir an en hocher Barrig kumme, un do hot unser Seibickel sei Schpiet dernoh vun sich selwer aardlich abschlaeckt. Die Suss hot des net gschwinder genotist, dann iss sie vum Mawny seine Axle gegraddelt un iss naus in der Weeg getschumpt. Un was hot die Suss dernoh drum gflucht un hot Schtee nooch uns gschmisse! Sie hot nau farrichterlich gedobt, un hot gschwore, ass sie uns alle zwee in die Bressent dutt. Dernoh hen mir sie sehne ihre Haar uff-fixe un abschtaerte fer heem.

Wie mir owwe uff der Barrig kumme sin, dann hot der Mawny es gemennitscht, ass er der Seibickel gschtoppt hot. So hot er ennihau geglaabt. Ich hab awwer getschotscht, ass die grooss Schpring ihre power all ausgewwe hot ghatt, un waar in favor ass mir unser Seibickel heem ziegge un browiere ken so trips meh mit der Maschin. Es waar mir angscht.

Der Mawny hot awwer druff insist, ass mir der Seibickel weider browiere misse, un abaddich fer zu sehne, eb's die Schpring uffziegge deet, wann mir der Hiwwel uff der annere Seit nunner gehne.

Der Hiwwel waar nau yuscht about hoch, un es waar mir doh angscht, wie der Seibickel aafange hot nunner geh.

Der Mawny iss schier wild warre fer Freede, wie er der ratchet heere hot regler schaffe un hot gewisst, ass die Schpring am uffziegge iss. Des arrangement hot ge-aeckt uff en Aart wie en Schparr uff unser Seibickel, un die Maschin iss amme zimmliche diesent Schpied der Hiwwel nunner gange.

Ich hab dernoh selwer en idea grickt ass unser invention all recht iss, un wie mir dernoh unne an der Barrig kumme sin un der Mawny iss in en annerer Weeg bei gedreht fer zerick heem zu geh, dann waar ich willich, ass er's apparatus widder uffschtaerte sett. Der Weeg iss unne am Barrig rum gange, ans Moschte ihre Miehl verbei, un iss ins Schteddel kumme am ewwere End, schier am Blatz, wu mir gschtaert sin.

"Awwer um der lieb Wille geb acht, Mawny, ass der Seibickel net zu viel Schpied grickt," saagg ich.

"O, ich verschteh 's Ding nau, Tschim, un es brauch dir net angscht sei," saagt der Mawny.

Der Mawny hot die Schpring dernoh noch teiter uffgezogge bei Hand, un ich waar schur, ass schier power genunk datt unnich meim Sitz waar fer uns noch Californy nemme.

Un dernoh sin mir uff eemol widder ab. Du Friede, was iss des Ding awwer gange! Der flag hot gflottert datt owwich mir, ass wann er imme Schtarrem waer, un unser Haar hot graad hinne naus geblose. Unser Hiet hen mir verlore ghatt graad am Schtaert wie der Seibickel seller farrichterlich Tschump gemacht hot.

Der Seibickel hot wiescht gaschtich gegraunst un's hot gsaunt in sellere grosse runde box datt unnich mir uff en Aard ass wann en raasich Leeb datt drin waer un deet dowe wie wiedich fer raus zu kumme.

"Du liewer Friede, was gebt's nau, Tschim!" greischt der Mawny off eemol wie mir en aardlichi kazi Dreh gemacht hen.

About en hunnert Yaard ahead vun uns waar en Drubb vun net weenicher ass about sechzich yunge Sei, ass en Mann geeggich uns am Dreiwe waar. Der Weeg waar schmal, un die Sei hen die gans Breeding vun der Schtross uffgenumme, vun Fens zu Fens!

Der Mawny hot sei Beschts browiert fer der Seibickel zu schtoppe, awwer des hot er net duh kenne, un wie en Schtraahl sin mir in die Sei nei gange. Un was hot des awwer drum gemacht. Yunge Sei sin in alle directions gflogge, un eb ich recht gewisst hab, was ghaeppent iss, dann hot der Seibickel uff em Rick gelegge graad newe am gutter.

Un was hen selli Sei drum gegrische! Des hot nau farrichterlich gemacht!

Ich bin wie en Schtraahl darrich die Luft gflogge un hab wie en Schpiel-lumbe uff der Fens ghunke, der Kopp uff eenere Seit nunner un die Bee uff der annere Seit.

Drei dode Leefer hen graad newe an der Fens gelegge, un wie ich nunner gegraddelt bin un hab mol rumgeguckt, dann iss mei Haz schier schtill gschtanne. Net wennicher ass siwwe dode un vergrippelte Sei hen in der Schtrooss gelegge, un die annere waare am Schpringe wie wiedich.

Der Seibickel hot graad uffem Rick gelegge, un die vier Redder, nau all frei vum Grund, waare am rumgeh wie die drivers an ere Riggelweeg Inschein. Un was hot's drum gebrummt! Un allegebott hawwich en Latt Seibaschte, en Seifuss, Schticker Fleesch, Darrem un anner Gfraes sehne aus der machinery vum Seibickel fliegge!

Yuscht wie ich dernoh gewunnert hab, wu dann der Mawny sei kennt, dann hawwich ebber heere greische, in ere schwache Schtimm net weit ab: "O, Tschim, Tschim, um der lieb Wille helf mir doch raus! Ich bin schier dod!"

Der Mawny waar fescht unnich em Seibickel! Yuscht wie ich der Seibickel dernoh uffghowe hab an eem End, un der Mawny iss uff Hend un Fiess rausgegraddelt, dann iss der Eegner vun de Sei beikumme.

"Dihr Kalls hett mol scheene Dummheide gemacht do!" greischt der Mann, wie ich gsehne hab, ass sei Gsicht schneeweis waar fer lauder Zann.

"Ya, mer meent des Ding hot e wennich wiescht ghaust," saagt der Mawny wie er der Schtaab aus der Naas, Ohre un Aagge gebohrt hot un hot dernoh en frischer Tschaa arrig unconcerned abgebisse.

"Huh! Du aecktscht, ass wann des gaar nix meene deet!" greischt der Mann. "Sehnscht net ass eier verschinnerter malossichpede about en Dutzend vun meine schenschte Leefer dodgemacht hot, un iss alsnoch bissi an eem verreisse?"

"Well, did you ever!" greischt der Mawny, wie er fer's aerscht Mol die Seibaschte, Fiess un anner Gfraes sehne hot fliegge; "Tschim, weescht du ass mir so en aardlichi gudi invention do hen, un—."

Awwer der Mawny hot net faddich gemacht. Der Eeggener vun de Sei—en groosser schtarricker Mann—hot der Mawny am Hals gegraebbt un hot ihn farrichterlich aafange zu warrigge.

Chapter der Dritt

Der Mawny hot nau yuscht about gewarrickst un gschtrawwelt wie seller Mann ihn datt am Hals gegraebbt hot. Der Mann waar farrichterlich bees, un ich weess net wie's em Mawny gange waer, wann sei Paepp ihm net zu Hilf kumme waer.

Der alt Bleischtee (em Mawny sei Paepp) hot en diefer Indresse genumme im Seibickel, un iss uns noochgeridde fer zu sehne wie unser invention schafft. Er iss dezu kumme yuscht wie der Eeggener vun de Sei der Mawny aafange hot zu warrigge.

Der alt Bleischtee hot's Ding glei geseddelt ghatt. Er hot der Mann bezaahlt fer sei dode un vergrippelte Sei, un hot uns dernoh helfe der Seibickel widder zurecht schtelle.

Bei gut Glick waar nix verbroche am Seibickel, un wie mir der Rickschtrang un en Latt Seibaschte aus der machinery gschafft hen ghatt, dann waar unser Maschin widder so gut ass sei Lewe.

"Nau gebt e wennich acht, Buwe," saagt der alt Bleischtee, wie er uns helfe hot die Schpring uffziegge; die Bissniss hot so weit net arrig gut bezaahlt, un ich deet net gleiche noch emoll so en bill zu bezaahle."

Un dernoh sin mir widder ab. Du Friede, was iss sell Ding awwer drum gange! Un was hot's drum geglebbert, wie mir wie en Schtraahl iwwer die Brick gange sin un sin wie en Wedderleech an der Miehl verbei gschosse! Mir hen der alt Bleischtee gelei weil hunnenooch gelosst.

Ich hab gsehne ass der Mawny der Schpied vum Seibickel net kontrolle hot kenne, un ich waar schur, ass mir eensichi Segund en chance schtehne fer unser Heis zu verbreche.

Bei gut Glick hen mir ken fuhr odder Vieh aagedroffe. Awwer es iss dernoh glei ebbes schunscht ghappent, ass mir net vergesse so lang ass ich leb.

Mir waare neegscht am Pete Wamber seinere Scheier, un uff eemol hen mir gsehne, ass es Scheierhof Dor uffgschtanne hot un hot schier den gans Weeg verschparrt.

Der Mawny iss excited warre, un aaschtatts ass er links gedreht hot, hot er rechts gedreht, un mir sin wie en Schtraahl in der Scheierhof nei, graad uff der hoch Mischthaufe zu.

Ich weess heit noch net graad exactly wie's gange iss, awwer uff eemol hawwich gschpiert, ass ich in ebbes Nasses, Schmierichtes lefe duh, un wie ich dernoh en Latt Mischtbrieh aus de Aagge gebutzt hab ghatt un hab rumgeguckt, dann waar mir alles deidlich. Ich waar flat uf em Bauch im annere Eck vum Mischthof, wu all die Mischtbrieh sich hiegsettelt hot ghatt! Es hot mich net lang genumme fer rauszugreddle—awwer, O, was hawwich drum ausgesehne!

Dernoh hawwich rumgeguckt fer der Mawny. Ich hab awwer nix vun ihm sehne kenne, un aa nix vum Seibickel.

"Wu in der liewe Welt iss der Mawny hiekumme?" greisch ich, wie ich in alle directions rum geguckt hab.

"Er iss datt in sellem Mischthaufe!" greischt der Pete Wamber, wie er un sei Gnecht zuschpringe k

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Pres. Rhee Cools Off

All the prisoners of war taken during the conflict in Korea have been returned to their home countries or permitted to select another asylum. A lot of the Indian troops who acted as custodians of the prisoners during the long controversy over swaying their emotions have begun their homeward journey. Unless something untoward occurs all should be evacuated from the Korean peninsula within the next two weeks.

Thus two sources of irritation and provocation for the resumption of the war in Korea have been removed or soon will be removed. Most of the Chinese prisoners went to Formosa and most of the North Koreans have assimilated themselves with the South Korean population. There were not many Americans to release. The Communists had seen to it that torture, poor food, wretched housing and sanitary conditions would kill off most of them.

All the while that the prisoner problem was being handled a great deal of forebearance on the part of the United Nations command with President Rhee and his military heads was needed. The latter's most recent threats were aimed at the Indian troops and there was fear that something might be done by Rhee's men to prevent their orderly departure after their custodial duties had ended.

However, as upon other occasions, President Rhee's bark has proven to be more serious than his bite. When it comes to actions that might throw his country back into a war, the wise old man thinks twice and at second thought restrains himself commendably.

With assurance of a meeting in Geneva in two months for discussion of peace in Korea, with all the prisoners exchanged and with the Indian troops removed from the scene, the shadows of war upon the unhappy little country may be expected to pass away. Opportunity then will be afforded for the rebuilding of the country upon the large scale which already is planned.

Who'll Cast First Stone

Corporal Edward S. Dickenson, who took a long time deciding whether or not to repudiate the Communists in Korea and return home, is to be court-martialed on the charges that he collaborated with the Communists during his imprisonment and that he acted as an informer against his fellow captives.

As in the inquiry which is being made currently in Washington into the conduct of Col. Frank H. Schwable of the U. S. Marines in signing a fictitious statement that the United States engaged in germ warfare, American emotions are torn between sympathy for men who were subjected to mental and physical cruelties and condemnation for what amounted to disloyalty to their buddies and to their country. It is one of those situations in which smug opinion is jolted by Christ's injunction: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

We like to think that each and every young American upon wearing a uniform and taking the oath of allegiance becomes a man of unadulterated heroic qualities. Mothers particularly think of their sons as incapable of wrong of any sort.

But a lot of things happened during the war in Korea that should prompt Americans individually to reexamine themselves particularly as to this matter of loyalty to the nation and its institutions and to family and friends.

As Major David MacGhee, who was a prisoner, wrote recently: "Americans must accept the bitter fact that the rigors of POW existence uncovered an alarming weakness in too many of us. It was not a weakness easily detected in everyday life but showed up when our moral fiber was put to a severe test. The test happened to be how to survive with honor in a prisoner-of-war camp."

America was rather shocked at the number of its young men who failed when this test came. We cannot know how many men endured it for undoubtedly most of them who could not be swerved were killed or cruelly permitted to die.

The most important thing now is to be able to arrive at an encouraging answer as to what will happen when the test is applied to all the American millions and national survival depends upon their individual and collective answer.

As Major MacGhee put it: "Moral fiber isn't built with a defense appropriation. It's the end product of schools, churches, community life, family upbringing. Our most shocking discovery as prisoners of war was not merely that Communists committed atrocities but that they were able to turn Americans against each other by playing on a 'to hell with you, Jack, I've got mine' philosophy which flourished in a POW camp, but had its roots back home."

Are we soft or is our fiber strong? is the big question.

Of course Americans do not raise their boys to be soldiers, but likewise nothing in our religious, educational and social system should rear them as cowards or cads, as contemptibly envious and jealous little souls who are ready to sell their divine birthright for a mess of pottage. A lot of things that were far from heroic and far from American went on in the POW camps.

What to punish, and how, and what to forgive and forget is the current question that courts of inquiry and courts-martial will have to determine.

Food for Mental Ills

Often it has been remarked that a man is the net product of what he eats and drinks. The conclusions drawn from the observation are that his health will be good or not according to the degree to which his food and drink meet his physical needs.

Not so much thought has been given to the importance of the right kind of food upon mental development and health although sea foods traditionally are commended as "food for brains."

Now biologists in Canada are embarked upon an interesting study which they believe will lead them to valuable information on the treatment of insanity of some types at least.

The study is the outcome of a discovery that fully half the moose in the Nova Scotia herds are mentally sick. This mental sickness goes back to climatic changes which have taken place in Canada during the past few hundred years. As the climate grew warmer, certain types of plant food on which the moose depended for a balanced diet disappeared. In other parts of Canada the moose herds moved northwardly and found the necessary plant foods. But in Nova Scotia, a peninsula, the moose could not make such escape. As a result they are dying slowly of malnutrition. It is noted that as they move around the countryside they crash into fences and trees, become entangled in bushes and trees and give every indication that their motor and sensory nervous systems are completely out of order.

The biologists believe that they can learn what minerals and vitamins are lacking for the moose, thereby, causing madness. When they have learned that, they believe they may be on the way to cure or at least alleviate human mental disorders by means of corrective diet.

Situation Normal



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Freedom of speech for government officials has been dealt another crushing blow — this time by President Eisenhower himself, who ordered Clarence Manion, chairman of the Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, dismissed without a hearing and without specifying any cause of removal. But it was leaked in some news dispatches about three weeks ago that the White House didn't like Mr. Manion's views on the proposed Bricker amendment and was planning to "fire" him.

Only three months ago the President was telling his press conference that government employes would not be dismissed without a chance to confront their accusers and that he would not put the stigma of dismissal on anyone until there had been ample opportunity for the accused to know the charges made against him.

But Clarence Manion, former dean of the Law School of Notre Dame, was given no such opportunity. He was called to the White House by Sherman Adams, presidential assistant, on Feb. 12 and told that he ought to resign. When pressed for reasons, Mr. Adams said the matter had already been decided and there was no use going into that subject. It was intimated that some of the members of the commission were dissatisfied and wanted the action taken, but no particulars as to the identity of these persons were given.

When Mr. Manion returned to the commission for its regular meeting on Wednesday of this week and told the members what had happened, several expressed indignation and a resolution was unanimously adopted which expressed confidence in Mr. Manion and regret that he had resigned.

Mr. Manion, who was for 25 years professor of constitutional law at Notre Dame University, was appointed last August to be chairman of the commission to study federal and state and municipal relations. He told the President he would have to keep some speaking engagements during the term of his service. Mr. Manion's views on the Bricker amendment were well known at the time, as he was one of the originators of the movement to amend the Constitution to prevent abuse of the treaty-making power. He has since continued to express his views, but he engaged in no other activities, such as contacting senators or making speeches on the Bricker amendment, which in any way were related to his work on the intergovernmental commission. The commission's work is largely of a legal research nature.

Mr. Manion is convinced an attempt was made to punish him solely for the views he expressed on the Bricker amendment. It's a form of "thought control" which many "liberals" have been inveighing against as they argue that dissent has been frowned on by government and that a man is penalized nowadays for honest expressions of opinion. Certainly it seems on its face to be a palpable attempt to secure "conformity" of thought, which lately has been denounced by "liberal" spokesmen as a phase of dictatorship.

But, because Mr. Manion happens to favor the Bricker amendment, it is doubtful whether the so-called "liberals" on Capitol Hill will take up his cause and harass the President to give details, as they have been urging in connection with the demand for data on the 2,200 security risks separated from government service.

What makes the case of Prof. Manion so deplorable is that the White House knew his viewpoint before he was appointed and knew also of his papers and addresses on legal aspects of the Constitution. There are 25 members of the intergovernmental commission of which he was chairman, and they were selected, in accordance with an act of Congress, on a bipartisan basis. Mr. Manion was appointed as part of the Democratic party group, though he voted for Mr. Eisenhower in the last election.

On the same commission, for example, are Sen. Schoeppel, (R-Kans) an outspoken supporter of the Bricker amendment, and Sen. Humphrey, (D-Minn) an opponent of the amendment. There are other members of Congress on the commission. Is it to be presumed that they are not to express their views on questions outside the purview of the intergovernmental commission's work? There are on the commission Gov. Shivers of Texas and ex-Gov. Battle of Virginia. Would they be disqualified from membership if they spoke before bar associations on the problem of states' rights and limitations of the federal constitution?

It is being said that the President has a right to expect harmonious expressions and active support from members of the executive branch of the government. But the many special commissions being appointed are temporary bodies to which are delegated specific tasks of gathering information. They are in no sense part of the policy-making departments of the executive branch of the government. It will be a sorry day for the White House if every time a person accepts membership on a governmental commission he must consider himself gagged from expressing any views on all other subjects in which there is a public interest.

Mr. Manion is one of the leading exponents of states' rights in the country and, when he was appointed last year, he said on leaving the White House that he was delighted that the President was interested in revitalizing the constitutional rights of the states.

If Mr. Manion's views on states' rights in any way embarrassed the White House, this should have been taken into account when he was first appointed and, if this was the reason for dismissal, ordinary courtesy should require that he be told that reason frankly.

Mr. Eisenhower hitherto has not seemed the kind of man who would "fire" a government employe without a hearing. An explanation of all the facts would seem logical, lest many persons in both parties who agree with Mr. Manion's views begin to believe the administration's sincerity has been challenged.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS 'N TZEIT: (Der iwwer-resh'd fon da geshters g'shicht.) Wie geshter g'sawt, 's wor 'n aryer uf ruhr in da Stanley Brunners' hamet nagshd on da Ziegels Kerrich, wie sie gamaint hen der Stanley wear ferlora im shnae shtorm, wie er nummer tzum Herman Dietrich wor fer hilf, fer 'm Edgar Ruch sei greener Ford ous ra shnae bank tziega. Der Stirling Zimmerman, is nous sucha fer Der Stanley, un so saw der Edgar uns Stanleys' boo, Charlie. Ol die weil wor der Stanley drous mit 'm Herman seim tracktor, sucha fer der Edgar, ow'r hut 'n net finna kenna weil er nimmy wor woh er 'n ferlossa hut.

Drunna on da grossa dray in da shtross sin sie noh endlich tzomma kumma, uns hut mohl ordlich blauderras ganumma bis sie nooner fershtonna hen. Ferol os sie der tracktor noh net gabreich'd hen fer 'm Edgar sei mashine ous 'm shnae sheeva, worra sie froh fer 'n howwa fer die mashine ons Brunners sheeva, fer sie ons gae griega. Eb sie ow'r darta mit aw g'fonga hen, sin sie nei fer sich warma, uns hais'd, die Miriam wear so shtoltz un froh gawest os sie widder wist woh ihra Stanley wear, os es net fiel ganumma het fer iwwer 's hous doch jumpa.

Glei is ow'r die froke uf kumma wor der Stanley un der Edgar nonner ferlierra het mocha — eb sie aryads nei g'shtopt hetta paar petza, odder eb sie tzu fiel shwartzer koffie gadrunka hetta os sie sheb aeich werra weara. Der Herman Dietrich wor uf kours aw dabei, un hut da Miriam die fersichering gewwa, os es wiesh'd wear drous uf da londs shtrossa, un hut g'sawt er kent gute sehna wie die socha gonga weara. 'S wor noh darta os der Herman 'n grossie hilf wor fer 'm Edgar sei holshtarricher Ford sheeva, bis er widder g'shprunga is.

Der Herman is noh aina waig hame mit seim John Deere, un der Edgar un der Stanley sin da onnerra waig fert, uf 'm waig noch Fogelsville. Ow'r sie sin widder net arrick weit kumma. 'S nagshd os wor, hut die mashine widder g'shtopt, un sie hen ous gamocht fer der Cyril Merkel rufa, un 'n froga fer kumma mit 'm tow-karrich fer sie widder ons gae griega. Un sie hen aw garufa, un er is kumma, un hut sie aw k'hand'd, ow'r ihra mashina druvel wor ols noch weit fon iwwer.

Die maining wor, fer der Ford tziega, ow'r die glae krutsich shtrossa lous hut die long shwear ket net gaglicha, un is riwwer un niver os die shtrawla g'floga sin. Der Stanley wor uf 'm truck, un der Edgar hut die mashine in hond kot. Drous uf route 22 wohs der barrick nunner gait, nagshd om waig nei nochs Clarence Ruppa, hut der Stanley gamaint sie dada ferleicht besser shtoppa sehna wie der Edgar aw kaimt hinna draw mit 'm Ford.

Wie sie g'shtopt hen, hut der Ford nocha mohl ae ledshda jump ganumma tzu da fens neinava om waig, un der Edgar hut hinnich 'm shteir rawd k'huck'd so weiss os 'n duch, un wor fershrucka os er net shwetza hut kenna. Er hut endlich ow'r rous grick'd er het gamaint sie weara sei freind, ow'r dades now nimmy glawwa, weil sie etlicha mohl gabroviert hetta fer 'n um tzu bringa.

Sie hen der Ford noh ous da fens grick'd, un 'n hinna on der truck k'hank'd, un 'n tzurick noch Fogelsville gatzoga ol in aim shtick uf da hunnerra radder. Der Cyril hut der Ford in hond ganumma, un die boova sin om ae uhr ins bed kumma, un won sel net 'n owet wor os na sei lava net fergess'd, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear. **GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R** 'S batzawlt alsa mohl fer fon hame gae — un wie aw der Russell Yohe fon East Texas da onner dawg ous g'funna hut wie er mit 'm Mike Held fon Kutztown, noch Fildelfy wor.

Owets uf 'm hame waig hen sie omma essa blotz nei g'shtopt fer supper, un wie der Russell gonga is fer sei Stetson hute fer nous gae, hut 'n Royal Stetson hute darta k'honka — die same grase un farab wie seiner, yusht fiela koshdborer.

Liever wie blutkeppich hame gae, hut er noh selar hute mit ganumma, un klaimt er het net gons iwwel ous gamocht noch Fildelfy gae.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

WISHES

If all we want were granted,
And every wish came true,
You'd cut your neighbor's lawn for him.
He'd do the same for you.

If each his life could order,
Then every winter through
You'd shovel off your neighbor's snow.
He'd do the same for you.

Suppose he wanted sunshine
When you had asked for rain,
Whichever wish was granted,
The other would complain.

If you could run things your way,
Your neighbor run by his,
You'd surely both be wishing
For life the way it is.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A veteran of Korea, reunited with his bride, told her, "I never could get used to the crazy names they had for their towns over there." As he spoke, the young couple was bound from Hackensack to Poughkeepsie, via Passaic and Weehawken.

An archaeologist was showing some of his treasures to a deserving but rather dim-witted Westerner who had recently struck oil. "Let me get this straight," said the millionaire. "You tell me this statue was dug up at Delphi, this one at Rome, and that one near Athens. Right?" "Right," beamed the archaeologist. "Why in heck," wondered the Westerner, "do you think those old-time people went to the trouble of burying all their most valuable monuments?"

Joe E. Lewis says he's thriving on a wonderful new diet. Only one olive to every five martinis.

(Copyright 1954)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 20, 1929, a Wednesday

One hundred and twenty-five members of the John W. Luther Chapter 365, OES, Palmerton, attended a dinner-dance last night at Hotel Traylor.

Information of great value to every investor or prospective investor in real estate in Texas is now on file at the Allentown Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. William N. Schwarze, president of the Moravian College and Theological Seminary, was the guest speaker at the weekly meeting of the Bethlehem Lions Club yesterday at noon in Hotel Bethlehem.

Horoscope

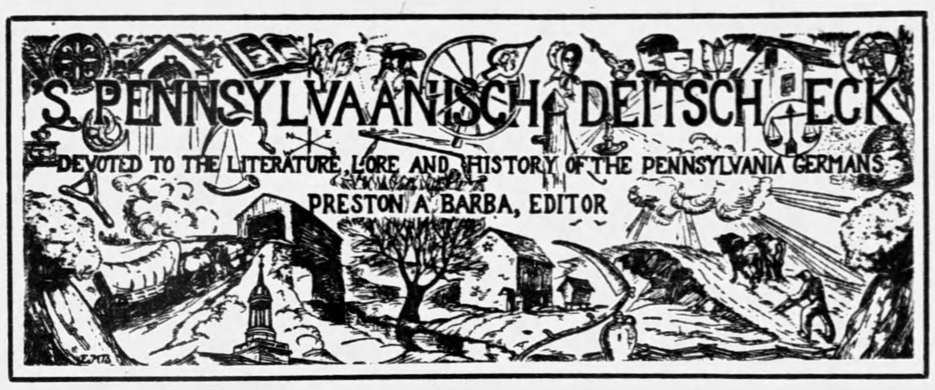
You should be able to gain in the year ahead and promotion is likely. Concentrate on business expansion. Today's child should be ambitious.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 18:27—19:7.

In time, Apollos was about to leave Ephesus for Achaia (the southern part of Greece). Aquila and Priscilla, with the members of the Church in Ephesus, had become much interested in him as a Christian worker, so that they wrote to the Church in Corinth (located in Achaia) that they should receive him cordially. When he arrived, he was a great help to them who had believed through grace, convincing the Jews in open meeting that, according to the Messianic passages in the Old Testament, Jesus was their Messiah. It was during this period that Paul arrived in Ephesus, in fulfillment of the promise that he had made in v.21, that he would visit them again. The first thing that Paul did upon his arrival there was to ask whether they had received the Holy Spirit when they had believed (the word 'since' in the King James Version should be translated 'when'). They admitted that they had not heard about the Holy Ghost, having been baptized according to the teaching of Pohn the Baptist, They were then baptized, twelve of them, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and with the laying of Paul's hands upon them, they received the Holy Spirit.



BUCHWEETZE KUCHE

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

Buchweetze kuche un frische brodtwarscht—buckwheat cakes and fresh sausage! These words have a nostalgic ring at a time when a dozen different prepared cereals on the pantry shelf have entirely changed the breakfast menu. When buckwheat cakes do appear on the breakfast table more likely than not they came from a package. The foaming mass of yeasty batter rising over the top of a crock or pitcher left in a warm place beside the hearth or behind the kitchen stove has become only a memory. In the old days buckwheat cakes were made of pure buckwheat flour in a batter of sour milk, or butter milk, leavened with yeast. Like the old yeast pot, the crock of buckwheat cake batter was never allowed to get empty!

This brings up several questions—Who introduced buckwheat into America? Where did buckwheat cakes originate? What part did buckwheat and buckwheat cakes play in the life of Pennsylvania Germans in days gone bye?

In my own life I can remember only one family who had the traditional pot (if it ever was traditional among our people) of buckwheat batter behind the stove. There was gossip in the neighborhood that the family was "zu geitsich"—too stingy—to provide a more varied breakfast. Also, a close friend told me that in his boyhood buckwheat cakes were on their daily menu. His father was a country minister and pennies were scarce. Daily buckwheat cakes were a matter of economy and left a not too pleasant memory upon my friend. In our neighborhood buckwheat was a crop for land too poor for the regular crops, or for spots where the regular crops had been drowned out by the spring rains. From occasional travellers one heard of farmers to the north who sowed buckwheat as a main crop. Such buckwheat farmers were looked upon in derision. Actual statistics are not available but enough information can be gathered to show that this grain, which is now rarely planted, once played an important part in the life of our ancestors, although it never was a main crop.

Of all the various grains now cultivated only Indian corn, which was discovered in America, and buckwheat were unknown to the ancients. The exact place of origin of buckwheat is not known but it is generally believed to have been introduced into Europe from Central Asia in the Fifteenth Century. The plant was mentioned by Marco Polo in his travels. The first description of it as a European plant is by Jean Ruel, a French herbalist, in 1536. He called it **turicum frumentum,** Turkish grain, or **ble sarrazin,** grain of the Saracens. In the German edition (1587) of the herbal of Matthiolus, an Italian writer, it was called **Heydenkorn or Heydenkruetz,** "heyden" of course referring to the heathen Saracens. Matthiolus said, "Buckwheat was unknown to the ancients, but now it is very common . . . At various places the poor people use it to bake bread." Bock, the herbalist of the Palatinate, also called it **Heidenkorn** and said it grew "schnell und gern" in the mountainous region of the Odenwald where it was used mostly for cattle fodder. Although used mostly for the cattle, he mentioned also that "die armen Leut auch Brodt darausz backen", especially the Odenwalder and at certain places in the vicinity of Kaiserslautern and Hagenaw. Both Matthiolus and Bock also used the name **Buchweizen,** which of course means **beech** wheat, so called because the buckwheat grain is shaped like the beechnut.

When these old writers spoke of "brodt" or bread, they meant any kind of bread, leavened or unleavened, in the form of a loaf, biscuit, griddle cake, etc. Any recipes that survived from those days are of course the recipes for finer foods used by the rich. One would hardly expect to find a recipe for buckwheat bread used by the "armen Leut", but we can confidently say that the Germans of the Palatinate were familiar with some kind of buckwheat cakes in the middle of the 16th Century.

Generally speaking, buckwheat is considered an inferior grain and is not raised very much where conditions are favorable to the better grains. However, poor soil and a short growing season sometimes make buckwheat very desirable. It therefore found little favor in the Mediterranean countries and is more common in northern Europe. It is believed to have been brought to the Low Countries by the sea route from Venice, and from the Low Countries introduced into France, the Rhine country, and places in northern Europe. This gives us the clue as to how it was eventually introduced into America.

The book that contains more information than any other about farming in America in colonial days is one called "American Husbandry" by an anonymous writer, published in London in 1775. This writer said about New England, "they sow large quantities of buckwheat"; about New York, "buckwheat is everywhere sown and few crops are supposed to pay the farmer better"; about New Jersey, "buckwheat is very generally cultivated . . . they make a bread, or more properly speaking, cakes of it, which are eaten by everybody"; and about Pennsylvania, "buckwheat is not so commonly cultivated as more to the northward; what the reason for this is I do not know, since it agrees perfectly well with the climate."

More than a hundred years earlier (1655), de Vries published a book in which he mentioned the plants cultivated in New Netherlands (New York). He did not mention buckwheat. Also, Josselyn in his "New England's Rareties" in (1672) listed the cultivated plants of New England and did not mention buckwheat. Thomas Paschall, in 1683, in writing a description of Pennsylvania said, "here is three sorts of wheat, as winter, summer and buck wheat. The winter wheat they sow at the fall, the summer wheat in March, these two sorts are ripe in June; then having taken this, they plow the same land and sow buckwheat which is ripe in September." Since the English came to Pennsylvania only in 1681, Paschall was of course writing about the Swedes, Finns and Dutch who had already settled along the Delaware. However, deVries did not mention buckwheat as raised among the Dutch at New York, and one therefore arrives at the conclusion that it was the Swedes and Finns who brought buckwheat to Pennsylvania.

Thus, already well known before our German ancestors settled here, buckwheat played an important part in our economy in colonial days. Schoepf, in travelling through Macungie in 1783, wrote "The buck-wheat, greatly seeded here after wheat for the second harvest, stood in full bloom and with the pennyroyal, so common on all the roads, made a strong and pleasant evening odor". The fragrance of the buckwheat brings to mind **buchweetze hunnich** which has always been popular among our people. Cazenove, writing about the Bethlehem and Nazareth region (in 1794), reported that only about one-fifth of the land was under cultivation and that the crops were "wheat, corn and buckwheat". Also he said the people ate "buckwheat cakes instead of bread" and in Maxatawny the buckwheat crop averaged 25 to 30 bushels per acre.

A more complete, and not so bright, picture can be gathered from the David Shultze diaries. Shultze mentions buckwheat more than sixty times. In the early years he mentions no corn or potatoes, but buckwheat was one of his yearly crops. Up to about 1767 he owned 180 acres of land, but only a small part was cleared and under cultivation; nevertheless he sowed from three and one-half to six acres of buckwheat every year. Before he began to raise corn, he plowed in May for buckwheat and again in early July, the July plowing undoubtedly being the stubble of the wheat which had just been harvested. One gathers from his notes that buckwheat was mowed with a scythe and not cut with a sickle like the other grains. Also, he hauled it home on "sledges". The crops, in contrast to those mentioned by Cazenove, were lamentably poor—in 1752 only 15½ bushels from 3½ acres, in 1756 only 25 bushels from 6 acres. Poor as they were, they compare closely to what Rupp reported in his "History of Berks County" where in 1838 1990 acres sowed in buckwheat produced only 9700 bushels.

In 1860 the buckwheat crop of Lehigh County was 28,000 bushels out of a total grain crop of 1,275,000 bushels. It would appear therefore that as the years went on buckwheat was not as important a crop as it had been in colonial days. The popularity of buckwheat cakes, however, persisted for a long time and the "celebrated Bethlehem buckwheat flour" was in great demand in the Philadelphia and New York markets.

In conclusion, one can see that buckwheat was common in Pennsylvania long before the main body of Pennsylvania German settlers arrived. That it was an important part of our economy in colonial days cannot be denied, but as time went on it was looked upon by the Pennsylvania German farmer as a poor man's crop. Our Pennsylvania German ancestors undoubtedly were familiar with some form of buckwheat cake long before they migrated to America, but its use in America was very wide spread and there were other people among whom the buckwheat cake was more common than it was among Pennsylvania Germans. However, buckwheat cakes were distinctly an **American** dish. Travellers from Europe were amazed at the quantity of these cakes consumed everywhere they went. A good description is found in James Johnston's "Notes on North America" (1851) who, in writing about New Brunswick, Canada, said, "three-fourths of all the bread consumed in this district was of buckwheat. It is used chiefly in the state of cakes, called pancakes. These are generally small, and, when nicely made and browned, very much resemble our English crumpets, with half their thickness. They are eaten hot, and generally with butter and molasses, or maple honey. All over northern American these pancakes are seen at the breakfast, and tea table, and **are really very good."**

Boyersford, February 1954.

DIE LICHTERSCHTECK

Ich hab zwee alde Lichterschteck,
As gschdanne hen im Schdaab un Dreck
Far gans neegscht fufzich Yaahr,
Mit Bimschtee uffgebutzt recht schee;
Nau duhn sie uffem Mantel schteh,
Wie sie mol hen devor.

Ich hab browiert, un hatt, "you bet",
Ass es nadierich gucke sett
Mit Inschlichlichter drin,
Aus Fett un Wax gemacht, bischur,
Un gschwische drin die alt deitsch Uhr,
Doch scheint's, sie drauerich sin.

'Siss aryets letz, ich weess net wu,
Es kehrt noch ebbes meh dezu—
Ei ya, nau kummt's mir ei!
Der Feierhaut mit eisne Schdang,
Der Schienebesem un die Zang
Un Schipp sett aa datt sei.

Der Mentel mit en Schtaahl un flints,
Die Lichterform un geelbeint Schplints,
Die Kaffee 'essence' box;
Die Kaffeemiehl, die Lichtbutzscheer,
Paar blooe Deller un 's Gewehr,
En Pulwerhann un Wax.

Kupper Kessel un die Panne,
Newe ghanke hen un vanne,
Die fehlen, ya gewiss;
Die Schieneschdiehl, der Fliggeldisch,
Mit rot eckschdeenich Dischduch frisch,
En Schissel Hickerniss.

Der Schockelschduhl mit Schofhaut druff,
Die Neehbax mit em Deckel uff,
Im Eck en Schpinneraad;
Varm Feier fehlen Hund un Katz,
Wu leie sette am seeme Blatz,
Ya, nau weess ich 's graad.

Die hawwich kaaft so hie un do,
In hab sie rumgschdellt, ewwe so
Wie 's waar, so wie ich's weess;
Doch kummt's mir vor die Lichterschteck
Scheint's ziegge sich vun alles weck,
Wie fremm zu all dem Gfreess.

Mol sehne nau, es fehlt noch meh—
Ei ya, wie kenn'ts vergesse geh—
Was bin ich awwer dumm!
Die Memm mit ihrem Flickewese,
Der Paepp an der Zeiding lese,
Die Kinner um sie rum.

Ich sehn's all nau, es mag net sei,
Die ruft mer ewich nimmi bei,
Sie schlofen in de Ruh,
Vun wu mer net uff denne Erd
Meh weckt un Sarye sin verzehrt,
Die erdlich Dienscht geduh.

Mit alles ass bekannt iss weck,
Ken Wunner duhn die Lichterschteck
Datt drauere gansi Zeit;
Waer's meeglich, ass mer's kaafe kennt,
Dann geebt ich graad mei letschder cent
Fer's alders hawwe heit.

Ich hab schund viele Draam gebaut
Datt vor meim alde Feierhaut,
Siess un rein un schee;
Kann fer die Lichterschteck nix duh,
Sie draamen net wie ich un du,
So schtehn sie gans allee.

Feb. 25, 1935 —Ralph S. FUNK

EN RAETSEL

Wie iss der Buchweeze iwwer der See kumme?

Drei-eckich.

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Editorials

Have We Learned?

On Tuesday evening young Dale Rutz, 17-year-old high school senior who was driving his modest 1946 sedan, lost a race to a rival who was driving a far more powerful car of 1953 vintage. Early yesterday morning in the Allentown Hospital Dale lost his race for life after 54 hours of hopeless struggle with injuries so frightful that nurses still all but swoon and calioused surgeons pale when they think about him.

At the hospital they will tell you that not in a long time, and perhaps never, has an accident like that at 26th and Chew streets on Tuesday evening caused so much stir. Nor has there been an accident which has had so many gory and tragic aspects and served to point so many lessons. Furthermore it has aroused a considerable element of the community, particularly in the Western part of the city, to a pitch of alarm, excitement and determination to do something about the tremendous evil which has been known full well for a long, long time — the dangers inherent in the maniacal driving of youths of high powered cars at high speeds in races and a variety of dangerous stunts.

These practices have been the subject of discussion and plenty of youthful boasting in the hot-dog and ice-cream cone shops, in the corridors of the Allentown High School, and wherever callow, immature, unfledged youths are wont to gather and preen themselves either in the presence of their fellows or in the hearing of girls of their age upon whom there is effort to make an impression. Complaints about the mad racing in the Fair Grounds and on the streets in that general area have been expressed in print by people who were certain that tragedy must come out of it all eventually, if not sooner.

If a lot of boys already have lost their privileges with the family car it will be the occasion for no surprise. If all who have such privileges already have given serious pledge of obedience to the rules of common sense and the laws of the Motor Code it will be good but it will be more important that henceforth that pledge be kept inviolate.

A nice boy is dead and his companion may die. A former school director, whose only fault was that he happened to be in the way of a pair of racing cars at the height of their mad flight, may carry the marks and suffer from his injuries from this time forth.

The boy whose car won in the fatal race very properly will have his license revoked. He is likely to receive summary conviction upon every charge that can be found against him for endangerinng the lives of his four passengers by fast and reckless driving. Very properly the police intend to "throw the book" at him.

What is more important is that parents back home take a firm and a commanding hand in the present situation. In the second place, the police must be encouraged to make a cleanup of the racing and motor stunt practices of many teen-age boys. They have become drunk with the power that lies under the hood of modern cars and can be unleashed at their bidding.

It is a horrifying thought but it might have been the soundest possible lesson in safe and sane driving if every high school boy and girl had been required to visit the bedside of the battered and torn boys during Wednesday and Thursday. Of course it will not be done, for it would be in the worst taste to hold the funeral services for Dale Rutz in the auditorium of the high school and require attendance of every youth in that school. But it is an idea which many a person has been developing as he has been reading the story of this accident and its terrible results.

Police know that a lot of very dangerous driving is being engaged in. Parents must suspect or know from overhearing whispered conversations that a lot of questionable performance is going on with the family cars when "Junior" is using it after plaguing pop and mom for the permission or after having sneaked it out of the garage.

It may have taken the death of a fine boy and shocking and gruesome narration of an accident to arouse all interested persons to action. A life will have been taken in vain if other lives be not saved thru the learning of the lessons which Tuesday night's tragedy should have taught.

Know What You Sign

Many a person has signed petitions without understanding what the petitions were all about. In fact it has been said and it has been demonstrated that many a person can be induced to sign a petition for his own hanging if the petition-pusher presents the paper to him in a manner which disarms and deters him from examining the contents of the petition.

There probably is greater care today on the part of persons who are importuned to sign petitions than in years past for there have been some bitter experiences for people whose names upon petitions of Communist character have arisen to haunt and condemn them.

There is the case of the dashing French actor and singer, Maurice Chevalier. He was a gay and merry fellow as American movie-goers know. But he made a slip a few years ago when some one in Europe shoved a copy of the Stockholm Peace Appeal in front of him and asked for his signature which he probably gave without a second thought.

The Stockholm Peace Appeal turned out to be a Moscow-inspired document and was aimed at damning the United States for development of the atomic bomb. It was a subtle piece of business for which Chevalier and several million persons fell, hook, line and sinker.

Chevalier's signature served to tie him to the gang which circulated the petitions thruout Europe. This Chevalier realized recently when he sought to get a visa for a visit to the United States. He was turned down because it is American policy to do so with all known signers of the Peace Appeal.

Chevalier is crying out that it is a "monumental injustice;" that he had no ideas other than those of peace when he signed the petition. He says he is not now and never has been anything but a singer and has never taken part in politics.

It is of course too bad for Chevalier that he cannot make a profitable business visit to the United States but he must take his medicine like a man. Indiscretions, no matter how innocent and unintentional or accidental, are like chickens which come home to roost.

Be careful about the petitions which you sign. They may return to give you many uncomfortable moments or cause you great loss. We are living in ticklish times and it is only common sense to be exceedingly careful as to whom and what we endorse.

The Kid at the Wheel

Many cars will travel the highways tonight with drivers under 18 years of age. Some of these cars will be loaded with youngsters of about the same age. Some of them will drive sensibly — like your kid. Some will show off, some will be influenced by the gang. Some will remember the safety rules, others will forget. We hope that all of them will come home again, like your kid does, all in one piece. Good drivers, these kids — handle car like a top but, hurrah, boys.

Anyway, the youngster will have the car. Dad said he could take it. He didn't like the idea, but his neighbor up the street—he lets his kid take his car. And Dad doesn't want to be the neighborhood crab. "OK," he says, reluctantly "but come home early." After all, the youngster is a licensed driver and, in as much as there is an added risk, Dad pays extra money to cover liability.

And that's where the shoe pinches. The State issues a driver's license to youngsters under 18. In other words, the State says, "OK, sonny. It's all yours." The added risk doesn't matter. And what can Dad do? The State throws the whole responsibility into Dad's lap while they shout about highway accidents.

Let's not go into figures — we know the score — but those kids have caused more than their share of highway deaths and injuries. As a rule, they are not bad kids — they are just kids. They are out for fun. They are not weighted down with responsibility. They are not much impressed by grim warnings and catchy slogans, either. What does the State expect from a 16-year-old kid, anyway — the graveness of maturity?

For the sake of the lives that are taken and the too many injuries that are caused by thoughtless junior drivers, let's make a suggestion: That the State Motor Vehicle Department issue junior licenses to persons under 18 years of age with permission to drive a car only when accompanied by a parent or, at least an adult. Would this not help curb the reckless youngster?

Let's not throw everything into Dad's lap. Since the State permits youngsters under 18 years of age to operate the death-dealing instrument on the highway, with nothing more than police control, let the State take the moral responsibility for accidents thus incurred. — From The Torrington Foreman.

How Far Back Can You Get?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

To understand the Stevens-McCarthy - Zwicker controversy it is necessary to piece together the chronology of events in the case. Here they are:

APRIL 1953 — The commanding general at Ft. Kilmer, N. J. (predecessor of Gen. Zwicker) recommended that Capt. Irving Peress be dismissed from the army. This recommendation was concurred in by the surgeon general of the army.

AUGUST 1953 — Capt. Peress was presented with various questions in the normal course in connection with promotion procedure. His record showed that in November 1952 he had refused to answer the questions about membership in organizations to which he belonged, and wrote across the questionnaire that he invoked his "constitutional privilege."

NOVEMBER 1953 — Capt. Peress was promoted to major.

DECEMBER 5, 1953 — Inquiry on the Peress case was begun by the permanent subcommittee on investigations of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, of which Sen. McCarthy is chairman.

DECEMBER 30, 1953 — Decision was made by the army to terminate the services of Maj. Peress, but it was not disclosed at this time.

JAN. 4, 1954 — Committee chairman notified a top-level official of the army — presumably the counsel for Secretary Stevens — that Maj. Peress had been promoted at Camp Kilmer, that he was a card-carrying Communist and that something should be done about it.

JAN. 18, 1954 — An order was signed by the adjutant general awarding an honorable discharge from the army to Maj. Peress and giving him the customary 90 days within which to make effective the date he wished to be discharged. He selected March 31.

JAN 26, 1954 — Sen. McCarthy notified the army of the continued presence of Maj. Peress in the army and directed Peress to appear at an executive session of the Senate committee on Jan. 30. The army at top level was invited to send a representative to attend the executive session.

JAN. 30, 1954 — Executive session held but no representative of the army appeared in response to the invitation. Maj. Peress refused to answer 32 questions concerning alleged Communist activities while in the army. On the same day Sen. McCarthy revealled that, despite the recommendations for dismissal made the previous year, Peress was not removed but was promoted. McCarthy demanded that action be taken on the basis of the sworn testimony of Peress.

FEB. 1, 1954 — Sen. McCarthy sent a formal letter to Secretary of the Army Stevens demanding that the honorable discharge for Peress be held up. This letter was made public in the press the same day.

FEB. 2, 1954 — Maj. Peress had changed his mind about the March 31 date and had selected this day as the date for his release. He received an honorable discharge entitling him to all the benefits of an officer thereafter. Gen. Zwicker signed this approval form.

FEB. 3, 1954 — Secretary Stevens returned from abroad after a month's absence and told the press that any officer "should not get an honorable discharge from the service if he refuses to answer questions properly put to him by a congressional committee." He said the regulations then being published will assure this action for the future.

FEB. 16, 1954 — Secretary Stevens wrote to Sen. McCarthy acknowledging that the army's system of screening subversives had broken down. He admitted that Peress should never have been promoted to major and promised an investigation of all the circumstances surrounding it. In the same lette reference was made to technical difficulties in the past because to discharge dishonorably anyone for Communist-party membership was regarded as "discrimination for political beliefs." This particular paraphrase of a previously existing army order aroused the ire of Sen. McCarthy, who has been contending for a long time that the Communist party is not just a political party. The Department of Justice in its prosecutions under the Smith Act has contended that the Communist party is a conspiracy to overthrow the American form of government by violence and is not just a political party.

FEB. 18, 1954 — Miss Ruth Eagle, a New York policewoman, testified before the Senate committee that, as an undercover agent, she had known Peress as a Communist and as a liaison officer between his Communist cell and the American Labor party.

FEB. 18, 1954 — Gen. Zwicker, commanding general at Ft. Kilmer, testified before the same Senate committee and acknowledged that he knew about the Peress case before the honorable discharge was issued but felt he had no authority to hold it up, although he would have been able to hold up a discharge in the case of an officer charged with stealing $50. This is army red tape. It so angered Sen. McCarthy that he lost his temper and assailed Gen. Zwicker, which was a grievous mistake. The testimony was released on Feb. 22.

FEB. 21, 1954 — Secretary Stevens announced he will not let any other army officers testify and receive abuse.

FEB. 24, 1954 — Secretary Stevens issued a statement withdrawing his prohibition against testimony by army officers and promising to send officers involved in the case to answer congressional subpoenas. Three senators had pointed out to him that there is no authority for the secretary of the army to determine whether an army officer shall answer a subpoena lawfully issued or regulate what they shall say to congressional committees in answer to questions concerning governmental operations and procedures.

FEB. 25, 1954 — Secretary Stevens reiterates he was assured by the senators on Feb. 24 that witnesses from the army would not be subjected to abuse.

Actually the only official in the executive branch immune from a subpoena is the President. As for any executive order prohibiting officers from saying certain things to Congress, this has never been tested in the courts. Probably on matters of military secrecy it would never be challenged, but on the disclosure of information on ordinary procedures in the government the right of congressional interrogation would be upheld, judging by Supreme Court decisions in past cases.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OHRMER, GLAINER DRUP:

Shun fer yohrra wor 'm Clarence Rupp sei fraw die Eva fon nagshd on da Ziegels Kerrich shure sie hetta ken mice im hous. Mit etlicha kotza rum hut sie aw gutie uhrsoch kot so tzu denka, un doh kartzlich nochts ihra aigna ohra shier net glawwa hut kenna, wie sie ebbes hoerra hut robbla in da ewwershda bed shutbba wond. Won sie on g'shpucker gaglawbt het, het sie denka kenna der blotz wear nimmy gons sarwer, ow'r der Clarence hut yusht galocht, un g'sawt sie het gadrahm'd os sie tzucht k'hoert het.

Da nagshda dawg wohr hoft wie sie indie bawd shtub kumma is, hut sie widder ebbes k'hoert, un wie sie in der bawd tzuver gaguck'd hut, wos sot sie sehna os wie 'n halb ous gawoxnie mous om brovierra fer ous 'm tzuver groddla. Der tzuver wor ow'r glot, un wie sie ols 'n shtick wiags in da hae wor is ra die foos halt g'shlipt, un sie is bartzel baum tzurick nunner in der tzuver garoll'd.

Die Eva hut der ohr'm glae drup fer 'n longie tzeit gawatch'd —fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie hut g'shtonna watcha bis die glae mous so ous gawora wor os sie der waig shtire nimmy kotta hut fer om tzuver indie hae groddla. Noh fer ruh mocha mit ra, hut sie ihra kessel shwartzie kotz "Teddy Bear," nei k'hol'd, un 'n tzu da mous in der tzuver k'huck'd. Der "Teddy" hut die mous gagrabb'd, un sie hoch in die hae g'shmissa, un alla waiga im tzuver rum garoll'd, bis die kotz un die mous tzu gleich ous gawora worra. Der "Teddy" hut sich noh on ae end fom tzuver onna galaig'd un is shlofa gonga, un die mous hutsich ons onner end galaig'd.

Die Eva wor ow'r druf ous fer ruh mocha mit da glaina mous, un hut ihra 15 yairichie "Tommy" kotz nei k'hol'd, un woh glei ruh gamocht kot mit da mous. Ae grab, un paar gnab mit 'm moul, uns micel hut sei aeland ershtonna kot.

Der Clarence hut hinna noh gamaint won die Eva mice im bawd tzuver halta kent, kent or der tzuver aw fillamit wosser un fish drin halta. Drunna im shwom hut er etlicha fish dam, un wohs so arrick fish drin hut os er alla gabut nunner gae mus sie tzurick ins wosser dricka—die fish sheeva nonner ols nous ufs drucka lond. Ferol os der tzuver net tzu mechdich fiel halta dade, gaibts wenich linnering in da dam, un alla bissel helft. Wos noch mainer is, der Clarence maint anyhow 's wear winders tzu kolt fer fiel im bawd tzuver rum suddla, un wear froh won er 'n howwa kent fer fish nei duh. Ich sawg eich, 'n mensch wase nee net wos es nagshd fohr fall'd, ons Clarence Ruppa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Morya wolla m'r mohl ebbes neias brovierra im Call-Chronicle—brovierra dale Englisha os gore ken Pennsylfawnish Deitsch kenna, larna die mutter shproch shwetza.

Wies gait wase ken saelicher mensch, un so weit os sel aw gait, 's gebt gore nix hoch baeniches.

M'r wissa os 'n lot aw die nase nuf garing'ld hen wie m'r awfonga hen unser kolum, schreiva, 29 yohr tzurick.

Net g'shossa is aw ferfail'd, un won m'r numma paar leit awenich 'n halt gewwa ktnna wie unser shproch tzu shwetza, hen m'r unser g'flich gaduh.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 19:35-20:1

The 'mayor' of the city was finally able to quiet the mob in the open-air theater, whereupon he addressed them as follows: 'Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of Ephesus is a worshipper (literally, 'temple-keeper') of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter? Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly; for ye have brought hither these men who are neither robbers of your temple, nor yet blasphemers of your goddess. Wherefore if Demetrius and the craftsmen who are with him have a matter against any man, the courts are open, and there are magistrates; let them bring charges against one another. But if ye seek anything further, it shall be settled in the regular assembly, for we are in danger of being charged with rioting today, there being no cause that we can give to justify this commotion.' When he had said this, he dismissed the assembly. After all this excitement, Paul called for the elders of the Church, gave them farewell, and left for Macedonia.

Es waar wie er eens vun seine Dischbedaat ghadde hot mit de Pharisaeer un de Sadducaeer: Aber er antwortete un schprach: "Des Abends sprechet ihr: 'Es wird ein schoener Tag werden, denn der Himmel ist rot,' und des Morgens sprechet ihr, 'Es wird heute Ungewitter sein, denn der Himmel ist rot und truebe.'"—Un im Evangelium Sankti Lucae, Kabittel 12, der 54scht Vaersch un der 55scht: Er sprach aber zu dem Volk: "Wenn ihr eine Wolke sehet aufgenen vom Abend, so sprechet ihr: 'Es kommt ein Regen' un es geschiehet also. Und wenn ihr sehet den Suedwind wehen, so sprechet ihr: 'Es wird heisz werden' and es geschiehet also."

Des hot nau net graad ebbes zu duh mit der Widdering, awwer die Schtelle aus der Biwel warre alsemol aagfiehrt fer weise, ass Jesus Deitsch gschwetzt hot. Ennihau, ich hab sie eich yuscht vorgelese aus em Nei Teschtament, wu's gsaat hot "und er antwortete un sprach" und noh geht's weider in Deitsch. Un wann Jesus Deitsch gschwetzt hot, dann denk ich, dutt er aa Pennsylveeni Deitsch verschteh. Un Parre Slifer (Der Parre Slifer vun Topton waar der Vormeeschder vun der Grundsau Versammling in der Temple University), waar's net zu dir, ass selli alt deitsch Fraa ihre Biwel gebrocht hot un im aerschte Buch Mose, der 9t Vaerscht im 3te Kabittel gelese hot: "Und Gott der Herr rief Adam und sprach zu ihm, 'wo bist du?' fer prufe, ass der liewe Gott aa Deitsch schwetzt? Ennihau, sell waar in der Biwel, waar's nau net?

Nau, Parre Slifer, hawwich ebbes, ass ich dich froogge will un noh bin ich faddich un hock mich hie. Wie kummt's ass die Englische un die Schotte un die Eirische graad der weri seem Daag, der zwett Harning, hen fer 's Wedder brofezeihe fer's Iwwerich vum Winder, ass wie mir Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Grundsei hen. Es iss en Kaerrichefescht an dem Daag, Lichtmess uff Deitsch un Candlemas uff Englisch. Der Daag gummt graad 40 Daag nooch Grischdaag un in der Kaerrich iss es der Daag fer 's Fescht fer die Reiniching der Yungfraa graad verzich Daag noochdem ass ihre Buwli uff die Welt kumme iss. Sie hen sogaar en Schpruch, ass geht wie des:

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if Candlemas bring clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and won't come again.

Nau, Parre, leeg uns sell mol aus. Was hen die zwee Sache, Lichtmess un Grundsau Daag mit nanner zu duh, weil sie doch allebeed uff der seem Dienschdaag kumme. Leeg uns sell mol aus.

Un nau, Brieder Grundsei, ihr sin heit all aus eirem Loch gschlubbt kumme am zwedde Harning graad wie ich aa. Wann ihr eier Schadde net gsehne hen, dann warre ihr ausfinne, ass es Graas alle Daag e wennich griener guckt un ass es Friehyaahr yuscht ums Eck rum iss.

Nau, noch eens: Eb so arrig lang macht ihr eich widder uff der Weeg noch eirem Loch. Gebt yuscht gut acht, schunscht kennt eier Grundsauweiwel noch en Grundsau-wittfraa gewwe un sell waer gewiss zu arrig.

Un nau, Brieder Grundsei, Adyee!

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

It isn't only Composer Richard Rodgers' fantastic string of top tune hits which has his competitors running 'round in circles; it's the speed with which he writes them. He is reputed to have completed the entire score of "Oklahoma" in six days, dashed off "Bali Hai", one of the big numbers in "South Pacific," on the back of a menu while eating lunch, etc. His famous collaborator, Oscar Hammerstein, asked how he worked with Dick, explained, "I just hand him a lyric and—get out of the way."

25 Years Ago

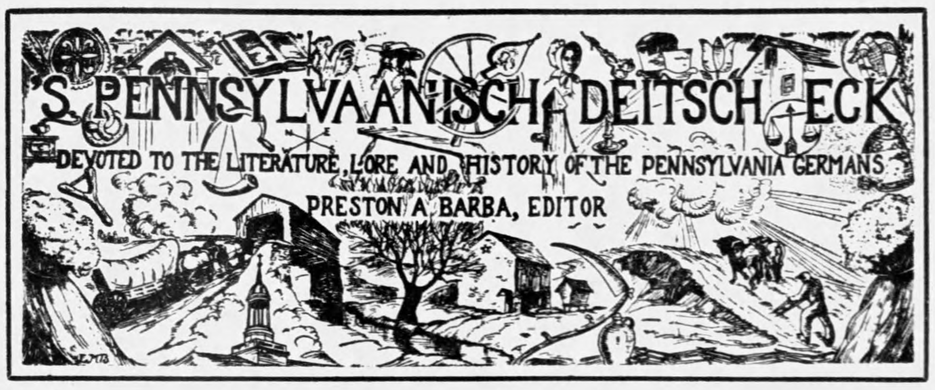
From The Morning Call of Feb. 2 7,1929, a Wednesday.

A joint concert featuring the Phialdelphia Harmonica Band and the Allentown Male Chorus will be staged tomorrow night at the Allnetown High School auditorium.

Martin Klingler, veteran band director and leader of Klingler's Municipal Band, yesterday announced his schedule of spring concerts to be given in the Lyric Theatre on March 17 and April 21.

Horoscope

A fair measure of success is indicated for you in the months ahead. Today's child may be clever, ambitious and artistic.



DIE WEDDERBERICHTE

Vum HARRY HESS REICHARD

Mark Twain once said that everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it. He should have known better, being of Pennsylvania German descent himself. The Pennsylvania Germans, perhaps the most weather-conscious people in America, have always done something about it. They consult nature's own prophets. Among these none is more securely lodged in the traditions of the people as the self-effacing little Grundsau, or groundhog.

The following address on weather reports and prophecies was delivered before the Grundsau Lodge Nummer Drei, Temple University, Philadelphia, on Feb. 2, 1951 by Dr. Harry Hess Reichard.—ED.

Es alleraerscht, liewe Brieder Grundsei, will ich eich lowe, ass ihr denowed rausgschlubbt sin in Menschegleeder graad ass wie ich aa. Graad do ver mir iss en Beweis vun was gschehne dutt, wann mer uns sehne losse in unserm eeggene waarme, wolliche Rock. So weit ass mich aageht, will ich liewer noch e weil net ausgschtobbt sei un uff der Parlor-disch ghockt warre.

Nau mir iss gsaat warre, wie ihr aa gheert hen, ich sett die Wedder Berichte behandle denowed. Des iss en aldi Froog, ass die Leit gebloogt hot schunn so lang ass die Welt schteht. Sie hot unser aerschte Voreldre im Paradies Gaarde schunn gedriwweliert. Ich will nadierlich net behaabte, ass sie wiescht Wedder ghatt hen in sellem scheene alde Gaarde, awwer glei noochdem ass die Evaa die Ebbelschissel rumgereecht ghadde hot, sin die Schtarrem aa schunn losgebroche. Mer kann sich leicht vorschtelle, dass der alt Vadder Aadam, wann er als e wennich mied warre iss iwwerm Bluugge un hot die Geil e bissel ruugge losse, dass er sich uff die Bluckshendel gelaahnt hot un so am Himmel naus gschielt hot un gewunnert, eb's schee Wedder noch aahalde deet, bis er der Hawwer drauss hett, odder eb's nau widder reggere wett, graad wann er's Feld so schee in Adder hett fer die Grumbiere zu blanse.

Zu sellre Zeit waare die Leit all Bauer odder Schaefer odder Yaegger un weil die Widdering so en wichtichi Roll gschpielt hot in all ihrem Lewe, kann mer gut verschteh, ass sie die Ohre gschpitzt hen un die Aagge uffghalde fer Zeeche. Vun der Sunn un em Mond un de Schtanne hen sie so nooch un nooch e wennich gelannt.

Die seem Zeit waare die Gediere aa am Lanne, wann sie am Beschde in ihrem Loch bleiwe deede, un wann's schicklich waer fer raus zu kumme fer Fuder suche. Die Gschwarrel hen ausgfunne, ass sie 's mache kenne, wann sie sich Niss eigraawe deede geegge der Winder. Annere iss es eikumme, wann sie sich im Summer meschde deede, bis sie so zwee, drei Zoll Schpeck uff de Ribbe hedde, kennte sie verleicht so'n halwer Winder schlofe unne wacker warre odder hungerich—un bei Galli, es iss ne geglickt. Deel die zu dumm waare fer ebbes zu duh deweegge, sin nadierlich verreckt. Hie un do kann mer ihre Schkelett noch finne in de Eisschwemm vun Siberia un so Bletz.

Es waar graad der seeme Weeg mit de Veggel un iewens mit em glenschde Ungeziffer. Die hen all lanne misse Wedderbrofeede warre. Un vun ihne hen die Mensche dann aa gelannt, bis in e dausend Yaahr odder so, so en gscheider alder Yutt der Weeg kumme iss, ass verzich Daag un Nacht Reggewedder vannenaus sehne hot kenne. Un wann's net gewest waer fer der Noah un sei Aldi un ihre siwwe Buwe un ihre Weiwer, dann waer verleicht ken eens vun uns do denowed.

Un so iss es fattgange um die Welt rum. E paar dausend Yaahr schpeeder hot en alder griechischer Hochschul - meeschder en Buch gschriwwe iwwer Wedderbroffezeihe mit 80 Zeeche fer Regge, 45 fer Wind, 50 fer Schtarrem, 24 fer glaar Wedder un 7 sogaar fer 's Wedder en gans Yaahr odder meh vannehaer zu brofezeihe. Un des Buch hen mer heit noch vun 300 Yaahr ver Grischdi Gebort. Harricht yuscht emoll zu deel vun de Zeeche ass sie selli Zeit schunn ghadde hen:

1. En roder Himmel maryets yuscht eb die Sunn uffgeht, bedeit Regge inseid drei Daag, verleicht schunn selle seeme Daag.

2. Wann die Sunn Schtraahle ziegt ,wann sie am Uffgeh iss odder graad devor, iss es en Zeeche fer Regge un aa Wind.

3-6. Wann en Grott en Baad nemmt odder en Ox sei vedderschter Huf schleckt, odder wann en Woi graad in en Baam nei fliegt un fangt bletzlich aa suche fer Leis, dann gebt's Regge. Aa wann 'd en Dausendfus sehnscht an der Wand nuff graddele.

7. Wann en Hund sich rollt, iss en schtarriyer Wind am uffkumme.

8. Wann, was die Englische en "hedgehog" heesse—nau sell iss net en Grundsau—es iss was die Deitsche en Schweinigel heesse (die Englische saage aa "porcupine")—wann so en Gedier ihr Loch in der Grund baut, macht's zwee Effninge—eens geegge Nadde un eens geegge Sudde; noh wann sie die Effning geegge Nadde zuschmirt, kummt en Naddwind; wann sie die Effning geegge Sudde zuschmiert, kummt nadierlich en Sudwind uff. Awwer wann sie die zwee Lecher zuschmiert, dann gebt's en hefdicher Schtarrem.

9. En Naddwind blost sich aus in re ungleiche Zaahl Daagge, so wie 1, 3, 5, 7, awwer en Sudwind schtobbt blose in re gleiche Zaahl—2, 4, 6, 8.

10. Wann du drauss bischt uff em See un sehnscht en gansi Latt Dischdelgfusser darrich die Luft schwewe, (Des halt nadierlich yuscht aus im Griecheland. Es iss en glee Land schier gans umringt beim See un iss ken Blatz im ganse Land mehner wie 25 Meil vum See. Es iss en maagger Land un iss schier iwwerall vol mit Dischdele), wann'd uff em See bischt un sehnscht so viel Dischdelgfusser darrich die Luft schwewe, dann deedscht besser em Land zu faahre—es iss en arriyer Schtarrem am Uffschteigge.

11. Wann die Schof un die Oxe sich Lecher gratze un die Kepp neegscht an nanner halde, wann sie sich hieleegge schpotyaahrs, dann gebt's en kalder, hadder Winder.

12. Wann die Schof un die Hinkel mehner fechde wie gemehnerhand fer ihre Fresse, mehn'ts ass wiescht Wedder am Kumme iss.

13. Wann en Laabfrosch maryets ver Sunnuff grext, dann gebt's Schtarrem.

14. Wann die Ieme net weit vun heem fliegge, iewens wann's Wedder schee iss, gebt's Schtarrem.

15-16. Wann en Wolf heilt un macht sich neegscht hie wu Mensche wuhne, iss es en Zeeche vumme Schtarrem; aa wann Meis fechde ver Schprau un schleefe sie noh rum haer.

17. Nooch me heesse Summer, gebt's en kalder Winder—sell laut wie do deheem, gell?

18. Wann die Grabbe zweemol en katzer Grisch ausgewwe un noh en dritter e wennich lenger—caw, caw, CAW!—so en Aart Morse code fer die Grabbe—noh gebt's Schtarrem.

19. Wann die Micke so beissich sin, gebt's Regge. Nau yuscht noch eens fer schee Wedder:

20. Wann en Ox odder en Hund sich uff die link Seit leegt, gebt's schee Wedder, awwer wann sie sich uff die recht Seit leegge, noh basse uff.

Awwer genunk vun sellem.

Nau 300 Yaahr schpeeder. Ihr wisst all, dass Jesus gut bekannt waar mit Wedderschprich. Im Evangelium Sankti Matthaei kenne ihr's lese im 16te Kabittel un im 2te un 3te Vaerscht.

DER WIND

Saag! heerscht du selli Zucht datt drauss?
Scheint mir, wie graad am Eck vum Haus!
Heer's alle Nacht, ball alle Schtunn—
Was brummt yuscht so am Hauseck rum?

Saag mir doch was sell iss, nau kummt,
Ass mir so in de Ohre brummt:
Verlejcht en Geischt im Zann iss drin,
Macht seller Larrem mit seiner Schtimm!

'S iss Owed schpot, der Daag is rum,
Unner die Sunn un dunkel die Schtunn;
Was kann dann so en Larrem sei?
Mach zu die Dier, sunscht kummt's do rei!

'S iss farrichtbar, die Zucht mer heert!
Des hot mir all mei Ruh verschteert.
Schpot in der Nacht, mit so me Zuck,
Ass macht der Larrem!—iss sell en Gschpuck?

Kann Dunkelheit en Gschpuck nau sei,
Ass dutt em so viel Angschte ei?
Der Klang devun em nunnerdrickt,
Ass mer ball Hystericks grickt?—

"Net Dunkelheit—nau sei net bang!
Ken beeser Geischt—s' iss net sei Zang;
Des iss der Wind, was macht die Yacht—
Er singt fer uns en freehliche Nacht."

1945 —D. Geo. Knecht

SPRICHWADDE

The following proverbs and sayings were culled from the late Rev. Charles A. Butz's play "Der Tschim will Parre warre", written some time before 1938.

Ee Bloovoggel macht als noch net's Friehyaahr.

Er hot de Leit die Lefitte (Leviticus) abgelese.

Er hot ne 's Heffli uffgedeckt.

Des reisst Graewe.

Wer lauert an der Wand
Heert sei eeggeni Schand.

Der Voggel kennt mer an de Feddere.

Die Fix hen all ee Satt Haar.

Wer ken Lutzer hot, laaft im Dunkle.

Die Yuchend muss gedobt hawwe.

In yedem Handwarrick schafft mer immer besser mit seim eeggene Gscharr.

Wer lang lebt, macht viel darrich un wer lang lebt, watt alt.

Mer henkt net alles an die Glock.

Es waxt net viel Grass unner ihre Fiess.

En luschdich Haz geht iwwer alles.

En gleener Zuwwer hot aa Reef.

Er nemmt ken Blatt fer's Maul.

Wie mer sich 's macht, so hot mer's.

Fer's Heemweh soll mer Kaffi darrich der Schpiellumbe seie un drinke, dann vergeht em's Heemweh.

Em Miller sei Sei sin fett, awwer mer weess net vun wem seinre Frucht.

Ee Keidel dreibt der anner.

Es fliegt en mannicher Voggel darrich de yunge Leit ihre Hann, ass ken Nescht nei baut.

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Editorials

More Play Areas

As Allentown's population increases and as its outer areas become more thoroughly developed it is logical that there shall be enlargement and improvement of existing public recreation facilities as well as development of new units. The public expects this as is evidenced in the activities of neighborhood groups when public development does not keep pace with population growth, for example the Trout Creek and Bird Street areas.

From City Hall come encouraging assurances that officialdom is thinking seriously about these matters. Plans are being made to increase and expand public recreation facilities and place them where they belong—in the heart of population where they will be easily accessible to the people.

Councilman Fenstermacher in recent days has reported his intention to build a wading pool for the tiny tots on the Fountain Park playgrounds and give them an exclusive play place in the element in which children find deep delight. This new pool is to take the place of the large unit of the former filter beds which were converted into one large swimming pool and one large wading pool, separated only by a narrow wall, on one side of which there was deep and the other shallow water.

The element of danger for little people in a wading pool with high side walls — six to seven feet — has long been realized. But Allentown did with what it had. It can be said that the Fountain Park pools, salvaged from an earlier operation of entirely different character, performed a very great service for a vast number of people over many years. Never were they a financial burden upon the city.

Now Mr. Fenstermacher proposes to unite the two units and thus double facilities for swimmers who, on the biggest or rather the warmest days of the summer crowd the pool to the number of more than a thousand. The little children will be tempted to seek the wading pool and stay away from the deep water from which in fact they must be absolutely barred.

Another progressive step which is calculated to serve more persons than ever before is the disposition which was manifested yesterday in the sessions of the Recreation Commission to have the City take over the Trout Creek Park from the organization of public-minded citizens who developed it and make it a part of the supervised play system.

The citizens of that area did a magnificent job in changing a jungle into a beautiful and highly useful play area. They saw the need for such an institution. With their brain and brawn and at the cost of a vast amount of time they provided an attractive place for the children and adults in that part of the city.

There are other recreation projects which still are in the planning stage but should be advanced as rapidly as possible. At least two more swimming pools and all their accessories are needed to round out a very nice system with units in just about all the far-flung corners of the city.

The public recreation system is tops among the many institutions for the people's benefit of which Allentown is both proud and happy. It must be kept there by constant additions and improvements.

Round up Assassins

In a splendid gesture of friendship, apology and regrets, President Munoz-Marin of Puerto Rico lost not a minute in taking a plane from his island home for Washington to see President Eisenhower immediately after the mass shooting in the Capitol on Monday.

Munoz-Marin better perhaps than any other man knew the absolute lack of grounds for any expression on the part of any of his people of dislike, hatred or malice against the United States and her leaders. He knows the vast amount of economic help and the great amount of cultural encouragement which have been given to his people by their big brother, Uncle Sam. He knows that his people do not want political independence for if that were so they could have secured it when they voted upon this very question not so long ago.

He knows, as the United States knows, that Puerto Rico has not become an Eden but he also knows that it is not the fault of the United States if improvement is not made more rapidly. And he also knows that compared with many parts of the world the state of his people is far better than that of many whose leaders are America's principal detractors.

President Munoz-Marin's swift expression of his nation's regrets has done much to mollify the American people. But it should not cause any easing of the search for every nationalist who has come north and, like the Nihilists of Russia in the days of the czars, and the Molly Maguires in our coal region in the '70's, is lying in hiding while awaiting the chance to carry out a plot of assassination. Likewise there must be no relaxation of efforts to prevent the emigration from Puerto Rico of any members of the gangs which in 1950 plotted to kill President Truman and on Monday shot up Congress.

Career Police Needed

The two Houses of Congress may be assuming some blame for the disgraceful and almost tragic episode on Monday when five Representatives were wounded by a gang of four assassins.

Now it is being realized that the police force which was being paid to keep order in the Capitol, and therefore to protect the lives of our legislators, was just about the most inept organization that one could imagine. Its ineptness has been due to the Congressmen themselves for they have accepted the police force for years as a nice soft spot in which to place political favorites and beneficiaries.

In all the reports of the shootings and of subsequent events there was little to show that the police force was on the job. This now is no surprise inasmuch as it is reported that jobs on the force have gone largely to men who are students in various institutions of learning in Washington and are working their way thru school. The jobs on the police force are merely a convenience and little of a duty. The police are more likely to be occupying some nook where they can do some studying than to be scanning visitors to the Capitol and picking out those who look dangerous.

So there is disposition today in Washington to end this farce — a police force which has little interest in its job outside of the pay check. What is needed is a police force of career men who have been trained for their jobs and take them seriously and know how to act swiftly and decisively in the event of emergencies. The existing force did none of these things on Monday. The members were not trained. They did not know how. They never expected anything like Monday's near tragedy.

Brace up for Cardinals

Reports from the baseball boosters who are making advance sales of tickets for the coming season of Allentown's Cardinals are discouraging.

The big wave of enthusiasm which rose during the early winter when organized baseball was reassured for this community has ebbed. Sales resistance and indifference have increased. There may be cases where even the ardor of salesmanship has cooled or has become a bit wearied.

Whatever be the cause or causes it is important that new life and energy be manifested in the campaign that will assure the Cardinals they are heartily welcomed on their return to this city. Most important it is that the general community spirit shall be warm to this enterprise.

It is going to be a very nice thing thruout the coming spring and summer to be able on almost any day to spend a few hours in the enjoyment of classy baseball, in a beautiful and comfortable ball park and amidst the excitement and good spirit that hangs like an aura around the national pastime.

On Turks and Mules

The Army has been sending mules to Turkey. A shipment of 806 which just set sail from New Orleans is the last of 5,100 which have been turned over to the Turkish Army for use as mountain pack animals pursuant to the military aid program.

Were the beneficiary and country other than Turkey this mass importation of muli Missouriensis could be revolutionary.

For there is a deeply ingrained conviction among folk in the valley of the Mississippi that while all domesticated animals subtly mold the personalties of their masters, the mule is without a peer at this mastermolding business. He possesses a will power superior to any of his human associates and an intelligence the equal of most. He has a sense of humor, remarkable fortitude, a vengeful eye, a lethal hoof, and he can't be bullied.

There are those who believe that to such proximity to the mule can be credited many of the best qualities of Mark Twain, John J. Pershing, Omar Bradley, and Harry Truman and some of the worst of Jesse James.

It is plain, therefore, that no nation can expect to absorb a sizable quantity of these formidable quadrupeds with impunity. Something is likely to happen to the national ethos, and the good people may wake up some fine morning to find that they aren't quite the same any more.

From what we hear about them, the Turks needn't worry. The mules will merely, shall we say, reinforce their national character. Now we're beginning to wonder about the mules. Christian Science Monitor

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 6, 1939, a Wednesday.

Members of Herbert Paul Lentz Post, American Legion, held their "Lehigh Cement Night" at post headquarters. Commander Luther G. N. Kunkle presided. Speaker was Russel S. Stofflet, of the service department of Lehigh Portland Cement CO.

The Iron "Fence"



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Well, they had five members of the Senate subcommittee instead of one on the job — as recently recommended by President Eisenhower.

They had a "code of fair procedure" — also as recommended.

The witness, Dr. Marvin Sanford Belsky, now in the Army, was represented by counsel — also as recommended.

Facts of Meeting

There was no "brow beating" of anybody. And yet the facts turned up at the Thursday hearing of the committee of which Sen. McCarthy is chairman are these:

1. Dr. Belsky, an alleged Communist, refused to answer the Army's questions about whether or not he was a Communist.

2. Dr. Belsky declined to tell the committee whether he aided the Communists in any way while in the Army.

3. Dr. Belsky was not granted a promotion, though he applied for a commission, and he was never given any official reason for that refusal.

So it turns out that all the talk about how hard it was for the Army to keep Dr. Irving Peress, dentist, known to the Army as a Communist, from being promoted from captain to major or from being denied an honorable discharge was a lot of baloney.

Discloses Three Points

Yet it didn't take the testimony of Dr. Belsky alone to prove that point. Charles E. Wilson, secretary of defense, came back to town and opened up with a free-swinging press conference that disclosed these unpleasant points:

1. That the Army could have found a way to prevent Maj. Peress from getting a commission and that a court-martial could have been ordered.

2. That he ordered the 21 Americans who refused repatriation in Korea to be court-martialed when Army lawyers were debating whether he could order a court-martial.

3. That, while legislation to keep Communists from getting honorable discharges or commissions would be helpful, the secretary of defense doesn't need it. He said: "I know how to get the Communists out of the Army without legislation if I have to."

Then Mr. Wilson said that, while Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens was technically responsible, he knew Mr. Stevens had done the best he could with a "tough situation." As for the handling of witnesses, Mr. Wilson didn't think they should have to face "any such situation," namely, vigorous cross-questioning by congressional committees. What may be inferred, or course, is that the Army should be able to put officers on the witness stand who knew the score in such cases and thus avoid embarrassment for commanding officers who merely carry out orders that the legal branch of the Army gives them.

Deserves Sympathy

In all this, the position of Mr. Stevens, secretary of the Army, is deserving of real sympathy. He was out of the country while most of the row about Dr. Peress was going on. And, when he came back, he stated frankly that whatever errors had been made would be corrected and that certainly a way should be found to rid the Army of Communists and keep any of them from getting honorable discharges. But he had not read the Zwicker testimony when he made his later comments about witnesses not being represented by counsel. He had not read what Gen. Zwicker had said that exasperated Sen. McCarthy. He didn't know that the Army had not sent counsel to the hearings.

The whole episode is replete with the aggressiveness of an interested press. Reports ran back and forth from one controversialist to the other, paraphrasing comments in the haste of news gathering. The latest example was on Thursday when Secretary Wilson's comments were carried back to Sen. McCarthy, who, without being advised of the entire statement by Mr. Wilson, impulsively let out a blast against what he thought was an unfriendly criticism by Mr. Wilson.

One wonders how much the country would be spared the kind of cat-and-dog-fight atmosphere it is reading about in the press if each of the principals would take time enough to read the official stenographic record of these hearings and the full texts of statements and then issue calm and deliberate statements rather than resort to off-the-cuff comments. Speed in gathering news can in this instance bring a disservice to all concerned, though the press is not to blame if public officials cannot restrain their comments and instead blurt out answers to questions that had best be deferred till they have all the facts.

So far as the politics of it all is concerned, it is to be noted that the Stevenson-Truman supporters in Congress and elsewhere have been active in fomenting for some time the idea of a break between the President and Sen. McCarthy. Just why the President must be held responsible for the public statements of all Republicans is a mystery that can be explained only by the knowledge that the White House amateurs don't know how to deal with the professional troublemakers who egg them on to get the President to denounce the Wisconsin senator repeatedly. One way to take the sting out of the Communist issue which is bothering the Democrats so much is to try to discredit the man who has dramatically exposed laxity in handling Communists in government.

What the Republicans who know their politics realize, of course, is that McCarthy, the man, may be disliked by his critics and enemies, but the issue which he raises is bigger than any man. To alienate Sen. McCarthy is not difficult for the White House to do but to alienate some 15 million to 20 million voters who, according to recent public-opinion polls, agree with his views is to court political disaster. Many Republicans can do as they have done in the past — stay away from the polls. To the zealous followers of a leader on an emotional issue, there is no length to which an internal party squabble cannot be carried. The lesson of the third party and the 1912 Republican split surely has not been forgotten.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER ROBBIE IS TZRUICK:

Sei lebdawg hens Lester Miller's fon g'shwishich Northampton un Kresidersville so'n awganaimer hund kot wie sie alla weil ainer hen—der Robbie. Sis 'n kollie hund, etlicha yohr alt, un woh der Lester tzwae yohr tzurick kauft hut on da Krumsville auction, fer tzwonsich cent. Rote in farab, un er is grawd so awganame, os wie aw shae.

'M onnerra Mondawg nommy dawg hut der Lester bisnis kot in Kesslersville, un die weil os der Robbie nix besser gleich'd tzu duh wie mashine fohrra, hut er der hund mit ganumma. In Kesslersville hut er die dier on da mashine uf shtae lossa, die weil os er gonga is fer 'n mon sucha, un hut der hund gons un gore fergessa. Der Robbie uf kours hut gadenk'd die weil os die mashina dier uf shtae dade, wears ol recht fer aw wunner gae, un wie er is.

'S hut gore ken lang ganumma fer der Lester ous finna os der mon woh er om sucha wor dafor, on ra kola yard shoffa dade nagshd on Bushkill park shier, on da blei pencil facktory. Unna denka on sie hund, is er uf die mashine, uns lond unna nous noch da Bushkill, allas os er gae hut kenna. 'S wor net bis er drunna fartich wor blauderra os er on der Robbie gadenk'd hut, un is widder die finf-sex mile tzurick noch Kesslersville g'fohra, so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna.

Der Lester wor shure der hund wear noch aryads darta rum, ow'r wor husht naryads tzu finna. Er is alla waiga rum har g'fohrra, un endlich hame mit ous 'm hund. Dahame uf kours is er net gute aw kumma wie er g'sawt hut der Robbie wear ferlora—die Grace hut gabrill'd, un so aw die yunga—'s wor aeland imhaichda grawd wohr ever os der Lester onna gaguck'd hut.

Dinshdawgs is er widder ons sucha, un so aw Midwochs—hut so gore tzwae mashina tank fol gas ferbrent fer freeda dahame halta, da Grace un da kinner weissa, os er om brovierra wear fer der hund sucha. Er is ol iwwer in Martins Creek, Belfast, Tatamy un Kesslersville rum g'fohrra, un woh er ebber sehna hut gae odder shtae, ut er g'shtopt wunnerra eb sie net ungfare 'n fremmer hund sehna hetta shpringa.

Fiel hen 'm g'sawt sie hetta fremma hund g'sehna, un ae drup yunga, worra shure sie hetta 'm Lester sei ferlorner Robbie g'sehna kartz dafor, un hen awfonga peifa. Wie der hund kumma is, wors 'n drei baenicher Airdale, os shun sei beshda dawga g'sehna hut kot. Tzu wissa os die Grace un die yunga shun fer tzwae nochta net g'shlofa hetta, hut der Lester net uf gewwa, un endlich ous gamocht fer nonner noch da kola yard fohrra, woh er onna wor der mon sucha os er sehna hut wolla.

Now m'r sin shure os ol die same maining hen wie mier aw kotta hen wie der Lester uns die g'shicht da onner dawg fertzailt hut, wie m'r ob g'shtopt hen fer 'n fendu ad griega. Mier hen gadenk'd der Robbie het der waig hame g'funna, un wear owets dahame gawest wie der Lester tzurick kumma wear. Sel ow'r wor net der fol. Wie er nunner noch da kola yawd kumma is nagshd on Bushkill Park, darta hut der Robbie nava om eck g'shtonna, so drauerich wie won er ken freind het in da gonsa welt. Der Lester ow'r hoerra "Robbie," greisha, wor ol os der hund habreich'd hut fer 'n uf wecka, un wor in paar hups un da mashine.

'N fraw nagshd darta hut g'sawt, selar frem hund wear 'm Mondawg owet darta onna kumma, un net fom blotz weck—der blotz woh der Lester 'm Mondawg g'shtonna hut blauderra mit 'm mon os er gonga wor sehna uf bisnis. Der hund sheinds, mus da shpoor noh sei fon Kesslersville noch da kola yard, un hut darta die shpoor ferlora, un gadenk'd er dade mohl weil worta—un wie er aw hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Morya hen m'r 's tzwet shick im Call Chronicle fer denna awenich mit helfa, os gleicha dada fer larna Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetza.

Today's Text

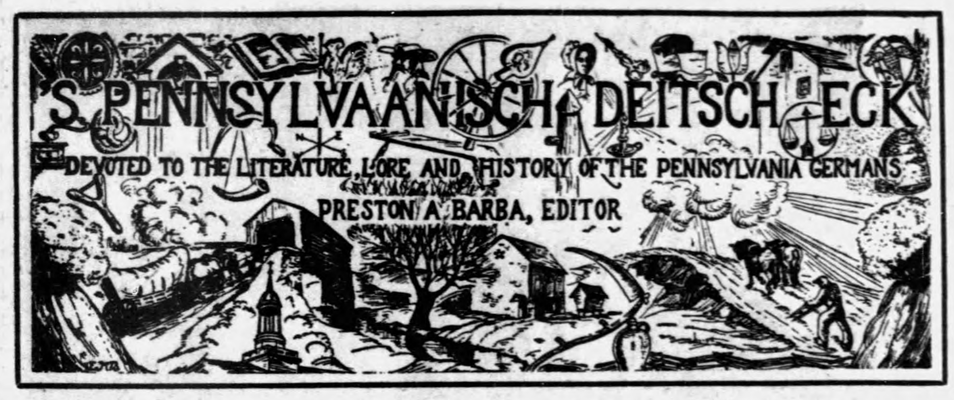
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 20:31-35

Paul continues his exhortation in view of his warning concerning false teachers. 'Therefore be alert, remembering that for three years I did not cease night or day to admonish every one with tears. And now I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you the inheritance among all those who are sanctified. I coveted no one's silver or gold or apparel. You yourselves know that these hands ministered to my necessities, and to those who were with me. In all things I have shown you that by so toiling one must help the weak, remembering the word of the Lord Jesus, how He said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Thus he closes his parting address with a saying of Jesus not found in the Gospels, and the only one thus quoted in the rest of the New Testament. Out of the spirit of this quotation have come institutions of mercy and all helpful ministrations to others. How unselfish Paul was. He sought the souls of men and not their property!

Horoscope

Many beneficial changes may be in store for you, so go confidently ahead with your plans. Today's child may be of a genial, jovial nature.



THE CHIMNEY CORNER

What pleasant recollections
does this little word unfold!
Here in chilly, rainy weather
met the young as well as old,
To warm their livid fingers
or to thaw their frozen toes,
As they stood upon the open hearth
to dry their dripping clothes.

In this good old-fashioned fireplace,
in size four feet by ten,
Was placed a bench along the end,
where we sat cozy then.
There the fire burning brightly,
neath tripod on the hearth,
Gave light and heat to warm us by
and filled our souls with mirth.

There I see the fire-dogs standing
in a pair against the wall,
With the fronts of polished metal
and for heads a brazen ball;
There the Yule-log burning brightly
sends the sparks upon the floor,
While the brazen-headed fire tongs
hang against the open door.

There on the pivot swinging
leans the crane against the wall,
With it's long arm reaching
outward over fireplace and all;
Ah! that dear old chimney corner
with its wide and open hearth,
Where we children played together,
there was always joy and mirth.

Now the crane is swinging outward
and on the arm is placed
The large bright copper kettle,
while the arm is firmly braced;
Then another copper kettle
on a chain is placed close by,
On a level with the other,
while the crane is swinging nigh.

All the stumps along the hillside
were uprooted in the Fall,
And were carted to the woodpile
to be split with wedge and maul;
In the cider mill were apples
crushed—a heavy wagon load,
While from the heavy press
in a stream the cider flowed.

A cedar tub was placed beneath
to catch it in its fall—
The delicious apple cider
which was relished by us all;
Some bags of sweetest apples
from the orchard home we'd haul,
While the stumps upon the woodpile
now were cleft with wedge and maul.

Now why all this preparation?
some of you might wish to ask.
I will tell it to you gladly
for it is a pleasant task;
These good old-fashioned customs,
how I love to think them o'er—
The days of joy and happiness
full fifty years or more.

Just give me your attention
and I will to you explain,
Why all the lads and lasses
were invited to remain;
For the apple-butter-stirring,
in the good old-fashioned ways,
In the dear old chimney corner
on the open fireplace.

The copper kettles hanging there
were filled with cider sweet,
From the cider house with buckets,
(it was just across the street)
The fragments of the seasoned stumps
were brought and placed beneath—
Soon the smoke was curling upward
in a huge and graceful wreath.

There I see the tripod standing
on the level hearth of brick;
And the frying-pan upon it
with a handle long and thick;
Into the frying-pan with lard
I see my mother pour
The batter through a funnel,
with a handle as of yore.

Now I watch the funnel moving
as it circles round and round,
While the funnel cake is forming
like a rope that's being wound;
I see the batter swelling
in its round and graceful coils;
And I see the cake now browning
as the heated lard now boils.

There I see the iron kettle
on a chain hung o'er the fire;
And I see the flames leap upward
while the smoke is rising higher;
Now I hear the pot-pie boiling
in the kettle there once more,
And I see my mother toiling
as she ever toiled before.

Then we had another frying-pan
with legs like tripod, high,
With a handle long and slender
in which the sausage she would fry;
Or the mush of yellow corn meal
with aroma sweet and rare,
Which was fried upon the open hearth
with mother's usual care.

A dozen country lasses
in their aprons white and clean,
Around a huge tub seated
with apples might be seen;
These were pared and cut in slices,
and of cores were cleaned with care,
By the merry country lasses
who sat laughing, talking there.

Now the cider fast was boiling
in the chimney corner there,
While the sound of merry voices
sweetly sounded through the air;
To the music of the violin
with freshly rosined bow
Joined the merry lads and lasses
in the light fantastic toe.

There was incessant humming,
and a constant stir and flutter,
Some were playing, others dancing,
others stirring apple-butter
With a narrow wooden ladle,
on a long and slender pole,
Which was kept in motion constantly
to agitate the whole.

Just as the day commenced to dawn
their pleasant task was done;
This ended their amusements all,
and all their glorious fun;
Then round the open fireplace
the boys and girls were seen
To crowd around the open hearth
and lick the kettles clean.

Ah! the dear old chimney corner
I must leave it with regret,
With the fond associations
that I never can forget;
Should my erring feet far wander
to some dark and lonely shore,
In my memory will I cherish it
forever, ever more.

Boyertown, Pa., Jan. 4, 1892. ONKEL JEFF

Sixty years have passed since Onkel Jeff (pen-name for Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, widely known Boyertown physician) delineated the above homely scenes of his Pennsylvania German childhood. The above verses are found in Vol. II of his "Reminiscences of Youth and Other Poems", 1906.

PENNSYLVAANISCH HOCHDEITSCH

Im neinzehte Yaahrhunnert hen unser Voreldre do in Pennsylvaani newwich em Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch un em Englisch aa Hochdeitsch gschwetzt, un gheert in de Kaerriche un gelese in ihre Zeidinge. Sell Hochdeitsch waar awwer ken Hochdeitsch wie sie's im alde Land gschwetzt un gheert hen ghatt. Es waar graad so amerikaanisch wie's Englisch amerikaanisch waar, un sie hen sich graad so amerikaanisech gfiehlt, wie selli Leit wu yuscht Englisch gschwetzt hen. Awwer Hochdeitsch wie sell hot mer yuscht in Pennsylvaani heere kenne, un fer sell heesst mer's am beschte Pennsylvaanisch Hochdeitsch.

Un nau will ich eich en Schtori in sellem Pennsylvaanisch Hochdeitsch gewwe, en Schtori, ass Enos Benner am 19. Hanning, 1834 fer sei Zeiding, Der Sumneytown Bauerfreund, gschriwwe hot. Fer die Leser, wu es net ausmache kenne, hawwich die Schtori aa ins Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch iwwersetzt.

Eine gute Story

Vor kurzem lebten in einem der gebirgigten Gegenden das westlichen Virginiens zwei Brueder namens George und Jakob Fulweiler, wie auch ein Mann namens Henry Schneider. Alle waren reich un jeder eignete eine Muehle. Henry Schneider war zuweilen nicht recht bei Sinnen, ohne deswegen jemand beschwerlich zu werden. Er bildete sich nur ein, er waere der Regierer des Weltalls und wenn der Anfall an ihn kam, baute er sich eine Art vor Thron, worauf er sich setzte und die Anklagen gegen alle anhoerte, welche ihn beleidigt hatten, wonach er sie zur Hoelle oder zum Himmel schickte, wie es ihm gerade einfiel. Dabei stellte er den Richter und den Angeklagte zugleich vor.

Eines Tages verfielen die beiden Fulweiler und Henry Schneider in Streit, und Letzterer nahm, um sich zu raechen, sein Buch, worin er seine Urteilssprueche einschrieb, und bestieg seinen Thron, um ihre Sachen zu untersuchen. Man konnte ihn folgende Urteilssprueche passieren hoeren.

Nachdem er sich gesetzt hatte, rief er die verschiedenen Parteien und antwortete auch zugleich selbst fuer die Angeklagten:

"George Fulweiler! Komm vor; was hast du in der unter Welt getrieben?

"O Herr, ich weiss nicht."

"Well, George Fulweiler, hast du nicht eine Muehle gehabt?"

"Ja, Herr."

"Well, George Fulweiler, hast du niemals zu viel Muellerlohn genommen?"

"Ja, Herr, ich habe; wenn das Wasser niedrig und meine Steine stumpf waren, habe ich ein wenig zu viel genommen."

Well, George Fulweiler, dann musst du zur linken gehen unter die Boecke."

Well, Jaeky Fulweiler, nau komm du vor! Was hast du in der Welt unten geschafft. (Hier ging das Verhoer wie vorher, und der Angeklagte hatte dasselbe Schicksal).

"Nau will ich mich selbst verhoeren . . Henry Schneider, steh auf! Was hast du in der Unterwelt gschafft?

"Ach, Herr, ich weiss nicht."

"Well, Henry Schneider, hast du nicht eine Muehle geeignet?"

"Ja, Herr."

"Well, Henry Schneider, hast du niemals zu viel Muellerlohn genommen?"

Ja, Herr, ich habe; wenn das Wasser zu niedrig und meine Steine stumpf waren, habe ich ein klein winzing Bischen zu viel genommen."

"Aber, Henry Schneider, was hast du damit angefangen?"

"Ach, Herr, ich hab's den Armen gegeben."

Hier dachte er ein Weilchen ernsthaft nach und sagte dann:

"Well, Henry Schneider, du musst zur Rechten gehen, unter die Schafe . . . aber es ist ver— . . . mt teit mit dir gegangen."

Die Iwwersetzing

En paar Yaahr zerick hen im Baerrig in West Virginia zwee Brieder gelebt, wu George und Jakob Fulweiler g'heesse hen, aa en Mann Henry Schneider gheesse. Sie waare alle drei reich un en yeders hot en Miehl ghatt. Der Henry Schneider waar dann un wann en bissel iwwergschnappt, awwer net ass er ebber ebbes Letztes geduh hot. Er hot dann un wann die notion grickt, er waer der Ruler vun der gans Welt, un wann des so iwwer ihn kumme iss, hot er sich als so en Aart Thron gebaut, hot sich druff gsetzt un hot die Cases vun all denne Leit gheert, wu ihm ebbes Wieschtes gsaat odder geduh hen ghatt. Dernoh hot er sie in die Hell odder in der Himmel gschickt, graad wie's ihm eigfalle iss. Debei hot er geaekt, ass wann er der Judge un aa der Plaintiff waer.

Ee Daag iss er in Streit kumme mit de zwee Fulweiler un fer revenge griegge hot er sei Buch genumme, ass er geyust hot fer die decisions neischreiwe, un iss uff sei Thron gstiegge fer die cases investigeede. Mer hot heere kenne, wie er die decisions gewwe hot, wie mir nau verzeehle wolle.

Er hot sich gsetzt un hot dann die differente partys gerufe. Die gans Zeit hot er die answers fer der judge un aa fer die plaintiffs gewwe.

"George Fulweiler! Kumm du nau vor. Was hoscht du datt drunne in der Welt geduh?"

"O Herr, ich weess net."

"Well, George Fulweiler, hoscht du net en Miehl ghatte?"

"Ya, Herr."

"Well, George Fulweiler, hoscht du nie zu viel Millerloh genumme?"

"Ya, Herr, wann's Wasser nidder waar un mei Schtee waare schtump, hawwich en bissel zu viel genumme."

"Well, George Fulweiler, dann musscht du noch links geh zu de Geessbeck." Noh hot er gsaat:

"Well, Jaeky Fulweiler, nau kumm du vor! Was hoscht du datt drunne in der Welt als gschafft. (Do iss die examination yuscht so gange wie vorhaer un der plaintiff hot die seem sentence grickt.)

"Nau will ich mich selwert exaemine . . . . Henry Schneider, schteh uff! Was hoscht du datt drunne in der Welt gschafft?"

"Ach, Herr, ich weess net."

"Well, Henry Schneider, hoscht du net en Miehl ge-eegnet?"

Ya, Herr."

"Well, Henry Schneider, hoscht du nie zu viel Millerloh genumme?"

"Ya, Herr, ich hab; wann's Wasser zu nidder waar un mei Schtee zu schtump, hawwich en glee winsich Bissel zu viel genumme."

"Awwer, Henry Schneider, was hoscht du mit sellem Geld aagfange?"

"Ach, Herr, ich hab's de aarme Leit gewwe."

Dann hot er en Weil aernschthaft kunsiddert un endlich hot er gsaat:

"Well, Henry Schneider, du musscht noch rechts geh zu de Schof . . . awwer es iss verdammt teit mit dir gange."

—Contributed by Ralph C. Wood.

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Editorials

For Accurate Spelling

The fourth annual Spelling Bee contest, completed on Thursday night, now is history after having aroused the widest interest and participation in the three years during which accurate spelling has been encouraged in this public manner.

The Call-Chronicle Newspapers take particular pride in this event first, because of the large number of participants (more than 28,000 in 1954) and, second, because it is a stimulus not only to the many thousands of children but to the faculties of our schools and therefore to the entire cause of education.

A mass benefit is being achieved thru this emphasis upon good spelling. It emphasizes for all our young people that since there are both correct and incorrect ways of doing anything and everything it is the part of sound common sense to do the correct thing.

As educators point out concerning formal studies, all are tools for man's use. Just as hammers and saws, drills and planes are tools by which man shapes wood and metals to his ideas and purposes, so reading, spelling, penmanship, composition, mathematics and all other studies are man's tools for carrying on communication and work with his fellows.

The good mechanic wishes to keep his saws, planes and chisels sharp. The better the mechanic the more certain it is that his tools constantly are kept in perfect condition.

Young people who are in school are now getting their basic training for their life-time contacts and communication with their families, friends and society in general. They should now be learning how to sharpen the tools with which they will make themselves understood now and in the future.

The Spelling Bee is an old established institution which did a great deal for education of the American masses in the earliest days of public education. Its widespread revival in the Lehigh Valley thru the annual Spelling Bee again is serving our young people and our community well. It has encouraged teachers and students. It has served to focus attention on a phase of education upon which business and society place heavy demands and from which they expect much. It gives promise of doing a great deal to produce better spellers in general in the schools and reduce the complaint which American business and industry and our colleges have freely voiced: "Modern children do not know how to spell."

The Lehigh Valley's congratulations go out to Ronald Long, the Perkasie schoolboy and to Elizabeth Warmkessel, the Emmaus schoolgirl who were respectively grand champion and runner-up. They made a grand contest right down to the finish line and completed the most successful Bee thus far conducted by the Call-Chronicle Newspapers.

Uranium Bubble Burst

Announcement on Thursday by the Atomic Energy Commission that its hunt by air for uranium in west central New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania has been unsuccessful pricks the bubble of hope which had been widely entertained in Bucks county that something better than oil wells shortly would be yielding fortunes down yonder.

Announcement came following reports of the systematic coverage by air of a vast area. For twenty-five days flights were made by scientists equipped with the most modern devices to detect radio-active ores. A scintillometer, a device which is said to be more sensitive than a Geiger counter, was installed upon the plane which flew over the country in a gridiron pattern at a height of between 75 and 100 feet.

An almost completely negative report was made by the scientists: "No new uranium occurrences." But, it is added: The reports "have provided information of use to geologists studying the entire region."

Even the positive part of the report is nothing to get excited about.

Slate Boys Up a Rung

Those mighty "Blocks of Slate" ("Slabs" would be more pleasantly alliterative), the Slatington High School basketball team of just five doughty athletic warriors, did it again on Thursday night when at Hershey they beat out the brilliant St. Clair team in an extra period.

Now that they have won the District 11 championship for the first time in the school's athletic history, they go on to meet a strong team from Chester in the Philadelphia Palestra next Tuesday.

For the best reason in the world the Slate Boro's people are elated. And they can be mighty proud too for seldom it is that a team, practically without reserves, is able to attain such heights in the fierce competition which is provided on the basketball courts of Eastern Pennsylvania.

The Slatington boys have displayed courage of the highest order. The wish of the Lehigh Valley is that they will continue their climb of the Pennsylvania basketball ladder when they go to Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Buying to Resume

Reduction of figures of employment during the past six months has disturbed American business as well as the American people who want jobs and wish to feel secure in their employment from day to day and month to month. Any reports of shutdowns and layoffs bring shudders. Any reports of resumption of employment bring hope for another good business year. Any favorable economic signs swiftly are grasped for hopeful interpretation.

As is well known, manufacturers thruout the country during last year and ever since the ending of the Korean fighting have been reducing their inventories. This was done either thru reduced buying or by cessation to buying. Such buying naturally affected production in other businesses and the current recession was further advanced.

Change in this trend can contribute to a brightening of the economic picture. This is likely to occur, according to "Purchasing," a national magazine for purchasing agents, which recently made a survey among this important group of businessmen.

According to this survey, a large majority of the purchasing agents of the country believe that the adjustment of inventories to immediate industrial need has about run its course. In other words, inventories now are in sound balance with production schedules and normal buying can be resumed.

More than five hundred purchasing executives participated in the survey which touched industries in all parts of the country. They are the men responsible for buying the parts, materials and products used by leading manufacturing concerns. Sixty-six per cent of this group have responsibility for actual inventory control in their companies. The balance do the buying that keeps inventory in proper balance.

Eighty-two per cent of the purchasing agents say their companies have established definite policies for inventory reduction. Sixty-nine per cent indicate they have set a goal for higher inventory turnover in 1954. Almost all (96 per cent) report that suppliers' inventories are sufficient to support lower inventories at buyers' plants.

These are the reasons back of the recent decline in inventories, they say: greater availability of goods, shorter lead time, possible price declines, pessimism on the business outlook. Over a third (35 per cent) look for a further downward trend in inventories during 1954, while 24 per cent say there will be no change. Thirty-eight per cent say it "depends on business conditions."

Can't Keep Them All

These are rough days for relics.

Four historic ships of the United States Navy seem destined for the scrap heap and, despite a $10,000 pledge from a British film producer, the house in New York's Greenwich Village where Mark Twain once dwelt still stands under the shadow of the wrecker's crane.

This is all sad, but perhaps a little less sad when taken in perspective. Every historic ship cannot be made a monument. Nor can every house in which a luminary once lived or every tree under which a Revolutionary hero paused to mop his brow be preserved for posterity.

The nation has preserved the Constitution to recall the days of "wooden ships and iron men"—an era to which the Constellation also belongs. The Olympia and Oregon, both of Spanish-American War fame, need not both be kept. But the Hartford is the only memento of the naval operations of the Civil War.

We hope that Greenwich Village will be able to save the Mark Twain House. But Missouri has preserved his birthplace and appropriately marked it. The Tom Sawyer House draws visitors by the thousands to Hannibal. The octagonal summer house and study, reminiscent of his early married years and in which he wrote much of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," overlooks the campus of Elmira (N.Y.) College. Hartford (Conn.), where he lived for 30 years and where his early major works were published, maintains his great, rambling residence as a museum and library.

If we must be selective, we need not be too badly off. Christian Science Monitor.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of March 13, 1929, a Wednesday.

Ideal pre-spring weather favored the Chamber of Commerce window shopping night, Tuesday, as thousands were attracted to the business district to view showing of new fashions.

Gurney Afflerbach was elected exalted ruler of Allentown lodge of Elks, succeeding Fred A. Weibel.

Horoscope

A year of steady progress is suggested for you. Born today a child may have a very sensitive nature, so that self-reliance and an independent spirit should be fostered.

Back to the Bush Leagues?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The Columbia Broadcasting system and the National Broadcasting Co. have both made a serious mistake in judgment by denying the right of reply to a United States senator in a controversy of public interest in which he is a principal news figure.

For many years now attorneys for the broadcasting companies have rightly been contending in the courts that radio is entitled to the protection of the "freedom of press" clause in the Bill of Rights of the Constitution. Everywhere that reporters from newspapers are admitted, the radio networks have sought and in most instances have been granted admission on an equality with the press.

For two major networks to claim the privileges of the press and yet to deny their obligation to give a controversial figure the right of reply when he is attacked on their networks is a bad precedent on the record which will plague them for years to come unless—and there is still time—they reverse their recent decision.

Free Always, or Not at All

The networks have a legal right to deny Sen. McCarthy free space on the air. He cannot successfully force them to do so by court action, because the right to decide what shall be put on the networks belongs solely to the broadcasting companies and no government rule would be constitutional which held otherwise. Even the requirement of law stipulating that during political campaigns the opposing candidates or parties must be given equal time is of doubtful constitutionality. Either the radio is free from government censorship and dictation all the time or not at all.

But, precisely because the two broadcasting companies between them control the program time of most of the radio outlets in America, they have a responsibility to use news judgment just as the newspapers do. What an outcry would come from persons of all political faiths if a newspaper chain suddenly announced that it would not allow any of its member newspapers to print the reply of a United States senator who is attacked by another speaker in the columns of those newspapers.

Those who have commented that it is fair enough to give Leonard Hall, chairman of the Republican national committee, the right to select a spokesman to reply to Adlai Stevenson's speech before the Democratic party dinner at Miami a week ago are forgetting that there are three sides to the controversy provoked by the Stevenson speech. Also, when newspapers or radio begin delegating their right of news judgment to the head of any political party, they are conceding that they are no longer independent but are subservient to others outside their own organization in selecting their news. It is, of course, a convenient device and at first glance would seem to relieve the networks of some embarrassment, but it is transparently an abdication of news judgement. Nor does it satisfy fair play when, once having granted time without cost to one speaker, they shunt the person attacked over to commercial sponsors on the paid advertising side to make his reply. It will be a sorry day for liberalism in America when, in order to get a chance to express himself on the radio, a United States senator must ask favors from those corporations wealthy enough to buy radio or television time.

The Stevenson affair in Miami, of course, was an out-and-out political meeting, and the broadcasting companies would have been justified in the first instance in requiring that the time be paid for by the Democratic national committee. Then they would have been on solid ground if they insisted that any replies should also be paid for. Once they opened the door by giving free time to speakers at a $100-a-plate Democratic party dinner, they were obliged to give the same privilege to any persons attacked on that program, and Sen. McCarthy was certainly attacked by Gov. Stevenson.

No Substitute for Newspaper

The danger to the radio broadcasting companies is that they will unwittingly persuade many millions of Americans that they are not on a par with the press at all and that, to get all sides of the news, there is no substitute for the American daily newspaper. This would be a serious loss of confidence in the networks. Anybody with money enough to buy a printing press and hire a staff can publish a newspaper. But it takes a license from the federal government to start a radio station. A government - granted monopoly should be especially mindful of the public interest.

For it is obvious that there are not two but three views involved in this latest controversy. They are the Stevenson side, the Nixon side — which, it has been publicly announced, will not defend McCarthy — and the defense which the Wisconsin senator himself is entitled to make because of the use of the theme "McCarthyism" in the original attack.

While the broadcasting companies have a legal right to pick whatever speakers they desire, they can hardly answer persuasively the criticism which will be visited upon them that they do not deal with the news on its merits, but on some arbitrary rule of their own which has the effect of suppressing one side of an argument.

(Copyright, 1954)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

WORDS

Words are vehicles of thought;
Sentences of them are made.
Use them carefully we ought.
Feeling is by speech displayed.

Feeling is by speech displayed.
Words should not be thrown away;
Meaning out of them is made
Both by how and what we say.

Sentences our throughts reveal.
Dead are words if they are slurred.
Save that what we say we feel,
Wasted is the spoken word.

Words are dangerous, as we know.
Oft by them are friends misled.
Even that small word: "Hello"
Should with joyfulness be said.

(Copyright 1954)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Kay Halle tells of a crisis that occurred when Victor Hoo, brilliant Chinese Deputy Secretary General of the U. N., was requested by a friend to look up a beautiful Texas girl who was arriving in New York and was registered at the Waldorf. Mr. Hoo arranged a dinner date via his aide and her secretary. He arrived at the designated hour and knocked on the door, which was opened by the Texas beauty. She asked him to wait and disappeared. A moment later she returned and — handed him a bag of laundry!

A pair of pickpockets saw a man counting a fat roll of bills and followed him all the way to his lawyer's office without finding a chance to make contact. "Let's hang around the entrance and nail him on the way out," proposed one. The other, however, who had been in the racket longer, reminded him, "When he leaves his lawyer it will be too late to frisk him. We'll wait for the lawyer!"

The diameter of the planet Jupiter is about 11 times that of the earth.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT 'N BULL G'FONGA: Fon old da fisher leit os m'r sei lava noch k'hoert hen dafon, glawwa m'r wariclich net os ebber besser gaduh hut os wie der Roy Heffelfinger fon Walnisport, wie er die onner woch 'n bull g'fonga hut in Louisiana. Der Roy wor mit da dochter Marlene, un ihr'm mon Arnie Troxell fon Eagle Point, noch New Orleans fer die dochter Shirley p'sucha, k'hiert tzum Antoine Charamie, fon dart drunna.

Nadierlich worra sie gonga fers Mardie Gras sehna, ow'r sin aw etlicha mohl nous fisha. Sis sols wosser woh sie worra fisha, "bayou" denk ich hais'd m'r sellie shtrawm wosser, dief, ow'r net braid. Sie fonga gardfish (catfish) ungfare tzwae, drei foos long, oft mohls tzwonsich, dreisich uf ra trip. Niemond wie shwartza essa sellie fish, un shmeissa sie immer tzurick nei.

Die "bayous" sin wie in shwam, un woh fie drin is. Uf 'm nous waig fisha, sin sie gons nagshd on tzwae bulla hee, un woh sie yusht so shtar aw gaguck'd hen. Owets wies om dusher werra wor, sin sie hame un hen widder gons nagshd on da bulla ferbei gae missa. Ainer is 'n shrit odder so fohr kumma, un der Roy hut nous galong'd mit seinra fish gart fer 'n ob wairra. Sel duh, is sei ongel om end fon da line 'm bull omma harn hanka gabliva, un die g'shpass hut g'shtart.

Eb der Bull g'shpiert hut wos g'shaina wor, odder eb er 'm Roy sei guck net gaglicha hut, kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, der bull hut die flucht ganumma, un 'm Roy sei reel hut awfonga singa wie die line nous is, shier wie won er 'n wolfish halt het. Der Charamie hut gagrisha, "Pocket knife, pocket knife, who's got a pocket knife to cut the line." Niemond hut ow'r 'n sock messer handich kot, un tzu gleich is der bull shtae gabliva un hut der Roy aw gaguck'd — so fiel os wie tzu sawga, "Hey duh, wos gait aw doh."

Der bull hut der kup noh g'shitt'ld un die ongel is lose kumma, un die fish line is uf der budda g'falla. Die welt shure wor 'm Roy ferlaid fer 'n kartzie weil, un wor net gons shure os er may ol in aim shtick tzurick tzu seinra Alma kaimt in Walnisport. Der bull hut sich ow'r erbarm'd, un der Roy mit freeda galust, un won aenich ebber, aenichie tzeit, ebbes graisers wie sel g'fonga hut mit line un ongel dada m'r gleicha tzu hoerra dafon.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

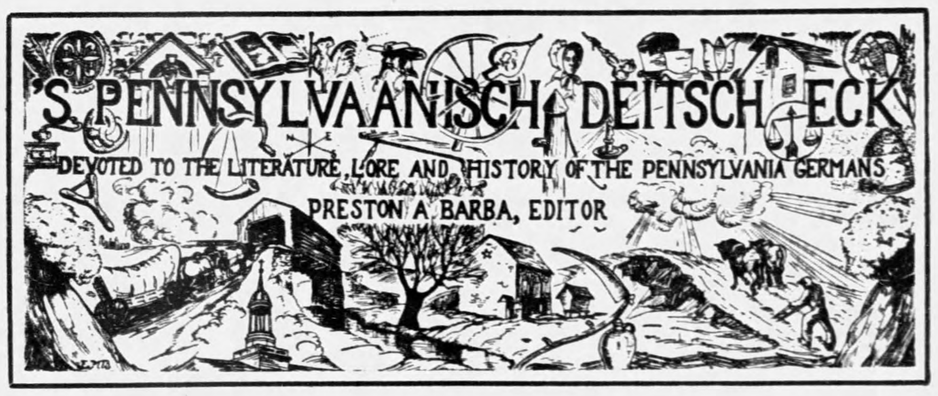
Morya wie, fer die ledshda tzwae wocha, hen m'r wenich ebbes fon Pennsylfawnish Deitscha socha im Call-Chronicle — 'm Pumpernickle sei waig, soicha woh nix wissa fon unserra shproch, larna Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetza.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 21:33-38

The Roman captain came up to Paul, thinking that he was the cause of the riot; so he ordered him to be bound with two chains and demanded to know who he was and what he had done. It was the duty of the Roman soldiers stationed throughout Palestine to maintain the peace, exactly as our state police are constantly on call. Since the multitude was a real mob from the psychological standpoint, no one could really answer the questions of the captain, for Paul had in no way done anything contrary to law. So the captain ordered him to be brought to his headquarters or office in the castle near by. As they mounted the stairs, the mob overwhelmed the soldiers who had to carry Paul in order to protect him from the crowd which was demanding his death. Under the stress and strain of the situation, Paul asked the captain for permission to speak to him. The captain was evidently surprised to learn that Paul was speaking Greek, thinking, as he said, that he was an Egyptian who had previously created a disturbance by leading a gang of murderers into the country outside of Jerusalem, probably as rebels against the Roman government.



RIEWE

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

"Kollerawe un Riewe,
Die hen mich vertriewe,
Hett mei Mudder Fleesch gekocht,
Da wer ich bei ihr gebliewe."

THIS little verse from the Palatinate, or some variation of it, is still heard in Pennsylvania—a reminder of peasant life in Europe when meat was scarce and turnips plenty. More than any of our other vegetables, cabbage and **riewe** appear in our folk rhymes, beliefs, tales and sayings, because they were the chief vegetables and were foremost in the thoughts of our ancestors. A steady diet of turnips does not sound very pleasant, but our ancestors must have seen the brighter side of life as nearly all expressions referring to **riewe** have a humorous angle to them.

When a person makes a trade and ends up at the short end of the bargain, it is said, "er hot aus gemacht wie seller wu riewe gerobbt hot mit em deiwel"; of a person who is heard snoring the saying is "er kocht riewe"; an amateur musician is jokingly asked to play "sel schdick wu's farmjahr ken riewe gewwe hot"; when a matter or situation is all confusion it is "darchnanner wie graut un riewe"; a popular tale often heard is that of the finicky pastor who had dinner with a rural family. Although the fare was plain, the table was laden with a large variety of food as was usual on such occasions. However, as the various dishes were offered the pastor passed them by with "nay, ich saak dank". As the story goes, the situation became quite embarrassing, and even more so when a small son of the family piped up with "browier der alt ketzer mol uf riewe".

There are a number of root crops in which **riewe** appears as a part of a compound name. **Geelriewe,** or carrots, have never been very popular among our Pennsylvania German people. **Rotriewe,** or red beets, have always been popular with us. However, **riewe,** or turnips, belong to a different family of plants, the same family to which cabbage and radishes belong. Infrequently they are called **weiseriewe,** from the High German, **Weisze Ruebe.** There are also what are called **steckriewe,** or rutabaga, but these have never been grown to any extent among the Pennsylvania Germans. The paragraphs that follow pertain to just plain turnips, or **riewe.**

The origin of the turnip is not known, but it is believed that at one time it grew wild over most of Europe. It was known to the ancient Greeks and the Roman soldiers that invaded what is now France and Germany found the Gauls already cultivating turnips for cattle fodder. Turnips as a crop do better in a cool climate and as a result turnips were grown mostly in northern Europe, and particularly in France and Germany. The French brought the turnip to America at a very early date. Jacques Cartier, the French explorer of the St. Lawrence River, mentioned sowing turnip seed in Canada in 1540.

In Germany at a very early date turnips became a part of the almost daily diet of the poor people. Bock, the herbalist, in the middle of the 16th Century, wrote that turnips and cabbage were "die fuernemste Speisz der arbeitseligen Leut"—in the same century, an English herbalist said "The roote of the Turnep is rounde and white, some greater, some smaller. They eate most kindly, and are often seene as a dish at good mens tables; but the greater quantitie of them are spent at poore mens feasts".

In just what manner turnips were prepared for the table in the early days we do not know but a 17th Century garden book says they were eaten whole, or cut up in soup, or as a salad, but mostly as a cooked vegetable, and the tender sprouts that grew on the turnips stored away for the winter were considered a great delicacy. The accepted way of cooking turnips among us Pennsylvania Germans is to boil them with potatoes and a piece of good beef. One can hardly be blamed for turning down the mashed turnips that are sometimes offered at restaurants. Turnip sprouts have also been known to be used among our people but **riewesupp** belongs to the forgotten past. An old English farm book, "Gleanings of Husbandry" (1803), mentions a "turnip" bread: "when the dearness of all sorts of corn (in 1693) occasioned many people to make bread of them; they took the peeled roots and boiled them in water until they were soft, then strongly pressing out the juices, they mixed them with their weight of wheat-meal; and adding salt, yeast and warm water, they kneaded it up as other paste, which having lain a little while to ferment; they ordered and baked it as common bread". According to an old German farm book (printed in Nuremberg in 1687) turnips were cut up like cabbage and salted away in barrels like sauerkraut for winter use. The same book says that the turnip tops and the outer leaves of the cabbage were packed away with a little salt in hogsheads to be used as cattle fodder—the first silos?

Although turnips are now considered only as a food for man or beast, people three or four hundred years ago believed what the herbalists preached, namely, that every plant has a medicinal or curative use. According to Brendle and Unger in "Folk Medicine of the Pennsylvania Germans" some of these remedies were still in use in recent years—the juice of mashed turnip, mixed with sugar, is believed good for a cold, and grated turnip is an ingredient of a poultice for gangrene. Gerarde, the English herbalist, said, "the broth of the turnepe is good to be poured upon gouty members. But ye turnepe it selfe, broken, and layed to, is also for the same." The ladies may be more interested in another use cited by Gerarde, "It also serveth for scouring oyntments and sopes for the beautyfyeing of the face".

Although the turnip is a biennial, occasionally a freak plant goes to seed the first year, especially in a dry season. Such freaks Gerarde called "Madneps" and warned his readers of the danger of eating such a turnip—"The Turneps that floure the same yeare that they are sowen, are a degenerat kind of evil qualitie in causing frensie and giddiness of the braine".

About a plant as common as a turnip it is natural that there should have been many ideas as to how to raise the best crop. Most of these center around the best time to sow. Turnips are generally considered a fall crop, but with favorable weather a spring crop may be grown. Rhagor, a Swiss writer on gardening (Berne 1650) said, "late turnips take care of themselves, but whoever wants early turnips must take special care of them". Felber's "Haus Land und Wirtschaffts Calender" (Frankfurt 1740) told its readers to sow the early turnips in March "in Neuen Monden".

For the fall sowing no two writers seem to agree. The same Felber calendar says the second (fall) sowing may begin any time "nach der Heiligen Margareth" (any time after St. Margaret's Day, July 13th) but particularly recommends "St. Jacobi" (St. James' Day, July 25th). This calendar also says the onions should be pulled on St. Laurentius (August 10th) and suggests a crop of turnips can be raised in the same ground. According to Fogel's "Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans", "der riebsume saet mer uf der Peterkett oder Laurenzius"—Peterkett refers to "Petri Kettenfeier" (St. Peter in Chains, August 1st) and Laurenzius is August 10th, as already mentioned. A resident of Emmaus just the other year mentioned "Husse Daag" (July 6th, the day on which John Huss was burned at the stake) as the proper time to sow the turnip seed. An old issue of the "American Agriculturist" quotes an English adage, "twenty-fifth of July, sow turnips, wet or dry".

The turnip served one more useful purpose—one which must not be forgotten—that of predicting the weather! According to an old belief the depth to which the turnips rooted was the depth to which the ground was going to freeze during the coming winter, accordingly predicting whether the winter was going to be mild or severe—"Man glaubt so tieff die Rueben in die Erden wurtzeln so tieff gefriert es den nachfolgenden Winter; aus diesem ist abzunehmen ob ein linder oder starcker Winter zu gewarten sey".

So much for folklore—now for a practical view. As already mentioned, the ancient Gauls were aware of the use of turnips for cattle fodder. Old German farm books made much mention of this, but the practice does not seem to have crossed the Channel into England until about the middle of the 17th Century. Franklin's "A History of Agriculture" (London 1948) says "Turnips had been grown as a vegetable in the garden for some years, but it was not until about 1660 that Sir Richard Weston showed how turnips and clover could be used as food for sheep and cattle. This was an enormous step forward, because with the arrival of turnips on the farm it was possible to grow a crop on the fallow field".

Weston's advice did not take hold very rapidly and it was almost the middle of the 18th Century before turnip raising became almost a rage in England. American agricultural societies and farm papers in America at the beginning of the 19th Century copied nearly all their ideas after English and Scottish agriculture and the turnip received full treatment. Farm journals and books were filled with extravagant statements such as "the turnip culture effected as great and beneficial a revolution on British husbandry as the introduction of the steam engine and spinning jenny effected on British manufacturers", "The failure of the turnip crop would be a greater blow to the nation's (England's) properity than the failure of the Bank of England" "the turnip crop is to be considered as the foundation of improved husbandry in England", etc. In America, most of these arguments fell on deaf ears for a number of reasons, the principal one being that here Indian corn could be raised as a field crop and this is not possible in England.

There were however a number of well-to-do American farmers who liked to experiment, that went into the raising of turnips and reported crops of from 500 to 800 bushels per acre. Included among such farmers was George Washington who at one time ordered 20 pounds of turnip seed from England, enough to sow at least ten acres. Also, Thomas Jefferson developed a six-year system of crop rotation—clover, clover, turnip, oats, pumpkin and barley. This sounds amusing to a modern farmer, but it merely goes to show how agricultural knowledge and ideas have changed.

As far as the Pennsylvania German farmer was concerned, he probably never heard about the English turnip rage and if he did it may have amused him, because it was all about something that had been handed down to him as common knowledge for generations. As a matter of fact just as the turnip reached the headlines in the farm journals the Pennsylvania farmers were already turning to more practical crops for conditions as they existed here—clover and timothy hay and Indian corn.

David Shultze, in his diaries, makes frequent mention of his turnips. He usually sowed an acre or more, some times on the days mentioned above as suitable for sowing turnip seed, but more often on any day during the last third of July and the first half of August. On his crop he is not as specific as he is on his grain crops, but one year he hauled home "11 loads". In 1780 his crop was an entire failure, although he seeded twice, and he ended up with sowing the turnip land with barley and wheat. After that year he mentioned turnips only once and Indian corn and potatoes apparently gradually took their place.

Attempts to make the turnip popular in America continued until about the time of the Civil War. As an indication of how much interest had been created, Burr's "Field and Garden Vegetables of America" (1863) listed **forty-five** different kinds of turnips. In contrast, one of the most popular seed companies in their 1954 catalogue list **six** kinds.

Of course there are no crop statistics for those days, but from Rupp's "History of Berks County" we learn that in 1838 there were 1510 acres of turnips sown as a separate crop in that county alone. The "turnip fly" was very destructive however, and as there was a belief that this insect was less harmful if the turnips were sowed between rows of other crops, our farmers generally followed the practice of sowing turnips in their corn fields. Just when this custom originated is not known but in 1837 a Philadelphia seed merchant tried to sell his turnip seed by asking the farmers, "Would it not be well for our farmers, after giving their corn a last dressing, to sow turnip seed among it?"

Who does not remember walking through a corn field on a brisk autumn day, pulling up a turnip, whipping out the pocket knife, slicing and eating a nice sweet turnip? That is all changed now. Modern farming has no place for turnips. Perhaps harvesting corn by machinery has made a field cluttered with turnips a nuisance—besides silage has made turnips obsolete as fodder for cattle.

While writing these paragraphs I got a desire for a meal of good boiled turnips. The first two stores had none for sale. At a third store I bought a few pounds at the rate of $5.00 a bushel. A year ago a farmer friend, who is still old-fashioned enough to sow a few turnips, told me his crop was gobbled up at $2.00 a bushel. At these prices, and with the fact that turnips are low in calories, eating turnips may yet become fashionable!

P. S.—Liewe frau, wann dei mann sei abbedit ferlore hot fer die schleckerei was mer heitichdaaks in de kochbicher find, browiere en mol uff riewe.

Royersford, February, 1954

DIE BESCHT ZEIT

Mer schwetze vun alte Zeide
Un denke gaar net draa,
Die Zeit watt net elder noch yinger.
Yuscht mir warre alt un groo.
Sie zeehlt ihre Yaahre bei dausend,
Die Welt, un watt net alt;
Mir zeehle sie yuscht bei zwansich,
Un die vergehne bald.

Deel meene die Zeit waar besser
In ihrer Yuchend. Nee,
Sie waare yinger, gesunder,
Un do waar alles schee;
Yetzt sin sie ausgewore,
Yetzt sin sie mied un satt.
Un die Welt scheint schlimmer wie frieher,
Un lidderlich un matt.

Froog yuscht emol die Yunge,
Die hen en anner Lied.
Die ihrich Zeit iss die beschte,
Do sin sie all agried!
Un ich glaab wull dass sie recht hen,
Un yedes Alder aa;
Das iss yedenfalls die beschte Zeit
An unserer Yuchend nah.

—Louise A. Weitzel

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Editorials

Horrendous H-Bomb

Reports out of Washington and dissertations by various columnists upon the recent testing of a new hydrogen bomb in the far reaches of the Pacific Ocean indicate growing demand upon the Government for more facts concerning the "unbelievable destructive power" of this new weapon.

Very soon after the bomb was set off Japanese fishermen, who were 90 miles from the center of the blast, were seriously affected. This indicated that the bomb had deadly effectiveness in an area of over two thousand square miles. Later came report that fishermen fully 800 miles away had been affected by radio-active ashes while the latest report is that such effects were felt 1200 miles from the blast. If this latter story be true then effects of varying degree were felt over an area of more than four million square miles.

Perhaps the most emphatic demand for the spread of information about the explosion comes from Congressman Holifield of California who made an official visit to the site of the test and has just returned to this country. He is sure that the American people have not yet comprehended the awful power of the H-bomb. He believes that the curtain of secrecy should be lifted to give more official information about these tests.

Instead of more information, the probability is that many people want to hear less about this frightful discovery and invention by man for his own destruction. One wonders what we need to be told in addition to what we already have learned from the experience of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in order that we may fear and depreciate the terribleness into which the race with Russian development of both A and H bombs may be plunging us.

There certainly will be no discouragements to our Atomic Energy Commission to continue their research work and development until there can be positive assurance that the arms race has been ended by the common consent of nations. This must include Russia of course for she is the vital question mark in all such matters. There will be no apologies for use of these terrible weapons if they be required to prevent our own destruction and to prevent the further enslavement of people in vast areas of the world.

Possession of a power that can wipe out everything in the area of thousands of square miles very well may be able to counterbalance preponderant armies numbering millions.

The sense of possession of this incredible power must be having a lot to do with the so-called "New Look" in defense preparations in Washington under which armed forces are being reduced in numbers. There is apparently no fear by our military leaders that the new bombs will turn out to be a Maginot Line upon which we will permit our defenses solely to be based.

But certainly the peoples of all this world should know, as well as our own, that warfare promises to be so frightful in the future and so all encompassing that nations should at long last "beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruninghooks"; that "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

An Approach to Peace

More than three months ago in a sensational speech before the United Nations General Assembly, President Eisenhower made the proposal that all the nations, which are working with atomic power and therefore with fissionable materials, establish a working alliance to develop the atom for peaceful uses.

To this end he proposed that all the nations make contributions of fissionable atomic materials to a common pool or "international bank" from which they could be drawn for beneficent use.

The idea was immediately hailed with the highest praise by the smaller nations. It was presented to Russia by our ambassador to Moscow. The cagey commies asked for a concrete plan. Yesterday Secretary of State Dulles on behalf of our Government handed such a plan to the Red representative in this country.

Unless the Reds dally around with this matter until it be too late, this approach to understanding and cooperation in developing peaceful use for atomic energy, which shall be available to a world thirsting for more power and the good things of life which it can bring, could be the entering wedge for achievement of the highest purposes of the United Nations and of lovers of peace thruout the world.

It appears that the greatest reservoir of power can be opened for man's use. It will be a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the nations if that power be employed only to destroy one another.

House Passes Tax Bill

When the House of Representatives on Thursday passed the tax bill which had been recommended by President Eisenhower it was only after two roll-calls which differed widely from each other and thus might have caused some brief confusion in the public mind.

On the first vote a Democratic proposal, which called for wider slashes in taxes, was defeated by the narrow margin of only six votes, 210-204. The terms of this measure undoubtedly would have been supported by President Eisenhower if it could have been shown that, despite tax reductions the budget could be balanced and no increase be made in the national debt. The President repeatedly had indicated that his goals include continuance of economy measures, accompanied by tax reductions. But it cannot all be done at once, much as we undoubtedly would like to have it that way.

On the second vote, when the President's program was adopted, the vote was 339 to 80, showing that a vast majority of the membership recognized the realities of Government when the real test came.

It will be a convenient thing for a lot of the members of the 204 group on the first vote — and they include Republicans as well as Democrats — to tell their constituents during the forthcoming congressional campaign that they voted for a bigger slash in taxes than ultimately was directed. But their better judgment and their patriotism prompted most of them in the final analysis to vote for the President's proposals. They want to enable the Government to keep operating on income instead of upon borrowed money which almost certainly would lead to further inflation.

Public Payroll Grows

State and local government has become the expansionary force in the public civilian payroll in recent years, more than offsetting the drop in the number of Federal jobholders in the period, according to data compiled by the U. S. Bureau of the Census.

Over the last year, for example, the figures show that Federal civilian employment declined by about 200,000 as the result of the Administration's drive to cut out waste and inefficiency in the Federal establishment and to help bring the budget closer to a balance. State and local employment rose by a comparable number and held the total public civilian payroll at a record level above seven million jobs. Part of the State and local rise was in school systems to meet the needs of an expanding population.

Since the end of World War II, the number of Federal civilian jobholders has shown a net decline of approximately one million but the number of State and local employes combined has expanded by a half million more than this. As a result, the public payroll now accounts for one out of every nine civilian jobs in the country, exclusive of the Armed Forces. This is a higher proportion than at any time on record except for 1944 and 1945, and it compares with a ratio of one public jobholder for approximately every 13 in the civilian work force in 1940.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

MARCH 20

We're getting into spring again,
The birds are on the wing again.
The sturdy little snowdrop white
The ice has broken through.
And, though it still may snow again
And bitter north winds blow again,
The tulips and the daffodils
Will blossom soon anew.

The robins tread the lawn again,
The thrushes sing at dawn again,
The trees are bursting into leaf
And April's drawing near.
And whether soon or whether late,
Winter his throne will abdicate
And all his troops of ice and snow
With him will disappear.

Beneath the gentle sun and rain
Soil-washing will be done again.
Busy about her tasks all day
Will Mother Nature be.
She'll lovely make the world once more.
Set lilac blossoms at the door
And leave a beautiful bouquet
On every apple tree.

(Copyright, 1954)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

One of the interesting phenomena of life in midtown Manhattan is the vacationing movie queens who come for a vacation, vowing that they want no publicity whatever—just "would like to be ordinary human beings like everybody else for a few days." The procedure they adopt to achieve this praiseworthy end is worth a moment's study. One modest violet draped herself in a full-length sport coat, belted loosely in the middle, that was made (so help me!) of genuine ermine. "Why does everybody stare at me so?" she cooed wonderingly. . . Another went horseback riding in Central Park, and just opposite the Bird House in the zoo proceeded to do a head stand—on the saddle. (She wasn't wearing too much underneath, either.) She professed outrage when a cop ran her in, presumably for disturbing the geese. . . Another self-effacing star made such a point about wanting absolute privacy, that reporters and press photographers took her at her word. She went back to Hollywood in a huff three days later.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 20, a Wednesday

The girls of the Hamilton Preparatory School delighted an audience of several hundred persons last evening with their presentation of three one-act plays in the Woman's Club auditorium.

Members of the championship Lehigh University wrestling teams were guests of the Bethlehem Lions Club at a meeting Tuesday at noon in the Hotel Bethlehem.

A regional grange masters and lecturers conference for Lehigh, Northampton, Carbon and Monroe Counties will be held in the Lutheran Church Chapel at Aquashicola tomorrow.

Horoscope

Business should steadily improve as the year progresses. Today's child may be fortunate in having influential friends.

The Life of Christ

By BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Satan Spurned; Bread Alone Not Enough, Christ Says

CHAPTER VI

(Yesterday's installment told of Christ's early life—His childhood recorded acts of obedience (to his Heavenly Father and to His earthly parents) and of His 18 years in the role of village carpenter. In answer to why so long a training for so brief a ministry, Bishop Sheen points out that Christ waited until the human nature He had assumed had grown in age to full perfection, that He might then offer a more perfect sacrifice to His Heavenly Father!)

Very few today believe in the devil. This is exactly what the devil wants. He is always circulating the news of his death. The essence of God is existence, and He defines Himself as: "I am Who am."

The essence of the devil is the lie, and he defines himself: "I am who am not."

Satan never has to bother with those who do not believe in him;



If you are the Son of God, "Turn these stones to bread."

they are already his. But he has a lot of trouble with the saints who are constantly and literally sending him to hell. Satan keeps thousands of devils stationed on monastery walls, but only one in a large city. There are probably some places where the devil sleeps, because he has no work to do.

The devil has used many in our western world to convince us that there is no hell—a thing rather hard to believe, when there is so much evidence for hell around us. He has used the Communists to try to convince us that there is no God; they have failed to do this, but they have convinced us that there is a devil.

Three Temptations

The temptations of man are easy enough to be understood, they always fall into one of three categories: they are either temptations of the flesh, such as lust; or of the mind, such as pride; or of things, such as avarice. Though man is buffeted all during life by these three temptations, one or the other is more frequent during certain periods of life. It is during youth, that man is most often tempted against purity and inclined to sins of the flesh; in middle age, there is a sublimation of the flesh and the temptations begin to be those of the mind, such as pride and the lust for power; in the very autumn of life, temptations very often center about avarice and the possession of material things. Seeing the end of life is near, one strives to compensate for doubts about eternal security or salvation, by piling up the goods of earth as an economic security. It is a common psychological experience that those who have given way to lust in youth are often those who sin by avarice in their old age.

Good men are not tempted the same way as evil men, nor the Son of God Who became Man, the same way as a good man. The temptations of an alcoholic to "return to his vomit," as Scripture puts it, is not the same as the temptation of a saint to pride, though one is no less real than the other.

In order to understand the temptations of Christ, it must be recalled that at the Baptism by John, when He Who had no sins identified Himself with sinners, the heavens opened, and the Heavenly Father declared Christ to be His Beloved Son. Then Our Lord goes to the mountain and fasts for forty days, after which "He is hungry," in a typical understatement of the Gospel. Satan begins the temptations which revolve around the question: How is He to fulfill His high destiny among men? The problem is to win men. But how! Satan has an idea of how this might be accomplished, namely, by getting Him to forget His name is "Jesus" or "Saviour."

Satan's Approach

The human flesh, which He had taken upon Himself, was not for leisure, but for battle. Satan saw in Jesus, an extraordinary human being Whom he suspected to be the Messiah and the Son of God. Hence the prefacing of each of the Temptations with the the conditional "if." If He were sure He was God, he would not indeed tempt Him. But if He is One Who claims to be God, then he will lead Him into other ways of treating with the sins of mankind than the way that God would choose.

Knowing Our Lord was hungry, Satan pointed down to little black stones that resembled round loaves of bread, and said to Our Lord:

"If thou art the Son of God, bid these stones turn into loaves of bread."

The first temptation of Our Blessed Lord was to become a social reformer, and to give bread to the multitudes in the wilderness who were finding nothing but stones. The path of social amelioration without spiritual regeneration, has been the one temptation to which important men of history have most succumbed. But to Him, this would not be adequate service of the Father; there are deeper needs in man than crushed wheat, and there are greater joys than the full stomach.

The evil spirit suggest: "Start with the primacy of the economic! Turn your Churches into social clubs! Forget the supernatural! Does not my commissar go into classrooms today, and ask children to pray to God for bread? And when their prayers are not answered does not my commissar feed them? The dictator gives bread; God does not, because there is no God, there is no soul; there is only the body, pleasure, sex, the animal, and when we die, that is the end."

To that temptation, Our Lord answers:

"Not by bread alone doth man live, But by every word that proceedeth From the mouth of God."

(To be continued Monday)

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

This will come as a surprise to many a governor. But, as a result of recent high court decisions, the states have no power to regulate or control strikes, boycotts or picketing — and that includes mass picketing.

This is true even in emergencies such as the cutting off of milk or bread supplies.

The states, their governors and their courts can act only if there is picket line violence. They cannot interfere unless the strike is against one of the very, very few businesses which can be proved to be strictly local and which have absolutely no relations to interstate commerce.

The specific local character of a business is difficult to prove. Even office skyscrapers have been ruled in interstate commerce.

Changes Plans

Furthermore, it can be authentically reported that the White House has changed its plans, which formerly called for a special presidential message urging that the states be given power to regular strikes and picketing.

President Eisenhower reversed himself during private White House conferences because of the opposition of his secretary of labor, James Mitchell. This cabinet member fought any further concessions to the states. As a result there is a deadlock behind the scenes — and, at least for the moment, Mitchell's views prevail.

So the whole operation is bogged down. Without a message from Ike, Congress itself won't move to give the states the power they've been seeking. This, therefore, can become a substantial victory for labor.

Reason is that the Supreme Court has ruled that the states have no power to act on the labor front where the jurisdiction conflicts with the Federal Taft-Harley Act.

The courts have even knocked out the Pennsylvania anti-sedition law. This is another example of the narrowing of the powers of the states.

Without further White House pressure, the stalemated situation means that many a factory and many a municipality will be in a shadowland area over which no one force or authority has power.

Conjecture, for example, about a milk strike which cuts off all supplies from a city. The strike is peaceful, but bitterly deadlocked. Under this situation other unions can refuse to transport and distribute the milk. Yet, because the dairy industry is interstate, neither the city nor the state can move.

Even though the strike comes under the federal law, it is not a national emergency—but a local one. The federal government, therefore, has no power to move in. The crisis, then, is in the hands of the warring labor and management officials. Their reason alone can prevail.

Move in Only One Area

The state can move in only one area — that's on the public utility front. If an emergency threatens because a strike has cut the supply of gas, electric power or water, the state can act — but only if it seizes the public utility plants. It cannot move against the strike, the strikers or the pickets. It can operate the utilities — if it can find workers to go through the lines.

However, this means that many a governor or mayor will be faced with surrender of his own belief that it is wrong to seize private property.

There are just a few leaders of industry and labor who are aware of what has happened so swiftly on this front in the past weeks. These industrialists have been pressuring the White House and Congress for action. President Eisenhower's current decision against bidding for an increase in state authority over labor comes just as the National Chamber of Commerce is demanding that, "states should be free to implement all their labor laws in such matters as strikes, walkouts, picketing, boycotts and enforcement of valid collective bargaining contracts."

The nation's top labor leaders, who have been in touch with Secretary of Labor Mitchell, whom they consider their best friend in the administration, are quietly delighted with the deadlock inside the White House.

But the quietude on the Hill soon will be smashed.

The maverick House Labor committee is planning to bring out a labor bill which includes returning broad powers over unions to the states. The Senate Labor committee, on the other hand, will reflect the current White House views. Congress will, therefore, be deadlocked. There will be no new labor law to replace Taft-Hartley.

And no powers for the states.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IM MARRICK FER 'N SHUBKERRICH: Yar bei jupps, won der Carl Loch un sei fraw die Lila fon New Tripoli, net im marrick sin fer 'n shubkerrich —un ol darrich 'n grossie truck load misht. Der Carl un die Lila sin arrick fer gardla, un weil sie wissa os misht noch kem gorda shawda gaduh hut, hen sie 'n grossie truck load gaarder'd, un woh die onner woch kumma is.

Die Lila, woh ufgabrocht wor im shodda fom Shpitza Barrick hinnich Kempton drous, un der Carl woh ous 'm Locha Dahl kumt, hen yaders ihra aignie maining wie der misht uf der gorda duh. Wons uf der Carl aw kumma wear, het er der truck midda in der gorda backa lossa fer der misht ob lawda—ow'r net so die Lila. Ihra maining is, misht dade fiela grofticher werra won m'r 'n shtick waigs bei shlaifa mist, un hut 'm kerl woh 'n gabrocht hut g'sawt, er sot 'n ob lawda uf da onner side fom hous—so os sie 'n shubkerrich howwa mista fer der misht in der gorda shoffa.

Oy duh welt wos hut der Carl shun gablauder'd, ow'r die Lila is shure won sie aw 'n shubkerrich laina mista fer der misht in der gorda shoffa, os sie des yoh wunnerbora socha raisa. Un arbadich noch so, won sie die blonsa—ungfare wie die alt sawg ols wor os m'r mist fer raddich un gummerra raisa. Alla kern os m'r shtecka dade, mist m'r sawga, "So long os my ohr'm, un so dich wie my bae," noh gaibts raddich un gummerra so dick wie offa rohr.

'N FISH LEICHT: War in da welt het gadenk'd os es ebbes gewwa maich'd wie 'n fish leicht —ow'r sel is wohrhoft wos sie doh net long tzurick kotta hen in Florida. Un so weit os sel aw gait, worra aw paar gute bakonta leit dabei fer die leicht halta—niemond shunshd os wie der Sid Peifly un der Al Hacker doh fom Call.

'S wor der Sid os der fish dawgs dafor g'fonga hut—'n fartsich pund fish os nix nutz wor fer essa. Da nagshda morya hen sie noh ous gamoucht fer der ketzer bagrawwa, un hen 'n leicht k'halta. War Porra wor kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r der Al hut sich ob gewwa ols der kishd'r, odder ewwa wie der English mon sawga dade, "sexton." Wie sies loch gamocht hen kot in der sond, hen sie der fish shae ei gawick'ld in tzeitinga, un hen 'n in sei ruh galaig'd, un tzu g'shebt.

'S worra 'n lot onnerra darta fer die fish leicht ei nemma, 's airsht mohl ferol os m'r wase, os 'n fish sella waig bagrawwa is werra in Florida. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wolla die boova die socha aw net hous howwa—un hetta fermuthlich nix ous g'funna dafon won net ains fon unserra Fegelcher grawd on selra tzeit owwa driwwer g'floga wear.

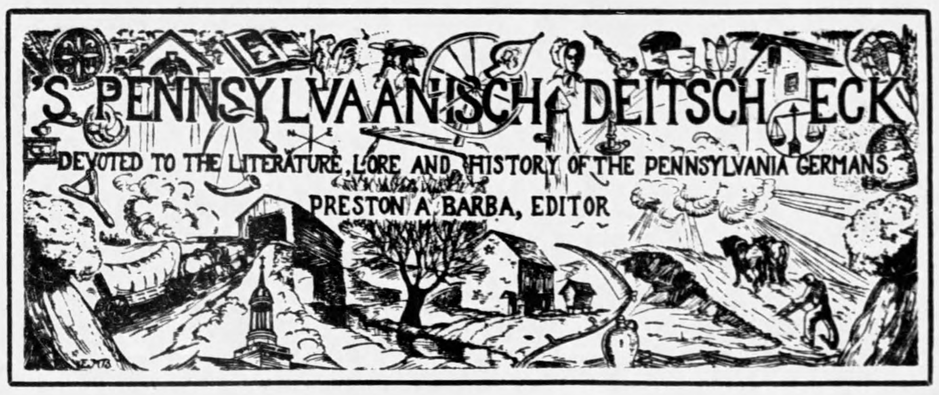
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S Hayden Peters fon Newside worra aw tzwae wocha in Florida, un hen numma gawinsch'd wie sie dahame worra, sie weara tzwae wocha langer gabliva.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 23:1-5

Paul is now beginning his defense before the council (the Sanhedrin). His first statement: 'I have lived before God in all good conscience until this day,' was apparently offensive to the high priest, Ananias, who commanded those who were standing near Paul to smite him on the mouth, characteristic of conduct in eastern rather than in western courts. Paul reacted to this in peculiar words, for he prophecied that the one who had given the command would be smitten by God, which actually happened six years later, according to the historian, Josephus. Paul called him a whitewashed wall, a common expression for a hypocrite (Seneca, for example, uses it, and so does Jesus in Matth. 23:17). Paul does not hesitate to state that such smiting was contrary to law. People standing by asked Paul whether he should thus criticize the high priest. Paul then says that he did not know that it was the high priest who had given the order. Perhaps in a crowd, and with somewhat impaired eye-sight, he did not recognize the high priest; at any rate, he seems to apologize for criticizing a ruler of the people.



DER EWIG YAEGER

The Eternal Huntsman
A Pennsylvania German Legend of Lancaster County

The following tale appeared in The Pennsylvania German for October, 1902. Like Wollenweber's story "Das Wilde Heer" in the Eck for Jan. 30, it also renders that ancient theme of the Germanic god Wodan, the Eternal Huntsman, who rides upon the winds and storms of heaven, at the head of his vast hosts (das Wilde Heer) of departed souls snatching up recruits from among mortals. Like that of Wollenweber, the scene is again that of Lancaster County, but it is to be assumed that this theme was once more widely spread among the people of eastern Pennsylvania.—ED.

YEARS ago, when all this land was covered with dense, gloomy forests, and the red man roamed in sylvan freedom, our German ancestors, at least of those who can boast so proud an honor, were longing with melancholy "heimweh" for the Vaterland but lately deserted. Then it was that this drama was enacted.

Seated around a rude table beneath an ancient oak that stook before a quaint "public house", was a select company; one of those groups so characteristic of a "public house". Jacob Brewster, let us call him, seemed to be granted the leadership among them. He was a boaster of great power and ability, (which might account for that leadership), and like Nimrod, he was a mighty hunter, especially in his own opinion. That he was a hunter might have been previously conjectured; since leaning against the table by his side stood the uncertain clumsy flint-lock so typical of old colonial days, and round the legs of his rude stool and himself a half dozen or more lean, hungry hounds of mongrel breed and doubtful ancestry, whined and contorted their emaciated bodies, yelping in their eagerness to snatch any morsel which might escape their master's clumsy fingers.

"Didst say, Jacob, twelve miles to the hour?" inquired his nearest companion, deliberately replacing his empty flagon, then brushing with great care and gravity some stray drops from his bearded lip.

"Aye!" retorted our friend, the boastful nimrod, "and more if need be."

"It may be, it may be, yet we would first see it," meditatively remarked some doubting Thomas.

"Aye, aye, so would I!"—"and I"—"and I, too!" resounded from all sides in a jeering chorus. Wrath choked all power of utterance, for once our loquacious hero was silent, his bluff good-natured face became livid with inexpressible rage, leaping to his feet (as did also the hounds to theirs) he delivered a volley of well arranged and well directed blasphemy (which was very feelingly and promptly responded to by one solitary hound whose caudal appendage had undergone sudden and violent pressure, while his companions rendered their approval or disapproval in minor yelps, caused perhaps by coming into more or less painful contact with the toe of a cow-hide boot.) He swore that he would ride to New Amsterdam in five days, or failing he would ride through eternity. Consternation filled the jovial hearts of his friends and admirers; they clung around him, pleading, arguing, pointing out the inadvisability, the peril, the impossibility, all to no avail; "his Dutch was up." Hastily calling "Mein Herr," he paid him liberally and ordered his hunter to be brought round ready for a journey. Mein Herr had also heard and seen the proceedings from the tavern door, and knowing as he did the peril of a white man traveling alone with his scalp on his head, he was on the verge of utter collapse, his eyes barely escaped popping from his head, his weak spindle legs quaked dangerously beneath the mountain of corpulency. Vainly he strove to dissuade our friend from fulfilling his reckless determination, but his tongue refused his heart, his jaws would not be stilled, but perforce must clatter like castanets, while his huge brazen knee-buckles rendered a cheerful allegretto. And so he wisely chose to remain silent. Struggling free from restraining friends, Brewster staggered to horse and vanished from their sight like a comet, the entire pack trailing after in full cry.

Sobered by this unexpected termination, his companions stood petrified, gazing down the valley through which he had just disappeared. Already the gathering of twilight shrouded the valley in gloom. As they stood thus momentarily transfixed the faint distant baying of hounds and the melancholy tooting of a hunter's horn was wafted through the vesper stillness of that peaceful vale to their straining ears like messengers of hope and peace. But to their troubled and anxious hearts seemed like messengers of ghostly omen, as the last lingering sunbeam faded from the forest-clad summit of "Mill Bach Kopp," they turned with strange misgivings and forebodings into the cozy "traveler's room" of the little German inn.

Three days Jacob Brewster continued to the northeast uninterrupted by man or beast, but then his good fortune forsook him. Either his trail was run across by a band of hostile Indians or the baying of his hounds attracted their unwelcome attention, but that he was being pursued was certain. The hounds began to show symptoms of uneasiness, yelping anxiously and keeping close about their master. Soon he detected the reason for their anxiety. Barely had he time to seize his musket and prepare for coming danger, before the dread war-whoop pierced the forest, a few sharp shots rang out, and Jacob Brewster bit the dust, his horse falling upon him, both mortally wounded, his hounds fought savagely in protection of their master till the last brave hound sank bleeding from a score of wounds, a victim to fidelity.

To this day—so runs the legend as told me by my grandmother—Jacob Brewster hunts unceasingly. And if you were born on Christmas night you can still occasionally see his spirit riding gallantly among his ghostly pack. Often during the long summer twilights the baying of hounds and a fellow hunting horn would quiver through the mighty silence with a far-off plaintive wierdness, sometimes overhead or hovering toward the northeast. And the good housewives of the rude, good-natured farmers would shake their heads knowingly and ejaculate "der ewig Yaeger," in such awesome, blood-curdling tones as to cause poor children to well-nigh shrivel up with fear and terror. And through the long winter evenings Grandma would set the light to the window, and sitting knitting warm mittens for our chubby fists, tell us the legend of "the eternal hunter."

Lulled to drowsy semiconsciousness by the genial warmth and the droning of the tea kettle, our dreams, if such they were, strangely blended realities and the strange legend. Suddenly strange forms flitted and shifted indistinctly upon the ice of the Hammer Creek, gradually they assumed distinct form, and before us sat a tall, erect man upon a high-shouldered hunter, his body was muffled to the huge sparkling knee-buckles of his Knicherbockers by a dark hunting cloak, his hat was tall and peaked, and his long gray beard flowed down over his colonial ruff. In his left hand he waved his silver bugle till it flashed like a dazzling meteor through the frosty moonlit air, and the hounds moved dark masses silhoutted against the white expanse of ice and snow, but they cast no shadow.

The tea kettle droned on unheeded, the rocking chair creaked no more for us, but instead subdued, ghostly whisperings, muffled by increasing unconsciousness, reached our listless ears, a cloud swept over the face of the moon and into its shadowy bosom the "Eternal Hunter" and all his spectral pack faded away, vanished from our mental vision and we slept the sleep of the innocent, undisturbed by the visions of the Eternal Hunter.

—W. WISSLER HACKMAN.

SEI LUSCHDICH

'S iss ken Gesetz mer mache kann,
Wu gude Zeite macht;
Muss weil zufridde sei mit Dings—
Mithelfe Daag un Nacht.

Es bleibt net immer so, mei Freind;
Moll schpeeter denkscht du z'rick,
Wie iwwer Fluss geh druwwelt dich,
Eb kummscht du an die Brick.

Vergess dei Zweiwel mool far Weil,
Dei Farcht var alle Mann;
Wann iss mer iwwer yeders bang,
No dutt mer wie mer kann.

Dann lach e bissel wie du laafscht,
Nur weis ken lang Gsicht nun;
Scheint Alles dir vleicht dunkel heit,
Doch marye scheint die Sunn.

Un denk net nur dich selwer aa,
Awwer ann're Leit sowohl;
's iss oft ass die wu brauchen's meenscht,
Die froogen net far 'dole'.

Ich geb nix drum wie schlecht es geht,
'S hot immer ann're Leit,
Wu Ursach hen far grummle meh,
Wie du ghatt hoscht so weit.

So schaff wann Arwet iss zu duh,
Weis ne du bischt luschdich;
Wann kenni iss, lach ennihau,
Eben du bischt gruschdich.

Die Zeit watt dem net neegscht so lang,
Wu gaar net gautzt un brummt;
Un besser bischt bereit dafor,
Wann Arwet zu dir kummt.

Dann halt dei Kopp hoch in der Heeh,
Es kummt viel gut davun;
Vleicht iss dir Finschdernis heit do,
Doch marye scheint die Sunn.

31 Oct. 1933 — RALPH S. FUNK

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL VERZEEHLT

ZEILEWEIS VORLESE

Ich bing bang, wann dihr net alde Leit seid, dann wisst dihr net, was "zeileweis vorlese" meent. In Englisch deet mer saagge, "Line out a hymn."

Fer alders hen die Leit net viel Liederbicher ghatt in de Kaerriche. Deel Leit hen aa net lese kenne, noh hett's nix gebatt, wann sie aa Bicher ghatt hedde. Un was hot der Parre noh geduh?

Wei, er hot die Lieder zeileweis vorgelese. Noh hot der Vorsinger de Leit die Weis gewwe un sie hen die Leine gsunge. Noh hot der Parre widder zwee Leine vorgelese.

Hett dihr des schunn seilewes gheert? Hett dihr schunn helfe selle Weg singe? Es aerscht kummt's eem arrig gschpassich vor, awwer iwwerdem gleicht mer's.

Wie ich en yunger Mann waar, dann waar ich moll imme Gottesdiensicht, wu sie ken Liederbicher ghatt hen. Der Parre hot noh zeileweis vorgelese.

Ich hab net draagedenkt, ass ich in meim Lewe helfe deet singe, wann der Parre die Lieder zeileweis vorlese deet, awwer ich hab des helfe duh net so lang zerick.

Ich waar amme Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Gottesdienscht in der Dunker Kaerrich an Midway net so lang zerick. Ich hab gebreddicht in unserer Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Mudderschproch. Eener vun de Parre vun der Gemee hot uns ans Deitsche Lieder singe grickt.

Es waare yuscht paar deitsche Liederbicher datt, un viel hen net Deitsch lese kenne. Noh hot der Parre verhafdich zeileweis vorgelese. Die Leit hen gsunge mit Anscht un hen en wunnersi gude Zeit ghatt.

Do waar ee Lied. Er hot zwee Leine gelese:
"Mein Gott des Haerz ich bringe dir
Zur Gab un zum Geschenk."
Noh hen mir all gsunge. Dernoch hot der lieb alt Parre widder vorgelese:
"Du fordersch solches selbscht vun mir,
Des iss mir eingedenk."

Ich hab Aaggewasser verlore. Sell alt deitsch Lied waar mei Konfirmations-Lied gewest, wie ich die Kaerrich aagenumme hab fufzich Yaahr zerick.

FEIER UN WASSER

Wie ich en Schulbu waar, hen mir als Freidaag Nammidaags Zeit grickt fer dischpudiere. Mir hen vun alle Sadde Sache gedischpudiert, vun de Kieh bis an die Gummere.

Ee Frog iss oft uffkumme, "Was iss es Gfaehrlichscht—Feier odder Wasser?" Mer kann gewiss viel saagge uff yederer Seit.

Morocco Ledder noch emoll, wann's Feier moll gut am Brenne iss, kann mer's schier gaar nimmi lesche. Es verdarrebt alles, ass in sei Weg kummt. Awwer, Holleedervoll Krabbe nochemoll, wann's Wasser hoch iss, dann iss es ewwe gewiss aa gfaehrlich.

Ya, die zwee Elemente sin ebaut so schtarrick ass mer denke kann. En hunnert Yaahr zerick hen die Leit als de Hund gschpassiche Naame gewwe. Net Fifi, wie die Maggie ihre Hund heest. Nee, wann sie zwee Hund ghatt hen, iss der eent Feier gheesse warre un der anner Wasser. Sell hot gemeent, sie waere schtarriye Hund.

Es waar emoll en Mann, dem waar's so bang die Welt gengt mit neegschdem unner. Er hot geglaabt, des deet widder wedderfaahre mit Wasser wie in der Sindflut. Er hot en Boot uffs Hausdach, hot's fescht gebunne, ass es net nunnerfalle kann, un datt hot er drin gschlofe. "Wann's Wasser widder hoch watt," hot er gsaat, "schneit ich die Schtrick ab un faahr iwwers Wasser uffem Boot."

Nau sei Bruder hot sich gaar net gfarricht weeich em Wasser. Er hot alle Nacht in seim gude Bett gschlofe un hot gelacht iwwer sei farricht-butzicher Bruder uffem Dach.

Moll ee Nacht hot der Bruder, wu im Bett waar, gschmokt. Er iss eigschlofe un 's Bett hot Feier gfange vun seinre alde Schmokpeif. Wie sei Hemmerschwans am Brenne waar, hot er paarmol laut gegrische, "Wasser! Wasser!"

Sei aarmer Bruder uffem Dach hot gemeent, "Nau iss die Sindflut do." Er hot sei Messer genumme, hot's Boot losgschnidde, iss iwwers Dach nunner gschtazt un hot der Hals verbroche. —Es iss hatt em Wasser un em Feier auszureisse!

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
Vun Der Lebanon News.

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Editorials

Relief for Police

Repeatedly there is complaint by police departments in many cities that their numbers are too small to keep up with all the demands by the people for their services and that departments should be enlarged. In this city on occasions it has been pointed out that the police certainly cannot be at two places at one and the same time. If they are engaged in care for little children leaving school at noon and in midafternoon they cannot be on traffic duty, patrol and cruiser car work and keeping an eye on some 1500 parking meters as well as all sorts of traffic violations in areas where there are no parking meters.

New York City has had this identical problem for years and now has come up with a new idea. Beginning in September the city will employ about one hundred civilians, many of them housewives, and train them to protect children at crossings near their schools in the Bronx. There is a feeling of confidence that civilians can be trained to perform this special service as well as the police are doing it. The special officers will be paid by the hour for a stint taking about two hours per day on about 180 school days.

It is planned to extend the system as rapidly as people can be secured and trained so that all of the city's 2262 school crossings will be protected. It is believed that, while the total cost of all these special officers will be under two million dollars a year, such a sum will be a low price to pay for the service that enables more than two thousand more highly paid, full-time policemen to be released for the rougher work of a policeman's life.

If the Allentown department is finding it embarrassing and inconvenient ofttimes to have a score of men virtually moored at school crossings and if it be thought that the only way to get this and other jobs done is to have a larger force, then let the New York idea be considered. Special parttime cops for this brief, part-time job can be the economical answer to the almost perennial call for additions to the force.

Indochina and Geneva

A conference is to be held in Geneva next month by representatives of nations concerned in the Korean war. At that time, and for the first time, China, an outstanding aggressor in the Korean conflict, is to be represented altho still an outlaw in the eyes of the United States and some of the other western democracies.

Again at Geneva it can be expected that the Chinese, abetted by the Russians, will try to gain some measure of respectability which the western nations rightfully have refused to accord an aggressor. Especially would the Communist world like to come to Geneva, occupy its finest hotels to the point of "hogging" the accommodations, put up a tremendous show of importance and strength and gain the points which to some degree have eluded them up to this time.

All this undoubtedly explains the terrific campaign which the Communist-inspired rebels are waging in Indochina today. Supplied with Russian artillery and with tens of thousands of Chinese coolies for transport purposes the Indonesian rebels are being egged on to achieve victory and drive the French out of their colony before the Geneva Conference begins. The Reds would like to point to accomplished facts, to complete victory over which there can be no argument and from which they could not be forced to retreat.

There never has been any doubt that the Indonesian war could be turned on and turned off like water by simple decision and command from Moscow, with hearty amen from Peiping. Another Korea with victory or even a stalemate in which France, backed heavily by the United States, has become exhausted and indifferent any longer to its colonial holdings is being sought by the Reds within the next four weeks. They'd like to come to Geneva like a cock of the walk. Perhaps they will. And if they do our representatives there will be in a lamentable position for negotiatings of any kind.

Victors of any kind are difficult to deal with. To deal with virtual barbarians when victors is next to impossible.

One Brag Too Many

The preposterous claims by the re-writers of world history in the Soviet Republics are generally so absurd as to be laughable and therefore little irritate nations whose heroes in invention and other notable accomplishments for mankind are being robbed of their just dues by the Soviet press, radio and other means of communication.

Now the braggarts have gone just one step too far. According to word from Ireland, the famous distillers of the Emerald Isle are mighty angry. The Moscow radio made the claim that Russian experts have mastered "the ancient secrets for making Irish whiskey" and that the product is so good it may be exported to those countries whose connoissieurs of such potables are considered worthy of having such a treat.

Which prompted a leading distiller to counter: "Russian-made Sovyetsky visky is not whiskey. But Irish pot still whiskey is made from Irish barley in the traditional method. The Russians never will be able to duplicate genuine Irish whiskey."

The Reds may well be warned against spoiling for a fight on this subject for there is no chance of their winning it.

A-Bombs Hem Japan

In seeming confirmation of the belief in high military circles that Russia continues the development of atomic bombs is the report out of Tokyo that the Japanese islands now are being showered with ashes produced by bombs fired in Siberia, up near the Arctic Circle.

The report says that these showers of small quantities of radio-active ash fall upon Japan on an average of about six times a month. It is also indicated that it has been in this way that tabs are being kept upon Russian progress with new types of weapons.

Because the prevailing winds are from west to east, the ashes are believed to reach Japan about three days after the detonation of the bombs.

This report, plus the astonishing results of the latest thermonuclear bomb explosion in the Pacific on March 1, have the people of Japan in a dither. Since they are the only people ever to have experienced use of the atomic bomb in war, they best know its results. They have the soundest basis for fears about bombs which are hundreds of times more powerful than those which destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945.

Now the Japanese are going to put the entire issue of military use of these modern weapons up to the United Nations. They can be expected to raise their voices high at the earliest opportunity and ask for a complete ban upon atomic weapons, plus adoption of the program for international control of atomic energy.

Poor Japan, victim of the first bombs, now finds herself the victim of the experimenters with even more powerful weapons. Ashes from Russia's bombs are carried over her islands from Siberia. Even from the far distant Bikini area to the east come the ashes of the thermonuclear explosions, despite the fact that west to east winds should be bearing virtually all the ashes eastwardly toward Hawaii and the American Pacific Coast.

City Jobs Pay Incentive

Incentive payments—a rarity in public employment — have helped a city department in Philadelphia, raise production by 50 per cent in five months.

So far, incentive wages are being paid only in the city's water meter repair shop, the Civil Service Assembly has learned. Under the program, as developed by a management consultant firm, incentives can be used only in departments where the work can be measured and for which standards can be set as to the amount of work an employe can be expected to do in an hour.

The plan's purpose is to ensure "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay." The amount of work regarded as "fair" is the production rate that a worker is expected to maintain for his basic pay. Anything above that rate makes him eligible for incentive wages.

To guarantee proper use of the plan, two main rules were laid down when the incentive program started last October.

The first rule is that time studies by trained persons will be made before the program goes into effect in any department. They will measure how much production can be expected in an hour and set the standards according to their findings. The second rule is that once set, the standards cannot be changed except by the approval of the director of the personnel department and of the Civil Service Commission.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 24:15—21

Paul's defense before Felix, the governor, continues: 'This I admit to you, that according to the Way, which they call a sect, I worship the God of my fathers, believing everything laid down by the law or written in the prophets, having a hope in God which these themselves accept, that there will be resurrection of both the just and the unjust. So I always take pains to have a clear conscience toward God and toward men. Now after some years I came to bring to my nation alms and offerings. As I was doing this, they found me purified in the Temple, without any crowd or tumult. But some Jews from Asia (Ephesus) — they ought to be here before you and to make an accusation, if they have anything against me. Or else let these men themselves say what wrongdoing they found when I stood before the council, except this one thing which I cried out while standing among them: 'With respect to the resurrection of the dead I am on trial before you this day'. 'Purified' in verse 18 refers to the requirements of the Nazarite vow.

Horoscope

You may enjoy a year of prosperity with business steadily improving. Today's child may be industrious and clever.

The Life of Christ

By BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Jesus Christ Is Born Only to Die

CHAPTER XII

(The installment of yesterday shows how Our Lord, in his early life, met Satan's second temptation by driving out the vendors from the Temple. Satan could not cause Jesus to jump from the pinnacle but Christ takes over His mission purifying the Temple by making war on all hypocrisies and shams. "Destroy this Temple," he said, "and in three days I will raise it up again." Properly interpreted he meant, the Temple is the place where God lives — the God Head living in His human nature. If then they would destroy His Body, on the third day He would rise again and be known and worshipped.)

Though the full meaning is hidden, even from the disciples, there is still an indication that they who were driven out of the temple, had a deeper insight into His meaning than they were willing to admit. They brooded over the words, and later on, when they crucified Him as the Temple, and when He lay dead and buried in a rock tomb, they came to Pilate with the remarkable story: "Sir, we have recalled it to memory that this deceiver, while He yet lived, said, I am to rise again after three days." There was more than a passing similarity between that Temple which had destoyed itself with pollution, and the Temple of God which was now before them. Both Temples began in Bethlehem; both were destroyed and raised up again. The Chaldeans destroyed the one, and Zorababel raised it. Mankind would not have God rule over them and destroyed the Temple that God sent. God Himself raised it. Both were consecrated to like uses; the holocaust of obedience, the offering of the body as a reasonable service to the Heavenly Father.

Proving His Destiny

Here, as elsewhere, Our Blessed Lord is proving Himself as the only man who came into this world to die. The Cross was not something that came at the end of His Life. It was something that was sealed upon Him from the very beginning. He said to them: "Destroy," and they said to Him: "Crucify." The dome of the Temple, His Head, would be crowned with thorns; the foundation of it, His Sacred Feet, would be riven with nails; its trancepts, His Hands, would be laid out as a Cross, and His Holy of Holies, the Heart, would be pierced with a lance. His Crucifixion would not be a punishment inflicted upon Him for antagonizing them; He implies that it is here ordained by His Father, because they have polluted His Father's house. He warns that they would reckon to destroy Him, but they would actually prepare Him only for a short test and the glorious Temple of a risen Body. Later on, St. Paul would say that every Christian is a Temple of the Living God, and such is the basis of his purity and his holiness. This would not have been possible were Christ not already the prototype Temple that was holy with the holiness of God. In Him, the true Temple was the altar of sacrifice and the atonement for sin.

Sign of Sacrifice

Satan tempted Him to an apparent sacrifice, by tossing Himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, which Our Lord refuses to do. But when those who had polluted His Father's House asked Him for a sign, He offers them the sign of the sacrifice on the Cross. Satan told Him to cast Himself down; Our Blessed Lord says that He will be cast down to the obloquy of death, but not because He willed to be an exhibitionist in sacrifice, but because men would demand His Death. Satan, on the peak of the Temple, would tempt Him from a true sacrifice; Our Lord in the Temple, pledges Himself to a real sacrifice, but also a Resurrection.

Satan proposed exposing His Temple to possible ruin for the sake of exhibitionism, for the sake of display; Our Lord here exposes the Temple of His Body to real death for the sake of purity. Satan in the wilderness, tempted Him to be a wonder worker; in the Temple, He answers that He is a Redeemer. At Cana, He said that He was going to His hour; in the Temple, He says that that Hour of the Cross will lead to His Resurrection. His Public Life will tell the same story.

TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There's something strange and even ominous developing in the relations between Canada and the United States. Either mischief-makers inspired by Moscow are working behind the scenes to cause friction between the two neighbors or else some of those in charge of Canadian foreign affairs are singularly inept in their dealings with the American government.

On Jan. 12 last Secretary Dulles made a speech of transcendent importance in New York City before the Council of Foreign Relations, and in that address he made it clear that the "way to deter aggression is for the free community to be willing and able to respond vigorously at places and with means of its own choosing." He went on to say that the President and the National Security Council had made a "basic decision," which was "to depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate instantly, by means and at places of our choosing."

These were plain words and, when they were uttered, there was not at first any tendency to question them. But gradually, after several weeks had passed, the quibbling started in various parts of the world and there began to be questioning as to what was meant.

Pearson Query

Then, on March 15, Lester B. Pearson, Canada's minister for external affairs, made an address at the National Press Club in Washington, in which he asked what was meant by the words "instantly," and "means," and "our." He added that "to put it bluntly," agreements on "policies and tactics and timing" were essential "if this policy of preventing aggression by the threat of immediate and overwhelming devastation is to work collectively." He remarked, too, that the United States may have to go it alone unless it consults its allies on its new plan of massive retaliation. He declared that "collective action means collective consultation."

Now, between Jan. 12 and March 15 — the period between the Dulles speech and the Pearson speech — is about nine weeks. At any time during that period Canada's minister for external affairs could have picked up the telephone at Ottawa or taken a plane to Washington and asked for a definition of the Dulles speech or requested the Canadian minister in Washington to go to the State Department to find out just what the secretary of state meant by his New York speech.

Why did it become necessary for Mr. Dulles on March 16 — the day after the Pearson speech — to tell the newspapermen at the press confgrence that, of course, there would be consultation. He said he had made everything clear in his New York address. But he added that he did not believe we should tell the enemy in advance where and when we will retaliate. There seems to be a concerted drive in different parts of the world to get military information about the precise way the United States will act if attacked.

Prime Minister Churchill was specifically questioned on March 23 in the House of Commons about the same speech by Mr. Pearson of Canada. Mr. Churchill replied that Britain had made "smooth and friendly" arrangements for consultation with the United States and that it had been decided ever since Jan. 1952 that there would be consultation with reference to the use of the air forces of the United States in Britain. He refused to give any military details when pressed by a labor member and merely said recent statements by Mr. Dulles have been in full accord with British - American understanding.

Now, in the March 5, 1954, issue of U.S. News & World Report in a copyrighted interview which appeared at least two weeks ago before Mr. Pearson made his speech in Washington, Adm. Radford, chairman of the U.S. joint chiefs of staff, was asked:

"Do we have good coordination with Canada?"

"Excellent," replied the admiral. "Because the United States and Canada must be alert to the common threat, we are working side by side to develop the most effective air defenses possible. Our task is made easier because, basically, we are old traditional friends."

Then what was all the speechmaking about? And why all the headlines over Mr. Pearson's speech saying the United States might go it alone and that "the great coalition which we have formed for peace" could mistakenly "be replaced by an entrenched continentalism which, I can assure you, makes no great appeal to your northern neighbor as the best way to prevent war or defeat aggression."

Another Pearson Mystery

This is not the first time a Pearson speech has caused puzzlement here. He made one a few months ago pointing out that communism had entrenched itself in Asia and implying that the United States had better adjust itself to that fact. Other statements from the Canadian foreign minister have been construed here to mean that Canada wants to see Red China admitted to the U.N., but the Canadian prime minister has officially denied any such intention. But the latest speech by Mr. Pearson is the biggest mystery of all.

(Copyright, 1954)

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Whoa!

Slow up, man, don't you see that landslide ahead of you?

Do you want to get buried under it? Do you want to get smashed to smitherines, and your car, too?

There is still time—but another few miles and, bang, you are finished!

No, I am not speaking of automobiles now, or actual landslides.

I am speaking of the way too many of us are racing toward perdition, unless we put the brakes on right this minute and stop this confounded foolishness.

What on earth has happened to us?

What has happened to our sanity, our optimism, our constructive thinking?

Why is it that we have so many carpers, critics, revilers—stinkers among us?

We didn't use to be that way in the days of Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln.

In those days America was America, not a land of Communists, crooks, grafters and degenerates, but the country of our dreams, ambitions and achievement.

Look what it is today.

You cannot open your newspaper without reading about traitors, grafters, cheaters, thieves and every other sort of criminal.

Instead of such inventions as the telephone or the tractor, we read about atom bombs, jet planes, guided missiles.

Instead of lofty speeches about the progress of our country, about great opportunities, about romantic loves, we read about murders, atheism, military expenses, divorces and about statesmen abusing and accusing each other.

All over the country you see signs warning people that "in case of an attack this highway will be closed. . ."

In Los Angles, Miami, New Orleans, Las Vegas, and all the other resort cities and towns people are living faster and faster, spending more and more money, as if they wanted to get rid of all their earthly goods before the holocaust comes.

Yet, on our recent trip through ten states, my wife and I both remarked that we had never seen so many churchgoers as we saw this time on our five away-from-home Sundays.

Yet, over in London, Billy Graham, the evangelist, is filling halls to overflowing with people who, as he says, are hungry for spiritual guidance and for a return to God.

I have never been able to join the ever swelling chorus of croakers who try to tell us that America is lost, and that all we may expect—and very soon at that—is perdition.

This world has lasted for zillions of years. This country has prospered and grown—with a few intermissions — for almost two hundred years.

All these preachers of doom seem so puny, so insignificant, so cowardly, in the face of our majestic mountains, our ever rolling seas, our rivers and lakes which renew each other daily in never ending perpetuity, in the face of God's inexhaustible replenishment.

No, I predict that America will still be here in all her glory long after these modern Cassandras have turned to what they are even now — dust.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER WILLIE IS GABUTTA:

Yar, der Willie Kistler fon dahinna im Kistler's Dahl is gabutta—un ol darrich drei cent. 'M Willie sei druvel is ol kumma darrich 'm Howard Billig, un 'n George Billig un 'm Geroge seim boo Rob, ihra fisher fever woh sie grick'd hen wie die widdering awfonga is shae werra.

Die Billiga sin arya fisher leit, un gleicha fer noch 'm Delaware gae, un woh sie immer gute glick hen. Ihra graishder druvel wor, tzu wissa woh warum tzu griega. Endlich is es na bei g'falla, os es immer fiel raya warum het beim Elmer un Willie Kistler, un sin gonga, sehna wies wear fer warum griega.

Der Elmer hut da boova glei tazu fershtae gewwa, os er tzu alt un shteif wear fer drous rum dobba raya warum sucha, ow'r der Willie hut ferwillich'd fer na ganunk warum gewwa fer ae dawgs fishes, won sie ihm der airsht fish gaibta. Sel wo 'n barya, un der Willie hut nochts die warum galaisa. Die warum darta ons Kistlers', kumma nochts ous 'm grund—nocht grodder haisa dale leit sie, un allas os ebber tzu duh hut, is awenich flink sei, un er hut glei ol die warum os er wil.

Die boova sin noh fisha gonga, ow'r der Willie hut ken fish grick'd. Wie er gawunnert hut dawaiga, hen die drei Billiga mit nonner g'sawt, "Ei Willie, der airsht fish os m'r g'fonga hen is uns ins wosser g'falla, un m'r hen net gadenk'd os duh aw gucka daidshd fer der tzwet tzu howwa, so hosh'd ewwa ken fish grick'd."

Der Willie hut noh mohl awenich gakunsider'd, hinna in seina groea hoar rum g'shart, un g'sawt, "Ol recht boova, sel wor ae mohl warum weck gewwa fer nix 's nagshd mohl won n'r warum wolla, don kaufa n'r sie."

Sie hen noh wissa wolla wos er howwa wot fer warum, un wie er g'sawt hut, "Tzaea cent 's dudsend," hen sie grawd yaders 'n dudsend gaarder'd.

Wie sie kumma sin fer die warum hola, hut der Willie g'sawt, er het fergessa tzu sawga, ow'r die weil os raya warum ken laves middle weara, mist yaderer aw noch 'n cent tax batzawla. Fisherich wie die boova worra, hen sie sich net weiters g'shteibert waeich sel'm extra bens, un yaderer hut 'm Willie elf cent gewwa—drei cent tax in ol.

'M Willie sei druvel is now des. Die drei cent hut er, ow'r wase net wos tzu duh mit. Fer noch Harrisburg schreiva wunnerra dawaiga, kosh'ds drei cent postage uns bobier un der brief shade, un noh kosh'ds aw widder 's same fer 'm ontwerta. Noh het er ferleicht aw 'n lot bobierra ous tzu schreiva, un mist batzawla fer 'n check odder gelt arder in da poshtoffis, fer die drei cent shicka, un bis es fartich wear, het er nix may iwwerich fon da dreispch cent woh er grick'd hut fer die raya warum.

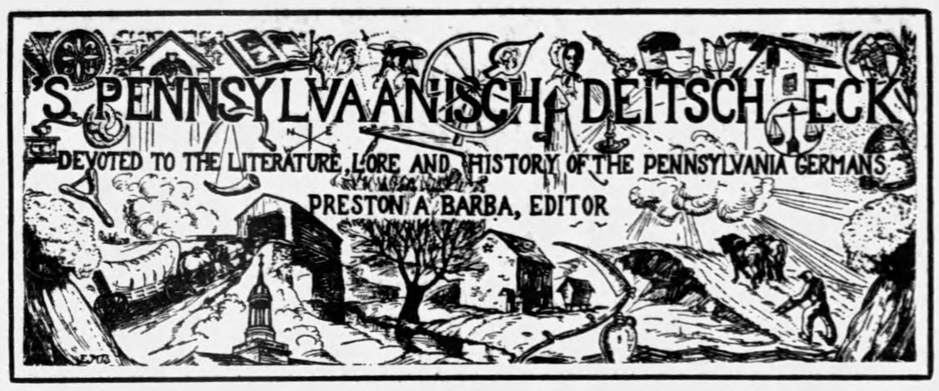
In kartza werta, der Willie hut grosser druvel mit wenich gelt, un won aenich ebber rote hut wie aw tzu gae mit ous in die shuld kumma darrich die drei cent, dade er gleicha tzu hoerra dafon.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won sie lebdawg ebber badroga wor on ra fendu, don wors der yung fendu groyer Clarence Kern fon Egypt, on ra fendu nagshd on Moryalond, 'm onnerra Somshdawg nommy dawg.

Der Clarence hut 'n refrigerator kauft, un wie er ma freind os kumma is fer 'n helfa lawda, g'sawt hut, sie mista gute ocht gewwa os sie 'm motor ken shawda dada, hut der freind galocht, un g'sawt, "Ei Clarence, die box hut ken motor, des is 'n ice refrigerator."

Shure ganunk wie er gaguck'd hut, wor der freind recht, un der Clarence hut bletzlich die tzwae dahler fergessa woh er batzawlt hut kot dafor, un der refrigerator galust woh er wor.



GREENS

By PRESTON A. BARBA

Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is,
Than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.
Proverbs 15:17.

STRANGERS journeying through the German-populated counties of eastern and southeastern Pennsylvania on late February days or in March behold a strange spectacle. Everywhere along roadsides and in open fields, even though snowdrifts may be lingering here and there, they will see men and women and children with bags or baskets bending over and cutting young dandelion plants. At this time of the year all true Pennsylvania Germans yearn for a "mess" of dandelion salad. While it is true that dandelion is eaten in other parts of the country, boiled after the manner of spinach, it is only here that it is served as a salad with the famed Pennsylvania German hot bacon dressing and adorned with sliced hard-boiled eggs. Dandelion, with its aristocratic Norman-French name, grew over wide areas of Europe, followed the early settlers to America, and is today one of our most common weeds. Both the English **dandelion** and the German **Loewenzahn** denote "lion's tooth," because of its deeply indented leaves. In our dialect it is sometimes called **Pissebett** (French pissenlit) referring to its diuretic properties, but it is perhaps best known and characterized among the Pennsylvania Germans as **bidderer Selaat.**

This lowly weed attains its full glory on Maundy Thursday. Serving a dish of greens on **Griener Dunnerschdaag,** or "Green Thursday" of Holy Week, is one of our most cherished and deeply-fixed traditions. Why this day should be called "Green Thursday" (the term accurs as early as the 12th century) is still controversial among folklorists. Some associate it with the German verb **greinen,** to weep, others look upon green as a pre-Christian symbol of the advent of spring. Of the various German customs associated with this day only this one remains here in Pennsylvania: the custom of eating something green in order to remain well throughout the year. Dandelion was of course not the only springtime green used on this day, but it has remained the most favored one through the years. In some parts of Germany it was the custom of serving on this day a dish containing seven different greens, or a seven-herb soup. Here, as so often in folklore, we have the appearance of the sacred number seven. We have only once come upon an instance of this custom here in Pennsylvania. An informant of Sinking Springs, Berks County, tells of serving a dish in their household on **Griener Dunnerschdaag** consisting of a mixture of dandelion, beet tops, cabbage, onion tops, water cress, chives and Krischble (presumably wild lettuce) as a protection throughout the ensuing year against pneumonia. It is quite likely that this custom prevailed more extensively in earlier times and that the set-up of seven greens contained more of sorrel, dock, nettles or plantains.

Most of the wild plants eaten as greens in early spring were not unknown to the Pennsylvania Germans in their fatherland. They seem to have followed the early settlers to America. Some of them had been cultivated in old-world gardens, but here they got out of bounds and spread over the countryside as common weeds. Some few were native American plants which the early Pennsylvanians learned to know through their Indian friends.

Edible wild plants seem to have been in special favor and use among the Pennsylvania Germans. There were various reasons for this. Gathering greens along fence rows, in pasture lands and meadows, appealed to the innate thriftiness of the Pennsylvania German housewife. After all, she was getting something for nothing, but for the slight effort of gathering them. But she also took pride in adding variety to her cookery. Some of the wild plants, so firmly established in Nature's habitat, responded more rapidly to spring growth than those in her own garden and thus provided a welcome transition from the monotonous cooking of the latter winter months to her own first garden products. Then too there was the age-old folk tradition of the mystic use of green things in early spring, faint echo of the pagan celebration of the resurrection of Nature. Then again our Pennsylvania German housewife was steeped in the lore of folk medicine, and certain greens were considered as blood purifiers and antiscorbutics. To be sure our forefathers knew nothing of vitamins, of thiamine and riboflavin, nor of the relative mineral contents of vegetables, but they sought to satisfy a certain "hidden hunger", an instinctive craving for fresh, growing things after the lack of them during the winter months. Research in our laboratories today indicates that wild plants growing in soil enriched only by Nature's own composting are rich in vitamin and mineral content and that the beautiful fresh vegetables now so readily accessible throughout the entire winter, having been forced by chemical fertilizers, are often lacking in that which we hope they contain. In the U. S. Department of Agriculture Miscellaneous Publication No. 572 a Table listing 37 plants indicates that the common dandelion contains more Vitamin A than any other, with 13,650 international units, whereas spinach contains only 9,420 and our much-used head lettuce only 540! Perhaps we would do well to resort once more to the wild plants used by our forefathers because of their rich vitamin and mineral contents. Some of these greens are used preferably as salads, others again are best adapted to use as potherbs.

The following are to be recommended for salads:

Water Cress (nasturtium officinale), **Brunnegresse,** was known to our ancestors in the Palatinate. It was introduced from Europe and formerly cultivated. It now grows profusely in wet places, around our old springhouses and along the borders of springs and creeks. Now used chiefly as a garnish it deserves to be used in larger quantities. It is delicious when served with a dandelion or endive dressing. (See Hark and Barba: Pennsylvania German Cookery).

Wild Lettuce (lactuca canadensis) **Millichgraut,** is native to our fields and fence rows. It must be gathered early in spring and is best served like dandelion.

Corn Salad (valerianella), **Ritscherli,** was known in the Palatinate and was formerly cultivated in our gardens. This too is best served with a bacon dressing or one of the cream dressings.

Catchfly (silene inflata), **Dauwekreppche Selaat,** Pigeon Crop Salad, was also in earlier days cultivated in our gardens, and is best served like the Corn Salad above.

The modern housewife will of course not hesitate to deviate from the old-time preparation of the above salads. These greens can be used singly or in combination, and tossed in a French dressing. And all of them can be used as potherbs, boiled with ham or bacon and potatoes. But these tender leaves with their delicate flavors hardly deserve this act of violence.

Sorrel (rumex acetosa) our familiar **Sauerambel,** whose tart leaves children roaming the fields still love to chew in spring, was extensively used. Various forms of it are cultivated in European gardens and used for salads, potherbs, in soups and in the making of fish and meat sauces. This useful perennial should once more find a place in our gardens. It is listed in Burpee's seed catalog. Our Pennsylvania German forefathers knew it only in its wild form, but used it for salads, cooked greens and even in pies.

Dock (rumex crispus), known in the vernacular as **Schpitzicher Halwer Gaul** (pointed half-horse!) was perhaps the most favored of all the wild potherbs. The leaves must be gathered when still very tender and are good boiled with ham or bacon and potatoes.

Both sorrel and dock were close seconds to dandelion as salad greens. When used as such there is a special dressing listed in the chapter of Salads and Salad Dressings in Hark-Barba: Pennsylvania Germany Cookery.

Shepherd's Purse (capsella bursa pastoris), **Deschelgraut,** came from Europe, but now grows far and wide as a weed. Its young leaves offer a good potherb.

Purslane (portulaca aleracea), the familiar **Seibarzel,** which grows so profusely in our gardens as a low, spreading weed with thick, reddish, succulent stems and small leaves, is popular in many lands and was formerly used here as a potherb. We suggest that this be boiled with some other potherb like Shepherd's Purse.

Common Plantain (plantago major), familiar to every Pennsylvania German by the name of **Seiohrebledder,** pigs' ears, can well be used as a potherb if the leaves are taken when quite young.

Stinging Nettle (urtica dioica), **Brennessel,** was used for greens, when quite young. It was considered a preventive against scurvy. The leaves possess a delicate flavor and are good in soups.

Pokeweed (phytolacca decandra), **Dindebeere,** or ink bush, is one of the most desirable of our edible wild plants. Our forefathers used to cover the roots with leaves or cornstalks in late fall. In early spring thus protected, the thick succulent shoots would appear like bleached asparagus and were cut when four or five inches high. These shoots can be used as potherbs and are then best mixed with other herbs like dock or sorrel. But it is better to serve them like asparagus, boiled until tender, drained, and served either with browned butter or a white sauce.

Burdock (arctium minus), the common **Gledde,** with its large rhubarb-like leaves, whose seeds and roots were considered excellent blood purifiers, was also used as greens. Its tender leaf stems are gathered in early spring, peeled and boiled, but since they are rather strong in flavor they are best used with other potherbs such as plantain, dock, purslane or sorrel.

A few of the above—water cress, dandelion, sorrel, early dock, wild lettuce and corn salad, are good served raw with one or the other of the hot bacon or sour cream dressings. But the others are best used as potherbs; that is, when boiled with a piece of ham, bacon or saltpork, seasoning and diced potatoes. Dock and sorrel can each be cooked alone, but the rest, with more decided flavors, some will prefer to cook together with others. Anyone or a combination of plantain, poke shoots, purslane and burdock, are, for example, better mixed with dock, sorrel or nettles. Some may prefer simply to boil these greens in salt water and serve them chopped, seasoned and dressed with butter like spinach. In that case we advise that plantain, burdock, purslane, poke shoots and nettle be parboiled about five minutes, drained, then steamed in very little salted water until tender. Of course some of the mineral values will then be lost.

We hope that some of our readers will be induced to go forth and gather these wild edible plants that grow so abundantly along our highways and in open fields and meadows.

Adapted from "Pennsylvania German Cookery" by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba.

ZU DER AMSCHEL

Was iss des, ass 'd so frieh mich weckscht?
Ei, 's iss noch kaum fimf Uhr;
Wer hot dir dann dei Schlof verschteert?
'S iss aeryeds letz, bischur.

Du singscht so luschdich, bischt du froh,
Ass Maeryet widder kummt?
Un dei klee Weibli, graad wie du,
Was sie doch hupst un tschumpt!

Ach, wann ich yuscht wie du sei kennt,
So sarriglos un so frei;
Un maeryeds mit me Lied uffschteh—
Wie schee muss des doch sei!

Kennt mir all fiehle graad wie du
Darrich die ganse Welt,
Dann wisst mir all, was Friede waer,
Wie frieher waar's mol b'schtellt.

Ich denk der Unnerschitt muss schteh,
Mir kenn' net Veggel sei;
So sing yuscht fatt, ich heer's so gern,
Dei Maeryetlied so fei.

Un doch browier ich uff en Weeg
Un mach dir wennich noh;
Batt's niemand nix, so schatt's aa nix,
Macht's yuscht mich selwer froh.

—RALPH S. FUNK

THE DOVE SAYS, 'COO, COO'

Die Daub saagt, "Guh-rrruh, was soll ich yuscht duh?
"Zwee hungriche Kinner, die gewwe ken Ruh!"—
"Du ye! Ich hab zehe!" Zaahschlipperli saagt,
"Ken eens iss debei ass sich eemol beglaagt."

BURNIE BEE, BURNIE BEE

Hummel, Hummel, saag mer glei,
Saag, wann soll die Hochzich sei?
Wann die Hochzich marye iss,
Flieg yuscht fatt, ich kumm gewiss!

HIGH, DIDDLE DOUBT, MY CANDLE IS OUT

Datt driwwe, datt drauss, mei Licht iss aus,
Mei gleeni Maad iss net deheem;
Ich saddel der Hund, ich saddel die Sau,
Mei gleeni Maad, die hol ich heem.

TOMMY SNOOKS

Der Tommy Schoch, die Bessie Bloch,
Sie gehne naus am Sunndaag;
Do saagt der Schoch der Bessie Bloch,
"Ya, marye iss es Mundaag."

THIS IS THE WAY THE LADIES RIDE

Des iss der Weeg, wie die Meedelcher reide,
Heidel-di-die! Heidel-di-die!
Des iss der weeg, wie die Meedelcher reide,
Heidel-die-heidel-di-die!

Des iss der Weeg, wie die Buwelcher reide,
Hopper-di-bopp! Hopper-di-bopp!
Des iss der Weeg, wie die Buwelcher reide,
Hopper-di-hopper-di-bopp!

Des iss der Weeg, wie die Bauere reide,
Humper-di-bump! Humper-di-bump!
Des iss der Weeg, wie die Bauere reide,
Humper-di-humper-di-bump!

A few more of John Birmelin's delightful nursery rimes, freely adapted from "Mother Goose."

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Fires Bad for Soil

Not only has Allentown been threatened by the carelessness of persons who start field fires, walk away and forget them or do not know how to handle such fires once they have been started, but just about every community in this area is having similar troubles. Burgesses, fire authorities and police alike speak out in condemnation of the act and plead for obedience to local ordinances or make threats of punishment if the acts be repeated.

Many people engage in this annual fire spree with the idea that they are enriching the burned-over land or that they are helping vegetation in some way or other. It is to be hoped that all these read the brief but unequivocal statement of our farm editor and expert, A. L. Hacker, in yesterday's issue.

Mr. Hacker makes the important point that this matter of burning weedy and grassy patches is not only dangerous to life and property but is of questionable value, agriculturally speaking. As an expert and as one who has been in the closest touch with our local agriculture for two score years Mr. Hacker observes that "If any one has ever recommended such a practice it has escaped my attention."

Then he adds: "The loss of organic matter alone should condemn it. Tall, dead weeds had better be cut and disposed of if considered unsightly. Better still, weeds should not have been allowed to grow in the first place."

Mr. Hacker herein points out that just as farmers plough under stubble and cornstalks and other vegetable matter to enrich the soil so weeds and any other vegetable matter, which so many people are intent upon burning, should likewise be ploughed under.

This is nothing more than sound, commonsense. Weeds, which have taken sustenance from the soil have robbed it just as a useful crop has robbed the soil. Since the best food for crops is vegetable matter, the place of dead weeds is beneath the soil.

What Mr. Hacker did not refer to was another serious soil loss often incurred thru fires. That is the destruction by excessive heat of the bacterial life in the soil. Many burned areas, altho they may be rich in minerals, are as barren as the Sahara for years after a severe fire.

The soil is America's basic and most important wealth. Not one square foot of it should be harmed or destroyed by careless and unnecessary practices. This is true both for land in cities and towns and in the back yards as for the fields in the wide open areas of our county, state and country.

Their Monuments

It was said of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London: "If you would see his monument, look around."

And a king of Sparta said of himself: "If I have done any honorable exploit, that is my monument; but, if I have done none, all your statues will signify nothing."

The truth in these time-honored observations is reemphasized in our local experience when we consider what the late General and Mrs. Harry Clay Trexler have done for this community and will continue to do as long as our system of society persists.

More than twenty years ago sudden ending came to General Trexler and within a few months he was followed by his widow, Mary Mosser Trexler. Their deaths brought about revelation of their thinking and their emotions during their long and happy life together. Their estates, valued in excess of $12 million, were devoted entirely and in perpetuity to any and all local institutions whose concern is with the welfare of mankind.

In the score of years of the operation of the philanthropic trust funds which they established, almost as much money has been poured into our eleemosynary institutions out of income as the corpus of the estates today. And this promises to go on and on.

Many persons have said from time to time: "Where is a monument, erected by a grateful community to such noble souls?"

Allentonians and all other Lehigh Countians could well quote in answer the tribute to Wren. All around us in this community are monuments to a good and kindly woman and man. In life and in death they were and are Allentown's first citizens. Their monuments are the institutions which have been sustained and developed thru their perennial help and contributions. As if from the grave their helpful hands constantly are extended to the people of this community.

Repeatedly friends and admirers of the Trexlers in life have thought that community appreciation should be expressed in conventional tangible form. Repeatedly nothing has been done in this materialistic direction by reason of conviction that the people of this community have enshrined the memory of the community's benefactors in their hearts and that this is the finest monument possible for any man or woman to have.

With these thoughts the community on April 17, only a fortnight hence, will open and dedicate the summer home of General and Mrs. Trexler in Springwood Park as a memorial to them and principally as a museum for the preservation of many of the objects of art, history and folklore which were associated with their long and busy lives.

It is a highly appropriate way in which to observe the 100th anniversary of General Trexler, who almost certainly would have decried a lofty and impressive tomb or a statue in the convention common to great men. He almost certainly would have quoted the ancient sage: "I would rather have men ask, after I am dead, why I have no monument than why I have one."

Easier to Get Labor

Local expectation is that extra labor for farm work is going to be in fairly good supply this year and that there need be little reliance upon migratory workers moving northwardly from our Southern States and Puerto Ricans who are flown into this country after the sugar crop has been harvested on the island.

However if there be conditions requiring call upon women and men from Puerto Rico for seasonal jobs it should be easier this year than ever before for farmers either in large or small enterprises to get the required amount of hands.

This year, for the sixth successive year, the movement of these Puerto Rican folks will be handled by the P. R. Department of Labor and our own Farm Placement Service of the U. S. Employment Service.

In other words, the movement of these migratory workers is not a haphazard, uncontrolled business but a well-ordered arrangement. Hitherto there was a lot of red tape involved in securing performance bonds. Small farmers shied away from this red tape. This year however the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico has agreed to drop the bond requirement for independent employers of twenty or fewer workers. This may mean wider employment on farms of these people who have been conditioned by work in the cane fields under the hot sun for summer and autumn work in this latitude.

To Rid Us of Pests

Sometimes just a simple idea has in it the seeds of greatness and promise of eternal boon to mankind. Two men at Pennsylvania State University got an idea like that recently, and opened untold possibilities for a peaceful world.

State College, Pa., has been plagued by starlings. Nothing anyone tried got rid of them. Until, that is, the state university men got busy. They recorded the chirping of a starling. They amplified it and aimed it at trees loaded with starlings. The birds listened a moment and then took off in agony. After three days of it they stopped coming back.

How about recording and amplifying the noises of other nuisances? Bombard television comedians with their own jokes, politicians with their own speeches, Communists with their own propaganda, juke box manufacturers with their own juke boxes cocktail party bores with their own stories.

Here's the device the world has been waiting for! The one to rid us of all our pests with the most excruciating of all punishment—their own noises. — Milwaukee Journal

The Life of Christ

By BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Beatitudes Inseparable From Death of Christ on the Cross

CHAPTER XVIII

(Yesterday's installment of Bishop Sheen's "The Life Of Christ" touched on the hard things which Jesus came to teach and they are as adaptable to Our time as they were to His time. The adversary is to be conquered by a superior moral power, admonishes Christ, because such love prevents the infection of the wound of hate. Endure the bore who inflicts himself upon you. Offer gifts to the man who would steal from you. And if we do not find certain people lovable, Christ bids us put love into them.)



His should not be a world of communist dictators—of chicanery and sin

Let Him come into a world which tries to interpret man in terms of sex; which seasons the novel, movie and television show with an attack on the sanctity of marriage, which says that a marriage endures only until the glands tire; that one may unbind what God binds, and unseal what God seals, and say to them: "Blessed are the pure," and He will find Himself hanging naked on a Cross that defies their crazy affirmation that purity is abnormal, that the virgins are neurotics and that their carnality is right.

Let Him come into a world of Vishinskys and Molotovs, who believe with Lenin and Stalin that one must resort to every manner of chicanery and duplicity in order to conquer the world, who carry doves of peace with stomachs full of bombs, and say to them: "Blessed are the peace-makers," or "Blessed are they who eradicate sin that there may be peace," and He will find Himself surrounded by the comrades of Vishinskys and Molotovs, as they make the greatest war this world of ours ever saw; the war against the Son of God; after His death, they will set a guard about His grave to prevent a Resurrection, something they would not expect even from a Lenin.

Let Him come into a world that believes personality should be manipulated, that our whole life should be geared to flattering and influencing people for the sake of utility and popularity, and say to them: "Blessed are ye when men hate you and persecute you and revile you", and He will find Himself without a friend in the world, an outcast on a hill, with mobs shouting for His death and His flesh hanging from Him like purple rags.

Beatitudes Are Facts

The Beatitudes cannot be taken alone; they are not ideals; they are hard facts and realities, inseparable from the Cross of Calvary. Many men go on repeating them, but very few of us are willing to live them! It is easy to be a Communist, all one has to do is hate; it is easy to be self-expressive, all one has to do is avoid repressing the id; it is easy to be a liberal, all one has to do is espouse no cause as sacred, except the right to be free from discipline and the Eternal Law of God; it is easy to be a social reformer, and to take care of other people's consciences; it is easy to be a milk and water Christian who quotes the Sermon on the Mount, and forgets the Christ Who died for it. It is easy to be an intellectual and to sneer at the humble. It is easy to love those who love us, but it is hard to love those who hate us, to pluck out one's eyes and cut off one's arms to prevent sinning.

The Goal

It is hard to be clean on the inside when the passions clamor for satisfaction on the outside; to forgive those who would put us to death; to overcome evil with good; to bless those who curse us, to stop mouthing freedom until we have justice, truth and love of God in our hearts as the condition of freedom; to live in the world and still keep oneself unpolluted from the world; to deny ourselves sometimes legitimate pleasures, like cigarettes, cocktails, movies and luxuries, in order to help missionaries feed the leprous, fill the empty rice bowls and renew hungry hearts with the grace of God; to see that all our clap-trap about the brotherhood of man is meaningless unless we all have the same God as Father! What would such men make of us who talk only of the brotherhood of man? A race of illegitimate children? To strive not to be like the rest of men, but to be prefect as the Heavenly Father is perfect —this is the only new thing in the world, but there are very few who are willing to try it. Christianity has not failed; but we have failed the Christ who said "Take up your cross and follow Me."

TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Selection of Samuel Sears of Boston to be counsel for the Senate subcommittee which is to investigate the dispute between the Secretary of the Army and members of the staff of Sen. McCarthy's committee is the beginning of what may prove to be a long, drawn-out inquiry into the whole subject of political pull in Washington.

What is the political influence, for example, reaching into the armed services to get promotions? What part do members of Congress play in such inner maneuvers? How are civilians given important commissions? What communications, oral or written, have passed between the offices of the three armed services and the members of the Senate and House, with particular reference to the committees in both Houses which deal with legislation affecting the military establishment?

Congress Clean Up 'Mess'

This is the time for Congress to clean up its own "mess." For many years now it has been well known that "favored treatment" for constituents has been obtained. The Schine-Cohn case cannot be tried fairly unless it is put into perspective—that is, unless all the facts concerning the atmosphere in which the case has been projected are fully disclosed.

This correspondent is in receipt of a memorandum from a man who served as a special assistant to one of the high civilian officials of the armed services during World War II. He writes as follows:

"Of course, you are probably more familiar than I am with the large liaison staffs that the Army and Navy have maintained to process requests from the offices of senators and congressmen which are passed on from constituents asking for special favors for their sons.

"Gen. Persons, who headed the Army liaison for many years, was so indispensable and irreplaceable that he was made an exception to Army regulations and retained on Capitol Hill to keep congressmen and senators happy. I mean no disrespect to him because I admire him. In fact, he did a superlative job for the Army. It was so good that people in the Navy were constantly hearing unpleasant comparisons between his handling of requests for special favors in contrast to the stuffy Navy practice of the bureau of personnel in putting 'P.I.' for 'political influence' on the files of men for whom politicians had intervened.

Makes Survey

"I know that at the request of the Secretary of the Navy, his assistant made a survey of the superior legislative relations of the Army over the Navy, and this led to recommendations to improve the Navy's service to Capitol Hill—patterned on what the Army was doing.

"It is rank hypocrisy for anyone — particularly for some of the newspaper publishers who themselves benefitted by special favors which they never hesitated to request through their senators and congressmen —to pretend that there is anything unusual in the Cohn-Schine requests. And it is particularly ridiculous for writers to say that the special favors demanded by Cohn or McCarthy for Schine had 'devastating' effects on the morale at Ft. Dix. That is hypocritical bunk, and those who write it must know it or they don't know what makes Washington, Capitol Hill or the Army and Navy tick.

"I have within the last few days talked with an officer whose duty it has been to serve in the legislative liaison section of one of the armed services. He tells me that they keep daily 'logs' of telephone and written requests affecting personnel which were received from the offices of senators and congressmen. He also gave me a table of organization of personnel engaged in processing these requests. May I suggest that the newspapers would perform a service to the public if they published, with appropriate charts, the tables of organization of the machinery for handling requests from Capitol Hill about personnel and also statistics of the number of requests.

"I cannot conceive that the Department of Defense would dare to place itself in a position of tacit admission that the detailed records on Cohn and Schine amount to persecution of only two boys, which it certainly will be doing if it can't come forward promptly with similar records and statistics on the thousands of other senatorial and congressional requests for special favors. I am informed that such records are kept. I submit that the public interest would be particularly served if the requests from the office of each senator who will sit in judgment on Cohn and Schine be analyzed and published. I learned at law school something to the effect that 'he who comes into equity must come with clean hands'."

Detailed testimony before the Senate subcommittee by the man who wrote the above memorandum and by all other former officials of the government who handled relations between the armed services and Capitol Hill would provide very interesting reading. Their names are on file at the Pentagon.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LIEVER HERRSCHOFT NOCHA MOHL: 'S gebt now die arrickshda socha os yusht grawd tzu denka sin — wie die alt fraw ols g'sawt hut, "M'r maint net os shrote so hard grocha kenta."

Wel aenicha waig, der Herb Deibert fon "Sleepy Valley," hinnich Bath drowwa, maint ols noch net os aenich ebber wear os besserra ring baloneys mocha kent wie der Russell Moyer fon Northampton. Der Herb fer yohrra hut 'n wertshous kot yusht so sheb iwwer da Main shtross driwwa fom Russell seim butcher shop, un wor 'n ragler baloney kustomer.

Now os der Herb ous ferkauft hut, grick'd er ow'r ols noch hunger fer fom Russell seina baloneys, un kumt alla gabut rei noch Northampton fer sich ei laiga. Doh da onner dawg wor er widder kumma, un sel wor der awfong fon da arya uf huddlerrei woh m'r fertzaila wolla.

Wie immer der gabrouch won sellie tzwae tzomma kumma, hen sie 's airsht weil gablauder'd, uns nagshd worra sie om hussla mit finf cent shticker. Welar os der long band'l kotta hut wie sie uf gewwa hen, kenna m'r net sawga, un wissa aw net recht wie long os sie k'hussl'd hen. Aenicha waig, sie hen long ganunk fert gamocht fer der "awbin" poshda mit da bensa uhr owwa druf woh der Herb sei mashine shtae hut kot, ous lawfa, un der rote fahna hut in die hae g'shtonna, wie der policemon dawaig kumma is.

In Northampton glawwa m'r net os sie duhna wie in Slatington, won der kop darta 'n mashine sehnt shtae omma ous galoffna "parking meter," gait er fon shtore tzu shtore, wunnerra wem sei mashine os es wear. Won er der aigner fin'd brouch er yusht 'n bens ins uhra warrick shtecka, un allas is ol recht.

In Northampton all'm noh, hen sie 'n lot tzettle os sie garn lose weara, un die kops bodderra net fer die aigner fon da mashina suchā, un hanka die tzettle numma tzu garn on die mashina.

Wel aenicha waig, der Herb hut 'n tzettle grick'd unna sei wissa. Wie er un der Russell fartich worra sich ferweila, is der Herb nous uf sei mashine, un runner noch da shtadt kumma. Doh hunna hut er sei mashine onna tzwae shtun "parking meter" g'shteld, tzwae finf cent shticker nei g'shteck'd, un is seinra bisnis noh.

Wie er fartich wor seinra bismis noh gae, hut er ols noch drei fartel shtun tzeit kot 'm tzoyer noh om meter. Die weil os 'n lot may aw gait uf da shtross un 'm payment in ra shtadt, os wie in "Sleepy Hollow," hut der Herb ous gamocht er dade weil uf da mashine hucka bleiva un fol wert griega fer die tzaea cent woh er in die box g'shteck'd hut kot, sehna wos tzu sehna wear.

Ow'r liever herrschoft un aller aeland nocha mohl, wie er weil k'huck'd hut kot, hut er der parking tzettle sehna hanka woh der Northampton kop 'm fermocht hut kotta. Der Herb hut gamaint er het 'n doh in da shtadt grick'd, un is so hitzich werra os die flom 'm bol tzu da ohra rous g'shloga hut. Tzu denka os er doh tzwae finf cent shticker in der meter g'shteck'd het, un der tzoyer het g'sawt er kent tzwae shtun bleiva — wel, der Herb wor base ganunk fer 'n rigelwaigs shpikes in tzwae beissa, un is ains gongs noch noch 'm Allentown City hall, mit seim iwwertzeit parking tzettle.

Der Herb in seim aller beshda Englisha, so wie ers ewwa galarnt hut in da Rockdale Akademy om Hivel, hut 's airsht ol die blauderrei gaduh, 's maid'l hinnich 'm kounter hut ken wert iwwer-tzwarich nei griega kenna. Un des da langer os er gablauder'd hut, des da hitzicher is er werra, un hut wissa wolla wos doh om aw gae wear — ma mon os ehrlich tzwae shtun tzeit het fer sei mashine shtella 'n tzettle aw hanka won er noch drei fartel shtun iwwerichie tzeit kotta het.

'S maid'l hut noh g'frok'd fer der tzettle sehna, un wie der Herb ra 'n gewwa hut, hut sie yusht so bissel galocht un g'sawt. "If I was in your place, I would take this ticket back to Northampton where I got it, and pay my overtime parking fine there."

Der Herb wor noh nimmy base, un glawb won sie 'n g'frok'd hetta fers tzu duh, os er gute tzum shlissel loch nous lawfa het kenna. Er hut sich gore wunnerbore g'shamm'd, un des da wenicher os er hoert dafon, des da liever is es 'm.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R In ontwert tzu da fiela leit woh om wunnerra sin dawaiga, des yoh nemma m'r unser boat trip Sundawgs der 15d August noch Rye Beach un Long Island Sound nous, in blotz fon der Hudson nuf.

Today's Text

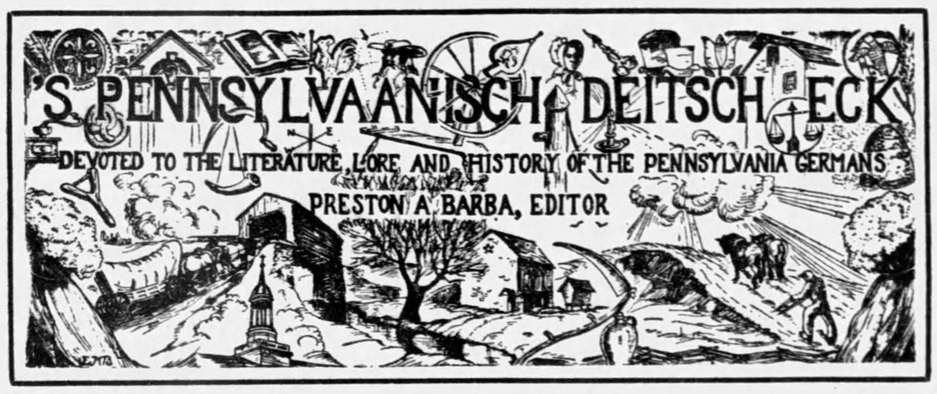
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 25:24—26:2

When Paul was brought in before the assembled courtiers, Festus addressed King Agrippa and all who were present in these words: 'You see this man about whom the whole Jewish people petitioned me, both at Jerusalem and here (in Caesarea), shouting that he ought not to live any longer. But I found that he had done nothing deserving death; and as he himself appealed to the Emperor (of Rome), I decided to send him. But I have nothing definite to write to my lord about him. Therefore I have brought him before you, and especially before you, King Agrippa, that, after we have examined him, I may have something to write, for it seems to me unreasonable, in sending a prisoner, not to indicate the charges against him.' Then Agrippa said to Paul: 'You have permission to speak for yourself.' So Paul stretched out his hand and made his defense, expressing his pleasure in having the opportunity to address Agrippa, who was quite well acquainted with the customers of the Jews.

Horoscope

You should gain much through the favor and support of those interested in improving your position. An independent, enterprising spirit may be looked for in today's child.



BOOK NOTES

SING AND DANCE WITH THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. Compiled and arranged with translations and commentary by Ruth L. Hausman. Illustrated by Frances Lichten. Edward B. Marks Music Corporation. New York.—pp. 112. $2.00.

As the title implies this is an invitation to that larger public outside the immediate periphery of those areas inhabited by the Pennsylvania Germans to participate in their songs and dances. Miss Hausman, teacher of music in Philadelphia, has compiled these songs and dances with translations and commentary, from what sources is not always clear. The book is so attractive in its garb and in the presentation of its material that it should enjoy a wide sale among a non-critical public.

Like others before her, the compiler has divided the Pennsylvania Germans into three groups: the Plain People, the Church People and the Moravians. She has discovered that each group has its own music "closely allied to its history and cultural pattern." Most entertaining, and the only original contribution in the book, are Miss Hausman's prose sketches which furnish backgrounds to the music of each group We attend an Amish "Preaching", an Amish "Singing" and an Amish wedding. We accompany the Kressly family (all names in these little narratives are fictitious) to a Lutheran Harvest Home Service at Neff's in Lehigh County, where the closing hymn is Luther's "A Mighty Fortress is Our God". But after the interesting introductory sketch under the caption "The Church People" there are no illustrative religious songs of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches. The compiler prefers to move on to the more interesting Methodistic "Bush" or camp meetings and introduces several "Strawwler Lieder", illustrative of the white "spirituals," a term which has come into vogue only a few years ago. From the Bush Meeting we go to a "Schnitzing Party" on Luther Henninger's farm somewhere near Ruchsville in Lehigh County. Here (still under the caption "The Church People") we meet for the first and last time some of those traditional folksy songs that are in a wider sense associated with the Pennsylvania German people. Among these are the familiar "Schpinn, schpinn, meine liewe Dochder", "Maedli, witt du heire?", "Schlof, Bobbeli, schlof", "Des bucklich Mennli" and "Die Schnitzelbank".—Under "The Moravians at Bethlehem" we are told the familiar story of Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, Pa. in 1741. The hymns which follow are each preceded by delightful little narratives woven about some episode out of the early history of the Moravians. This book is considerably enhanced by Frances Lichten's illustrations, charming in their spontaneous use of the familiar Pennsylvania German art motifs

Upon closer examination of Miss Hausman's compilation one cannot escape the feeling that it does not fulfill the expectations implied in the enticing title "Sing and Dance with the Pennsylvania Dutch". Of the 45 songs entered in the Index 30 are religious, associated either with the Amish, the Methodistic "Bush" meetings, or the Moravians. Over against these 30 religious songs there are only 15 secular songs. Here where the public may expect the most the compiler has offered us the least. As for the dancing implied in the title of the book there are exactly four dances: the first two, "Skip to My Lou" and "O-Hi-O", both sung to American folk tunes, and associated by the compiler with the "unworldly Amish"; and two more, "It Snows and It Blows (es schnayt un es blost, not **blose**) and Bingo (!).

Why Martin Rinckart's (not Renkart) glorious post-Reformation hymn, the common possession of Protestants the world-over, should be considered Pennsylvania German, much less Amish, we do not know. Also it is rather misleading to find that lovely little children's bedtime song "Muede bin ich, Geh zur Ruh", by the North German 19th century poetess, Luise Hensel, under the music of the "Plain People", when it would be hard to find a place, even in the Germany of today, where it is not known or sung.

Although Miss Hausman gives evidence here and there of having studied easily accessible sources, it is not clear to whom she is indebted for the form and music of the "Bush" meeting "spirituals", nor for the secular songs listed under "A Schnitzing Party". Surely she could not have been unmindful of the excellent spade work done in the field of the Pennsylvania German folksong on the part of such men as Albert F. Buffington, William Troxell, Walter Boyer, Don Yoder and J. William Frey. Or was she? Scholars who do the tedious and painstaking exploratory work are generous, but they are also sensitive—P.A.B.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC ORGANIZATIONS IN TWO PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES BY EUGENE DOLL. In The American Journal of Sociology, Vol. LVII, No. 2, September 1951.

This thoughtful article is based on the thesis that the Marxian statement that the mode of production in material determines the general character of the social, political and spiritual processes of life is not applicable with regard to a number of historic societies. He then proceeds to show that the cultural, social and economic organizations of two 18th century Pennsylvania German communal settlements, the Anabaptist founded by Johann Conrad Beissel at Ephrata and the **Unitas Fratrum**, or Moravian United Brethren, founded by Ludwig Nikolaus von Zinzendorf at Bethlehem, were determined by the religious values which permeated both these communities. "Once this is understood" the author writes, "the two societies unfold as masterpieces of consistent organization and internal harmony, in which every other aspect of cultural, social, and economic life is a meaningful and appropriate expression of the prime values. To those who fail to grasp this essential point, however, these societies seem but exotic oddments of random borrowing and arbitrary invention."

The author then proceeds to parallel the religious bases of each, their social organization, their religious worship, their educational ventures and their economic life.

Although these two societies contributed out of all proportion to their size to the advancement and development of Colonial Pennsylvania, it must be admitted that neither of them outlived the generation of its founders as a communal society. Must we then admit the triumph of Marxian economic determinism? It was not so much the economic element that determined their defeat but rather the disruptive influence of competing interests in family life and the cooling of the religious zeal with the passing of the generation of their founders and first converts. The author concludes that neither community can be understood unless we recognize that the totality of its social and economic activities was centered in its religious life.

THE NORTHAMPTON TRAVELER. Published Monthly at Bethlehem, Pa. Published and Edited by Henry L. Freking.—25c a Copy. $2.00 a Year.

The first issue of The Northampton Traveler appeared in January, 1954 and makes a popular appeal to those interested in local history. Its purpose, we read on the editorial page, is to give the people of the county a review of the history of Northampton, some already known, some never before published. The first three numbers lie before us.

The January number contains, among other items, articles about "Christmas in Bethlehem in 1741", "The Majestic Delaware", "George Taylor, Signer of the Declaration of Independence", "The First Permanent Moravian Settlement in America", "Northampton's First Courthouse.

In the February number: "Church Street in Bethlehem", "Easton", America's Oldest Jewelry Store, 1785", "A Library Built on a Cemetery", "The First Stage Line".

In the March number: John Valentine Haidt, the Colonial Preacher Artist", "The Oldest Lumber and Coal Yard in the East", "Easton's Oldest Public Building—the First Reformed Church".

Especially welcome are the many reproductions of old prints that adorn this little magazine, many not easily accessible today. We mention in passing—an early drawing of Bethlehem (c. 1836) by Gustavus Grunewald; photo of a painting of the Delaware Water Gap done by Thomas Birch in 1800; an old lithograph of the George Taylor House in Easton; a view of Nazareth from Jag's Orchard in 1795; the interior of a colonial kitchen at Christmas; John Valentine Haidt's Christ before Pilate. There are many others to gladden the heart and eye of the lover of local lore and history.

CHRISTIAN LIVING. A Magazine for Home and Community. Published monthly by the Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa.—$3.00 the year.

The first issue of this magazine appeared in January, 1954. It is the successor to the Christian Monitor and the Mennonite Community. The latter, under the editorship of Grant Stoltzfus, was at various times brought to the attention of our readers for the articles pertaining to our folk culture.

One of the editors of the new magazine is John A. Hostetler, who only recently returned from Europe where he was engaged in studying sources of the Amish and Mennonites in Switzerland and Germany. Mr. Hostetler is the compiler of "Annotated Bibliography of the Amish (1951). Although this appears to be a magazine primarily for the Mennonite home, it goes forth from out of the cultural backgrounds of the Pennsylvania German "plain people". The first issue presents the first installment of the biography of Christian Reeser, Amish Mennonite immigrant, pioneer and preacher, who moved westward with the moving frontier, from Ohio, to Indiana, to Illinois.

The Mennonite Publishing House has put out numerous items of general interest to the Pennsylvania Germans, among them: a new edition of the Martyrs' Mirror, John C. Wenger's Glimpses of Mennonite History and Doctrine; Robert Friedman's Mennonite Piety Through the Centuries; Harold S. Bender's Two Centuries of American Mennonite; Martin G. Weaver's Mennonites of Lancaster Conference; Samuel Peachey's Amish of the Kishacoquillas Valley.

DES HAUSBUTZ-FIEWER

Ich bin so zitterich un mied,
Es dutt mir weh in allem Glied,
Ich bin gewore aus;
Es Hausbutz-fiewer hot mei Fraa,
Sie saagt, es iss der Weg un law,
Butzt garret 's aerscht im Haus.

Datt drowwe hawwich mich verhitzt,
Mich meiner Seel schier dod geschwitzt,
Die Fraa saagt, "Nemm kee Ruh;"
Sie iss dewedder wie en Gaul,
Sie saagt zu mir, "Du bischt zu faul",
Sell hot mir wehgeduh.

Mei Aarm, mei Rick, mei Fiess, mei Bee,
Ach Himmel! 'S dutt mir alles weh,
Ich fiehl, ich geh glei dod;
Die Schlofschtubb waar es neegscht am Geh,
Fenschtere, ceiling, Wand, O je!
Des iss en schweri load.

En iwwel Ding, bei meiner Zeit!
Wann Weibsleit sin an meiner Seit
Un gehne net eweck;
Sie hen die Naas in alles drin,
Du weesscht net, was sie hen im Sinn,
Ich fiehl, ich bin im Eck.

Deet gleiche sehne selli Fraa,
Wu Hausbutz' hot gefange aa,
Ich wunner, wer sie waar;
Ich deet sie reschte unni fail
Un schmeisse in die county jail
Fer siwwe hunnert Yaahr.

Ich hab en nei-i rule un law
Gemacht mit meiner yunge Fraa,
Datt schtick ich hatt dezu;
Sie muss dinge, wenn sie kann,
Noh bin ich los un nemm mei fun,
Sure, ich bezaahl der Luh.

Noh bin ich los un nemm mei fun,
Ich weess, mei Fraa dutt, was sie will,
Ich hab sell oft schunn g'seh;
Ich setz mich in mei Chrysler car
Un geh eweck noch Bollivar
In South America.

Datt bleib ich, bis es iss verbei,
Die lumbiche Hausbutzerei,
Datt fiehl ich leicht un gut;
Ich denk, wann ich bin kumme heem,
Dann schpielt mei Fraa es seem alt game,
Im Harrebscht der Hausbutz-wut.

—ELIAS N. BENFIELD

(The writer of the above verses is now in his 90th year)

DASCHDICH

Hett dihr shunn en lewendicher Fisch imme Kiwwelvoll Wasser ghatt? Un hett dihr dei Gedier sehne drinke? Des hawwich oft bedracht. Der Fisch iss die gans Zeit am Drinke un doch watt's Wasser net all. Was dutt der Fisch? Er brauch net viel Luft, wie en Gedier, ass uffem Land lebt. Wann er's Wasser zum Maul reinemmt un zu de Gills naus, grickt er die Luft aus em Wasser. So drinkt er in eem Schtick fatt, graad wie mir schnaufe.

Well, so hot's Mensche. Sie drinke in eem Schtick fatt, yuscht ken Wasser. Wie lenger ass sie drinke, wie daschdicher ass sie warre. Ich hab moll so en Kall gfroogt, ferwas ass er so viel saufe deet. "Ferwas schtoppscht net, wann du satt hoscht?" hawwich ihn gfroogt. Saagt er, 'Ich waar in meim Lewe noch net satt.' Ich warr immer gsoffe, eb ich satt bin." Iss so ebbes net en Elend?

Deel Leit hen nau en wunnerbaarer Dascht fer schtarrig Drinkes. Sie kenne sich yuscht net helfe. Sie schlucke es nunner, bis es ihne zu de Ohre raus laaft. Noh wisse sie nimmi an wellem End ass der Kopp iss. Es kennt ihne moll geh, wie em alde Meik seim Gees.

Der Gees iss vanne am Schtor verbei, wu sie en Buschelkarrebvoll Schwemm ghatt hen. En Schwamm iss gut fer Fenschdere, Autos odder me Mensch sei Karreber wesche. Die Schwemm waare awwer drucke un der Gees hot sie all gfresse. Noh iss er awwer daschdich warre. Er hot gsoffe un gsoffe, un die Schwemm sin als aryer uffgange. Uff eemol heert mer en doder Grach, un sell waar's letscht vum Billy Gees. Sie hen sei Lewe ken Haut un ken Haar vun ihm gfunne.

Die alt Polly Hamm hot zwee groosse Buwe ghatt. Des waare nau karyose Kalls. Awwer die Polly waar zimmlich unschuldich un sie waar ewwe aa de Buwe ihre Mudder.

Ee Daag hen die Nochbere ausgemacht, sie deede der Polly saagge, wie schlecht, ass die Buwe waere. "Ei," hen sie gsaat, "die Buwe saufe wie Fisch."

"Sell," hot die Polly gsaat, "glawich net. Eenich ebbes schunscht, awwer net sell. Mei Buwe saufe net. Wei, wann sie nachts drauss waare, schpringe sie uff maryets un drinke die alt Bump schier leer. Wann sie nachts saufe deede, waere sie net so daschdich maryets."

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
Vun Der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Cobalt Bomb Next?

The threat of the thermonuclear bomb known as the hydrogen bomb is immediate and personal for hundreds of millions of people in the exposed areas of the world, namely those which are close to the nations that possess this diabolical weapon. Millions of people not only in the great cities of the United States and Canada, but those of the British Isles and West Europe, fear they and everything which they love and value will be wiped out at the fall of the very first bomb.

In this desperate thought there is a reaction in clamor that there be cessation in the development of the H-bomb and the search for newer and, presumably, more powerful weapons.

Much as that is to be desired it would seem to be elementary logic which will have to govern. Cessation in research would be desirable provided there was international agreement to this effect and that such agreement would be observed scrupulously. Since the United States, Great Britain and Canada as collaborators on nuclear research since the early days of the war cannot get such international agreement it will be toying with our fate if there be cessation of efforts to learn more and more about the application of nuclear physics to weapons of destruction. We know the enemy is not slackening his pace.

It is a horrible thing to contemplate. But what other answer is there to be had after our experiences since the war?

When President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill made the momentous decision and took the epochal step to begin research work for production of what came to be known as the atomic or A-bomb, it was confidently believed that in our international group of scientists were the world's best brains and the most advanced thinking in the field of nuclear physics.

It was known that the Russians had taken vast numbers of German physicists prisoner. It was believed they were encouraging them in their special field. At the same time there was known to be a considerable body of highly capable Russian scientists in this same field.

It was a terrific shock to the western world when it became known that our atomic secrets had been stolen by spies in the employ of the Russian government. We got additional jolts when President Truman reported late in 1949 that Russia had tested atomic bombs and, therefore, must be possessed of a lot of secrets which we, in our smugness, thought was our monopoly. At least it was believed that our scientists were years and years ahead of the teams of Russian and German scientists, plus the information stolen and passed on by Klaus Fuchs and others in Canada and the United States.

Knowledge that the Soviet was years and years ahead of the schedule that our scientists believed them to be following, prompted President Truman early in 1950 to make a decision similar to that of President Roosevelt early in the war. He directed that work proceed with the deadlier H-bomb.

It was none too soon for last August, it will be remembered, the scientists reported and President Eisenhower confirmed to the public that a thermonuclear explosion had taken place in the heart of Russia. It was a startling surprise and indicated that Russia either was well advanced in the development of an H-bomb or that she even might be ahead of this country's scientists.

The entire theory about the ability to maintain peace is based, because of the Russian attitude to the world, upon maintaining strength so great that Russia will not dare to attack the western world.

An armaments race greater in its intensity and deadliness than anything the world ever has known or even dreamed of is in progress. There can be no relaxation of effort in the face of the greatest menace that yet has been faced by all western civilization.

Complacency, which retarded development of the H-bomb by a few months at least, may have cost us more dearly than we now can realize.

It seems absolutely assured that the Reds have the H-bomb. It can be presumed that, even if it is not so deadly as ours has proven to be, it could be employed devastatingly. And, if it be more powerful than our weapon or more easily deliverable it could produce a knockout in a single sneak attack.

Nor have our scientists and those of Russia reached the end of their scientific rope. Physicists for some years have been talking about a still more powerful and widely devastating force, or bomb, to be developed from cobalt, a C-bomb.

Until Russia is ready to quit or slacken the mad race, the western nations cannot afford to encourage or demand a cessation in the development of any and all super weapons.

President Eisenhower must face decisions such as those which Presidents Roosevelt and Truman had to make when the belief that an A-bomb could be made and that it could be used to shorten the conflict was presented to them. He may have to decide that the C-bomb shall be developed.

Unlike President Truman, who President Eisenhower and the western world be spared the crisis that would require him to make a decision to use the H or even the C-bomb.

'Dust Bowl' Again

Almost twenty years ago the people of the United States were deeply alarmed when the Dust Bowl of the Western states was stirred up by the winds and top soil by the hundreds of millions of tons was carried eastwardly and precipitated upon the Eastern states or into the Atlantic Ocean.

The American people saw the disappearance of the American breadbasket in the matter of only a few years. Not only was American prosperity threatened but American life as well.

During the past two months there has been repetition of conditions that threaten another siege of experiences such as those which 20 years ago wiped out millions of arable acres in the West and Southwest and ruined farm homes and buildings and even villages and towns.

Little rain has fallen since early in February. During the past month windstorms of high velocity have been frequent and continued over long periods. A lot of land, in which wheat had been planted and therefore is considerably exposed to evaporation and conversion into dust, has been carried away by the dust storms. Dust is piled up against fence posts like snowdrifts. Fields that had been level undulate like the dune country. Irrigation ditches have been filled up, thus aggravating the effects of the drouth.

Estimates indicate that up to 70 per cent of the wheat plants in some areas have been destroyed and the usual harvest period is still three months in the offing.

The question must be whether the lessons of the '30's, learned so bitterly, have been disregarded in recent years? At that time it was pointed out that all too much land which should be kept in grass was being used for the cultivation of open tillage crops. There was also extensive movement to plant millions of trees as windbreaks.

Have those policies continued, or has there been steady desertion from them to what, at first sight, looks like easier agricultural procedure and greater assurance of a money crop? If that be the case, there will have to be desperate and speedy return to the program of planting trees to stem the effects of high winds and the planting of fodder crops to hold the soil both in wet and dry weather.

The Country Doctor

Within a few months Dr. Harry J. S. Keim, of Catasauqua, will round out sixty years of continuous practice of medicine and it can be expected that a tribute accorded to him by Catasauqua's Rotary Club on Thursday night is but the first of many events in his honor and the first showering of this splendid gentleman with the flowers of praise.

Dr. Keim is an outstanding example of the general practitioner who has been disappearing quite steadily from the American scene but who continues to be the backbone and certainly much of the heart of the profession which assumes the Hippocratic oath.

Dr. Keim has known several generations of Catasauquans from the cradle to the grave. He has been loved as one of the family for he has been truly a "family physician." He is one who knows more perhaps of the inner life of many families than its own blood members and his sympathies go out to them in their individual and group afflictions.

Dr. Keim likewise has always been in the closest touch with the community's life. As such he has served as burgess and in other positions of public responsibility despite his busy and demanding professional work.

Catasauqua does itself honor in honoring this grand gentleman of the old school, a well night perfect exemplar of that continuing ideal in medical work—The Country Doctor.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 26:28

Referring again to Agrippa's retort to Paul, both the Roman Catholic Douai Bible and Darby, founder of the Plymouth Brethren denomination, have Agrippa saying: 'In a little thou persuadest me to become a Christian.' This is the exact, literal, Greek, with no explanation as to what 'in a little' means. The Twentieth Century New Testament translates as follows: 'You are very soon trying to make a Christian of me.' Goodspeed has this: 'You are in a hurry to persuade me and make a Christian of me.' The 'Confraternity' (Roman Catholic) translation says: 'In a short while thou wouldest persuade me and make a Christian of me.' Mrs. Montgomery translates: 'In short, you are doing your best to persuade me to become a Christian.' The Basic English text has this: 'A little more and you will be making me a Christian.' It is not often that we have been spending so much time on one verse, but I though that my readers would be interested in a demonstration of what problems confront translators.

The Life of Christ

By BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Reason Is Seen in Christ's Death

CHAPTER XXIV

(In yesterday's installment of "The Life of Christ," Bishop Sheen points out that if Jesus fenced in by all the comforts of life, and after teaching the true theory of pain, had died on a soft bed, He might have been honored as a great Teacher but He would never have drawn men to Himself. Men are called to participate in the fruits of His death because His redemptive service is to be a work into which they are to be permitted to enter. It will thus become a very vital factor in man's approach to God.)

How empty and frivolous the Death of Christ would be unless human nature in someway was involved in sin. If we were sitting on a pier on a bright summer day, fishing contentedly, and suddenly saw another man jump off the pier in front of us into the river, and as he went down the third time, we heard him say: "Greater love than this no man hath, than he lay down his life for his friend," we would have found the whole proceeding quite unintelligible. If, however, we had fallen into the waters and were drowning, and the man came in and offered his life to save us, then there would be meaning to his Death. If human nature had not fallen into sin, the Death of Christ would be meaningless. But if He had come as the Son of God to ransom us from sin in obedience to the Father's Will and restore us to a heritage which was lost, then the Cross becomes our glory.

Sacrifice for Others

If we were the only persons in the world who had eyes to see, would we not be staffs to the blind; if we were the only persons in the world who were healthy, would we not minister to the sick? If we seek to identify ourselves with the physical sufferings of others because we love them, why should we not be one with those who are cast down with moral suffering? If the more healthy we are, the better we serve the sick, then the more innocent we are, the more we should take on their guilt. Eventually, this would reach a point where we would sacrifice ourselves for the other's guilt. A mother loves her child: If it were possible, she would willingly take upon herself all the pains of the child. The father will take on the debts of his son, and a lover, if possible, would take on the woes of his beloved.

Restored Chalice

Picture a chalice, which only a priest may touch, stolen from the altar. It is made into a beer mug and delivered over to profane uses. Later on, the chalice is retrieved, but before it can be restored to the altar, it must be put into the flames, the dross burned away. Then it must be beaten and hammered and refashioned again from the old creature of the beer mug, into the new creature of the chalice. Only then is it fit for blessing and ready for restoration to the altar of sacrifice.

The Pattern Man

Our human nature, which once was in possession of God's grace, and which once bore resemblance to the Divine Nature, through a free act of ours lost its dignity and became delivered over to profane and unholy purposes of sin. Our Blessed Lord came to this earth and took a human nature like ours in all things except sin. He made it stand for us as the head of the new humanity, as if He Himself were guilty for all the sins of the world. Then He takes this human nature of ours, and plunges it into the fire of Calvary to have all the dross of evil and sin burned and purged away. After being beaten and hammered and put into a grave, He finally rises from the dead as the Head of the new humanity — the Pattern Man we are destined to be if we receive His Spirit. The whole problem of Christianity then, is how to become incorporated again to this new humanity in Christ, Who is the Son of God. That happens as He said through the sending of His Spirit so that He will not be an example to be copied but a life to be lived.

TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There's more good news from the construction industry in America. The month of March is not only very much ahead of February in contract awards, but the combined figures for January, February and March constitute the best first quarter in 63 years.

This means that not only has 1953 been topped, but also the previous record year, which was 1951.

This importance of this information to the business world is that contract awards for construction filed in March at the various city and state and federal offices means a turnover of money by midsummer. It is said that a contract awarded in March means dollars in the hands of consumers by June.

Economist's Observation

The figures come from F. W. Dodge Corp., which has a large statistical organization for gathering data about construction. George Cline Smith, economist for the Dodge organization, says:

"Preliminary tabulations of the Dodge reports of construction contract awards in the 37 eastern states indicate that March awards were far and away the highest ever reported for any March.

"In addition to setting an all-time high for the month, the first quarter of 1954 set a new record for any first quarter in Dodge's 63-year history, since January and February also were at record levels for those months.

"These high March awards are not a fluke but are a continuation of a steady growth in construction activity. The 1953 awards were the highest annual total ever reported by Dodge reports. Seven out of the last 12 months have been at the highest level ever reported for those months.

"These records records are not produced by a few large contracts or by any one special branch of construction. They represent high levels of activity in both residential and non-residential fields. It is hard to conceive of a prolonged severe decline in business activity when both indiyiduals and businesses are expressing sufficient confidence in the future to contract for a record volume of construction."

A steady flow of building materials seems assured as well as high employment in the construction segment of the national economy.

Optimistic Prediction

When the detailed figures become available in a few days it will be seen that all the percentages are strongly up and the comparisons are on the bright side in every instance.

Officials here who have heard in advance about the figures are naturally pleased with the way the construction industry is going ahead to break all previous records. When the January data came out there was a feeling that perhaps the first month of the year was exceptional, but when February and March both showed a substantial increase over 1953 figures, it was apparant that the nation was experiencing a construction boom which, despite the reduction in governmental spending, was surpassing all records.

This, of course, is a dramatic illustration of what can happen when private spending is given a chance to operate without government restrictions. Not only is credit available, but there are no controls over materials to force artificial situations that bring higher prices. The law of supply and demand is operating on all fronts.

Just why is there the upturn in all classes of construction? One reason presumably is that whenever a war situation brings controls, there is underconsumption. Commercial buildings, for instance, which would have been built in 1950, 1951 and 1953 during the Korean war era, are only now being erected. While commerical building in itself is not the biggest part of the total, the actual gain over last year in the first three months as shown by Department of Commerce figures is about 44 per cent over last year.

The government's estimate of construction that has actually been in progress — as distinguished from awards of contracts for the future — reveals that in the first quarter of 1954, even after adjusting for seasonal factors, the annual rate is running well ahead of last year.

Whatever else the construction picture means in the way of employment in that one industry, it does indicate that because of the industries, other businesses will benefit. For every new home means new furnishings, and every new commercial building means new equipment. The construction news is really good news of a continuing confidence that prevails in America about the trend toward a healthy economic era.

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Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Sometimes I wonder whether mighty man, who considers himself the last word in perfection, is not really climbing molehills when he thinks he is climbing mountains and, like Don Quixote, charging windmills, while he imagines he is dealing with world problems.

A bill passed the State Assembly in Albany, N. Y., tightening the motion picture censorship laws by defining "immoral" films and those which "tend to incite to crime."

The bill specifies that it will be "illegal to show any motion picture film or part therof the dominant purpose or effect of which is erotic or pornographic: or which portrays acts of sexual immorality, perversion, or lewdness, or which expressly or impliedly presents such acts as desirable, acceptable, or proper patterns of behavior."

Parts of this law are all right. But there is a tendency these days to have small minds dictate all our patterns of behavior to us, to tell us how to think, to talk, to write. So this intended law is just another step toward subjugation of our individuality to rules and regulations made by little men certainly no wiser than those whom these laws are attempting to regulate.

Why then confine these regulated behavior patterns to motion pictures, as long as we are at it?

Why not include some of the plays that are now inundating New York and many other cities in America?

Why not include the rotten books that are pouring fromt he typewriters of "erotic" authors?

Why not take in the ever more abbreviated bathing suits and evening gowns that are becoming more and more common — and I use the word "common" in more than one sense?

In White Plains, a New York City suburb, the Mayer recently proposed a law making it a misdemeanor to wear shorts, slacks or other revealing garments in public and regulating the exact parts of the body that may be exposed in public. How much juvenile delinquency do you think such a law will prevent? How many people will be kept on or brought back to the paths of righteousness by such regulations?

Nature has given us one great preventive against immorality, our will power.

Nobdy HAS to look at immoral films. Nobody HAS to buy and read filthy books. In radio and television there is always the "off" dial for anything that offends.

I wonder how many people have actually been driven to crime or sexual immorality by such films as "La Ronde," that French movie, which was temporarily banned in New York.

A Harvard psychologist, Dr. Gordon W. Allport, said recently that "few theories have derived from the study of healthy human beings, those who strive not so much to prolong life as to make it worth living.

"Psychological research includes many studies of criminals, but few of law-abiders: many studies of fear, few of courage. There is much on the blindness of man, but little on his vision."

Isn't it about time to find out what makes man GOOD rather than what makes him BAD?

The best way to deal with the problem of immorality is not just to declare it an evil, punishable by fine and jail, but to make Man WANT to be moral and decent for his own sake.

(Copyright, 1954)

Horoscope

Conserve your resources in the months ahead, and avoid changes. A highly strung individual may be noted in today's child. Intellectual powers may be above average.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT DUWOCH GANUMMA: Yar ich denk bei jupps, boova, 's hut doh net long tzurick owets duwoch ganumma, wie der Irvie Hoffman fon da Neffs - Laurys shtross drunna bei seim nochber Nevin Snyder wor peanuckle shpiela. Der Irvie un sie Birdie gaina alla fingers long owets nunner nochs Nevin Snyders' uf p'such, un woh die monsleit sich ferweila korta shpiela, die weil os die weibsleit hucka blauderra fon da shtyles, un ewwa so wos aw gait in da nochberschoft.

Den gawissna owet is es Nevin's boo, der kola mon Stanley Snyder un sei Anna un die glae dochter fon Coplay aw kumma fers Nevins' p'sucha, un glei worra die monsleit tzu drit om peanuckle shpiela. So weit os der Irvie un der Nevin ols aw gonga is, hen sie tzimlich gleih ous gamocht — ainer hut ae game grick'd, un un noh hut der onner gawunna. Ow'r mit ma fremma buck im shtol, hen sie glei ous g-funna os 'n onnerra gamode in da luft is — sis glei 'n onner lied'l g'sunga werra.

Der Stanley hut sich 's airsht aw g'shick'd wie won er net tzu gute shpiela kent, ow'r glei hut er sich awfonga nei lossa — yadderer hut g'shpielt fer sich selwar, un er hut der Irvie un der Nevin doch now gahairich gawomsh'd. Der Irvie hut weiters nimmy fiel tzu blauderra kot wie sie shtoppa hen shpiela, ow'r der chaw - duwoch hut leida missa. Ebber het der Irvie gute shpoora kenna uf 'm hame waig — er hut 'n shtraima dunkle braunie duwoch bree galost, fons Nevins bis nuf hame. Un won er ols awenich noh galust hut kowwa, hut sei Birdie yusht sawga breicha, "Ich denk now hosh'd, now bish'd mohl gabutta werra," noh hut re widder frish nei awfonga chawwa un kowwa.

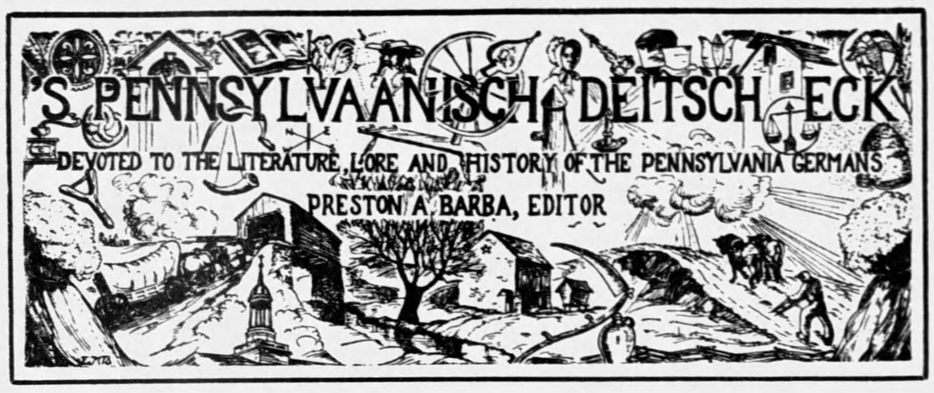
MAINT 'S GAIBT TZWIVLE: Des yohr maint der Harvey Bean fon da Nord Sd shtross doh in da shtadt, wot er mohl der tzwivla marrick bracha. Er gait fiel da fendua un auctions noh un sehnt net yusht wos prica os tzwivla ferkaufa, ow'r aw wie arrick os die leit oi iwwer nei gaina fer tzwivla essa mit hamburgers un doggies. Noh fohrt er aw truck fer der Mandus German, un hut shun 'n monichie truck load tzwivla galawda kot, un onner leit sehna gelt mocha wie hoy. Wos noch mainer is, hut sei nochber Rich Peters, un der koffiemon Menno Fenstermacker 'm aw ei g'sharaf'd wie aw tzu gae fer die tzwivla blonsa, so os sie shpote summers reichlich ous shmeissa dada.

Der Menno trav'ld shun fer yohrra im lond rum har, un membt immer bardicha indressa drin, won weibsleit drous im gorda sin tzwivla shtecka. Fiel fon sella alta weibsleit wissa net yusht die rechda tzaicha, un dawga fer tzwivla blonsa, ow'r hen aw fiel onnerrie erfohring os ol helft fer 'n guter krop tzwivla raisa. Der Rich uf kours hut aw dale tzwivla lare ous de fergongenheit, un ains woh er un der Menno ae maining hen, is, os nix in da welt besser is fer tzwivla, os wie 'n recht shoffender tzwivla shnae.

Der Harvey hut 'm Rich un Menno ihra socha ol shae ei ganumma, un des free yohr ous gamocht er wot sei tzwivla blonsa yusht ebs shnaea dade. Alla owet won er hame kumma is fon da arwet hut er in da luft rum g'shnuppert, un mohl ae dawg ous gamocht seim beshda gawissa noh, gaibts shnae bis da nagshda dawg. Bletzlich is er in der gorda, un hut sei tzwivla sei lava net g'shwinder gablonst kot wie sella owet. Un bis da nagshda morya wohrhoft huts g'shnae'd — net fiel, ow'r ganunk fer an haws shpoora, un woh der Menno immer bahabt hut os 'n tzwivla shnae wear won m'r die tzwivla shun gablonst het. Now wert m'r wol mohl sehna wie der Harvey des yohr ous mocht mit seina tzwivla.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Des is der dawg un owet woh die gleader fon da Laurys grange ihra grosser, neier offa in da kich eiweia, mit ma alt frankishha shunka flaish essa fon da nommy dawg fierra, bis danovet ocht uhr.

Leit fon weit un braid kumma bei, darta sin m'r shure dafon, un noch 'm essa, gebts 'n korta party.



BOOK REVIEWS

EPHRATA, AS SEEN BY CONTEMPORARIES, By Felix Reichmann and Eugene E. Doll in Volume XVII of the yearbooks of The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society (1952), Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. pp. 215. $5.00.

The little town of Ephrata never made any headlines. However, in the greater part of the eighteenth century it constantly aroused interest in the people who lived in Pennsylvania and even more attracted the attention of those who visited the New World. In 1720 Conrad Beissel arrived in Pennsylvania, a young man from the Rhenish Palatinate, who driven by inspiration, inner light and inner voices, fled the society of men and settled in the lonely wilderness near Lancaster. He became the founder and leader of a sect or monastic order. They built some houses, led a very simple and frugal life, became known for their printing products and their quaint hymnology and evoked a great deal of friendly comments or hostile criticism. Dr. Reichmann of Cornell University and Dr. Doll of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania gathered and edited more than sixty contemporary sources revolving around the Ephrata Cloisters. These documents stretch over a period from 1730 to 1790, the years which mark the climax in the history of the sect. From these sources it becomes clearer than ever before that Ephrata in the eighteenth century must have been a very controversial topic. One traveler speaks of Beissel's "exemplary manner of life," another remarks that he "appeared rather ridiculous than devotional." Comments about the Brethren diverge widely: "They are the most just and most inimitable of men" we are told, and then someone else declares "They are exceedingly stupid and really incapable of any system." There are reports which describe the atmosphere at Ephrata as a preview of a celestial Zion or Jerusalem, while David Rittenhouse concluded "It seemed to me the most melancholy place in the world, and I believe would soon kill me were I to continue there." Thus, we see this strange adventure of German-American sectarianism through the eyes of sixty travelers, clergymen, writers and encyclopedists. Some famous names appear on this list such as Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, Benjamin Rush, Christopher Sauer and Henry Melchior Muhlenberg. One of the most extensive and perhaps the most interesting accounts on Ephrata came from the pen of Israel Acrelius, an outstanding clergyman of the Swedish Lutheran Church in America. Some of the source material collected here was translated from German, Swedish or French. A brief annotation at the beginning of each document gives some information about the biographical background and the historical significance of the respective writers. Dr. Reichmann and Dr. Doll have accomplished the editorial work of this compilation with the admirable skill and meticulous care which we know from their previous publications.

The Ephrata Mirror takes 206 of the 215 pages of the volume. On the remaining pages we find Dr. A. D. Graeff's meritorious annual survey—"1952 in Pennsylvania German Folklore," a page of necrology and the report on the annual meeting. The Editor-in-Chief, Professor Preston A. Barba, as so often before deserves highest praise for this attractive and valuable addition to the publications of the Society.

The University of Maryland DIETER CUNZ

THE HISTORY OF JORDAN REFORMED CHURCH (Evangelical and Reformed). Commemorating More Than Two Hundred Years of Christian Work and Worship and Celebrating the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Location of the Church on the Present Site. By the Rev. William J. Rupp, Pastor. 1952—pp. 40.—$1.00.

Have you ever reflected that the rural churches that dot our lovely countryside are the oldest living organizations in our midst? That they are older than our banks, our hospitals, our colleges, older than our towns and cities—yes, older than our nation?

Such a church is the Jordan Reformed. No matter what your affiliations may be, your hearts may swell with pride in the knowledge that here is an institution that has withstood the ravages of time and of man for more than two centuries. Seven generations have worshipped there and have buried their dead in the adjoining graveyards.

After the bitter experience of those first settlers in what is now upper Lehigh County, where sustenance was so meager that they spoke of that region as Allemaengel (all want!), they journeyed eastward and came to the fertile land which with its Biblical connotation was called Egypt. They settled nearby on land that they no doubt thought deserved the name of Jordan.

As early as April of 1744 a warrant for a 52 acre tract, called "Peace" was taken out "in trust for the German Lutheran Church." Soon thereafter the first church for worship of both the Lutheran and Reformed congregations is believed to have been erected. There are so-called Union churches to this day where both Lutherans and Reformed have worshipped in such peace and unanimity that one old church goer, on being asked, "Bischt du Lutherisch odder Reformiert?" replied "Ei, nee, ich bin Union!" But here the Lutherans entertained secret ambitions and when it became known one Sunday that they now owned both the land and the church building, the members of the Reformed congregation were dismayed. "But", as Pastor Dubbs in his Centennial sermon of 1855 related, "God was with them and gave them courage and determination so that, on the spot, they came to a decision. A noble Swiss, named Lorenz Guth, stepped up and said, 'Here we will have no more services, but over there', and pointed to this tract of land on which our church now stands, in which with God's help we find ourselves today. 'There', he said 'build, and in four weeks you will find a church in which we can hold our services!'" And still today we see the Jordan Reformed Church standing just across the little vale from the Lutheran Jordan, the third to be built on the site.

The Rev. Mr. Rupp has done an excellent piece of historical research and has rendered a most readable account, even though there are notable gaps when the records are silent, especially those difficult years of the French and Indian wars.

We could wish to have similar excellent historical accounts of all our 18th century churches. We cannot stress too much the importance of such church histories as this of Pastor Rupp and that by Harry Hess Reichard and Ida Ruch Reichard of the Salem church in Allentown (1950). All such should be carefully filed in the archives of our historical societies. They form valuable contributions to our local history—P.A.B.

DOWN OLEY WAY. By Alliene Saeger DeChant. Illustrated by Florence Starr Taylor. Published by the Author at Kutztown, Pa. 1953. pp. 68—$1.50 postpaid.

In the last decades there have been many books about the Pennsylvania Germans, but most of their authors have preferred to look back upon the rich past of these people, their history, their religious groups, their architecture and folkart, and the philology and literature of their dialect. Few have thought to examine their "now and here".

In 1951 Alliene DeChant, Editor of The Kutztown Patriot, published "Of the Dutch I Sing" and delighted many readers with her forthright and sympathetic rendition of the life round about her. In her new book, "Down Oley Way", she has chosen a sequestered segment, the most idyllic and least industrialized of our Pennsylvania German landscape, and made it her own. She has journeyed up and down this fair valley and visited with its people. Little has escaped her keen eyes, and what she saw she reported with appreciation and understanding. Fact and fancy have united in these delightful little genre pictures. The pages of "Down Oley Way" glow with the charm of hidden and half-forgotten things.

You will enjoy stopping for a chat with John Moyer Kline, drink a mug of his horseradish cider and look into his old-time bake oven where he dries sweet apple schnitz, beans, pears and peaches; don't mind the generations of cobwebs in the old Bertolet Mill, as you look at its French millstones (don't let the French name mislead you—the family tombstones in the little 18th century private graveyard are engraved with German epitaphs); meet old Lydia Mantana Hess, the midwife; stop at Griesemer's mill whose stones are still turned by the lazy waters of the Manatawny; stop in at Colonel Lesher's house "up the road a piece"; watch Milt Lorah weave a wash-basket; have a chat with Ellis Yoder Weidner, who for 55 years has been making walnut, poplar and oak coffins for his neighbors; Pappy Readinger will show you how to thatch a roof with long rye straw; be told how lime, soil sweetener, used to be burned in the old limekilns dotting the landscape; and go "water witching" with Daniel Hertzog, but be sure that you use an apple whip. All this and more will put you in rapport with the people "Down Oley Way".

The drawings of Florence Starr Taylor are an added pleasure. They betray the artist's skillful response to the atmosphere of the Oley Valley and the charm of its ancient farmyards with their sharp gabled houses, barns, summer kitchens and springhouses.—P.A.B.

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT HARRICHE

Deel Leit hen Kinner, ass harriche uff's Watt. Es macht nix aus, was sie am Duh sin, wann ihre Eldre Ebbes saagge, tschumpe sie graad rum wie sie sedde.

Ya, deel Kinner harriche immer. Abaddich wann mer ihre Mammis heert bralle. Ich hab awwer noch ken so Kinner g'sehne.

Sie saagge als, "Die gude Kinner schtarrewe yung." Ich denk sell iss, was do vorgfalle iss. Die Kinner, wu sich immer so gut bedragge hen, lewe nimmi.

Ich hab en kleener Knibbel vumme Bu gekennt lang zerick. Sei Namme waar Albert. Yeder ebber hot ihn Abbie gheesse. Er waar en verdauwener Schtrick. Sei Daadi waar en Schulmeeschder.

Ee Daag wie er ebaut vier Yaahr alt waar, hot der alt Beddel ihn iwwernumme. Hot er abgelebt! Ei! Sei Mammi hot die Gichtere schier grickt.

Endlich hot sie gsaat, "Waart moll, du kleener Ketzer, noh globb ich dich schier marreb." Er iss ihre awwer abgschprunge.

Sie hot nix meh gsehne vum Abbie fer paar Schtund. Wie sei Daadi heem kumme iss, hot sie gsaat, "Ich bin gebaddert. Ich weess net wu der Abbie iss."

Sei Daadi hot iwwerall gsucht fer der Abbie —im Haus, drauss im Hof, ya, iwwerall. Awwer er hot ihn net finne kenne. Noh iss er widder vun Blatz zu Blatz im Haus un hot farrichterlich gerufe.

Endlich iss er in die gut Bettschtubb, wu immer zu waar. Er hot sich nunner gebickt un unnich's Bett geguckt. Datt leit der klee Abbie, meislischtill.

Er hot sei Daadi aageguckt un hot gsaat, "Butschermesser, Himmelgewesser! Iss sie nau aa hinnich dir?"

Es hot moll en Fraa ihre Mann unner's Bett geyaaggt. Noh hot sie gegrische, "Kumm raus, du Warrem du."—"Ich kumm net raus," hot er gsaat, "Ich duh graad wie ich will in meim Haus."

En Mann hot gsaat sei groosser Hund deet harriche uff's Watt. Fer des zu beweise, hot er gegrische, "Unnich der Disch mit dir!" Der Hund is unnich die Bank. Noh hot sei Meeschder gegrische, "Odder unnich die Bank." Sell waar gharricht uff's Watt, gell net?

HEEM-DOKTORES

Wisst dihr, mei liewe Leit, ass es en wunnerbaari Latt koscht fer zum Doktor geh heitesdaags? So vun drei bis fimf Daaler fer eemol der Doktor besuche. Noh gebt er eem en klee Babier wu ebbes druff gschriwwe iss in Ladeinisch fer in die Abbedeek nemme. Mer kann's net lese. Es wunnert eem, eb der Doktor des selwer lese kann. Mer hofft so. Mer soll die Brieh vun der Abbedeek griegge un einemme. Sell koscht aa noch meh. Die menscht Zeit schmackt des Schtoft wie Mischtbrieh. Sell macht em noh glei besser. Oft deet mer liewer wennich Schmaze leide, ass wie so bidderi Medizien nemme.

Deel Leit doktore sich selwer. Sell iss net immer zu aagenehm. 'S iss wolfel in Geld, awwer es helft eem net allfert.

Wann ich mich als verschunne hab, wie ich en Kind waar, hot die Memm mir's als geblose. Noh hot's glei besser gfiehlt. Wann sell net gholfe hot, noh hot sie als gsaat, "Heeli, heeli Hinkeldreck, bis marye frieh iss alles weck." Sell hot immer gebatt. Wann mer sell Englisch saage wett, waer's, "Heal it, heal it, peepie-dirt, tomorrow it will no more hurt."

Deel hen der Hinkeldreck aagebrieht un hen's eigenumme. Sell hot alle Sadde Ungeziffer dodgemacht, iewen ebmols der dumm Keffer wu es gschluckt hot

Noch meh Heem-doktores. En Kall hot uffem Grund gelegge un gheilt wie en Kind im Dreck. Es iss en yung Weibsmensch hiekumme, ass gschtudiert ghatt hot fer nurse bei mail. "Was iss letz?" hot sie der aarem Kall gfroogt.—"Ich hab mei Beh verbroche," hot er gheilt. Sie hot's Bee gut gschindelt. Wie der Doktor hiekumme iss, hot er gsaat, "Du hoscht en guder Tschapp gemacht. Es iss yuscht ee Ding letz. Du hoscht's letz Bee gschindelt."

En Mann iss wedder en Dier geloffe un hot en Schtick vun seinre Naas sauwer abgschnidde. Er hot's Schtick widder draagebunne un es gut zugewickelt. Es waar awwer ee Ding letz. Er hot's Schtick 's unnerscht—'s ewwerscht draagheelt. Allemol ass er geniesst hot, hot's ihm der Hut abgeblose. Wann's gereggert hot, dann hot er garreggele misse.

En annerer Mann iss unner paar Schreiner darrich geloffe. Es hot eener sei hatchet falle losse. Es hot dem Mann en Schtick vun seinre Naas abgschnidde un en Schtick vun seim grosse Zehe. Sie hen die Schticker an die letze Bletz gheelt. Noch sellem, wann der Kall der Schnubbe ghatt hot, waar's notwennich fer sei Schuh auszuduh fer sei Naas butze.

Es Doktore, wann mer ken Doktor hot, iss net immer zu gut!

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
Vun der Lebanon News.

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Editorials

Redbirds Fly Home

Our Allentown Redbirds came home yesterday (they flew, literally) and while the day was dark and dreary and suggested anything but the warm and balmy weather in which their chosen game flourishes, the warmth of the city's welcome need not be doubted. In good time it will be made manifest.

Word from the Southland playing fields where the boys worked out the kinks in their muscles, got to know their new teammates and coaches and exhibited their playing skill indicates that the Redbirds already are a pretty well molded team with plenty of individual spark and talent and good team play.

The first opportunity to see the team will be tonight when an exhibition game will be played here with Rochester. Wednesday next will see the opening of the league season in Reading while on Friday night the first game of the contest for the Eastern League pennant will be seen in this city.

These are the days for which the fans have waited patiently and hungrily. Organized baseball has returned to Allentown and they are glad.

Save Wild Life

Repeatedly it is pointed out that one of the most harmful foes to wild life in Pennsylvania is the motor car whose drivers kill game by the tens of thousands of heads in a single year.

A lot of this slaughter, which profits nothing except as food for carrion-eating animals and birds, could be prevented if there were just a little more caution and concern on the part of the motorists. Many birds fly into cars and are killed and animals scurry across the highways, unseen and unsuspected, to be ground up under the wheels. But there are many instances where the lives of animals could be saved by reduction of speed or some other maneuver. The fragment of a second's delay in the speed of a car would permit many a frightened animal to dash to safety.

It is certain that ninety out of a hundred motorists or an even larger proportion unwillingly are parties to this slaughter. If they give the subject just the slightest bit of thought they will wish to do nothing that will harm anything with fur or feathers.

It is particularly pertinent at this time of the year to be thinking of this matter for it is at this season that the various species of wild life are propagating. Destruction of an animal today is destruction of breeding stock and therefore of the coming generation of birds and animals. Heavy slaughter during the spring will mean small wild population during the autumn and winter.

Of course drivers face highway hazards which are more important than over-much care lest animals be killed. It is admittedly more important that human life and limb be saved than that effort be made to spare animal life. But if animal life can be saved without hazard to human life, then the appropriate steps in that direction should be taken.

Racketeering in FHA

Scandals in the Federal Housing Administration indicate that building racketeers made plenty of hay while the favorable sun of Government support was shining upon them. Not only was Government mulcted of huge amounts but also humble, hard-working, self-sacrificing people — usually ambitious young folks — were swindled by the sale of poorly constructed dwellings, covered not only with flimsy roofs but also with unconscionable mortgages which will take them a lifetime to pay off.

Even after taking extravagant profits, some of the builders who are being investigated were unwilling to divide with Uncle Sam. That got them into the clutches of the Internal Revenue Bureau which now is demanding bigger shares of the profits than the builders had wished to give.

The Government confidently expects to be able to make the chiselers come to time but home-owners who were swindled will have more difficult time of it. While measures are being taken to make it possible for individuals to make recovery where swindles were effected, it can be expected that this will be a long, a tedious and costly process, unless some agency of Government will act for the humble victims.

In addition to enactment of legislation making recovery possible, even tho sales were made a decade and more ago, there should be effort to make such recovery possible without interminable and highly costly litigation.

In Europe to Stay

President Eisenhower's declaration that the United States will remain in Europe, as long as the Russian menace to the western democracies contiues, follows upon the heels of a similar declaration which Great Britain made in order to ease the fears of France concerning inclusion of large numbers of Germans in the proposed European Defense Community's army.

It is a difficult situation which Secretary Dulles has been striving to adjust. It has sent him scurrying back and forth to Europe and has made him the most widely travelled secretary in our history.

The French, who have been attacked by Germany on three occasions within 84 years, have an historic fear of armies on their eastern frontier. Just about every French family mourns father and sons lost in two World Wars. This suspicion and fear on the part of the French against the Germans furnish wonderful effective ammunition for the Communists in France. They take their cue from Moscow and do not want the European Defense Community and a European army set up, especially if it includes tough, well-trained and well-equipped German divisions.

Now the United States and Great Britain, in order to reassure France, are ready and willing to keep their divisions in West Germany as long as the menace to European peace continues. This should be sufficient for the French. Likewise it should be sufficient assurance for Italy which likewise is bedevilled by its large and blatant party of Communists.

A good deal of progress has been made in the formation of a West European economic organization for the development of the mining, coal and steel industries. All too long formation of the defensive system to protect that economic system and the people who are improving their lot has been delayed.

Secretary Dulles certainly has striven mightily to bring the units of Western Europe together for the pursuit of a common cause,—the maintenance of security and peace thru adequate preparations for defense against the common enemy.

All Must Be Thankful

Today is the centennial anniversary of the birth of General Harry Clay Trexler, the community's outstanding benefactor, and it is highly fitting that it will be commemorated by the unveiling and dedication of a memorial tablet and the formal opening of Springwood Cabin, the summer home of General Trexler and Mrs. Trexler for many years.

It is appropriate that public authorities are joining with the Lehigh County Historical Society and the trustees of the Trexler Estates in the observance. It will be even more fitting if the public in vast numbers today will take part in the ceremonies either by attending them or by giving thought to what they mean.

For twenty years now the community has benefitted wonderfully by the operation of the estates which General Trexler and his wife left in their entirety to the public welfare. Virtually every institution in the community whose purpose it is to aid human society in any way whatsoever has felt the results of their beneficence. And there is the additional satisfaction that these estates will continue to be operated exclusively in the public interest as long as time and man go on.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 27:20-26.

The storm continued to rage, neither the sun nor the stars being visible for many days. Finally, Paul, addressing the men who were in command of the vessel, dared to say: 'Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, Whose I am, and Whome I serve, saying: Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Ceasar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit, we must be cast upon a certain island'. This island turned out to be Malta (called Melita in 28:1). Paul, who was God's man was a blessing to these pagan passengers, even as Jesus was to His own disciples in the midst of a great storm on the sea of Galilee, as recorded in Matthew 8:24-27. Let us pary: 'Jesus, Savior, pilot me, over life's tempestuous sea'.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of April 17, a Wednesday.

The musical comedy, "Tulip Time," was presented last evening by the chorus and orchestra of Allentown High School as the annual spring production of the music department.

Monarch clubs of Reading, Bethlehem and Easton met at the Americus with the Allentown club to promote good fellowship.

Allentown Four Square club held its annual informal spring dinner dance at the Hotel Traylor.

Horoscope

Your next year should see gains coming through travel and relatives. Today's child may be fairly fortunate.

Traffic moved through Seventh Century Carthage at four or five miles an hour and was regulated by law.

The Life of Christ

By BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Sacrifices of Christ Are Seen As Lesson for Today's World

CHAPTER XXX

(Bishop Sheen has told of the birth of Christ in a manger, His death on the cross, the Resurrection and Ascension. Bishop Sheen writes that Christ has promised His disciples that they would follow Him to heaven. Today Bishop Sheen concludes his story of The Life of Christ.)



"There is darkness over the world today because Christ is recrucified . . ."

The Ascension was necessary to equip His Apostolic Body for their universal mission. By withdrawing His bodily presence to that unseen region, which bears no special relation to any nation or people He proclaims in the Ascension the common destiny of all the adopted sons of God. Even the best of men would not feel at home in Heaven with all of its splendor unless they would find there, One Who was their brother in the Fatherhood of God. Joseph's brethren would have felt ill at ease in one of the most regal courts of the world, if their brother were not already there upon the throne. When He ascended into Heaven, He took with Himself His human nature like our own in all things, save sin. When He took upon Himself this human nature from His Mother Mary, He made it possible for Himself to suffer. She gave Him a body on which might be visited all the effects of sin, though He Himself was sinless. His birth and His life, therefore, made Him a victim for sacrifice and identified Him with the human race. The Ascension was necessary in order to bring Him into a state of perfect union with the Father, and in order to send the Spirit that we might be other Christs.

His Life Continues

His continued life in Heaven, with His Glorified Humanity, is accepted by the Father on His Mercy Seat as our Intercessor. Once He offered Himself for us, the just for the unjust, whenever we identify ourselves with Him as victim, we behold in Him the expiation of our sins, and also our admission into the presence of the Father. All humanity is potentially with Him in Heaven after His Ascension, inasmuch as he is the new Adam or the Son of Man; the actualization of each human being as His brother or as an adopted son of the Heavenly Father, depends upon man's response to the Spirit. In Heaven, He lives to make intercession for us. In Him, all humanity will stand in such unity of love to the Father, that the Father will love all men as His sons; the Father will pour out upon all who will believe in Him, the same blessings that He once poured out upon him as the Head of humanity.

During His earthly life, He solicited us to avail ourselves of Redemption by seeing what sin cost. The evil of sin is the Crucifixion of the God-man. The worst thing that sin can do is not to bomb cities or kill children, but to crucify Goodness. No man is ever conscious of sin, when he merely thinks of it as breaking a law. He never really sees the full intensity of sin until he realizes what he does to a person. Many an alcoholic does not know the evil of his sin until, driving while drunk, he kills a child. So when we look not to a broken law, but at the broken Person of Christ on the Cross, we begin to see the full gravity of sin; we see it in the nails and in the crown of thorns, but we also see what is more namely, the love of God, who goes on loving us despite our sins.

Christ Chose Pain

On the Cross, Our Lord poured out His Life's Blood, not because bloodshed pleased His Father, but because the sinner deserved to die, and Crhist, willing to be one with sinners, chose to bear pain as they should have borne it. He bore all the iniquity of evil because He deigned to come into the world disorganized by evil.

If we would see the world at its worst, look at the Cross on Good Friday! The world will never do anything quite as evil as it did that day! There was darkness over the earth then, the sun refusing to shed its light on the crime that would extinguish the Light of the World!

There is darkness over the world today as there was then, and for the same reason, because Christ is recrucified in those who believe and confess His Name. Giant curtains are pulled over the Light of the World: Iron Curtains, Bamboo curtains, and Plush Curtains are pulled down in Eastern Europe where in Stygian night, hammers and sickles beat and cut. But a day will come when He will lay hold of that hammer, hold it aloft in His Resurrected, Scarred Hand, and make it look like a Cross, and the sickle will appear as the moon under Our Lady's Feet. Bamboo curtains have been pulled over China, where in the night, missionaries are made "dry martyrs," ridiculed before other Pilates, slapped before other Caiphases, and beaten in other Praetoria. But as hundreds of thousands of Chinese suffer and die in His Name, and in union with His Cross, they prepare a day when the sun will rise again in the East, and the sun will be the Light of the World! Plush curtains too, of American and Western civilization have been pulled over Christ, until we work in the murky mist of self-sufficiency, of plenty, of confused idealism and deflated morality.

His Blood Alone

What do we see written across the map of the world but blood! Soldiers' blood poured out on Korean rocks; martyrs' blood crimsoning Chrinese earth; Jewish blood but recently dried from Nazi persecutions in Buchenwalds, and nos dampened again by Christian blood in the Communist persecution; pagan blood poured charitably into blood banks to aid soldiers wounded in the bloody business of war. In the sight of all that blood, shall we not ask ourselves if God ever intended us to live in a world of constant hemorrhage?

We know the answer! Neither animal blood in sacrifice, nor human blood were meant to cataract and cascade over this globe. Christ's Blood alone paid the debt of our sins! It is because we invoke not the Blood of Christ that we shed one another's blood in war. When we lift the Iron and Bamboo and Plush Curtains and see His Death as Redemption, believe in Him as the Son of God Who made amends for our sins, then will this crimson scourge cease!

THE END

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"How about a column that shows even the highest are much like the lowest—even as you and I?" writes a reader in Hollywood, Calif.

He was moved to this query by an article entitled "The Heroic Last Days of Robert Taft." The article told how the late Senator took the news of his impending death very calmly, and how he occupied himself during the last few days of his life doing crossword puzzles and reading detective stories.

"I, too, do crossword puzzles and read detective stories," writes this man, "but nobody ever suggested that I am a 'great man.' I am just an ordinary bachelor, doing his best but never being able to get very far.

"How about Thomas Jefferson's statement that all men are created equal and endowed by our Creator with certain inalienable rights?"

In these days of fear and suspicion a letter such as this almost calls for a senatorial investigation. A Communist might have written it. Yet I am sure that my correspondent is no Communist, just as I am sure that he does not understand the meaning of equality.

Jefferson went on to say in the Declaration of Independence "that among these (the inalienable rights) are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The writer has life, or he could not have written the letter. He has liberty, or he would not have mailed it.

But Jefferson did not claim that every man has the right to happiness. The only thing he said was that he has the right to pursue happiness.

But happiness is a very undefinable thing. You can no more define it than love.

What is happiness to one may be complete misery to another. It is a sure thing that money—one of the most desired of all things—does not bring happiness. Else why would so many marriages in which one married the other for money end so unhappily?

Power may mean happiness to some. But when it is attained, its possessor soon finds out that power brings with it so many responsibilities that soon it may result in a nervous breakdown—and who can be happy with that?

So you see, there never was a guarantee in Jefferson's mind to give all men happiness. All he wanted to give them was the right of pursuit of happiness.

There was a French philosopher Victor Cousin—much less known than Thomas Jefferson, but a philosopher just the same—who wrote this:

"All men have an equal right to the free development of their faculties; they have an equal right to the impartial protection of the state. But it is not true, it is against all the laws of reason and equity, it is against the eternal nature of things, that the indolent man and the laborious man, the spendthrift and the economist, the imprudent and the wise, should obtain and enjoy an equal amount of goods."

If, instead of "goods," M. Cousin had said of "good," I would have agreed with him completely. At any rate, if you combine Jefferson with Cousin, you have a pretty good idea of what you are entitled to expect from life—even under ideal conditions.

One of the great mistakes so many people make is tha when they think of liberty, they think only of their rights and not of their duties. To them liberty is a one-way street on which, regardless of the law, they travel merrily in both directions, until the traffic cop catches up with them.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Umpire Bill Guthrie is responsible for two of the classic rejoinders in big league baseball history. He told one batter who was squawking over a called third strike, "Pipe down, Son, and nobody but you and me and the catcher will know you can't see any more." And to another who tossed his bat into the air in protest, Guthrie announced, "If dat bat comes down, mister, youse is outta da game!"

Correspondent Robert St. John was raised in Oak Park, Illinois, and one of his boyhood chums was Ernest Hemingway. He tells of how "Ernie" first became fond of fishing in the nearby Des Plaines River, and then would playfully dispose of his catch in the Oak Park Reservoir . . . . Years later, when the Reservoir was demolished, officials were amazed to find the bottom full of fish, though there was a 10-foot fence around it and filters on all pipes leading into it.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KEN TZEIT FERLORA GONGA: 'S wor now net os es graws so wunnerbore hoch wor — 's wor yusht os der Lee der nei power lawn mower ous brovierra hut wolla. Yar bei jupps, won der Lee Oswald fon Egypt da onner owet net 'n gutas gaduh hut wie er sei neier power lawn mower hame grick'd hut im dunkla.

Worta hut er net kenna fer maya bis da nagshda morya, noh wos hut der Lee gaduh, os wie ol die flash lichter tzomma g'such'd os er finna hut kenna, un hut sie farna uf der mower k'hank'd. Bis er ow'r fartich wor rum wertschofta os er sehna kent, huts awfonga rayerra, uns het fermuthlich nix ous da mayerrei gewwa wons net gawest wear fer sei fraw die Loraine.

Fermuthlich hut die wunnerfitz die Loraine aw gabloak'd fer sehna wie die nei graws mashine shoffa dade, un wos hut sie gaduh, os wie die aller graish'd ombarel grick'd os sie in fermaiga hen — hut die ombarel uf g'shpont, un is hinnich 'm Lee noh galoffa un hut die ombarel iwwer 'n k'hova so os er net nos werra dade, die weil os er der hofe gamay'd hut mit da helling fon etlicha flash lichter. Won sel net ains is fers buch, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear.

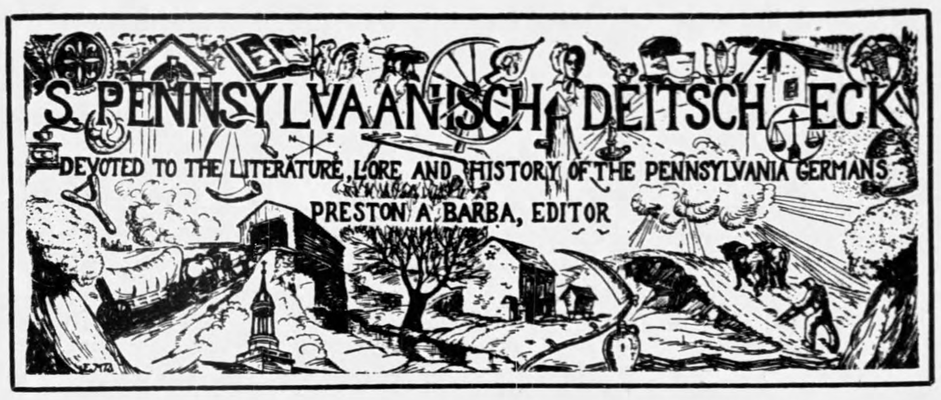
HUT NET GRUB SEI WOLLA: Ol hen shun k'hoert fon sel'm kerl woh seim hund der shwontz ob g'schnidda hut — alla dawg 'n shtick os es net so wae dade. Wel, iwwer dem missa die uhra aw widder fohr gadray'd sei darrich die narrish monkey tzeit woh rei kumt der ledshd Sundawg fon dem mohnet.

Sel uhr fohr draya dut fiel leit aw wae — sie hens gore heftich uf 'm shtrich fer moryets 'n shtun free'r uf shtae. Ebber os sellie socha bardich uf 'm shtrich hut, is die Ida Fichter fon da grossa shtadt Seipstown. Des da elter os die Ida wert, des da aryer hut sie sel uhrra fohr draya uf 'm shtrich. Des yohr hut sie now mohl ebbes gons neias gabroviert.

Grawd wie mit sel'm hund der shwontz ob schneida, hut die Ida ous gamocht fer ihra uhr alla dawg abissel fohr draya. On da ledshda barichda, hut sie die uhr shun 'n halb shtun fohr kotta, un denk bis der dawg kumt woh onnerra ihra uhra fohr draya missa, is da Ida ihra uhr so pernell uf tzeit, os sie sie gore net annerra brouch. In kartz werta, sie wil net grub sei mit da tzeit—sie nembts bei garote wohl un maint sie dades sella waig net so shpierra os wie fer die uhr grawd 'n shtun uf ae mohl fohr draya.

GLAWWAS ODDER, NET, OW'R

Won er noch bei lava wear, wear der General Harry C. Trexler heit ae hunnerd yohr alt—un fon ol da leit os noch in Allentown dahame worra, hut niemond may gaduh fer die shtadt os wie er, un woh heit om tzwae uhr gaehrt wert on seinra Springwood cabin, in Trexler Park, bei da Lehigh County Historical Society.



FRIEHYAAHR

Die Kelt iss fatt, die waarm Luft kummt,
Un Lewe kummt in Graut un Baam;
Des iss wie die Erweckenschtund
Vum lange Schlof un Draam.

Die Keffer un die Fleddermeis,
Die rieche an de Blumme;
'M Fresch sei Melodie iss sanft,
Veggel singe, Ieme brumme.

Die Winderschpringe laafe voll,
Es kummt vum Barrig hinne;
Im lange, griene Dall datt fliesst
Sell Wasser vun de Schpringe.

—D. GEO. KNECHT

AN OCEAN VOYAGE IN 1738

Since so few accounts of the transatlantic voyages of our pioneer forefathers have come down to us, the following account as related in Albert Ohl's "History of Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh County, 1732-1947" is of interest to us.—"So that the reader may get some idea of the hardships of the crossing of the Atlantic Ocean in those days I will give one instance of a passenger who kept a diary. His name was Christian Hellender. He writes (We do not know who translated the German into 20th century English.ED.) as follows:

'On Sept. 6, 1738, we sailed from Amsterdam, with over 250 emigrants besides the ship's crew. We were packed in the ship like sardines in a can. The same day at noon the ship stranded already, and needed the assistance of another large vessel to relieve us. On the 3rd day a storm arose and as the Texel was reached the storm increased so much that 3 anchors were cast. The storm lasted 7 days, the vessel was so disabled that they had to sail to New Castle for repairs. From New Castle we started out again only to be overtaken by a second storm. On the 21st of October the ship reached the Channel. Here we encountered the severest storm, which drifted us to the coast of France. The ship was obliged to sail to Caen again for repairs, after 6 days set sail again. On the 4th of November the Atlantic was reached. Two days less than 2 months were required to reach the Atlantic Ocean from Amsterdam by way of the English Channel. Now the real crossing of the big pond started. On the ocean we were favored with good winds for several days, and the voyage seemed prospering. On Nov. 9 we got it in the neck again, viz. thunder storms and water spouts on the right and left. We were drifted to near the Islands of the Azores. For 8 days the winds were in direct opposition to the ship. Another storm overtook us. The rudder, masts and rigging were destroyed and all hopes of safety were abandoned and the vessel given its own course. The next week following, the voyage was tedious and slow. The provisions and drinking water began to run low, sickness broke out, many dying before they reached the promised land. They were promptly dumped into the sea, food for the fish. On Nov. 27th a hog was slaughtered, for the beef had been eaten, and ham and bacon and peas and flour were ruined by the rats. From Nov. 27th to Dec. 11th after the ship carpenters' repairs the voyage made good progress. A dolphin and several large fish were caught, which added some to the limited store of provisions. On Dec. 11th another storm destroyed the main mast, and many of the sails were torn or entirely lost. On Dec. 12th a second mast and the ship's beak were broken. The prospects were gloomy. The provisions were saturated and were unpalatable from the sea water. On Christmas day, Dec. 25th, the water was rationed to each passenger to 2½ glasses including also their tea, coffee and soup. Their thirst, owing to the food being saturated with sea water, and the fast decomposing meat, became intense. A few peas were left which were served twice a week, with bacon. Four hams were still on board. We suffered with hunger and thirst. With favorable weather we still had 10 days sailing to reach Philadelphia. On Jan. 1st we hailed a whaler. Jan. 7th storm, the waves washed the deck and washed away the last hog and sty, which was being kept for an emergency. Myself and three other passengers were washed overboard too but were rescued. The storm drifted the vessel towards shore, but 6 days later, when sounding, the weight sank 12,000 feet and still no bottom. The next day we sailed 104 miles, sounded again and found bottom at 210 feet. Jan. 13 another 100 miles and saw the coast of New Jersey, and at midnight anchored in Delaware bay. We stepped on American soil Jan. 15, 1739. Almost ¼ of the passengers died on the way over, mostly children.

'Those passengers who had paid their fare were given a clean bill of health, and were free to go on their way. But go where was another proposition. They were directed north towards the Blue Mountains. To the Lehigh Mountains it was not quite so difficult, there were trails and some roads broken open, but beyond Leibert's Gap was an unbroken wilderness. Those who could not pay their ocean fare were kept in Philadelphia until sold. I was sold to an English planter some 20 miles below Philadelphia to serve 6 years for my passage over. A more cruel taskmaster than he was is hard to find. I stood it a little over a year, so in the spring of 1740 I made my escape, not even saying goodbye. I had nothing in the world but the clothing on my back and these were mere rags. I started to travel north. For the first few days I dodged all residences, because runaways (redemptioners they called them) were severely punished if caught, without anything to eat. Finally I landed at the foot of the Lehigh Mountains, where I met a man driving home his cow. I took courage to ask for something, also if he had any work for me to do to pay for my supper. The man said it was all right, he would give me lodging for the night and we would talk things over after supper. After supper he questioned me a lot. I told him the whole truth knowing well that he would not report me. His name was Wilhelm Morey, a German, and the Germans were not so sweet on those English lords. He hired me then and there, telling me that I could stay as long as I liked, if I behaved, but money, he said, I can give you very little, but I give you a good home, plenty to eat and clothes same as we have and treat you like one of my own children. I said it's a bargain.'

"This man was Christian Hellender. Morey had several hundred acres of land along the Lehigh Mountains down to the Saucon Creek, had 4 or 5 sons, also some daughters and a lot of land to be cleared. Hellender stuck on and finally married one of the daughters. Being a Moravian he acquired a large tract of land in what is now South Bethlehem. He had only one son Elias, who inherited all after his father's death, all the land from the Five Points west between the Lehigh Mountains and the river west was his. . . . the story of a poor emigrant boy."

OSCHDERE ZEIT

Do iss die scheene Oschdere Zeit,
Wu Grischtus erleest die Grischtenheit;
Er iss gschtarwe am Kreizes Schtamm,
As yeders, ass will, widder lewe kann.

Des waar en wieschdi Dannekron,
Ass sie hen uff Sei Kopp geduh;
Er losst sie geh in schtiller Ruh
Un dreht sei Haubt em Himmel zu.

Hatt waar der Weeg noch Golgotha,
Unnich Seim Kreiz leit er do;
Des iss en arrigges Aaggeschpiel,
Vun sellem kann mer lanne viel.

Die Neggel hen aa wehgeduh,
Gebraucht hen sie drei dezu;
In Sei Seit hen sie Ihn gschtoche,
Die Bee hen sie Ihm aa verbroche.

Un wie Er dann noh daschdich waar,
Hen sie Ihm gewwe Essig defor;
Was hot Er all gelidde datt,
Ass Sinder lewe immerfatt.

Gegeeschelt, verschpott hen sie Ihn aa.
Was, froogge sie, iss an dem Mann draa?
Yuscht eener vun de zwee, ass newich Ihm henkt
Hot in "dem Mann" der Herr erkennt.

Er hot Ihn gfroogt fer vergewwe sei,
Grischtus macht ihn vun Sinde frei;
Er guckt ihn aa, dann saagt er dies:
"Heit gehscht du mit Mir ins Paradies."

Sie hen Ihn geleegt in en schteene Graab,
Wu en Soldaat acht druff gaab;
Yuscht en Engel rollt der Schtee eweck
Un Grischtus iss vum Dod erweckt.

Nau danken mer Gott mit Haz un Mund
Fer die schee Oschder Schtund,
Un saagge Preis, Lob and Dank,
Ass Grischtus widder auferschtand.

Locusdaal —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER



The tombstone of Christina Laubach in the old graveyard of the Lower Saucon Union Church, Northampton County. The epitaph on the other side reads:

Christina Laubach ish gebohren im Jahr Christi 1699 und gestorben im Jahr Christi 1768. Ich ruhe in Gott aus aller Noth.

This tombstone was only erected in 1780. It is one of more than a hundred illustrating a treatise on the art and symbolism of Pennsylvania German tombstones to be published in the next Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

On this ornate tombstone primitive folk motifs —sunburst, quartered suns, six-point compass star, and tree of life growing out of an urn holding the waters of Eternal life — are contained within a baroque architertural framework.

WHO WAS CHASTISED?

In that interesting little narrative, Albert Ohl's "History of Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh County, Pa. 1732-1947" we read the following: "The Indian was generally despised by his conquerors, because of his simplicity and his failure to accumulate property. He failed to establish permanent towns. Among themselves they were just and generous. They did not leave the sick or aged to suffer for want of anything. What was needed was cheerfully given to those in want, for they believed that everything was given in common for all men, and not for the benefit of a few. Whatever groweth out of the earth, all that is in the rivers was given jointly to all, and every one is entitled to his share. They look upon themselves as one great family and should be kind and serviceable to each other. For example—some traveling Indians put their horses in the meadow of a Mennonite, who thought a great deal of his meadow, to graze during the night. In the morning the good man chastised them for doing so. Having finished his complaint, one of the Indians said: "My friend, you claim the grass my horse has eaten because you have a fence around it. Who made the grass grow, did you? I think no; nobody can but the great Manitou. He made it grow for your horse and mine. My horse did not eat all the grass. My horse ate only once of your grass, but for friendship's sake I shall never do it again." They then left, and never passed that way again.

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Editorials

Hound the Litterbugs

And now the officials of Whitehall Township are up in arms against the sly litterbugs who, under cover of night as a rule, dump garbage and rubbish along the highways in their area.

Detection and arrest of one man who had tossed a lot of the unsightly and unsanitary stuff on the boundary of the beautifully kept cemetery at Mickley's resulted in a fine of $25 and costs.

The magistrate, before whom the summary conviction was secured, was outspoken in denunciation of this practice. He also gave assurance that if any other cases be brought before him and, of course, are proved, the fine may be as high as $100 and costs. That will be an amount sufficient to pay for the hauling of all household wastes of an average home for better than a year.

In the first prosecution made during the current cleanup campaign in Whitehall it was an Allentonian who suffered. As Squire Milson pointed out, both Allentown, which is the home of the defendant, and Whitehall, the scene of the dumping, have garbage collection systems.

There is not the slightest excuse for disposing of garbage in any way other than the municipal collection systems. As to the disposal of ashes, paper and other household wastes, there is an adequate group of truckers who make such collection and disposal of wastes their business.

Allentown's park police and now Whitehall's police are committed to a program to detect and arrest the litterbugs. This means that the litterbugs will have to change their scenes of operations or expect to pay dearly for it. However if they do change scene, it is up to constables and highway supervisors in the other townships to keep their equally beautiful countryside just as clean and sanitary as Allentown and Whitehall are determined to do with theirs.

The war upon the litterbug should be total. There should not be one single spot in this entire area where he can dump his filthy stuff and expect to get away without the heavy penalty which the law provides.

First Pontifical Mass

Tomorrow will be a joyous day, the most joyous and at the same time the most solemn day in the 35-year history of the Congregation of St. Catharine of Siena, for it will note the first solemn pontifical high mass which ever has been held in this large and important parish.

During its thirty-five years the congregation has achieved steady growth. Headed by its dynamic rector, the Rev. Father Hugh F. McMullan, who has been the congregation's spiritual leader for a full score of years, the people of this parish have expanded their horizons phenomenally so that within recent days it has been possible to enter and worship in one of the largest and finest churches in this community, but recently completed.

Theirs is a magnificent house of worship. Architecturally beautiful, with its Georgian and early Colonial lines, the building has been so designed as to provide also for many services useful to the congregation and its young people. Among other facilities which are provided in the new building are a large auditorium for congregational gatherings of a lay character and a large cafeteria which also will serve the adjacent parochial school.

The importance of this new church will be attested by the visit tomorrow of Archbishop John F. O'Hara, Bishop J. Carroll McCormick and Bishop Joseph McShea, all of the Philadelphia archdiocese, for the dedication and the conduct of the first pontifical mass.

Despite the great size of the new structure it can be expected that it will be all too small for the congregation which will seek to take part reverently in this event, an event which will be outstanding in the history of the parish.

He Loved Children

The death of Thomas B. Holstein, for many years the leader of the Pioneer Band, will be noted in this community especially by those who know that the custom of holding a parade annually on Hallowe'en or during that season was instituted and promoted consistently by him as long as he remained director of the band.

Mr. Holstein was very proud of his musical organization which he brought to high station during his leadership. But one thing Tom loved better than his band.

Tom Holstein loved children.

It was this regard for the little people which prompted him upon a Hallowe'en night upwards of fifty years ago to go out upon the streets and to gather them up as they happily followed and danced to the sprightly tunes which he directed his band to play. For hours the band played and marched and the tots danced and sang.

It was a virtual repetition of the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. It changed the celebration of Hallowe'en in this city by a single stroke. It provided a pattern by which the children could continue to be happy in their celebration but in an orderly and interesting fashion.

Public officials were swift to see the value in Tom's idea. It was publicly adopted in the year following its spontaneous institution. It received both public and official support and leading men of the city organized for its expansion.

The idea has persisted. Not only that, it afforded a pattern for scores of communities in Eastern Pennsylvania who have tried to solve some of their own problems by adopting the parade idea. And, generally, they have succeeded.

It was a nice thing that Mr. Holstein's part in this local institution never was overlooked. He was given due credit for his idea and its success thruout the years. In his later years he attended all the celebrations as the guest of honor. The night of the parade was his big night of the year. On that occasion he always was Allentown's first citizen and he basked in the glory of his achievement.

Set Clocks Ahead

Locally and thruout most of the country the American people have become completely accustomed to the change in late April to summer or daylight saving time. It is almost unnecessary any more to remind them as the last Sunday in the month approaches that it will be time to turn the hands of all clocks ahead by an hour.

Thus tonight — at 2 a.m., to be letter perfect — all clocks should be turned ahead and they should be continued on the summer time arrangement for the next five months.

In the earlier years of the change there was considerable opposition to the idea, especially from rural areas. Much of that opposition has died down as people have adapted themselves to the changed conditions. Where opposition continues, there has to be democratic acceptance of opinion that is accepted and followed by the great majority.

There is no question that the extra hour of daylight, which is afforded at the end of each day, is favorable to that outdoor life which millions of urban and even rural folks seek and enjoy. It promotes sports and it can be believed that it promotes good health.

The time change has proven acceptable to industry and is believed to be beneficial to production. Almost without a word of comment from any source, the change comes about annually and the American people seem to be entirely happy about it.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It is surprising how few can give you an account of a story, an event, a discovery or invention so clearly that even a newspaperman can understand it.

By "even a newspaperman" I mean not to impugn the intelligence of the press but to keep you folks from spreading the word that newspapers are inaccurate and not to be relied upon.

When I was a young reporter, I was amazed at the way folks lied to reporters. And since it is very difficult for the average person to remember a lie, they lied a different story to every newspaperman who queried them.

I haven't done any actual reporting for quite some time so I don't know whether people still lie as much as they used to. But if I take all our other happenings of today, I wouldn't be surprised if they told even bigger and better whoppers to the reporters today than they did 20 years ago.

Every once in a while some politician or other citizen comes along and hints — mind you they never ask outright, they always hint — that the following story would make a darn good column.

The "following story" is always some personal promotion or something with which, if published, somebody else might get hurt.

Only a few days ago, a local workman, whom I hardly know, sidled up to me and asked, "Do you know that Mr. X (name omitted) must be on the verge of bankruptcy"

"Why must Mr. X be on the verge of bankruptcy" I asked.

"I did some work for him last week," the man informed me, "and he gave me a check for $85. When I went to my tavern to cash it, the man said the check was no good and refused to give me the money. I even had to pay cash for my beer."

He suggested that I should do a little investigating, and I did.

It so happened that the check was good. The only trouble was that the carpenter had cashed a bum check of his own with the saloon-keeper the week before and he had told him that he couldn't ever cash another one in his tavern.

If I had printed his story, I and every paper that published it, would have been sued for libel and Mr. X would have been a rich man collecting damages not only from me, but from every newspaper that publishes this column.

Since I still have a bit of space to fill, let me tell you a new discovery out in Hollywood.

A famous doctor out there — I won't mention his name either, because a rabbit on a chimpanzee might sue for libel — has just discovered that there is a very defininte way to differentiate between the blood of a monkey and of a human being.

Heretofore, scientists have maintained that you could not tell the difference between the blood of a human being and that of a chimpanzee.

In other words, if a fellow were wounded in a holdup and left some bloodstains at the scene of the crime, he could always have insisted that a monkey did it. A lot of fiction writers took advantage of this opinion and, I suppose, that is why monkeys and gorillas became such popular fiction characters.

But now this doctor comes along and proves that, if you inject human or monkey blood into a rabbit, there is an entirely different reaction, and no man can any longer make a monkey out of the police.

This may be a gigantic cock-and-bull story. But, at least, the law has not been passed as yet whereby a monkey can bring a libel suit.

Horoscope

A happy, successful year may be in store for you. A vigorous, clever personality is likely in today's child.

The Key



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Secret meetings in Washington and New York have been held in the past three weeks between Harry Bridges and Eastern mob leaders. They discussed merging Bridges' Sovieteering West Coast Longshoremen's Union with the gang-run East Coast ion with the gan - run East Coast International Longshoremen's Assn. This would give the eerie combine control of the nation's vital waterfront facilities from which are dispatched war material to our European bases, Korea and the Indo-Chinese front.

During these sessions, Bridges —who has never made a secret of his sympathy for the North Koreans, the Sovietized Chinese or the forces of Communist Indo-Chinese chief Ho Chi-minh —offered to quit the presidency of the West Coast longshoremen. He asked only that he be given a vice-presidency in the new national dockwallopers union if the merger goes through.

Some of these private conferences were held in Rooms 602 and 609 of the Hotel Paramount in New York. Though Bridges and his financial adviser registered under spurious names, they were recognized. Furthermore, it is known that Bridges conferred with a leader of a waterfront union not directly involved in handling ship cargo.

Bridges told the other union leader that he merely wanted his aid in raising money to help "save" the old Longshoremen's Assn. from being wiped out or from being absorbed by the AFL or John Lewis' miners. Bridges said he would not push his own pro-Communist ideology. He further stated that he feared that once the AFL or John Lewis had cleaned up the New York waterfront and had a powerful dockwallopers' union, they would then march on the West Coast and try to take over his own International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. He asked the other union chief at least to stay neutral during these developments.

Reuther Vetoes Bid

It should be pointed out that sentiment today in the old East Coast longshoremen's union—which was ousted from the AFL on charges of widespread racketeering—is for merging with John Lewis' United Mine Workers. The old longshoremen three weeks ago approached the CIO executive vice - president, John Riffe with an offer to bring their orphaned locals into CIO. Naturally the bid went right up to Walter Reuther, and he vetoed it, but quick. He wouldn't touch it.

This left the over-muscled independent longshoremen with a choice of folding up and moving meekly into the AFL or of joining John Lewis, who has been meeting with their officials in the past two weeks. Lewis can have the waterfront locals, but doesn't want the New York crowd, which is not only mob-filled, but has worked with the pro-Communist elements.

Since few men are as shrewd as Harry Bridges, or as well informed, he knew the time had come for swift maneuvering if he is to take power on the East Coast. So he rushed to New York and Washington for the series of conferences in which he offered the toughest waterfront forces in the land both money and manpower. All this and a haven, too.

The old longshore outfit's behind-the-scenes leaders are tough and practical men indeed. They're interested in retaining power. They understood Harry's kind of language. They told him they would consider his offer. Then Bridges went back to California.

Prediction on Coalition

If the coalition ever comes off, it will be one whose leaders, on the record, have shown little concern over moving our military cargo at critical moments. During the $500 million New York independent longshoremen's strike last month, gangs of pickets massed within a few feet of the gate to the Brooklyn Army base and Port of Embarkation. They refused to permit legitimate AFL longshoremen to go through the lines to load vital cargo, airplane and machine parts and jungle road-cutting equipment aboard Indo-China-bound military freighters.

The much needed cargo was delayed 20 days, according to official Army records.

Harry Bridges, who has been comparing Communist military leader Ho Chi-minh and the Vietminh forces with our "early American colonists" and George Washington and Tom Paine, has tolerated political strikes by his own longshoremen's union. These stoppages delayed cargo to Korea as recently as last spring, while we were still fighting. At that time Bridges' longshoremen's unit in Hawaii struck in protest against the conviction of their regional leader, Jack Hall, on a Communist conspiracy rap. Navy and Army personnel had to attempt the loading of five Korea-bound vessels.

This is quite a combine!

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 28:12-13

Having left the island of Malta, Paul and his companions, in the custody of the Roman centurion and soldiers, sailing on the vessel which, on its way from Alexandria, had also spent the winter in one of Malta's harbors, now arrived at Syracuse on the island of Sicily. Syracuse in New York state was named after this city, Here, as I remember it, one sees the best-preserved out-door Greek theatre. On one of Dr. Barba's tours we sailed into the harbor of Syracuse early one morning and found an Easton family of three persons standing on the pier, waiting to join us for the trip to Palestine, by an arrangement made before we left America. Here Paul and his company spent three days, probably for the ship to unload and load some freight. In verse 13 we read of 'fetching a compass', which raises a question! One can hardly think of a mariner's compass 2,000 years ago. The Greek is one verb, meaning 'came around,' and translated in the Revised Version as 'made a circuit' as they left Syracuse so as to make their way by 'tacking' to Rhegium (Reggio in Italy today), on the strait of Messina, which separates Sicily from Italy. Very beautiful scenery here.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S SCIENCE SHOW: Leit os net gonga worra 's Science Show sehna die woch im grossa, neia gabei on Muhlenberg kollege wissa net wos sie ferfail'd hen. Mohl fer ains, 's hut nix gakosh'd fer nei, uns wor naryads ken blotz woh g'frok'd is werra fer geit wie so oft mohls der fol. 'S wor allas frei, un die obsicht dafon wor fer maid un boova heit tzu dawg in da shula, mit helfa os indressa hen in "Science," — un "Science," heit tzu dawg is 'n gross feld.

So wie m'r 's airsht mohl darrich 's gabei galoffa sin, un hen ol die feila unnershittlicha socha g'sehna, gamocht bei maid un boova fon da 9da grade aw nuf tzum ledshda yohr in da hoch shule, hen m'r net helfa kenna os wie denka on unser aigna hoch shule dawga in Schnecksville, un Ironton. In Schnecksville hen m'r aw mohl "Science" g'shtudiert, hen 'n lavendicher fresh uf 'm fenshter in ra grossa buddle kot. 'S wor ol recht bis der fresh mohl ae morya awfonga hut yohla allas os er tzum hols rous griesha hut kenna.

Der Prof. Joe Deibert, der teacher, hut noh g'sawt, "That fellow makes too much noise, he must get out." Middawgs hen m'r der fresh hinnich der shule grund nunner ganumma, un 'n jumpa lossa, un sel wors end fon unserra "Science" erfohring in Schnecksville. Tzwae yohr worra m'r in Ironton, woh m'r aw "Science," g'shtudiert hen, ow'r hens "Nature Study," k'haisa. Paar lavendicha shlonga un fladder mice rum howwa, wor 's end fon unserra "Science," erfohring in Ironton. Un die Normal shule in Kutztown sel tzeit wor net fiela besser. Wos im buch wor hut m'r gaduh in Physics, Chemistry, Botany un Zoology, ow'r darta is es gabliva dabei.

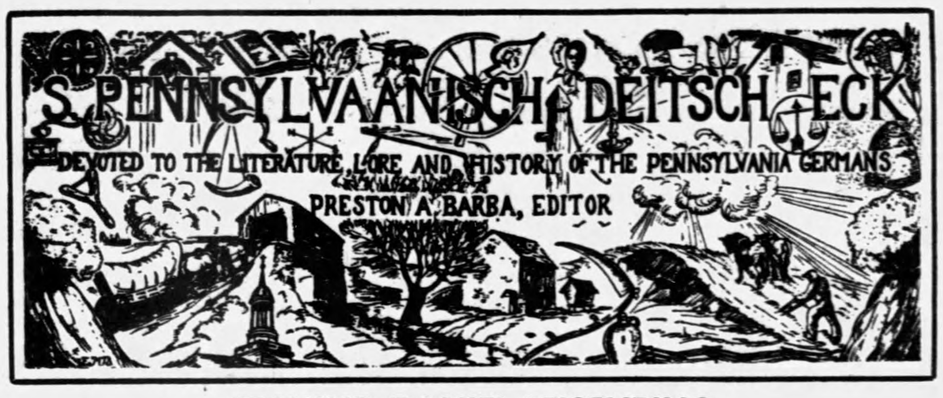
Yunga leit heit tzu dawg wissa net wie glicklich os sie sin, un so aw die shule maishder. M'r shtaina on da dier fon ra gons neia welt, gaeich wie wos m'r ols gawain'd wor tzu sehna, fartsich, fuftsich yohr tzurick. M'r hen aw fladdermice un kefer g'fonga sel tzeit dahame un sie ei g'fram'd in bauwol. M'r hen aw gawist wie 'n glainer lecktrick motor tzu mocha mit glaina shticker drode un eisa, un 'n lecktrick battery. Ow'r fer denka sellie socha noch da shule nemma—ei duh welt, doh hets galoud wies heit noch dale shule maishder hut os aw im dunkla hucka—wie der Prof. Joe g'sawt hut fom fresh, "Nous mit 'm."

Yunga leit fom gonsa gatzarich woh der Morning Call onna kumt, hen die socha noch 'm Muhlenberg Feld hous gabrocht fer ob weissa. Un dabei worra aw fiel fon da shule maishder woh die socha unnershtitzt hen. 'N monicha shule maishder wase heit may fon gawissa socha os er so wist, wons net wear fer die maid un boova woh indressa hen in ol da socha os darta worra —ebs wor fers gnocha g'shtel fon ra kotz odder ma fogel weissa; wies hartz shoft; wos die uhrsoch is fon tzwilling; wies lond halta fon garawbt werra fom guta grund; wie lecktrick arigla shoffa; der lavens lawf fon blonsa; wies har gait imma shlate bruch; un fiel onnerra socha, tzu dief fer uns sie selwar fershtae, yusht darrich lawfa un sie bagucka.

'S Farm Show on Harrisbarrick is 'n wunnerborer guter blotz fer die maid un boova onna gae larna woh indressa hen im bauerra, un grawd so is es aw om Science Show mit da maid un boova woh indressa hen in "Science." 'S wor ershtounlich fer uns tzu hoerra os es ow'r ols noch etlicha shule maishder hut —all 'm noh ous 'm alta bund, woh wenich gutas sehna kenna in so socha wie 'n "Science Show," un hen 'n g'fiehl 's wear tzeit ferlora fer kinner gae un ihra socha woh sie gamocht hen, ob weissa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Des da weiter, un haicher galarnt os menscha alsa mohl maina os sie galarnt weara—des da dummer werra sie—kenna net weiter farna nous sehna weck fon ihra aigna felder, wie die nase in ihra g'sichter.



EDMUND DANIEL LEISENRING

Pennsylvania German Dialect Writer

By HEINZ KLOSS

THE sudden cropping up in the 60's and 70's of the 19th century of a modest Pennsylvania German dialect literature took place among two different sets of men and women. Some there were to whom High German even at that early date was an almost alien tongue of which they usually still had a reading knowledge, but which they seldom if ever used in their speaking and even less in their writing. To this group belong Henry Harbaugh, H. L. Fischer, E. H. Rauch, Rachel Bahn.

To others High German was still a tongue fully as familiar as English and usually closer to their hearts. Let us recall the names of Benjamin Bausman who ably edited Harbaugh's poems, of A. R. Horne, whose Pennsylvania German Manual went through four editions, of Daniel Miller, who in 1869 started a dialect column in his own paper, the **Republikaner von Berks**, later to become a renowned dialect anthologist, and last, not least, Edmund Daniel Leisenring, the subject of this sketch, whose dialect column in the Allentown **Friedensbote** started in exactly the same year—1869.

All of the four above-named men were active members of the **"Verein der deutschen Presse von Pennsylvanien"**, founded in 1862 and headed by that great forgotten man of Pennsylvania German history, the Rev. Samuel Kistler Brobst. Both Horne and Leisenring were at one time among the Vice-Presidents of the Association, and Leisenring was among its earliest members. This should go far to prove that the **Verein** could not possibly be inimical to the dialect. Never before the founding in 1891 of the Pennsylvania German Society did such a galaxy of cultured Pennsylvania Germans get together for a non-sectarian cause.

In the Verein Leisenring headed the committee on folksongs, which in 1876 reported that they stood ready to accept orders for the first folksongs printed on stereotype plates. A love of folksongs would be in keeping with an oral family tradition that Leisenring was musically gifted and played the violin well.

The four men I listed above were joined by many others from colonial stock less distinguished in the dialect field (though some like F. J. F. Schantz and Ben Trexler also wrote about it), and by a number of later immigrant Germans, two of whom strove earnestly to write in the dialect themselves: L. A. Wollenweber, who caught the spirit but not the idiom, and Conrad Gehring, who caught the idiom but not the spirit of his adopted tongue.

Edmund Daniel Leisenring was born in Whitehall Township, near Siegfried's Bridge, Lehigh County, September 13, 1816. He died in Allentown, February 20, 1882. Upon learning the printer's trade in the Allentown **Friedensbote** office and in Philadelphia, he edited from 1838 to 1840 the **Abendzeitung** in Nazareth, Pa., where he married Mathilde Blumer. Together with his brother he ran a tannery in his home township for a few years. In 1843 he became an employee and in 1849 the co-proprietor of the **Friedensbote.** In 1870 he also became a partner in the **Lecha-Bote** and the **Welt-Bote** establishments. In this way he was for a time among the most influential German editors of the state. Since 1880 when he suffered from a stroke he gradually became mentally incapacitated.

No man surpassed him in his love for his native dialect and no other author's prose outshone the splendor of his dialect column. A fiery passion for his mother-tongue runs through many of them. In his days the generation of dialect speakers more steeped in High German than in English had all but disappeared in many of the Pennsylvania German counties, and even in Lehigh and Berks the younger generation became less familiar with the tongue of their forebears. This onrush of English brought about a spreading of English loan-words in the dialect, and Leisenring, sticking up for the slowly waning High German, at the same time fought against this growing English admixture in the dialect. It was a losing battle, but it was all to the honor of an upright man and its chances must not be appraised in 20th century terms. In the **Friedensbote** for October 10, 1866, Leisenring had published his dialect poem "Spotjohr", and prefaced it with the following words:

> Ich hab die Johre her in etliche Zeitung als Pennsylvanisch-Deutsche Lieder gelese, von denen manche uewerаus schoene Gedanke ware—recht poetisch, heimlich und herzlich; es duenkt mich awer, dass die Schreiwer net ganz recht thaeten, so viel Englisch neizumixe. Sel is net unser Sprooch. die doch 'n Sprooch von 'me kraeftige Volk is, un's hot mich manchmal schon geaergert, das sie mit so viel Englisch verhunzt wird. Vom Liedermache versteh ich nicks—sell braeucht ich wohl net zu saga—hab awer doch prowiert, etliche Gedanke in unserer rechte Sprooch in Reime zu setze juscht vor euch zu weise, dass mer in so Sache 's English net brauche un's Verhunzte net nothwennig hen. Selle Schreiwer die mit Liedermache umgehe, wolle doch so gut sei, unser Sprooch in die Hoeh zu hewe, anstatt sie so arg zu vermixe, dass es bald gar kenn Sprooch meh is.—Do is mei Lied.

SPOTJOHR

Wie ruft die Stimm so siess
Vum Wasserfall der Wies,
Wu der Dischtelflaum im Wind rumfliegt,
Der zart un lieblich weht,
Sich kreiselt, kummt un geht
Darch welke Gaerte, wu die Blum verbliht!

Im Stoppelfeld, net weit,
Frih 's Batteriesel schreit,
Un der Waih hoch in der Luft rumschwebt.
Am Wasser dart so still
Inseckte glitz're viel,
Wu die Spinn es Gras mit Netz verwebt.

Owets falle Schatte
Iwwer Fenz un Latte,
Wu die Reb blo voll mit Trauwe steht.
Aus sellem Dal, schun feicht,
En Dunscht, wie Newwel, steigt,
Wu der Vollmond iwwer 'n Hiwwel geht.

Bal iwwer Berg un Feld
Kummt rauer Wind un Kelt.
Die Schwalm ihr Brut schun zammeruft;
Bang vor der Kelt un Not,
Die do im Winter droht,
Ziegt sie fart ins Land der Summerluft.

Die Ieme fleissig demnoch schafft
Un sucht for Hunigsaft,
Wu die Blumme noch vom Reif verschont.
Die Fenzemaus voll Freed
Die braune Keschte seht.
Tragt sie ins Nescht wu sie im Winter wohnt.

Uf sellem daerre Baam,
Dort in der Wis am Damm.
Trauervoll der Datteldaubrich klagt;
Dass bal schun 's Spotjohr komm,
Singt seinem Weibche fromm,
Un die Liebzeit mit Gewalt verjagt.

En lieblich siesse Luft,
Voll Obscht un Trauweduft,
Als noch bei mer weilt un zaertlich spielt;
Liebkost mit meine Hoor,
Wie als vor viele Johr
En Hand so lieb an meine Locke g'fiehlt.

'S fallt von die Beem schun 's Laab
Werd widder Erd un Staab,
Wie die Dinge all uf dere Welt,
Doch die mei Traurigkeet,
Wie Summerherrlichkeet,
Aus der Ewigkeet en Strahl erhellt.

Es Spotjohr meiner Dage
Misst ich ah beklage,
Wann ich net en schenn'rer Summer wisst,
Dart driwwe aus der Zeit—
Es is von do net weit—
Wu ken Winter meh, ken Spotjohr ist.

In 1869 Leisenring started a permanent dialect column in the Allentown **Friedensbote** which he signed "Schinnerhannes", frequently adding "vom Calmushiwel" or "Im Haeusel am Muehldamm". The first installment appeared on Oct. 20. The same year Daniel Miller began his Pennsylfawnish column in his newly founded **"Republikaner von Berks**, and two years later, on Dec. 26, 1871, "John Schumacher" made his bow in the **Reading Adler.** Together the three columns constitute a decided effort on the part of the German-language press to give the public some worthwhile dialectal reading-matter. But while Miller's column later led to dialect books giving a degree of permanency to his efforts, Leisenring's letters faded out of sight completely after his death. An obituary printed in the **Banner von Berks** (Feb. 28, 1882), and which was reprinted both in the **Philadelphia Gazette-Democrat** and in the **Deutsche Pionier** (Cincinnati), stated that a selection from his column "gesammelt und in Buchform veroeffentlicht werden sollte." Unfortunately the term "sollte" allows of two different translations. It may mean that an edition in book form actually "was to be made" or merely that it "ought to be made". In former years I accepted the first meaning and in 1930-31 tried to locate the manuscript, or selection of clippings, which I supposed Leisenring to have prepared for printing. I met relatives of his living in South Bethlehem who told me that an aged daughter of Leisenring was still living in New York City and that she might hold the sought-for treasure. I wrote to the lady, but got no answer, and I had no chance to call on her. In my history of the dialect literature "Die Pennsylvaniadeutsche Literatur" (Munich, 1931) I resignedly mentioned (p. 259) Leisenring's assumed project. More recently however I have become doubtful whether the obituary's "sollte" did not merely mean that someone "ought to" undertake the preparation of such a book, in other words: whether the writer did not merely express a pious wish.

The dignity of the dialect remained with Leisenring a preoccupation. Two brilliant defenses of the dialect appeared in 1874-75 (the exact dates of which I cannot at the moment ascertain). One was a forewarning to Abraham Reeser Horne lest in his announced and much talked about "Pennsylvania German Manual" (1875) he should indulge in too many English loanwords, let alone in that mixture of corrupt English and corrupt German certain other writers pretended to be Pennsylvania German. In this letter he calls down even Harbaugh for using too many English words—probably not quite justly, because in the neighborhood where Harbaugh grew up the dialect was affected by English about as much as it is today in Berks and Lehigh. Waynesboro is (and was) not Allentown. There are remarkable words in the letter, e. g. about the identity of the dialects spoken in the Palatinate and Pennsylvania, "die Paelzer Sprooch un die Pennsylfanisch Sprooch sauwer g'schwetzt sin eens", and others. In fact this letter, printed in its entirely in Harry Hess Reichard's "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings (1918; pp. 123-125) contains paragraphs so expressive of the writer's deep concern about the purity of the dialect that it is well to include them here. He writes in part:

"Ich hab in der Zeidung gelese, du dhaetst mit dem Gedanke umgeh, 'n Buch un 'n Dickschonary uewer Pennsylvanisch Deutsch rauszugewe. Weest was—so'n Buch dhaet'n die Leit do in Pennsylvania un sunst uewerall wo die Pennsylvanisch Deutsch Sprooch schwaetze gewiss arg gleiche, un die Nellyaenn is recht in die Hoeh g'huppst for Freede wie ich sell Stueckel in der Zeidung vorgelese hab. Awer sag ich zu der Nellyaenn, wo mir oweds beinanner g'sotze hen, wie sie beim Fettlicht 'n paar Blacke uf eens von der Buwe sei' hoseknie genaeht hot. Nellyaenn, sag ich, denkst seller Professor wees was er unnernemmt? Nau, du bist 'n dorch un dorch Pennsylvanisch Weibsmensch alle Zoll von d'r. Glaabst so'n Buch koennt zuwege gschriwe werre, dass m'r sich net schemme brauch mit? Well, sagt sie, weil sie ihr schoene braune Aage uewer der Disch zum 'r ruewer g'schmisse hot, sagt sie, ich glaab wol net dass es der ufgeblose, hoch muedig Hannewackel drunne im Wanzedhal dhu' koennt, was seller Professor dhu kann wees ich net, awer sell wees ich, dass wann mei Hannes so'n Lerning haett, dass er's dhu koennt. Guck, wer so'n Fraa hot, lebt noch so long, sagt der Sirach in der Biwel, un sel hot mich ufgeweckt, dass ich d'r den do Brief schreiwe dhu.

Ich bin, denk ich, net ganz so g'scheidt wie die Nellyaenn meent, awer wann du sell Buch schreiwe wit, moecht ich d'r eppes von Adveis gewe, vonwege weil ich selwert 'n Pennsylvanie un noch newebei 'n Paelzer bin wie ich d'r bewisse hab. Nau die Paelzer Sprooch un die Pennsylvanisch Sprooch sauwer g'schwetzt, sin eens, un is schier keen Unnerschied dazwische. Les mol "Froehlich Pflaz,, Gott erhalt's (Nadler) noh geh ufs Land un geb gut acht wie die Leut schwaetze; was die Buwe un die Maed zu nanner sage an der Singschul, vor'm Schulhaus wann's dunkel is; was die Baure sage von de Gaeul, vom Rinsvieh, von de Sei, vom Weeze, vom Welshkorn un vom Hai; was un wie die Welbsleut mitnanner dischkurire uewer allerhand Sache, die juscht sie alleen a'belange, un du werscht bal erfahre, was Pennsylvanisch Deutsch is. Do sin viel von dene Kerls wo's prowirt hen, die meene, wann sie recht hunsgemee schlecht Hoch Deutsch schreiwe un ferchterlich viel Englische Worte drunner dhaete, sell waer Pennsylvanisch, un so narrische Deutsche, wo's net besser verstehen, spend 'ne dann grosse Lorbeere for 'dieses Goettliche Verhunzen der so edlen deutschen Sprache.' Vor selle, hochwerdiger Professor, moecht ich dich gewarnt hawe . . .

Nau wann du dra gehst, for sel Buch zu schreiwe, los des verhenkert Englisch Kauderwelsch haus, wo gar net in unser Sproch g'hoere dhut. Ich aerger mich allemol schwarz und blo, wann so dumm Stoff gedruckt un in die Welt g'schickt werd wo Pennsylvanisch Deutsch sei sol, awer lauter geloge is. 'S is uns verlaschtert wo m'r's net verdient hen. Un wann dei Buch mol fertig is, un's kummt mir unner die Finger un's is so'n elendiger Wish wie kerzlich wieder eener im Fildelfi raus kumme is, dann ufgebasst for dann verhechel ich dich, dass du aussehnst wie verhudelt Schwingwerk, un die Leut dich for'n Spuk a'gucke.

SCHINNERHANNES VOM CALMUSHUEWEL.

To Be Concluded

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Editorials

A Road Success Story

A photograph of State officials and bankers, reproduced in the Morning Call, yesterday showed the ceremony in which checks for a total of $233 million were turned over to the state by investment bankers for construction of the Northeast extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike and a bridge over the Delaware to connect the Turnpike with New Jersey's modern highway.

The photograph and its story served to remind Pennsylvanians that we have come far in the 17 years since the Turnpike Commission was formed. That body was entrusted with the job of building the initial miles of road between Middlesex (near Carlisle) and Irwin, outside of Pittsburgh, a distance of about 160 miles.

In 1937 there was a great deal of fear lest the highway would be a losing business venture. Even as recently as 17 years ago there were far more bankers who saw the highway destined to be a failure than the very few who cautiously agreed to provide about 60 per cent of the cash required for construction. Had it not been for a P.W.A. grant of $29 million, the likelihood is that the highway never would have been built.

However the Turnpike was the answer to many highway problems in Pennsylvania. Almost from the first year it showed promise not only of paying for its operation but of paying off all its bonded indebtedness in far fewer years than originally estimated and expected. At this time monthly income averages very close to a million dollars and the trend steadily is upward.

The result has been shown in the readiness with which investment bankers financed the proposed extension of the highway which is to pass near this city as it proceeds northwardly toward the coal regions and the New York state line. No longer is there question as to the popularity of a toll road with the motoring public. It has been emphatically demonstrated that good roads, straight almost as an arrow and built to have minimum grades, attract motor traffic; that toll charges are overbalanced by savings in time and mileage, oil, gasoline and repairs and that general comfort and safety, which cannot be easily measured, are improved thru travel upon such a superb road as the Turnpike from King of Russia westwardly and as travel will be on the Northeast extension.

In the current issue of bonds, 382 investment firms will share. Undoubtedly there will be wide distribution of the issue. There will be great eagerness on the part of investors to get them for all experience indicates they are going to be a gilt-edge issue. Confidence was not so complete 17 years ago for the project was new. There were no guide posts by which to form judgment.

Fourteen years of operation of the Pennsylvania Turnpike have told a big story. It has been a successful story. And the story of the Northeastern extension likewise is expected to be another success story.

Pity the Witnesses

A full week has been devoted by a large group of Senators and other public officials and government employes in Washington to the conduct of the sensational hearing best known as the Army-vs-McCarthy, Cohn and Schine. Almost a full week has been spent by vast numbers of Americans who have been glued to their seats before television as they have followed every step taken and every word spoken in the already celebrated investigation.

As the hearings have been followed there has been a vast deal of serious thinking by the American people. It is the verdict which they will reach in this matter which will be more important than anything that the sub-committee of the Senate Investigation committee may report or recommend to Congress, or to other agencies of Government.

There is pretty general agreement that it has been a wonderful show. Just as many of our local people enjoy sitting in the Court House to hear trials of criminal cases so the American people are enjoying the opportunity of holding down what virtually are front row seats in a big meeting place in Washington. They are being entertained by the efforts of a large number of persons to arrive at the truth concerning some moot questions or to befog them; and to establish the justice of their own position and the incorrectness of the position of others. A lot of brilliant minds are engaged in the contest and the American people are following the game as it is played brilliantly by them.

But there must be a variety of reactions that already can be noted and that average persons are wont to feel as they observe the taking of testimony and the cross-examination of witnesses.

The fierceness of the fire thru which the witnesses have to go is something that amazes people unaccustomed to listening to hard-fought cases. A lot of persons, looking at Secretary Stevens of the Army hour after hour and day after day and noting his anguish of spirit, must probably think like Dr. Charles Mayo, who was interviewed in Trenton on Thursday.

When questioned about the investigation and the public, televised hearing he expressed the opinion that it is going to be increasingly difficult for men to accept appointment to government service. The reason? As he put it: "You subject yourself to such indignities, insults, and untruths." The usually calm doctor, who spoke at the dedicatory services at the Allentown Hospital last year, admitted that his "blood pressure rises" when he listens to the hearings.

And Stevens is not the only man who faces one of the severest ordeals ever to be experienced by man — trial before millions of one's countrymen who are watching one's every expression and movement and weighing one's every word. It can be expected that Cohn, Schine and even McCarthy will have to run the gauntlet of merciless questioning unless some agreement is reached to curtail the inquiry, to reduce it to essentials and to confine it to individuals already mentioned and not drag in half the Pentagon.

An Unique Vacation

There may not be complete public approval for that proposed journey which was initiated yesterday by four employes of the Water Department but it can be predicted with safety that they are going to have the unique and happy vacation which they expected when they planned it. And it is of course their own business what they do with their vacation period.

The quartet, which set forth yesterday, has as its objective a visit to every country hotel in Lehigh County. The county is to be covered systematically and the trip is to be quite leisurely and thoro.

They have apparently said to each other: Know the village inns and thereby come to know much of the spirit of this community.

If the quartet has this objective, they will have started none too soon for vast change has already come to the countryside. It probably will be but a short time before the entire picture of the country inns, as our eldest generation knew them, will have been changed.

Some remain, but there are not very many modern counterparts of the old-time inn-keeper who was likely to be one of the leading citizens in every respect and a right jolly good fellow to boot. There was eminent respectability in both inn and inn-keeper. The inn was the community center to which just about everybody gravitated because warm welcome there was to be found and there innocent pleasure was attained.

Comfort for "man and beast" was the objective of the ancient inn. Commercialization has robbed many of them of their best qualities. The Allentonians ought to have an interesting story when they get back from their unique holiday.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 28:30-31

Many explanations for the long interval between Paul's arrest and his trial have been given. Two years he lived in what we would today call an apartment, permitted by the authorities to receive friends. The 'bill of indictment' against him may have been lost in the ship-wreck. It would take a long time to get another one drawn up by the authorities in Jerusalem. The important point is that he was able during these days in Rome to preach the Gospel for two years concerning the Kingdom of God and to teach the things which concerned the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no one forbidding him. That word 'confidence' tells us much about Paul, for 'he knew Whom he believed' (2 Tim. 1:12, his last letter). Thus this second volume of Luke, the book of Acts, closes, but with no Amen, as we find one at the close of most of the New Testament books. The fact is, the book of Acts is still being written, with the Amen to be placed at its close at the end of this day of grace. If we help to spread the Gospel, we shall have the honor of having our names included in it, and the joy of finding them there in the great day when the 'books will be opened' (Rev. 20:12).

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 1, 1929, a Wednesday

City Council yesterday authorized advertisement of bids for construction of a fire house for the Keystone Fire Co. The site of the proposed building was Greenleaf and Bayard Sts.

The building committee of Grace Lutheran Church met Tuesday to consider bids for a proposed new edifice to be built at a cost of approximately $150,000.

Horoscope

Some good fortune is likely to eventuate in your next year. Today's child should be ambitious.

Members of the United States Supreme Court supply their own chairs.

A Thought for May Day



David Lawrence in Geneva

By DAVID LAWRENCE

GENEVA — If somebody can draw a line inside Indochina that is militarily defensible and does not mean the entering wedge for an infiltration of the whole area by Communists, a cease-fire can be worked out at this conference. That is what President Eisenhower described as a "modus vivendi," which is an old diplomatic phrase meaning a mode of living with a disagreeable and unsolvable situation.

But the military men of the French high command and of the United States are skeptical as to whether such a line can be found. If the diplomats want a military line submitted merely as a way out of their political difficulties, it can be drawn. There isn't any use deceiving anybody, however, for such a truce line will become the effective partition line, and ultimately can mean the acquisition of all Indochina by the Communists.

The optimistic doctrine is being handed out in some quarters here that, while the ceasc-fire is in effect and discussions are dragging along for a year or two as to a political conference to be held at some subsequent date, there will be an opportunity to train local troops to safeguard the independence of the three new states. All this would mean that, like Korea, Indochina would have a truce line and the fighting would be over. But the moment the Communists find out that the allies here are ready to throw in the sponge at some designated truce line, the price will go up. The Communists will insist on a line even more advantageous to them, and the haggling here may go on for weeks on that point.

Dulles Home Tuesday

Meanwhile, Secretary Dulles has announced that he is going back to Washington on Tuesday. The effect may be to speed up the conversations looking toward possible agreements because, if there is to be a long wrangle, the secretary would prefer to have his deputy here while he exercises freedom of action in giving from Washington the necessary instructions to the American delegation.

It has been evident for some time that the sole purpose of the Communists in coming to this conference was to try to make some kind of trade on the Indochina situation which would relieve Moscow of the burden of military supply to Southeast Asia and yet achieve for them practical control of the area. Judging by the public speeches made thus far, the Communists have not the slightest intention of agreeing now to any plan for the unification of Korea, though they will pay lip service to the principle of unification. Their concept is to have elections of the kind they proposed for Germany, and the net effect of such a plan would be to acquire control of all Korea for the Communists.

It was regrettable that Robert Casey, foreign secretary of Australia, in his speech—which was really noncommittal on the North Korean plan for a general election of all Korea—allowed himself to be placed in the position where the Communists could use his address as an argument that the western alliance was weakening in its attitude toward a continuance of the South Korean republic as the entity created by the United Nations. Any tendency here on the part of the western allies to accept, even by inference, the notion that the two parts of Korea can be combined by a general election with all outside "interference," as the Communists call any U. N. supervision of elections, prohibited is bound to stir up Syngman Rhee and complicate matters in Korea itself. It is reminiscent of the "coalition" type of settlements which were supposed to produce an independent Poland and Czechoslovakia and resulted only in their complete subjugation by the Communists.

The envoys of the western allies are supposed not to be naive but fully aware of the facts of Communist strategy. The American delegation analyzed the North Korean proposals and rejected them out of hand.

U. S. and Indochina

The United States is opposed in principle to a partition of Indochina but is prepared to express its views only after some concrete proposal is at hand. If such a proposal is unsatisfactory to America, yet is pressed by the French and they are prepared to surrender their influence in Indochina by accepting a truce line that will in effect become a permanent partition, the United States will express its dissenting views and then take a look at the whole European situation as well as the Southeastern Asian problem and decide its future course. The question to determine will be whether America has faithful allies who will stand up against the Communists when the chips are down or whether France, for instance, is ready to accept permanent dismemberment of free countries wherever Communist aggression has taken away territory not only in Asia but in Europe, particularly in Germany. This could mean some day a recrudescence of militarism in Germany because the people there will never be satisfied to accept a divided country.

Some far-reaching decisions are involved here in the use of the term "partition" and in the phrase "cease-fire." It is possible that the Communists themselves may unwittingly save the day by adopting such an adamant stand as to force the allies into a union stronger than ever and eventually into a collective-action program which can safeguard Southwest Asia against Communist aggression.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRUNDSOW LODGE NUMMER SIVA: Wel, ol woh 'n maining hen die Grundsow Lodges weara om hinnershick gae, hetta 'm Dunnershdawg owet in Green Laner Fire hous sei solla, un der tzomma lawf sehna fon Grundsow Lodge Nummer siva, g'shwishich da Barioma, un da Magowi. Net long tzurick wor gadruck'd in ra Reading tzeiting, die Grundsow Lodges gangda hinnershich — 's wear druvel fer die tzettle lose werra.

M'r hen Lodge nummer siva helfa in der gong griega drei yohr tzurick, un woh 78 gleader sich fersomm'ld hen im East Greenviller fire hall — hetta may griega kenna ow'r der blotz wor tzu glae. 'M ledshd yohr hen sie tzug kot — sin noch Green Lane ins gross nei fire house gatzoga, un woh sie 'n hunnerd drei un fuftsich kotta hen. Des yohr hut die drup sich fermehrt tzu ma hunnerd finf un sivatzich, un hetta ols noch may griega kenna won sie net g'farrich'd hetta 's dade tzu fol werra. Unser 'm gawissa noh worra 's grawd ganunk. Ainer ow'r os die tzwae airshda mohl darta woris des yohr net kumma — secht won er noch ra Grundsow Lodge gae wot, wot er noch ainra gae os k'halta dade werra uf Grundsow Dawg — odder tzeit darta rum.

Sis fershtonna os m'r ol gleicha dada sel tzu duh, ow'r yusht soicha wie dale fon uns woh shun fer tzwonsich yohr die Grundsow Lodges om gae hen, wissa net yusht wie feranderlich os die widdering is selt zeit fom yohr, ow'r aw wie hard os es is fer owet noch owet da Grundsow Lodges noh gae. 'S sin ol tzu wenich leit rum fer singa un shwetza in da Mutter shproch, un onnerra socha duh, shicklich tzu Grundsow Lodge fersommlinga. Fer sellie uhrsoch hen m'r ous gamocht ol die neia kummenda lodges griega fer ihra fersommlinga halta noch da Oshterra — un woh die Grundsow grawd so'n guter tzoppa on da wond is fer der hute draw hanka fer 'n owets g'shpass in Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, os wie aw uf Grundsow Dawg owet der 2d Harning.

'S essa 'm Dunnershdawg owet wor wunnerbore gute — grawd wie yohrs dafor. Sis awg'fonga werra mit uf g'schnibb'ld obsht un alt frankishie grumbierra sup mit paiterly, un noh hut 'n yaders 'n grosser daller grick'd mit rins un si flaish, gamashda grumbierra un lima bohna, sie hen aw gravy un fom beshda groutzalawdt kot mit rawn bree os m'r shun long fon hame gessa hen, un die rote reeva hen sie uns g'sawt weara aw gute — sellie essa m'r dahame net bol. Noh hen sie aw brode un budder kot, ice kream mit arabierra, bretzels, cirags un koffie. Sie hen aw ihra aigna matches kot — grossa pock yusht os der drucker all'm noh ei g'shlofa wor iwwer 'm uf setza, uns hais'd uf 'm ousawenich deckle, "Grundson Lodge No. 7," in blotz fon "Grundsow Lodge No. 7," wies druf sawga sot.

Der Kenneth Hallman, habtmon fon da lodge hut der "Town and Country" Bush Knibble, porra Bill Rupp bakont gamocht ols fohr maishder. 'S wor ken meesichie minute da gonsa owet, un won ken shwetzerei om gae wor, hut der Henry Detweiler, Habtmon fon Grundsow Lodge nummer 4 in Quakershteddle, ols fohr — singer, die lodge om singa kotta. Gleader fom Rawd hen gabrumm'ld, der Schreiver Mark Layser hut g'shwetzt, un etlicha onnerra, dabei der Chester "Schnook" Refinger hen aw g'shwetzt un g'sunga. Der "Schnook," hut aw die yunga suckle grundsi aw ganumma, un die lodge ferbunna in da 3d degree.

Die shwetzer worra niemond shundshd os wie der Porra Wilbur Trexler fon Perkesie, un der Porra Clarence Rahn fon Temple. Yaderer hut iwwer rous gute gaduh, wie ewwa sellie tzwae sich helfa kenna, maiga sie sei woh sie wolla. 'M Porra Rahn sei text wor, "Der Woodpicker," un hut yader 'm 'n lot socha gewwa fer driwwer denka, ganumma ous 'm woodpicker selm lova.

In unserra drup wor der Dr. Bob Oplinger, Habtmon fon Lodge nummer ains un woh g'fohrra hut, der Porra Tom Brendle, der Porra Bill Rupp, un der Pumpernickle. M'r hen uns ol arrick blessiert, un wolla gross donk sawga tzu da boova fon Lodge nunner 7, fer die shae shissel blumma os sie uns gewwa hen — fire rota karnations, un woh m'r ferdail'd hen eb m'r ousa nonner sin on unser'm Fegels Koshda, on da 20d un Green so uhra elfa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R P'such os bakont gamocht is werra, wor der Norman Zendt, der Walter Cassel, un der Wayne Meschter fon Lodge nummer tzwae; der Clauder Deisher un der Schreiver Harding fon Lodge nummer drei; der Henry Detweiler un der Jim Angstadt fon lodge nummer fierra; der Dr. Bob Oplinger, der Porra Brendle, un der Pumpernickle fon lodge nummer ains.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A favorite of all Toledo (Ohio) kids, writes Kay Quealy, is Father Philip King, chaplain of the primary grades in St. Angela Merici school. He is surrounded, tugged at, and besieged with questions as he ambles down the halls. During Lent, however, he noted that his particular pet, a rosy-cheeked little girl of six, who usually hurtled into his arms at sight, was avoiding him sedulously. He finally cornered her and asked, "What's wrong, child? Why don't you talk with me any more?" "Oh, Father," she stammered, "I—I've given you up for Lent!"

A man who invented a new kind of fountain pen rose from poverty to millions virtually overnight. An interviewer in his swank hotel suite asked, "Now that you're wealthy, do you still have time to see the friends you had when you were down and out?" The self-made tycoon gazed ruefully about his lush surroundings, and reflected, "I can't seem to remember having any friends when I was down and out!"



EDMUND DANIEL LEISENRING

Pennsylvania German Dialect Writer

By HEINZ KLOSS

Conclusion

Another letter in which Leisenring upholds the purity of the Pennsylvania German dialect and inveighs against those who would besmirch it with the infiltration of English words and phrases is that which he wrote to the editors of the **Deutscher Pioneer**, a renowned German-language monthly published in Cincinnati (famous to this day for its contributions to German-American historical lore) which in 1874 had printed a series of letters in a spurious artificial dialect, a mixture between English and Swabian which the author, calling himself "Der Alt Kunradt", purported to be Pennsylvania German (Harry Hess Reichard, incidentally, should not have included them in the bibliography which he attached to his "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings", 1918. The **Deutscher Pionier** did not publish the letter at that time, but it appeared first in the **Friedensbote** (Allentown) and was copied by the **Deutscher Pionier** following Leisenring's death (Vol. 14, 1882, pp. 70-71).

Brief An "Der Deutsch Pionier"

In dei'm Buechel wo allegebot gedruckt wird un wo ich alsemol zu lese krieg, unnernemmt sich 'n Kerl von Ohio, Pennsylvanisch deutsche Brief zu schreiwe, for dene hochgelernte deutsche Leser zu weise, wie mir do in Pennsylvany schwaetze. Wann seller Kerl von Pennsylvany kommt, dann hot er sein Vater-und Muttersproch ziemlich sauwer vergesse, oder hot sein Lebdag nicks davon verstanne, for sein Pennsylvanisch - Deutsch is so wenig recht, as wann's Schwowe-Deutsch waer; un er macht's grad wie schier all die Annere die unser Sproch schreiwe wolle—er verhunzt sie, dass'n Schand is. Do in Ost-Pennsylvany sin m'r eppes stolz uf unser Sproch und glawe, dass sie schoener, weecher und herzlicher is, wie's ganz Hochdeutsch, sonst haette m'r sie net so lang behalte und so gut druf achtgewe, wie m'r hen, und for des macht's uns boes, wann sie noch abartig im Druck so arg verbuckert wird. Unser Sproch hen m'r bewahrt for unser Familiesproch for hunnert und fuffzig Johr, und sie in hoch Ehre g'halte zum Andenke an unser Vorvaeter, die von der Pfalz und annere deutsche Laenner ruewer komme sind, do g'settelt, do gelebt und geliebt und ferchterliche Strapatze ausg'stanne hen. Es is wohl derwerth, dass m'r ihr Andenke heilig halte, weil sie mit unanssprechliche Muehseligkeite, in Noth und Elend und Armuth des ganz oestlich Pennsylvany zu praechtige Bauereie gemacht und uns zur Erbschaft hinnerlasse hen. For des wolle m'r unser Sproch net verdorwe, net druewer g'spott und net zum G'spass—und Zerrbild gemacht hawe, wie sich's etliche so Rotzloeffel von Schulmeister, Zeidungsschreiwer, die selwer nicks wisse, unnernumme hen.

Sellemols in den Johre 1725 bis '40 rum, wo unsere Alte des Land in dem Dheel von Staat ufgnumme hen, hot's noch net so viel von dene Fratzhaenselcher g'hat, wo unser Sproch mit englische Worte verhunze, die sie selwer net verstehne, wie heutzudag; sellemols hot keen junger Kerl der Name von seine Eltere verleegelt und uf so'n Art g'schriwe, dass m'r meene sollt, er dhaet von Englische oder Eirische abstamme, statt von Deutsche—es muesst sich dann zugetrage hawe, dass so 'me Kerl sein Vater oder Grossvater 'n Gaul g'stohle oder Epper gemordt haette und g'haengt worre waer, dass er sich mit sei'm Name hot schaeme muesse und deswege 'n verennert hot. Und do moecht ich euch froge, ihr Leut, wo die Name von ihre Voreltere verleegelt hen, for was dhut ihr des? Hen euer Altvaeter Schoof g'shtohle, falsch Geld ausgewe, Mord begange, oder so eppes, das ihr euch schaeme muesst mit ihre Name? Odder is es'n groessere Ehr, von Eirische oder Englische abzustamme, as von Deutsche? — Sellemols hen die Leut in dere Gegend noch all deutsch zu 'nanner geschwaetzt—der Parre, der Schulmeester, die Kinner, und der Dadi und die Mammi. Und die Maed und Weiwer wo zu sellere Zeit von de Insche gemordet oder g'stohle und in die weit Wildniss genumme worre sin, sin in dere Sproch beklagt und bedauert worre; selle viele Dhausend wo begrawe sin uf dene viele alte Kirechhoef im oestliche Pennsylvany—'n Dheel schun hunnert und verzig Johr—war'n alle Blut von unserm Blut, getreue sorgsame Vorfahre, Eltere, G'Schwister und Bekannte. Niemand brauch sich zu schaeme, ihre Name zu trage, un er hot net nothwendig sein Name anners zu buchstabiere, so das m'r net wees, wo er herkommt. Selle Alte verdiene, dass m'r ihr Andenke bewahre, und wann m'r des in Worte bringht, is es Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch. Doher, und weil m'r Vater und Mutter, Grossvater und Grossmutter, die so viel for uns erschafft und so viel gelitte hen, aach noch im Tode ehre wolle, estemiere m'r unser Sproch so hoch und sin Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch gebliwe bis uf der heutig Dag—weil's Ihr Sproch war.

Ich haett wohl noch manches uewer die Sach zu bemerke, awer des Ding wird m'r zu lang. Awer selle Mannsleut und Weibsleut, wo so gerne uewer Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch und unser Volk schreiwe,—sogar Buecher schreiwe, moecht ich herzlich bitte, statt so ferchterlich uewer uns zu luege, liewer die Finger ganz davon zu losse. Was ihr schreibt und druckt, sin jucht Ausnahme und beileiwe keen korrekt Bild vom Charakter der Pennsylvanisch-Deutsche. Euer G'schreib is 'n elendig Zerrbild, ihr treiwe arrheite und Spott mit uns und unsere Wege, und dhaete gleiche die Welt weiss zu mache, Ost-Pennsylvany waer mit lauter Narre ufgebaut. 'S net wohr, dass der Pennsylvanier 'n Vertel so viel Englisch in seiner Sproch schwaetzt, wie ihr schreibt, und er braucht aa net so viel naerrische Worte, wie ihr ihm beilegt. Unsere Zeidunge, unser Gottesdienst, Lieder, Bibel und Gebetbuecher sin hochdeutsch, wie annere, und do koenne die Leser vom **Pionier** und andere Schrifte sich an de Finger abzaehle, dass sie aug'fuehrt sin. Ich haett vielleicht des netemol g'schriwe, wann ich net dene Kerls, wo uns alsfort durch'n falsche Brill angucke, haett'n Muster gewe wolle, was werklich Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch heesst.

Noch eens. Viele Worte aus'm Englische hen sich in unserer Sproch fertgesezt—und die muesse m'r beibehalte, wie **Constitution, Court, Store, Turnpike, Semly** (assembly), **County, Township,** und noch viele annere.

'N alter Pennsylvanier.

Leisenring's memory ought to be honored for the way he fought for the dialect. But there were other merits in his career. He was (his relatives remembered that as late as 1931) a lifelong enthusiast about agricultural progress and more particularly about agricultural organization. The annual Allentown Fair was dear to his heart and he described it humorously. See the ECK for Sept. 26, 1936, which carried an article from the Oct. 7, 1874 issue of the **Friedensbote** called "'M Schinnerhasses sei Deskripschon von der Elisdaun Fair", of which Leisenring was the (unnamed) author. And it is to Leisenring that we owe the translation into the dialect of the program of the "National Grange" which the Reading Adler in 1876 copied from the **Friedensbote.**

But we must not think of Leisenring as a man whose mind was always taken up with fundamental issues like those at stake in the doings of the "Verein der deutschen Presse von Pennsylvanien" or of the Grange. He was thoroughly at home, e.g., in the party politics of Lehigh County and he equals Tilghman Laufer, alias "Dory Delp", (cp. ECK, Nov. 24, 1951) in the skill with which he handles the dialect in analyzing, let me say, a county budget, or any other problem of local government. In dealing with these topics he cannot get along without bringing in those countless technical terms of American politics which Pennsylfawnisch has taken over from English in either their original or an adapted form. While occasionally Leisenring bravely ventures a loan translation like e.g. "county rechling" for county budget, he usually employs the customary loan-words. It is strange to see this stickler for a cleansing of his mother tongue grapple with so many words derived from the English.

My first example will be a letter from the **Friedensbote** for June 21, 1871, reading as follows:

Hochgelobte Fello-sitisens.

Ich nehm Feder und Dinte in die Hand for euch wisse zu losse dass ich und die Nellyaenn noch gesund sin, awer net so gutes Muths wie alsemol. Do howe bei dene Graevelrutscher am Muehldamm wohnt's sich net so plaessierlich wie drunne uf'm Krappsberg, und die Nellyaenn will behaapte, die Mannsleut do waere net wie selle in Sakona. Bei der erschte Dschaens ziege m'r noch 'm dreieckige Wertshaus, for ich hab ausgefunne, dass m'r in der Nochberschaft von Texas wolfel lewe kann, wann m'r's recht macht.

M'r sin arg unbufride mit 'm Dschodsch von der Court un der Graend-Dschury. For was weist sich so'n Mann, der 'n Dschendelman sein will, so dumm und simpel, dass er der Graend-Dschury die Order gebt sel profitlich Polisyspiele, Lotterie-zettel-verkaafe, Gaemmele und noch annere Sache, die ihn keen Hunsdreck angehne, zu verbiete? Wann er's net wees, sollt doch die Graend-Dschury wisse, dass wann sie sel stoppe, sie's daeglich Brod von viele Weibsleit und arme Kinner wegnehme. Is des 'n frei Land, is des die Freiheit for die unser Voraeter gfrocht hen, dass so'n Dschodsch von der Court ordere kann, for was m'r sein Geld ausgewe und for was m'r 's net auskewe derf, wann m'r niemand weh dhut? Was for Bisniss hot der Dschodsch und die Graend-Dschury mit annere Leut ihre Bisniss zu interessiere? Ich bin wol ziemlich schur, dass selle Graend-Dschury Leut, die zu unserm Ring g'hoere, sich deswege keen grohe Hoor werre wachse losse und dass die Bisniss fortgetriewwe wird wie immer; yuscht ich kann die Eidie net leide und die Nellyaenn noch viel weniger, dass m'r sich vornemmt, unser Freiheit zu nehme.

Was die Geldmaetters anbetrefft, so bin ich alleweil ziemlich flosch und bezahl Caesh for all unser Lewesmittel. (Hinkel und Welschhinkel, die als spotjohrs selwert beigeloffe komme, sin alleweil net gut). Wann ihr dumme Drucker mein Plan nehme dhaete, braeuchte ihr net immer in der Zeitung so demuedig zu bettele, dass euch die Leut bezahle sollte. Ich wees 'n Platz in Neuyork wo m'r so gute Gruenbaecks als die Uneited Staets mache kann, for fufzig Dahler 's Dausend kaafe kann; von selle hab ich m'r 500 Dahler schicke losse und hab sie unner selle dumme Volk in Ober-und Nieder-Milford, abartig awer in der Nochberschaft von Milford Square, auswechsele losse, und desmol hot's keen Mensch ausgfunne. Nau do ha bich 'n Eidie for die Commischeners. Es is dorchaus net zu legle, dass die Leut im County rum verhenkert unzufriede sin, wege der Kleenigkeit von County Schulde, wege dem, dass 's Property hoecher geraeted warre is, und dass des allerlee Taxbezahle ziemlich hart schabt; es is net zu expekte, dass die Leut wo alleweil lewe, und ihre Kinner, die County-Schuld bezahlt sehne werre—unless der Ring wird ufgebroche und wird in alle Affaehrs faehr und squaer gehandelt, was denk ich net haeppene wird, und waer a schad wann's dhaet. Alleweil is die County-Schuld juscht about zwische 300 und 400,000 Dhaler, und der county-tax eppes an 120,000 Dahler 's Johr. Nau kommt mein Plan: Die Commischeners solle sich 400,000 Dahler gute Gruenbaecks in Neuyork mache losse, die juscht 50 Dahler 's Dausend koschte; dann bezahle sie unser County-Schuld uf een Schwiep; dann werre die Taxe gereduhst und bleibt doch noch genung uewrig for politikael operaeschens, profitliche Contraekts for gewisse Leut—so Kerls wie ich und noch annere die gscheidter sin wie de kommon Ronn und sich net unternehme darch zu komme mit Schaffe, wie des dumme Baure-und Handwerksstoff, und Gaeul, Ochse und Esel; dann sin die Leut zufriede, folge ufs Wort, wie der Ring von der politikael Fuhr kreischt, und gebt 'n Henker drum, was es mit dem bissel Tax gebt, wo die County-Kuh fresst. Was denkt ihr, Commischeners, Esqueiers? Is des net 'n uweraus kluger Plan? Des beweist klor und deutlich dass ich for schier eenig County-Amt fit bin, sogar for die Semly, und wann ihr den Plan adapte dhun, will ich der Credit dafor hawe, von wege 'm Dschehl-Superintendent-Amt. So hab ich letscht Sundag der Nellyaenn 's Politiks-Lewe von Lecha County ausgemolt, und sie is for lauter Freede am Muehldamm uf und ab gedanst, in der Expektaeschon wann m'r Dschehl-Superintenden werre dhaete, dhaet's gewiss net fehle, dass m'r net in so 'ner Herrlichkeit unser Dheel an der County-Kuh melke derfte.

SCHINNERHANNES

Notabene. Ihr. Drucker, for was dhun ihr keen Pikters in meine Brief? Ich will Pikters dabeihawe.—Ich hab ghoert, dass ihr 2 Subkreibers verlore hen, weil ihr bei alle Gelegenheite unser schmaerte Commischeners so verstampiere und verschimpiere dhun. Sel is grad recht for euch.—

I have no doubt that the Friedensbote files would yield to the diligent researcher quite some more rewarding letters, and that Leisenring would turn out to deserve either a dialect volume of his own or at least ample display within an anthology of dialect prose.

Leisenring remains memorable for us today:

Because he stood up for the dialect defiantly and fought for it by means of articles in the vernacular;

Because he, together with S. K. Brobst and Ben Trexler, formed that team, that "troika" symbolizing the last flare-up of High German in Lehigh County;

Because he was among the foremost advocates of rural progress and of agricultural associations of his time, and in upholding their cause again made skillful use of the dialect;

Because he dexterously used his Pennsylvania German mother tongue as a columnist;

And finally because, as a columnist, he is the earliest link in a chain of dialect writers extending through "Kuppernickel", Elwood Fisher, alias Solwell Files (1857-1921), Charles W. Weiser, alias Sim Schmalzgsicht (1863-1924) and Solomon DeLong, alias Obediah Grouthomel (1847-1925), down to G. K. Hoffman, alias Yukel Dryfuse and to William S. Troxell, alias Pumpernickle Bill: a succession of columnists which has made Allentown the foremost place of dialect journalism and which began with Edmund Daniel Leisenring.

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Editorials

Setback for Us Is Asia

With the fall of Dien Bien Phu yesterday a new epoch in the affairs of Indochina and her relations with the western powers opens. Without a question the cause of communism in Asia has been promoted by the success of the Communists' siege of the fortress and its capture after more than eight weeks of attack. Not only are the rebels encouraged but, what is more important, China and Russia likewise have been encouraged in another successful foray, similar in some respects to Korea.

It now is an accomplished fact that the Communists are bosses in a considerable area. It does not of course mean that they have taken over all of Indochina but likewise they have not taken over all of Korea. In each case they have shot their way into world councils and the conference in Geneva, now getting down to work, will include some very proud, insolent and confident Communist elements whether the United States and others treat them as equals or not.

There will be much effort to explain away and minimize the effects of Dien Bien Phu. But they are serious to French prestige and to ours as well. The United States did almost everything short of sending troops into the swamps to help the beleaguered garrison. Again was a case of too little and to late. The very fact that we wished the French to hold on to the bastion makes its loss highly damaging. Both military and morale victory were achieved by the Reds and they will heavily capitalize upon it. Of that we can be certain.

Reds in Our Midst

The U. S. District Court in Philadelphia appears to have been startled on Thursday when an Allentonian took the stand for the F.B.I. and told briefly of the existence at this very time of Communist cells in Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Bucks County, and of his membership in the Allentown cell or "club" as he termed it.

The testimony was offered in the case against the group of prominent Communists who are being charged with conspiracy to overthrow the Government by force. It was such unexpected testimony that a halt was called in the Court's proceedings. Not until Monday will the communities concerned be able to learn more from the testimony which Herman E. Thomas of this city is expected to give.

The news also was startling to people in this community for the spectre of communism has not appeared quite as close to us at any time as it now does. Speculation over the weekend will concern the membership of the Allentown "club" and, more particularly, the placement of its membership in what may be regarded as strategic positions. Interest likewise will run high in Bethlehem, Easton and in rural Bucks County. There has been abundance of gossip about this matter in general, almost certainly to the harm of many innocent persons. It can be assumed that if the F.B.I. knows a lot about cells in the four communities named, it probably knows something about just about all the cells of the organizations outside of the units named by Mr. Thomas and of whose membership he presumably has knowledge. Mr. Thomas' testimony, if it be admitted by Judge Cullen Ganey at the resumption of the trial on Monday, should serve to clear the air of a lot of unfounded suspicions.

The incident also serves to remind us that a sinister, subtle organization may have been working unsuspected in our own midst; that while it may have been weak in numbers, it was strong in purpose and in national and international leadership.

Mr. Thomas may prove to be our local Louis Budenz.

Mother's Day

Tomorrow will bring the annual observance of Mother's Day — a custom so beautiful that Americans wherever they may be in the world on Sunday will promote its observance in every clime and under almost every flag.

In the United States it will of course have its widest observance. In this country scarcely a mother will be forgotten by sons and daughters who cherish their ever dearest relative and friend. Most of these sons and daughters will express this regard both in material as well as spiritual way and either or both will be heart-warming.

Self-sacrificing and self-denying as mothers are, all their days are given to their children without thought of reward or even appreciation. On this one day at least all the younger generation is reminded on all sides that appreciation and recompense in some small measure are due and payable in the fullest measure that one can find possible.

But mothers by reason of their very constitution on their own particular day are apt to be thinking more in terms of their sons and daughters and of their welfare than they are concerned with any attention that may be paid to them.

It can safely be said that mothers on the day which is set aside for honoring them rather would be made happy thru knowledge of the welfare of their children than thru anything which children can do for them or which society can do for them in the shape of tribute and honor.

In these uncertain times and the absence from their homes of more than four thousand local young men and women who are in the armed services it can be believed that the thoughts of mothers tomorrow (as on all other days) will go out to those who are absent and unable to return to the family hearth for observance of the day.

Always there will be maternal concern for those who are in far-off countries. But on this score every mother of a son or daughter in the armed services can be happy tomorrow. Just as mother cares about them, so organizations have been formed to bring cheer to them not only on Mother's Day when she would like to minister to them but upon every day on which the young people choose to call upon their services.

It is pertinent to refer with comforted feelings to these services which are provided by the USO-UDF. In them more than fifty thousand persons in this community have an interest because in the Red Feather Drive here in October they contributed to these services.

So, it can be said with happiness for every mother who has a son or daughter overseas: There are people thruout the world who are thinking about and helping your boy on Mother's Day when you especially would like to have him at your side. And they will be helping on every day of the year.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

An aunt of mine passed away the other day. Her children came to me and asked me to suggest an inscription for her tombstone.

The same day, by strange coincidence, I had received a book entitled "Stories in Stone," from Professor Charles L. Wallis, its author. Two years ago, when I did some lecturing at Keuka College in upstate New York, I had met Dr. Wallis and he had told me of his hobby — collecting tombstone inscriptions.

"Why don't you put your hobby in a book?" I asked him. He had already started such a book, he told me, and the Oxford University Press had agreed to publish it.

Now it's finished and ought to prove a good seller. Tombstone inscriptions throw a bright light not only on those who lie under them but also on those who erect them.

Love, hatred, commercialism, religious faith or lack of faith and many other human qualities, are expressed in these inscriptions—together with an often unconscious sense of humor.

For a couple of hours' entertainment I heartily recommend the book to you—and if, as in my case, you are called upon to write an epitaph, it will come in handy.

One of the inscriptions quoted which struck me was the following one, which is on a tombstone in the Springdale, Ohio, cemetery, erected in 1880:

"Here lies Jane Smith,
wife of
Thomas Smith, marble
cutter.

"This monument was
erected by her
husband as a tribute
to her memory and a
specimen of his work.
Monuments of the same
style 350 dollars."

In the Presbyterian churchyard in Cooperstown, N. Y., a stone cutter apparently ran out of space. On a stone to Mrs. Susannah Ensign, deceased in 1825, he omitted a final letter in an otherwise pious inscription. The result:

"Lord, she is Thin."

Another stone cutter, who apparently had no proofreader, intended to engrave a headstone to a James Ewins, who died in 1781 at the age of 70, with the often used words "My glass is run."

But, perhaps carried away by his emotions, he made it read "My glass is rum."

Here is a lovely inscription found on a tombstone in Knight's Corner Burying Ground, Pelham, Mass.:

"Warren Gibbs
died by arsenic poison
Mar. 23, 1860
Ae. 36 years. 5 mos.
23 days.

"Think my friends when this you see how my wife has dealt by me. She in some oyster did prepare. Some poison for my lot and share. Then of the same I did partake. And nature yielded to its fate, Before she my wife became. Mary Felton was her name.

Erected by his brother
Wm. Gibbs."

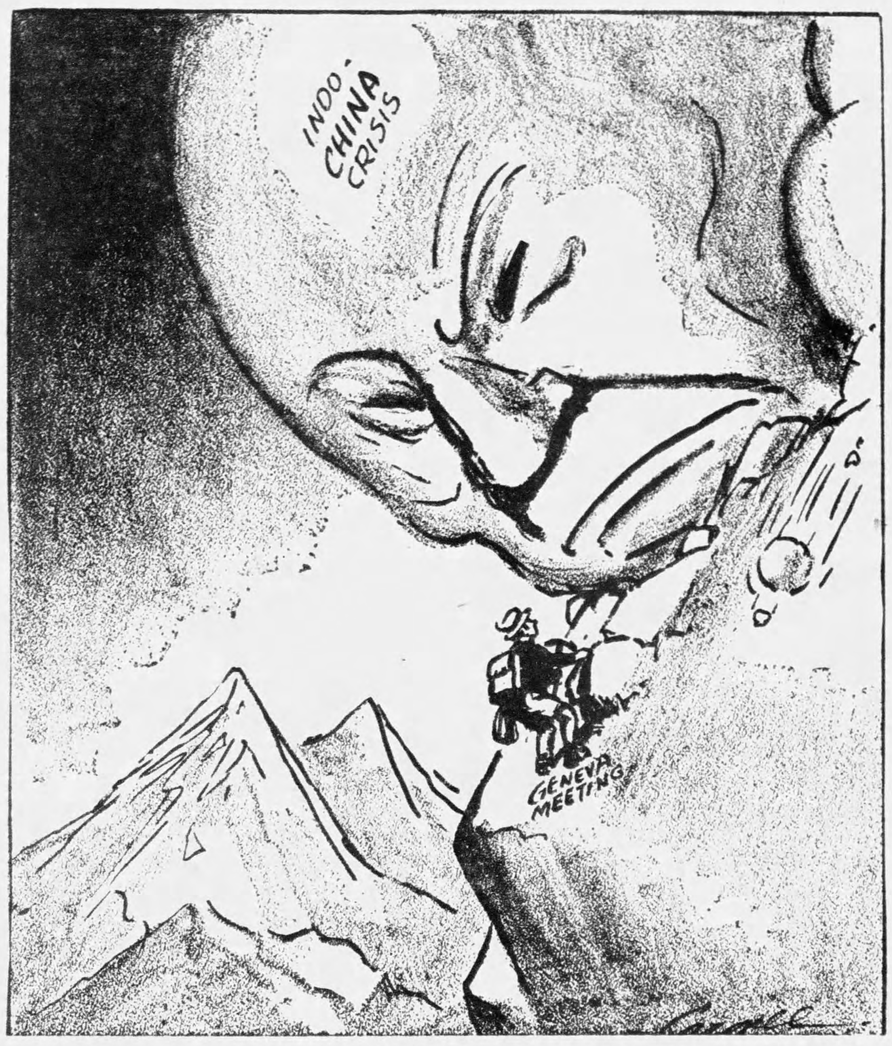
The inscription which I suggested for my aunt's stone was one that can be seen right here in one of our Connecticut cemeteries. It reads simply

"Well done."

What more can be said about anyone?

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Avalanche Country



David Lawrence in Geneva

By DAVID LAWRENCE

GENEVA — No country on the side of the free world has had its public opinion prepared for the realistic truth about the dangers of the Indochina war to world peace. That is why there are perplexities both in Britain and the United States, as well as in France, in facing up to what Indochina truly means.

Because Indochina is a far-off land and seems remote from us all, it was easy for the opposition in the British Parliament to tie the hands of Prime Minister Churchill and for the opposition in the American Congress to disparage the great plan of Secretary of State Dulles to save Indochina and prevent a chain of circumstances that could bring on World War III.

Slowly but surely, however, the facts are being revealed and, despite the delicacy of the issues, the two English-speaking allies are finding it absolutely necessary to get closer together in a common front against the Communist aggressors in Southeast Asia.

U. S. Program Progresses

Already the first steps in the American program — which should have taken place before the Geneva conference began but which got bogged down in the political fog of London — are being put into operation. Military staff officers of the United States, France and Great Britain are meeting at Singapore with military men from certain Southeast Asian countries to map out possible steps to take effect if and when the political agencies of government have obtained the necessary approval from their respective national legislatures. This does not mean that these planned miliary measures will ever be carried out, but it does mean that the Communists are put on notice that such measures will be taken unless there is a peaceful settlement in Indochina with adequate safeguards and guarantees that peace will be maintained.

Such was the timely program of Secretary Dulles which was to have confronted the Communist delegations at Geneva. It is nothing less than tragic that Democratic senators should besmirch the valiant effort made by Secretary Dulles in behalf of the American people to avoid our involvement in the Indochina war.

President Eisenhower was telling the inside of the whole story when he said that it "was never expected that this collective-security arrangement (for Southeast Asia) would spring into existence overnight" but that "there is a general sense of urgency" and "the fact that such an organization is in process of formation could have an important bearing upon what happens at Geneva during the Indochina phase of the conference."

The big question now is whether the moral damage done by Britain's hesitation can be completely repaired, but American officials here are delighted that Britain and America are working together again. Now, if Democrats and Republicans in Congress would forget their partisanship and work together on these international questions, the chances of avoiding a third world war would improve immeasurably.

Vote Strengthens Bidault

When the Cabinet of Premier Laniel won a vote of confidence in the French Parliament, the hand of Foreign Minister Bidault here was strengthened. This means that the French can begin now to negotiate with the Communist delegations and see if a basis exists for an armistice with military safeguards. This may take some time but, if Peiping and Moscow know that behind the proposed armistice is a collective - security pact in the making, as envisaged by Secretary Dulles, they may be less inclined to fritter away time in useless palavering.

The very emergence of solidarity on the allied side is in itself a salutary development, and the incidents of the last few days in London, Washington and Paris demonstrate how important unity back home in every country on our side is to the success of the conference here.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 8, 1929, a Wednesday

Dr. J. T. Rugh, famous orthopedic specialist of Philadelphia, conducted clinic for crippled children at Allentown Hospital, under sponstrship of Allentown Elks. Spoke in evening to Lehigh County Medical society.

Work started on paving 1½ mile stretch of road with concrete, to connect Fullerton to West Catasauqua. Contract is for $140,000, started at Fullerton Junction and went to 1st Avenue in West Catasauqua.

Arthur Durner and Charles Kline were elected as national and state convention delegates at a meeting of Allentown's Monarch Club.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A much-beaten pugilist announced his intention to retire from the ring, but his manager, sensing the loss of a fair-to-middling meal ticket, sought to dissuade him. "This ain't no time to quit, Spike," he protested, "just when you're beginning to improve. I've been noticin' right along that in every fight lately you come to much quicker!"

A fading actress in Hollywood, whose pretensions and demands become increasingly insufferable as her box office—and sex appeal diminish, was stopped in her tracks recently by a supporting player who told her loudly, "I just saw your last picture, dearie—and I wouldn't be surprised if it was!"

A Malibu Beach wolf was ogling a girl at the seaside. "You'd look mighty scrumptious in 3-D," he leered. "You mean the movies?" she gurgled ecstatically. "Not exactly," he admitted. "I mean my cabana at the Beach Club!"

Horoscope

If you exercise care and tact in all your dealings, good fortune should be with you. Look for a good-natured individual to develop as today's child grows.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WIE MELK'D M'R 'N GASE:

Won sei lebdawg 'n gase aeland wor in da New Tripoli gagend, wors doh net long tzurick, wie der Alex Mikolasy, 'n gase grick'd hut, un hut net gawist wie aw tzu gae fer 'n melka. 'S hut nix ous gamocht wie os er der gase aw gaguck'd hut, nix hut recht bossa wolla fer der aimer drunner shtella, fer die milich fonga.

Iwwel odder woh hut die Ida Fisher drunna im shteddle wind grick'd fom Alex seim gase aeland, un hut ferwillich'd fer gae der gase melka. Wie sie 'n glae maid'l wor, hut sie fiel helfa die kee melka, ow'r 's hut sie gore ken lang ganumma fer ous finna os 'n grosser unnershit is, g'shwishich ma gase un ra kuh, wons ons melka gait.

Die Ida hut howwa wolla ihra dochter Grace woh in da bank shoft, sot helfa der gase hava—ow'r die Grace hut onnerra blawns kot fer sella dawg, un ihra auga nunner gaeich Emmaus gadray'd, un hut g'sawt, sie het etlicha shticker musick os sie larna mist shpiela eb ihra musigander freind owets kaimt. Uns hais'd die Grace wear so gore dahame gabliva fon da arwet, ow'r hut die onnerra in da bank g'sawt, sie het kalt, un het net 's hartz kot fer ous 'm hous gae.

Aenicha waig, so weit os die gase melkerrei noh aw gonga is, hut die Ida ous gamocht unna gabroviert dade m'r net ous finna eb m'r ebbes duh kent odder net, un hut 'm Alex g'sawt, er sot mohl 'n aimer griega, sie gang'd ons melka eb sie ebber het fer der gase hava odder net. Der Alex het 'n numma tzu garn k'hova, yusht wor noh bong won er melka mist het er niemond fer der ketzer hava, un hut ous gamocht fer die Ida laenich tzovla lossa—un wie er aw hut.

Mit 'm aimer in da hond, is die Ida noh gaeich der gase tzu galoffa, un sie hut 'n mohl gute badrocht, un so aw die nanny, die Ida. 'S gase eider wor so fol milich os es bol fershprunga is, un der gase wor numma tzu donkbore os ebber kaimt fer linnering gewwa, un hut ol tzu garn sich ken pieca fermook'd, wie die Ida awfonga hut tzuppa on da shtricha.

Eb die Ida da rechda wait hinna om gase k'huck'd hut fer melka kenna m'r net sawga—ow'r die milich is galoffa wie wosser, un die Ida hut sich gore net bloga breicha fer melka. Blauderich wie die Ida is, hut sie g'sawt, "Ei, Ei Ei, Alex, sehna mohl wos m'r shun hen ous da airshda tzwae shtricha—hole darbber noch 'n aimer fer die onnerra tzwae."

Die Ida wie shun free'r g'sawt, hut kee gamolka wie sie 'n glae maid'l wor, ow'r fon gase hut sie blose gore nix gawist. Der Alex is ow'r gonga fer noch 'n aimer, ow'r bis er tzurick kumma is, hut die Ida nava om gase k'huck'd, un g'shart hinnich da ohra wie 'n mensch ewwa dut won er gabutta is.

Wie der Alex gawunnert hut wos wear, hut die Ida so droashtmeedich g'sawt, "Alex doh is ebbes letz, ebber hut dem gase tzwae ditz g'shtola." Der Alex hut noh aw mohl gaguck'd, un shure ganunk won der gase net yusht tzwae shtricha kotta hut, un er hut aw gamaint er wear p'shissa werra.

Der banker Clayton Werley hut da Ida noh ow'r shpaiter im dawg fertzailt, sel wear der waig wie ol die gase kaimta—sie hetta yusht tzwae shtricha, un der handish'd waig fer sie melka, wear, fer sie uf 'n bonk shtella, un sich hinna draw hucka fer tzuppa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

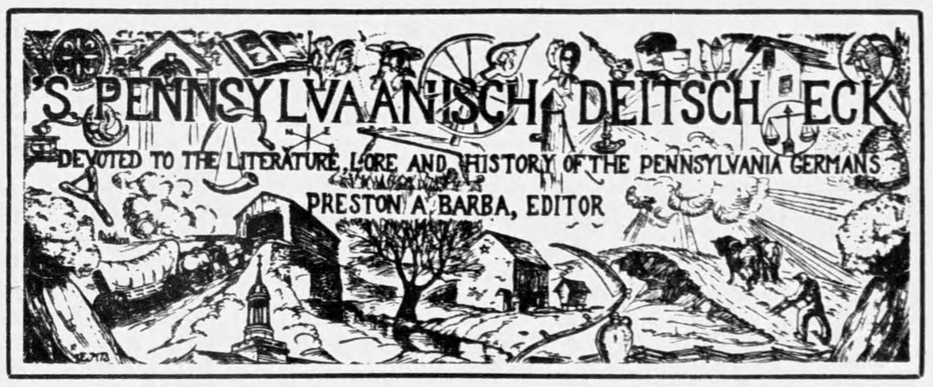
Der Ray Ruppert 's Kistler's Dahl drunna is die shuld fon dem gonsa shtick—won er gadruckder rote mit yader 'm gase gaibt os er ferkauft, wie aw tzu gae fer die ketzer melka, het der Alex ken uhrsoch kot fer die Ida griega fer 'm helfa, uns wear ferleicht sei lava net rous kumma, os sie aw net gawist het os gase yusht tzwae shtricha hen.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Timothy 1:10-12

The grace of God was definitely manifested by the appearing of our Savior, Christ Jesus, Who destroyed the power of death and thus brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel which Paul was appointed to preach, and, as an Apostle, to proclaim to the Gentile world and to teach its truths. There had been Greek philosophers who ventured to suggest the possibility of life after physical death, but this became a demonstrated fact after the resurrection of Jesus, Who thus brought life and immortality to light. Paul's preaching was always about Jesus' crucifixion as an atonement for man's sin, certified as such by the Father in that He raised Him from the dead. This, Paul says, caused him to endure imprisonment, but he was not ashamed, for he was certain about Whom he believed and trusted, persuaded that He was able to guard that which he had committed unto Him till that great day to which all Christians look forward. It is with such words that Paul encourages Timothy to carry on the ministry committed to him.



BOOK NOTES

EMIGRANTS FORM THE PALATINATE TO THE AMERICAN COLONIES IN THE 18TH CENTURY. By Friedrich Krebs and Milton Rubincam. Published by the Pennsylvania German Society, Norristown, Pa., 1953. pp. 32.—$1.00.

This list of German emigrants compiled by Dr. Friedrich Krebs, State Archivist, Speyer, Germany, and edited by Milton Rubincam, President of the National Genealogical Society, Washington, D. C., is the first of a series of special studies to be published from time to time by the Pennsylvania German Society.

Unfortunately that monumental list of German emigrants who entered America through the port of Philadelphia in the years from 1727 to 1808, Strassburger and Hinke's GERMAN PIONEERS (3 vols., 1934) could not furnish the names of the places from which these German pioneers had emigrated. Many local German records, family Bibles, letters, diaries, etc., had fallen prey to the tooth of time or the ravages of war. It is gratifying to know that in recent years zealous American and German scholars have succeeded in salvaging considerable information from church and state archives.

All genealogists and family historians must therefore welcome the publication of such lists as the above. But these too are impaired in value unless they can be supplemented with American records giving information about these German pioneers after their arrival here.

The above list compiled by Dr. Krebs contains 152 names. These have been checked with the Strassburger-Hinke lists but of the 152 names, the name of ship and date of arrival in the port of Philadelphia could be furnished only of 83, and only 43 have to any degree been identified here with settlers of the same name. The situation is complicated by the fact that already at an early date some of these pioneers migrated down into Maryland, into the Sheandoah Valley and elsewhere. Much work needs still to be done among church and courthouse records before lost ancestors will once more be restored to their rightful descendants.

But the significance of such emigrant lists as the above must not ben minimized. It is to be expected that Dr. Krebs and other researchers will furnish us with further lists. Similar lists, already accessible, are the following.

"The Adolf Gerber Lists of Emigrants from Wuerttemberg" (ed. by Dr. Don Yoder) in Vol. 10, (1945) of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

"Langguth's Pennsylvania German Pioneers from the County of Wertheim" (ed. by Dr. Don Yoder) in Vol. 12 (1947) of the Yearbooks of the P. G. Folklore Society.

A List of German Immigrants to the American Colonies from Zweibruecken in the Palatinate, 1750-1771 (also ed. by Dr. Friedrich Krebs) in Vol. 16 (1951) of the Yearbooks of the P. G. Folklore Society. This supplements the Zweibruecken List, 1828-1749 (ed. by W. J. Hinke and John B. Stoudt) in Vol. I (1936) of the Yearbooks of the P. G. Folklore Society.

The following brief lists of German emigrants to Pennsylvania, also compiled by Dr. Krebs, have appeared in The Pennsylvania Dutchman:

"18th Century Emigrants from Edenkoben in the Palatinate,"—Jan., 1953.

"Palatinate Emigrants from the District of Neustadt—1750"—May, 1953.

"Pennsylvania Pioneers from the Neckar Valley, 1749-50"—June, 1953.

* * *

THE PASSMORE POTTERY—1821-1911. By Andrew S. Berky. Published by The Schwenkfelder Library, Pennsburg, Pa. 1953.

The potter was once a prominent member in the American community, but succumbed in time to the inroads of the Industrial Revolution. Only a few of the old-time potteries continued to operate down into our own century. During the 19th century at least 30 potteries were still operating in Berks County, among them the one at Passmore in Washington Township. Here the two indispensable articles, abundant wood for fuel and an easily accessible supply of clay were both at hand. Of these potteries that at Passmore was typical. It has been claimed that it was the oldest in Pennsylvania, but Mr. Berky states definitely that it was founded by Sebastian Glaes, a native of Berks County, in 1828.

Mr. Berky presents the story of the passing of this once flourishing pottery. Fortunately an amateur photographer in the 90's took a number of photographs of the pottery and its wares, which illustrate the booklet. The author frankly admits that the products of this pottery could hardly be called an outstanding contribution to ceramic art, but served its patronage with many useful articles, without which the household economy is unthinkable in those days before tin and glass came into more general use.

John G. Glaes, the last of the Passmore potter-proprietors fulfilled the role of the potter philosopher, symbol of the great Potter, who also fashioned out of clay. John G. Glaes was well educated. He had studied at Mount Pleasant Academy and at Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio. For ten years he taught school in Lehigh and Berks, but upon his father's death, returned to the pottery. While at the potter's wheel he did not hesitate to quote from the ancient writers, and as he drove through the countryside distributing his wares, he had an algebra book or a French grammar by his side. He composed poetry in several languages. His reputation for wisdom finally brought him to Reading where he held the position of Justice of the Peace for more than a decade. Later he returned to his pottery. With his death in 1911 the pottery ceased to exist. It is estimated that 250,000 items were turned out during the 80 years of its productive life.—P.A.B.

DER HYDROGEN BOMB

Du yee! Was heer ich, wann ich harrich!
Mer meent, 's waer alles iwwerzwarrich.
Nau dutt mer ebbes waarlich leed,
Es scheint die gans Welt iss verdreht;
So Sach henkt mir so schwer am Haz,
Wer sich net weehrt, kummt zu kaz.

Deel Leit ball sin so arrig gscheit,
Schtudiere als fer meh Weisheit;
Die science iss in ihre class,
Un secrets vun der universe.

Nau mache sie en Hydro Bomb,
Wann der verschpringt, geht uff wie'n Schwamm;
Hot grooss Gewalt, so sonderbaar,
Ass so en gleiches noch net waar.

So schrecklich waar yo seller Bomb,
Fer Meile weit waar Hitz un Flamm;
Er hot gerisse un getrennt,
Ass wann die Welt keemt zu me End.

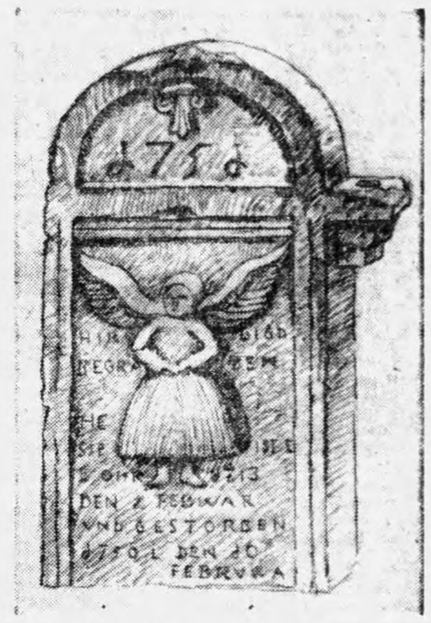
Mer kennt schier denke mit so Dricks,
Die Welt keemt nau ball gans zu nix;
Wie's gange iss in Elugelab,
So geht mol Aerd zu Flamm un Schtaab.

Allentown, 1954 —D. GEO. KNECHT

MUDDERLIEB

Mer vermisst yo net der Sunneschein,
Bis der Owed kummt;
Mer vermisst you net der Voggelgsang,
Bis es Lied verschtummt;
Mer vermisst yo net der Roseduft,
Bis aus iss seine Zeit;
Mer vermisst yo net die Mudderlieb,
Bis im kiehle Graab sie leit
Im lange Schlof!
Dann denkt mer oft an sie zerick,
Die Erinnerung baut fer uns en Brick,
Ass niwwer fiehrt fer'n Aaggeblick
Zumme Droscht odder zu re Schtrof!

—CHARLES C. MORE



This early tombstone marks the resting-place of a pioneer Pennsylvania German mother in the churchyard of Long's Church in Berks County. The figure, despite its outspread wings, is hardly one of the celestial cherubim or seraphim that frequently adorn our earlier tombstones. The peasant cap, short full skirt spreading out over starched petticoats, feet standing on solid earth and arms akimbo, denote an early attempt at portraiture of a hardworking 18th century Pennsylvania German Hausfraa.

She was born February 2, 1713 and died February 10, 1750, but her name was effaced by the weathering years.

This and a hundred other early Pennsylvania German tombstones will appear in the next Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

DANK GOTT FER DEI MAMMI

Dank Gott fer dei Mammi,
Weil sie hot dich lieb;
Sei yo schmaut un achtsam,
Schunscht watt sie bedriebt.
Sie iss sanft un freindlich,
Gebt acht wie dir's geht;
Niemand weess wie Gott dutt,
Was en Mammi meent.

Lieb hen mir dich, Mammi,
Meh un immer meh.
Ach, Gott erhalt dich
Noch viel Yaahr am Geh.
Wie mer elder warre,
Waxt die Lieb dezu;
Mer kann dir net danke,
Fer was du geduh.

Willich zu vergewwe,
Wann mer letz geduh;
Helft uff hadde Weegge,
Gebt ihre Kraft dezu.
Sie fiehlt unser Driebsaal,
Sie deelt unser Freed;
'S iss niemand ass die Mammi,
Ass so ebbes deet.

Nau wolle mer re danke,
Fer all was sie geduh;
Sarye, helfe, leide
Alsfert ohne Ruh.
Kummt ihr Lewesowed
Aa dann mit der Zeit,
Wolle mir re beischteh—
Sie waar yo so gedrei.

—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

A SCHOOL EXCUSE

Old Squire Joseph Hirst, at one time proprietor of the Bath Hotel, Bath, Pa., was the father of sixteen children quite a few of whom attended the "summer school" taught by a certain Mr. Gray, who demanded of them something then unheard of, a written excuse from the parents in case of a pupil's absence. The Squire kept several of the children home one day during hay-making and sent the following note with one of the smaller ones to the teacher:

Mister Gray
It's a very fine day,
To make my hay,
So I Want Oliver and Jake
To handle the rake,
And Kate, my daughter,
To carry the water.

HEIFERS TO SELL

A drover rapped at a farmer's door. The farmer's wife answered the summons. The drover said, "Have you any heifers to sell?" The good housewife replied, "Nee, mer hen ken Heffe. Sie sin all voll Lattwarrig." The husband was called, to whom the question was put by the drover, "Have you any heifers to sell." The head of the family showed his superior wisdom by saying: "Ihr dumme Esel! Hett ihr net gewisst, was er will? Er will en Haffe mit e wennich Schmutz sei Wagge zu schmiere."

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Editorials

Racketeers' Nemesis

Benjamin Franklin's observation that in this world there are only two things certain, death and taxes, has received a new slant in this country since the famous Prohibition era, the rise and domination of the bootleggers and their swift and ignoble fall.

The "roaring 20's" were accompanied by high crime and misdemeanor. It was amazing how unholy alliances of lawbreakers with politicians and law enforcement officers enabled even the most flagrant crimes to go unpunished. Perhaps the outstanding example was the apparent immunity of the most famous of the racketeers of that day — Al Capone of Chicago and Cicero, Illinois. Altho the Chicago Crime Commission established the guilt of Capone and his large gang of criminals the Capone clan singularly managed to stay out of jail, no matter how flagrant the crimes that had been committed and traced to their doors.

Then, suddenly, a new and undreamed of power made its appearance. The Income Tax Bureau popped up to say that the mobs of bootleggers, murderers and others who had prove themselves to be above the criminal laws also seemed to think that they were immune to the operation of the tax laws. The taxgatherers challenged the racketeers.

Suits were brought against the gangs for income taxes in fabulous sums covering years of non-declarations or of wretchedly small payments. For once the gangsters found no way to squirm and escape. Not only were they convicted and assessed for large payments but many of them went to jail, including the gang leader himself.

In most cases jail sentences finished the criminal careers of the men. By the time they emerged from behind bars, their empire of evil had been usurped by other gangsters. The entire picture had changed during the period of their incarceration. The jailbirds found that they were like ducks out of water.

In somewhat similar fashion during recent days the gambler Frank Costello fell to low estate. Only a few years ago, in the course of his evasions of justice and his impudent flouting of the law, Costello commanded the biggest headlines. The American public thought that he had a charmed life. There was abundance of opinion that he "would beat the rap," meaning that he would be acquitted of any charge that might be brought against him.

But this week, the Income Tax boys caught up with Mr. Costello because he had been holding out in his payments of income taxes. He had been cheating Uncle Sam and he had been caught redhanded.

Suspected of many other crimes, Costello's undoubtedly expensive attorneys had enabled him to squirm out of many tight places. But they could not deny the simple arithmetic of bookkeeping which showed Costello to be indebted to the Government and that perjury had been committed in the evasion of the taxes.

Now Costello faces jail sentence so long that he is apt to die in prison or be quite an old and helpless man when he emerges. Public prosecutors are sure that he committed many far more serious crimes. But it took income tax evasions to arouse his nemesis.

A Nation 'Under God'

Senator Ferguson of Michigan recently introduced a resolution in Congress providing that the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag shall be amended by having the words "Under God" incorporated so that it shall read: "I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, under God, with liberty and justice for all."

Here is a bit of legislation which has received all to little publicity. But it will be agreed by many that a time when at least a third of all the people on this globe are under the control of an atheistic philosophy and its tyrannical proponents, the people of the United States should manifest their faith in a Supreme Being and draw strength from that source for the terrific battle that is waging for the possession of the minds of men.

From the man in the White House to millions of families thruout the land have come many assurances of faith in the divine source of power. Our national leader has recognized the guiding hand of Deity in American rise to power and assumption of international responsibilities.

Perhaps national recognition of God's importance in the lives of men and of entire peoples thru such a pledge of faith as is proposed in the Pledge of Allegiance also will give hope to peoples elsewhere. Many may be groping for a firm rock to which they can cling.

Profits From Golf

Thruout the years of agitation by the golfers of this community for establishment of a public course, the argument was advanced that this was perhaps the only sport which could be expected to support itself and perhaps even pay the City a profit after its business got rolling. Nevertheless a good deal of public opinion for years ridiculed expenditure of public monies for a "rich man's sport." This successfully retarded the idea.

Now it seems that the contention of the golfers is going to be vindicated even long before they had expected the course to pay and pay well.

Last year the season got started late, yet income amounted to $36,116. That was more than $10,000 in excess of maintenance costs. The figures mightily pleased everybody concerned and especially Dr. Alexander Peters, who as councilman during the term 1949-53 had boldly taken the project in hand and brought it to successful completion.

Now it appears likely that this year will do far better than 1953. Already receipts are ahead of the 1953 figures for a similar date by almost $2,000, largely because the course could be played on all but four days of heavy rain.

The thousands of golfers who use the course will not be surprised if it pays a handsome return to the City this year over and above all maintenance costs. Many of them are expecting that it will not be long before another municipal course will be in the planning to take care of the growing army of players of one of the best outdoor games that man ever has devised.

Honor Armed Services

"It's Tommy this an' Tommy that" an "Chunk 'im out, the brute,"
But it's "Savior of 'is Country," when the guns begin to shoot.

Thus wrote Kipling concerning Tommy Atkins, the British counterpart of the American G.I. And in so writing he cited age-old and present-day truth that probably will be the experience of the ordinary man and the lowly, mud-slogging soldier as long as there is need for him in our unfortunate system of war and threat of war.

This pendulum-like swing of popular opinion under the absolutely opposite conditions of peace and war is entirely human. We all are probably guilty of it altho it generally is more thoughtless than a deliberate and unappreciative attitude which leads society to reduce its regard for the soldier when the need for him and his sacrifices and assumption of hazards are not so pressing.

So it will be good for our American people to give a lot of thought today to our Armed Forces. Today these forces are making especial effort to tell all of us how they are preparing for the crisis in international affairs which can be expected momentarily and which many who read history believe is virtually inescapable.

Our future easily can depend upon the thoroness of training which our sons are now getting in the Armed Services and upon the quality and quantity of the weapons which are being improved and manufactured and placed in readiness in their hands.

We do not need at this time to go to the extremes of demonstration that characterize a populace in the highly emotional days of a war. We can however and should give calm appreciation to the vast numbers of men who devote much of their time and even make a career of preparing themselves for the national defense.

When we come right down to serious consideration of this matter, what professions can be considered as standing much higher in public usefulness and service than the American military professions?

All their training is directed toward the national defense in line with traditional American policy of hating and eschewing aggression but of determination to meet and defeat it if it be thrust upon us. And all the training of the officers of our armed services places emphasis upon the saving of the lives of their men instead of coldly and callously expending them.

The armed forces and the men there of are not something apart from and different from the American people. They are our representatives. They are of our own flesh and blood. If they be compelled to engage in war it will be only because our safety has been put under attack. They will protect in war that selfsame authority by which we are protected in time of peace.

All our hopes during recent wars envisioned honorable and enduring peace for all peoples. But time and successive, bloody wars seem to have brought us no closer to the achievement of the great and desirable victory for mankind which Louis Pasteur dreamed of when he said away back in 1888:

"Two contrary laws seem to be wrestling with each other nowadays; the one, a law of blood and of death, ever imagining new means of destruction, and forcing nations to be constantly ready for the battlefield —the other, a law of peace, work and health, ever evolving new means of delivering man from the scourges which beset him."

It still is true that it takes at least two to make a peace but, unfortunately one can make a war. That "one," Americans are determined, is not going to be their nation which is dedicated to the principle that we shall never make war except for peace.

What Is a Capitalist?



David Lawrence in Geneva

By DAVID LAWRENCE

GENEVA—It is possible now to give an outline of what is going to happen at this conference with respect to both the Indochina and the Korean problems.

First, there is to be no settlement of the controversy over unifying North and South Korea. The proposal of the Communists that an all-Korean election be held without supervision by the United Nations has brushed aside all hopes of any agreement. This conference will merely announce in due time the points of difference and express the hope that at some future time, perhaps with the rising influence of world opinion, the United Nations itself can take it up again.

Second, as to Indochina, there will be a patched-up proposal to bring about a cessation of hostilities, but the United States will not be satisfied with the plan because of a fear that the Communists will be able thereby to overrun all of Indochina. Accordingly, as was announced in the early days of this conference by Secretary of State Dulles, the American government will "disassociate" itself from the proposal. There is no certainty that the Communists will accept it —which, of course, would relieve everybody on the Allied side from embarrassment. Such a result would also mean stepped-up military operations in Indochina, with more material aid from the United States than before, though America has no intention at present of using any of her manpower there. This can happen only if there is a general outbreak and the Chinese engage in what is called by Mr. Dulles "open intervention."

U. S. to Go Ahead

But if the Communists do accept some sort of armistice setup, the United States will go ahead anyway with its long-range plans for a Southeast Asia collective security pact and will try to wall off the area and at the same time furnish indirect assistance to the Allied governments which accept the armistice. The purpose would be to prevent the armistice line from breaking down. While this doesn't mean a guarantee, it does mean an effort to contain the situation within its boundaries.

All this is a far cry from real peace but, if Moscow and Peiping do want to stop the war—something that hasn't been evident thus far—then such an opportunity is available to them here. One theory prevalent is that the Communist leaders in Peiping and Moscow are actually interested in seeing a plan adopted that will make possible a political infiltration in the three Indochina states, rather than trying to keep the area divided permanently by a military armistice line, and hence the Reds will insist on elections. This unpalatable plan is vexing a wavering French cabinet in Paris.

So, while it is conceivable that somethng of a stopgap in the Indochina situation can materialize, there is only a fifty-fifty chance of it. It seems certain that the so-called settlement will not be one that the United States government would guarantee.

Reds Refuse to Yield

What the world is witnessing here is a failure not of Allied diplomacy—which, indeed, has been resourceful and energetic in its effort to find acceptable solutions—but a plain manifestation of the Communist refusal to bend an inch on Korea, together with almost as unyielding a position on Indochina.

This conference has been told by Soviet representative Molotov that Moscow has no faith in the United Nations as an impartial body to supervise elections in Korea and that, in fact, the organization was actually a "belligerent" in the Korean War. Such repudiation of the United Nations makes little sense when it is considered that the Soviet government has been trying to get the government of Red China admitted to the Security Council.

Mr. Molotov's speech here denouncing the United Nations makes it clear that he is not concerned with what that organization does. One wonders, therefore, why the other members of the United Nations haven't long ago expelled Soviet Russia for giving military aid to the Communist armies in the Korean War —a fact publicly admitted by Soviet delegate Vishinsky at a session of the United Nations general assembly over a year ago. Maybe if the Communistswere expelled from the United Nations —as the Moscow government was fired out of the League of Nations a few decades ago — there would be more unity on the side of the non-Communist countries as they strive to perfect a truly powerful instrumentality of collective security.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 15, a Wednesday.

Oriental settings and dishes and a talk by a native of China featured the meeting of the Four Square Club, held at a specially arranged section of the China Garden restaurant, 734 Hamilton St., Allentown. L. C. Oscar was chairman of the meeting.

Frank F. Hausman was awarded a contract to repair Allentown city streets this year. Letting of the contract came after James W. Holman, superintendent of the department of streets and public improvements, presented his written report.

The Magistrates and Constables Assn. of Allentown and vicinity held its third annual meeting at the Keystone Trail Inn. Specially invited guests were Sen. Horace W. Schantz, Assemblyman H. Stanley Welty, Lehigh and Assemblyman Francis Ede, William Scott, and Floyd McAlee and William Scott of Northampton. Welty served as toastmaster.

Horoscope

Your affairs should progress satisfactorily thanks to your own initiative. Highly developed reflective faculties are seen for today's child.

First man to cross Niagara Falls on a tightrope was Charles Blondin, the French acrobat, in 1859.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KEN OSHTER HUTE KOT:
Won aenich ebber wunnert ferwos der Marcus "Mike" Held fon Kutztown, des yohr ken neier hute kot hut fer Oshterra —'s wor ol 'n axident. Der "Mike," hut ow'r on der hute gadenk'd — wor so shure os allas noch da gross shtadt Reading fer sich ainer aw messa lossa, un woh er gatzailt hut kot tzu weara won er un sei Edna shpotzierra gangda iwwer Oshterra. Der "Mike" is immer arrick fer in shtyle tzu sei — denk er hut sellie socha galarnt fon seim nochber, der drucker Jimmy O'Niel, un woh eb so arrick long fon now, noch Florida tzeig'd.

Wel aenicha waig, der "Mike," hut immer wenich druvel fer 'n hute griega wase net eb sei kup sex eckich, odder tzu hard rund is. Aenicha waig, er grick'd ols die heet aw gamessa, un der heet mon mocht sie seim kup noh. Des yohr hut er sich 'n gons arbadicher shainer hute grick'd, un woh er hame gabrocht hut yusht paar dawg fer Oshterra. Denk er hut sich ebbes gons arbadiches ei bilda wolla, won er die Edna noch da kerrich nemma dade — un woh aw 'n neier hute kotta hut.

Dahame hut der "Mike," der hute shae nuf inna bed shtub uf 'n bed galaig'd, un is noh niver in sei offis uf 'm tzweta shtuck, bicher arwet shoffa. Ihra grosser boxer hund, Zepra, wor beim fer 'n kartzie tzeit, ow'r is glei die rachlerrei laedich werra woh der "Mike" om driva wor, un is niver in 'n onnerra bed shtub. Der "Mike," hut noh k'hoert os der hund wenich ebbes fon ra larma om gae hut, ow'r hut ous gamocht er dade sich gawiss yusht rolla, odder shteckle shpiela mit seim shodda, un hut sich nix bakimmert um 'n, bis er tzu da dier rous kimma is mit ebbes im moul.

Die Edna on da tzeit wor om blauderra uf 'm fone, mit da Mary O'Niel grawd iwwer 'm waig driwwa, un uf ae mohl huts ei g'shfoga owwa drowwa un die shtake runner, wie won der bettle lose wear. Der hund hut so wohr os allas 'm "Mike" sei funkle neier hute ferwish'd kot, un hut 'n in huddla un fetza ferrissa - bis der "Mike," ous g'funna hut hinnich wos os er wor.

So fiel ferleicht fer brovierra fer der hund shula os wie aw fer brovierra fer sei neier hute tzurick griega, is der "Mike," 'm hund noh die shpeicher shtake nunner — ae mohl wor der "Mike," unna drunner, un noh widder der hund. Ow'r der hund hut aw k'halta tzum hute, un er wor so hard ous mushder gadrick'd alla waiga bis der "Mike," 'n endlich tzurick grick'd hut, os er ma butza mon nimmy geboss'd het.

Die Edna hut so arrick locha missa os sie nimmy blauderra hut kenna mit da Mary O'Neil, un woh all'm noh heit noch net wase wie arrick os der "Mike," aw gonga is, bis er sei hute kotta hut. Un so weit os die Oshterra des yohr aw gonga sin in Kutztown, is der "Mike," Held rum galoffa mit ma alta hute uf 'm kup, in blotz fon ma neia wie er gatzailt hut kot tzu howwa.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der "Mike" die socha aw net hous howwa — wil net howwa os alla Tom-Dick-un-Harry in sei lecktrick shtore kumt, un retzt 'n waeich seim neier Oshter hute.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R
'M Johnny Hilbert sei fraw die Emma fon 617 Allen shtross doh in da shtadt, sin die barichda, wear im marrick fer 'n paar ice kreepers fer aw shnolla won sie ols ob shtopt ons Clair Prica wertshous, in Longswamp.

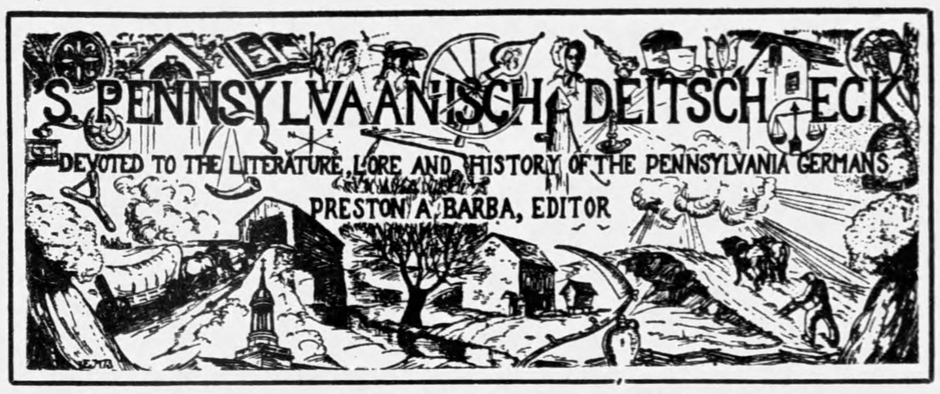
'S Clairs' sin arrick fer gawoxda floors, un die Emma is es grawd uf ae mohl laedich werra fer immer finna un uf wisha mit da armel wos onnerra ferlierra, won sie ob ritch'd un fall'd — un wie sie net long tzurick so'n aryie erfohring kotta hut.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Timothy 2:17-19

False teachers have always plagued the Church as emissaries of Satan, and the Epistles of Paul contain frequent warnings against them (see Galatians 1:6 and 3:1). The phrase, 'false teachers', occurs as such in 1 Peter 2:1, who are there spoken of as bringing in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them and us. Their words eat into the souls of men like a canker (the Greek word is gangrene) eating the flesh of the human body. They had erred even in Paul's time, having taught that the resurrection was already past, and thus were overthrowing the faith of some. All that we know of Hymenaeus and Philetus is that they were contradicting the Gospel by their heretical teaching. Paul is anxious that Timothy shall never allow himself to be sidetracked, as he exhorts him in 1 Timothy 6:20 to 'keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and opposition of science falsely so called'. Verse 19 says that the foundation of God stands sure, having a double seal: 'The Lord knoweth them that are His', and 'let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity'.



Defense of the Dutch—the Amish Dutch

By MAURICE A. MOOK

Associate Professor of Anthropology
The Pennsylvania State University

JUST about a year ago (in the ECK for May 2, 1953) the Editor in this Corner wrote: "Do you know who the Amish are? Perhaps no group among the Pennsylvania Germans has been so much written about, so frequently mentioned, and at the same time so erroneously presented."

In the course of recent reading about the Amish of Pennsylvania and their relatives residing in neighboring states, I have come upon what is certainly one of the most flagrant misrepresentations of them to be found in recent literature. It was published in 1925 as part of an essay on "The German Settlers in the United States," the latter being a chapter in a book published by one of our largest and usually more responsible American publishers. The author is presented by his publisher as one who has "lived in almost every district and studied at first hand every foreign quarter," and his book is offered as one "full of color, romance and quaintness. . . though studded with facts and sociological studies."

As the following excerpts will indicate, the portion of the book which deals with the Amish is fantastically inaccurate in almost everything it says. At the risk of trying the patience and temper of the reader, in the quotations to follow the author's factual errors and his most distorted misconceptions will be indicated. The purpose, of course, is not to diffuse error, but to correct it — a purpose which, I am sure, readers of the ECK also share. The book under consideration is Konrad Bercovici's **On New Shores**, published by the Century Company of New York City. The copyright has expired and the volume — fortunately — is now out of print. All but one of the quotations here offered are from pages 191 to 199 of this volume.

In the course of pursuing his peripatetic hit-and-run "sociological studies" Mr. Bercovici visited a community of "Amish people, a German religious sect, living in Ohio near Wooster. There are," he adds, "in this country several tens of thousands of them." He says the Amish are "a primitive Christian sect . . . found (sic) by Jacob Amen (sic) some seventy or eight years ago (sic), and they migrated into this country, first settling in Pennsylvania and then going to Ohio, Wisconsin, Utah (sic), and California (sic)." As could have been easily ascertained by anyone sufficiently interested in the subject, the Amish derive from Jacob Ammon's withdrawal from the main stem of the Swiss Mennonite movement in 1693, two hundred and thirty-two years before the author published his historical shot-in-the-dark. Though they are now found in eighteen states of the United States and in one province of Canada, they have never lived in Utah or in California, at least not as organized communities or congregations.

The statement that there are (or were in 1925) "several tens of thousands" of Amish people is indefinite enough to be safe. According to the **Mennonite Yearbook and Directory** there were then 7311 members of organized congregations, and the same source lists 15,955 members in 1954. The membership of the church should be multiplied by at least three in order to arrive at an estimate of the total Amish population, including children and young people not old enough to be baptized into the church. This would compute to 21,933 in 1925, and to 47,865 for the current year. These figures represent the entire world population of the Amish, for since their origin in Europe and subsequent migration to America they have coalesced with Mennonite and other Christian groups in all European countries in which they formerly resided. No one, in fact, knows how many Amish there are in existence at present, for the official United States Census does not enumerate people by religious faith, and the Amish have never responded one hundred per cent to voluntary religious censuses. Counts based upon field work among them are available for only a few of the 205 total now known congregations. The Amish themselves always think of their numbers in terms of the number of local families belonging to each church, never in terms of the total number of individual residents of Amish communities.

Our prejudiced and easily impressionable author proceeds to criticize the plainness of these people. "What strikes one as soon as he reaches the heart of the Amish settlement," he says, "is the contrast in neatness of the work between the fields of the Amish settlers and those of their neighbors of other nationalities. There is a second sharp contrast between the neatness and occasional display of decorativeness of the houses of the people of other nationalities and the plain severity, bordering on ugliness, of the houses of the German settlers." He adds that the Amish have been in this area of Ohio "for many, many years," implying that they have had plenty of time to tidy up their farms and make their houses less ugly. Neatness and ugliness are, of course, highly subjective criteria, and the farther one gets from home in such matters the more trouble he has in evaluating such qualities. So the foregoing assertion reduces to Mr. Bercovici's own observations, which must be contrasted with those of qualified and unprejudiced observers, most of whom would not agree with him.

Two pages later Mr. Bercovici avers that "as soon as an Amish man buys a home, if he does not build one himself, he proceeds to dismantle it of every unnecessary thing, of any bit of decoration, tearing off even the extra moldings from the windows and doors, and whatever happens to look decorative on the ceiling, without, however, replacing them or patching the house up. A front porch, however, will not be torn down because it can be made to serve partly as a root-house and partly as a coal- or wood-bin." To one who knows the Amish people and their way of life, such statements as these are nothing less than reckless exaggeration. As is undoubtedly well known to most readers of the ECK, a tendency toward, in fact a testimony in support of, plainness and simplicity is characteristic of the Amish and of all other "plain people." But to say that the Amish, or any other plain church people, eschew "every unnecessary thing" and prohibit "any bit of decoration, tearing off extra moldings, without patching the house up" is irresponsible hyperbole reducing the author's "study" to a travesty of the truth.

This author claims that the Amish "refuse to use any modern machinery (sic), refuse to have telephones or automobiles, will not read newspapers (sic), and have absolutely no respect for any modern conveniences (sic) . . . Like Mennonites, the Amish wear no buttons on their coats. Their homes are extremely bare and simple, with no pictures on the walls, no carpets on the floor, no curtains on the windows." Three of the first four statements in the foregoing quotation are incorrect as cross-community generalizations; most plain clothes Mennonites have buttons on their coats, and the Amish themselves vary from community to community with respect to usages concerning pictures, carpets and curtains. In one Pennsylvania Amish community, for example, curtains are taboo, but shades are not; in another the opposite is true. There is no hint in Mr. Bercovici's description of regional variations in Amish customs, and the reader is left with the impression that local practices are typical of the entire group. The most charitable conclusion one can come to is that the author is unaware of the wide range of regional differences among the Amish in these matters.

Mr. Bercovici continues in error with respect to both Mennonite and Amish women. "(Men's) clothing is of the simplest kind. Like the Mennonites, their wives wear the simplest clothes and are all illiterate, little more than beasts of burden!" In spite of the fact that the Amish opposition to public schooling beyond the eighth grade is well known (but little understood), we have no proof whatsoever that the incidence of illiteracy among them, or among their women, is any higher than among non-Amish rural farm folk in the United States at large. As a matter of fact, the Amish have three languages, which is indeed, in sharp contrast to the monotonous monolingualism of the non-Amish rank-and-file folk of the United States. And with respect to "beasts of burden," industriousness and hard work are conspicuous among the many virtues of the Amish, and are traits characteristic of the men as well as their wives. How else have they helped to make Lancaster County, and other counties too, "garden spots" of America?

The author's reference to their manner of worship and to their method of selecting ministers by lot is unbelievably inaccurate and muddle-headed. "The Amish have no church of their own but conduct silent (sic) services every (sic) Sunday in some one's barn which happens to be larger than the others. Their minister, who is called a bishop, is elected (sic) every year (sic) in a peculiar way. The names of the eligible males of the community are put between the leaves of a German Bible. The Bible is opened at random, and he whose name happens to be between the leaves is bishop. It very frequently happens that the religious leader is a most illiterate man (sic)." The author is here obviously writing of aspects of Amish religion he has never observed and knows nothing about. He has relied upon the oral testimony of an informant who either himself knew not whereof he spoke or was pulling wool over the eyes of the credulous casual visitor. There is no mention here of the Amish concept of a "church" as a group of believers; of their practice of having their worship services every two weeks, instead of every Sunday; of their preference for the home, as well as the barn, as the place for worship services to be held; of the existence of preachers and deacons, as well as bishops, as functionaries of the church; of the fact that the normal tenure of one chosen for the ministry is for life, rather than for a year. There is no mention of these facts because of the author's ignorance of them. He certainly never heard their unison singing of their slow hymns, their prayers, their two sermons preached at each worship service, or their individual testimonies after the sermon. Certainly if he had ever heard an over-an-hour-long sermon, still characteristic of the Amish church, he would not have said they worship in silence! The details of the Amish selection of ministers by lot are too complicated to be rehearsed here, except-ing to say that the author's description of this process is inaccurate in every mentioned particular.

He next proceeds to describe more mundane matters in their way of life, and he is as wrong in these more easily observable aspects as he is with respect to those more fugitive and intangible facets of their belief and practice which are so much more difficult to study. It has already been indicated that in his statements that they read no newspapers and that they refuse to use modern machinery and all modern conveniences, he is guilty of generalizing from his own inadequate and unrepresentative sampling of information. For these are matters with respect to which there is variation between Amish communities, between separate Amish churches within single communities, and among individual members of a single local church. The same must be said of his statement that "Games are **verboten** by the Amish religion (sic). All amusement is **verboten** (sic). Work, food, bed, meditation . . .is the law. They go to bed at sunset. Hardly a house has a kerosene lamp (sic)." It is hard to believe that Mr. Bercovici was in many Amish homes, at least after dark, for lamps are precisely what they do have, in lieu of their lack of electricity in the home. In several years of visiting in Amish homes I have never found one inadequately provided with the non-electric means of illumination their religion permits. And that their forms of recreation are merely different from ours, not that they entirely lack all forms, is immediately apparent to anyone who has observed them during their leisure time.

The author also states that "it is against their religious principles that children should go to school and learn all those nichts, nothings, that are taught in schools." Their objection, of course, is not to elementary education as such, but to more compulsory education than they feel is necessary for farming. They disparage "book farming," make fun of "professors of agriculture," and contend that the place to learn housewifery is in the home. They are also opposed to consolidated grade schools and to education beyond the eighth grade. I have read dozens of their petitions to have their children excused from high school, and a clear majority of Amish parents justify their petitions on the basis that "higher" education will cause them to lose their young people to disbelief. The basis of their opposition is religious, but they are objecting to what they regard as too much compulsory education and to education which they feel is secular and opposed to many of their basic beliefs. The author's statement that because of their anti-educational attitude "seventy per cent of their English is German" is simply outrageously untrue.

There is one item of relief from the author's critical castigation of the Amish people. He admits that they are respected in the local community. "Though their habits are queer according to the judgment of their neighbors, they are nevertheless highly esteemed because they are good and prosperous farmers." He also acknowledges that the basis of this respect is moral as well as economic. "Though people speak of them with a smile, there is absolutely no animosity among the other farmers toward the Amish people . . . (There is) admiration for their perseverance and hard work, and also because Amish men. . .never proselyte, never speak about their religion, never moralize to others about theirs, and are very good helpers and neighbors. They readily exchange work with other farmers." At last Mr. Bercovici has found a fact and has stumbled into appreciation of an Amish virtue. This seems to be too much for him, however, for the same paragraph states that some neighbors of the Amish "expressed regret that they were about to leave the country . . Because of educational laws many of the Amish people of the neighborhood and of other neighborhoods have left for Mexico, where they hope to be given freedom." The Amish are still in Ohio, however, and in greater numbers now than when Mr. Bercovici wrote of their exodus a quarter of a century ago. There are in fact today more Amish in Ohio, and elsewhere in the United States, than ever before in their two hundred and fifty years of residence in America. Moreover, Amish colonies have never been established in Mexico. Again our author has been obviously misinformed.

I find one other sentence in Mr. Bercovici's book with which readers of the ECK will be able to agree. He says that "Customs and traditions are the spiritual boneformation of a race, of a nation" (page 4). This conviction, although here somewhat unusually expressed, is the very basis of studies such as this column supports. The attitude of sympathetically studying and appreciatively understanding the peoples of the world, including our own cultural minorities and religious sects, is an ultimate basis of resolving many of the tensions that beset our modern world. However, such sympathetic understanding can never be realized unless we are assiduous in correcting ethnocentric misrepresentations. Hence this essay in defense of a particular group of men and women of German descent.

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Editorials

Let the Babies Alone

There is apt to be a lot of misplaced kindness at this time of the year when young animals are found near their nests on the ground and fledglings hop about after having fallen from their homes in trees and shrubbery. It will be thought by children and even by many adults that the poor little things are lost, that they require food and shelter. Promptly they are caged and eye-droppers are called into use to put water and usually improper and harmful food into their stomachs. The results almost invariably are the same: Early death for the furred and feathered babies.

The fact usually is that the animals are not lost. They are not only close to their natural shelters but it usually can be depended upon that watchful, but shy, parents are nearby. They will provide attention and the proper kind of help and food if human beings and animals will give them just a little bit of chance. Young rabbits will find their way or be helped back to their downy nests in sheltered hummocks of grass, weeds and soft earth. Young birds, weak and tired after the first tests of their wingpower, will manage to get back to the nest either with or without the help of the parent birds.

The young of animals and birds are far more self reliant than the young of the human species at corresponding periods of their growth. Human sympathy for the young is based upon experience with little children. Applied to the young of animals and birds that sympathy more often than not is harmful if not in fact fatal.

Leave the young animals and birds alone. As a rule, they are not lost when one finds them hopping about. They and the parents will get together if disturbing factors in their vicinity are removed. And that includes the finder's removing himself from the premises. Almost the surest way of destroying the young animal or bird is to take it home as a curiosity and potential pet and administer human but not natural and correct kindness. It can be added that it is against the law of Pennsylvania knowingly to disturb the nests of wild animals and birds, or to remove eggs or young from them.

Up to States to Act

The U. S. Senate yesterday defeated President Eisenhower's proposal that the right of suffrage be accorded to 18-year-olds and that issue now is dead for some time to come.

However there is nothing to deter legislators in any State from giving the ballot to those in their late teens. Georgia has done this for some years. While that State's Senator Richard B. Russell yesterday voted against the measure it was on the grounds that this is a basic right of the sovereign States of the Union and the Federal Government, thru the Constitution, should not require all the States to adopt this lowered age limit.

Accordingly, if there be wide public sentiment in Pennsylvania for this idea it can be brought to the fore at the next sessions of the General Assembly in January. All that will be necessary will be to change Section 1 of Article VIII of the State's Constitution which now reads: "Every citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections" etc, and make it read "Every citizen eighteen years of age" etc.

Attack on Formosa

It is easy to credit the report out of Washington, based in almost all certainly upon military intelligence findings, that Red China is building up its air force in the southeastern part of the country, presumably in preparation for attacks upon Nationalist Formosa or for defense against attacks by Chiang's forces upon the Reds' forces on the mainland.

Success in Korea undoubtedly made the Chinese tremendously cocky. Expression of this has been afforded in Indochina. It will be no surprise if there be action by the Reds against other southeastern Asiatic countries. It will come thru support for any dissident and ambitious political elements in those countries but it will be thoroly Chinese in motivation and in the equipment of the rebellious forces.

There may be further manifestations of this confidence and aggressiveness along lines where they do not have to conceal their hand, namely attack upon Formosa. Since China still is engaged in a civil war between the Reds and the Nationalists, it will be the most natural and logical move for Red China to attack Formosa if and when the Reds think they are strong enough to take the big island on which Generalissimo Chiang is making his last stand.

If this step be taken, the United States will get into the fray. The security of Formosa long since was pledged by President Truman, as long ago in fact as the opening of the Korean war in 1950. The nibbling process seems to have begun. Outlying islands between Formosa and the mainland are being attacked. It may not be long before a test of our pledge to Nationalist China will be attempted by the belligerent Reds on the mainland.

Allentown on March

It is an impressive program of public improvements which City Council has adopted as "musts" for the early future. It also is a matter of satisfaction for the taxpayers that our fiscal officers declare there need be no increase in tax rate to carry the $1.5 million dollar debt which will have to be incurred to pay for the improvements.

First of all, Council proposes to pay for its share of the cost of building the much-needed 4-lane bridge on So. 15th Street. Then there is to be extension of the sanitary sewer system to the 19th ward or Mountainville section, to the College Heights area and to Midway Manor. The city-owned property at 723 Chew Street is to be altered and adapted to the uses of the police and fire departments, the swimming pool at Fountain Park is to be enlarged and improved and some changes are to be made to the sewerage disposal system on Kline's Island.

All these projects have been in the making for a number of years. City Council has decided that now is a favorable time to bring them to pass.

Our citizens will heartily agree.

Saving Face Expensive

We Pennsylvania Dutch have a saying about the folly of "biting off one's own nose to save one's face." Thus there is acquaintanceship with the extremities to which false pride is apt to take not only individuals but entire nations as well.

A striking example of the latter is the continuing stubbornness of Persia (Iran) in dealings with oil companies with world - wide connections in order to resume what had been the nation's most profitable enterprise.

Three years ago Iran's demagogue, Mossadegh, made a great show of false patriotism by seizing all the investments which had been put into the country's oil business by foreign capital. It was an act that was cheered by envious "have-nots." The Iranians were persuaded that their day of great triumph, independence and wealth had come.

But what Mossadegh and the extreme nationalists failed to realize was that the oil industry requires buyers to yield a dollar or a pound or any cash whatsoever. There was nothing within their power to compel buyers anywhere to take Iranian oil.

So, for three years, the Iranian wells have been capped. The refineries have gone cold. The thousands of native workers who had been trained on all possible jobs were idle. And not a rial was being received for the national treasury.

The nation went bankrupt. Only vast sums from the United States kept the government going on much reduced scale. For three years there have been budget deficits and another is contemplated this year, altho there is expectation that Uncle Sam again will lend a helping hand.

All the time eight great oil companies are making an effort to effect a working agreement and write a contract under which the huge refineries can be put back into operating condition and oil again can be taken from the wells and shipped to all parts of the world.

Rather than lose face and settle the oil dispute with Great Britain the Iranian government seems ready to face another deficit this year (estimated at $88 million) and keep on being a remittance man for good old Uncle Sam.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

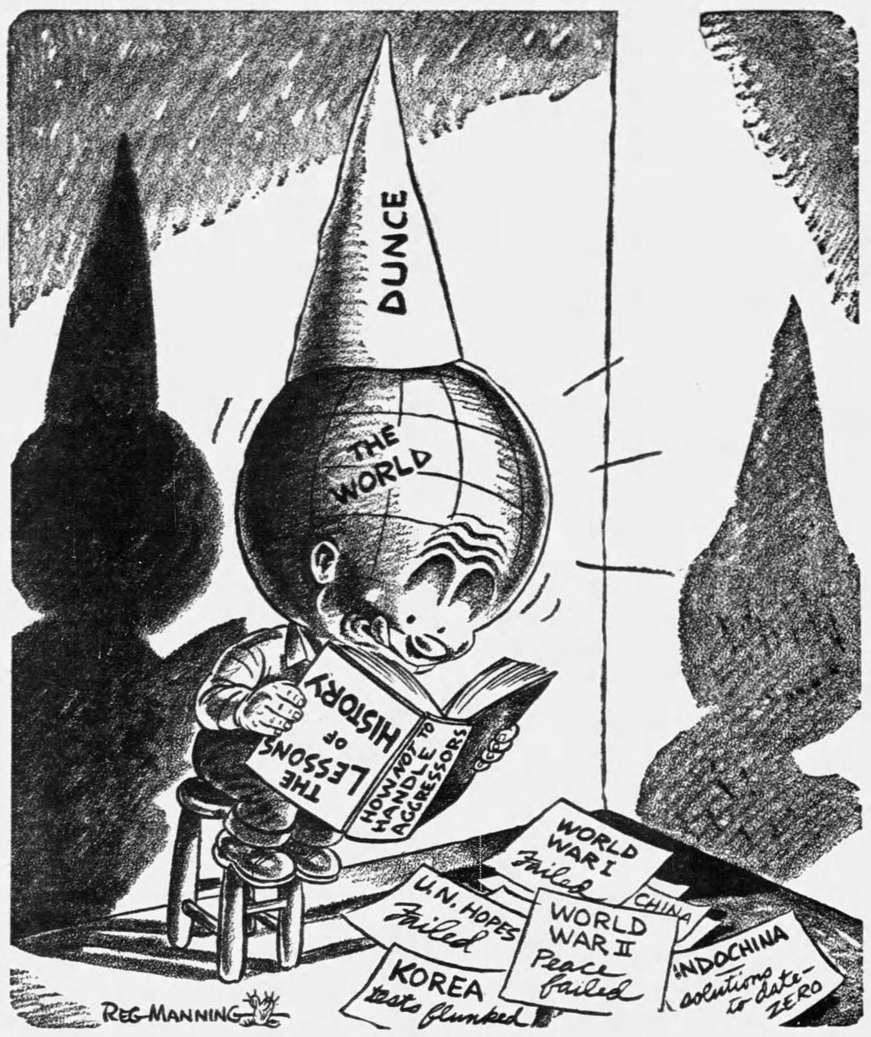
2 Timothy 3:1-2

In reviewing the conditions in the last days as stated and foretold in the first nine verses of this chapter, we note first that the love of self and the love of money, standing at the head of the list, may well be the cause of the other evils mentioned. Paul had already stated in his first letter to Timothy (6:10) that the LOVE of money (not money as such) is the root of all evils. Thus it is easy for men to become lovers of pleasures rather than lovers of God, v. 4. We read also of pride in v. 2, a normal characteristic of the 'natural' man, leading to 'blasphemy,' braggadocio about self, scornful arrogance in thought and word towards man and God. Disobedience to parents, v. 2, reminds me of a comment made by a visitor to our country a few years ago, who said that we have a wonderful country. One thing of particular interest was the way parents obeyed their children — a rather cynical remark, I suppose, but we must remember that there is a special blessing in the ten commandments promised to children who honor their parents (hoping that they are the kind of parents they should be).

Horoscope

Guard against swindlers and your year should be successful and happy. Today's child should prove to be shrewd, ambitious and persistent.

He Flunks Every Test



David Lawrence in Geneva

By DAVID LAWRENCE

GENEVA — Relations between Great Britain and the United States have been difficult enough in recent weeks, so it is a matter of chagrin to note the incomplete reporting which has put President Eisenhower in the position of wanting to do something important in world policy without the cooperation of the London government.

The way some of the dispatches—which were printed widely in France and Britain—read, the President had told his press conference that America was going ahead with the Southeast Asia Pact without Great Britain. There was an implication also that Eisenhower deliberately chose to put out this very explosive piece of information at this time. Europeans, of course, naturally attach significance to the motive of an American president in issuing information on the relations with an important ally which makes big headlines.

But what are the facts of the episode? The American delegation to the Geneva conference gets a verbatim report on what the President says at his press conference. The President's own words cannot be quoted in the first person, but a paraphrase in the third person is permitted. Here is the exact way in which the question arose and the way it was answered, and anybody can see the context in whch the President replied to questions:

A reporter for the Chicago Tribune asked: "Can you say what you think the prospects are of Great Britain joining in the Southeast Asia Pact?"

The President replied with a negative and said he couldn't because he didn't know.

Then the reporter asked: "Do you think we could build an effective pact there without Great Britain's support?"

Eisenhower answered that, after all, the reporters must remember that Australia and New Zealand are the countires of the British Commonwealth of Nations that are directly involved. The President added that, with the proper Asian nations—which, of course, he lays down as a prerequisite condition—and Australia and New Zealand, the United States might possibly work out something that would be maybe not as satisfactory or as broad as one would like it but it would be, could be, workable.

Now that is a far cry from any defiant note which some headlines in Britain and France reflected. Nor is it a flat statement all by itself that the United States wanted to build a Southeast Asia Pact without Britain. The impression conveyed by the newspaper treatment was that Eisenhower was somehow petulantly expressing his disapproval of Great Britain's hesitant course and that America was going ahead anyhow.

The words of the press conference, which are taken down stenographically and given out to the newspapermen in Washington for their guidance in making an accurate paraphrase, would have read better if first-person quotation in this instance had been authorized. The reports would have been more serviceable to the cause of good relations had they reflected the spirit of the President's reply. By his first answer, he was plainly saying he didn't know what the prospects were, and this can readily be interpreted as meaning he still has hope of British participation.

As for the answer to the second question, Eisenhower was really trying in a way to point out that, even if the United Kingdom could not come in, Australia and New Zealand would be representative of the interests of the British Commonwealth of Nations. There was here an evident desire to draw closer to rather than away from Britain.

Certainly the President wasn't closing the door.

Actually, the question asked of the President as to going along without the British might better not have been answered, because it was hypothetical and the British government itself has never said publicly anything to give the impression it would never join the Southeast Asia Security Pact. On the contrary, it has said it hesitates to join the project while the Geneva Conference is in session.

British diplomacy is steering a cautious course at Geneva, and there are many irritations about it on the American side. But the interjection of a big headline about the President's supposed willingness to go ahead without Great Britain was hardly a constructive addition to the cause of good will here.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Today I shall speak on a subject about which I know absolutely nothing.

Which is no more than a good many writers and speakers do most of the time.

The subject is women's clothes.

At the present moment, quite a few fashion editors, as well as store buyers from all over the world, are in Paris looking over the fall fashions and telling their readers and customers what is going to be the style, or the "mode de rigueur," as they call it in the more expensive establishments and publications.

Our American women — or all women, as far as that is concerned — have very peculiar ideas about what they should wear.

A Paris designer, such as the famous Gabrielle Chanel, for instance, might say that you ladies should wear skirts 10 inches above the knees next fall.

Mind you, this is only an hypothetical case. I do NOT tell you that Chanel says that kind of skirt IS going to be in style next fall.

But if she did, the 10-inch-above-the-knee skirt it would be.

Gabrielle Chanel has said so.

Next fall, then, we would see millions of women, short, tall, fat, lean, all wearing these abbreviated skirts.

Then Mr. Frederic or some other famous hat designer might come along and tell you that big picture hats with goose feathers arranged in the shape of a chrysanthemum will be it, come autumn. Fifty million women, women with round faces, with oval faces, with square faces, with two faces, will be wearing goose-feather decorated hats.

An illustrious costume jewelry designer comes next. Let us say his name is M. Jacques Guinsberge of Paris. He may decree that all women must wear cowbells for earrings.

Cowbells for earrings it is and, frankly, they couldn't look much worse than those atrocious ear ornaments our women are wearing right now.

Of all the rackets in the world, I think the women's clothes racket is one of the worst. Unless it is the men's clothes racket.

Last year I had myself a couple of expensive suits made. I felt that my sex appeal was waning.

Both of those suits were double breasted, of course. The well-dressed man HAD to wear double-breasted suits.

The other day I wore one of the suits to a cocktail party. A lovely young thing walked up to me and said:

"I like the stuff you write. But you look so quaint. Nobody, but nobody wears double breasted suits any more."

She walked away and I asked a friend about her crack.

"She is right," said my friend. "Everybody wears single breasted suits this year."

I rushed home and went to bed, steeped in shame and embarrassment.

But before I did, I went to my closet and took out a brand-new last year's hat. It was broad-brimmed, when everybody knows that men are wearing very narrow-brimmed hats this year. I threw the hat into the garbage can.

Although I really don't think the garbage collector (or any really smart man or woman) cares what is "de rigueur" as long as it is becoming.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MARREDDICH BLOSHDER: Der Harvey Troxell fon Albrights hut uns 'n altie g'shicht fertzailt, on da Endy-Leiby fendu on Walberts os tzu gute is fer fergessa gae lossa. Un so weit os sel aw gait, secht der Harvey, 's wear aw die deitlich wohrhate.

'M Harvey sei Pap wor der James F. Troxell, un woh on Troxell's Krossing dahame wor. Fer yohrra wor er hard hoericha—hut so hard k'hoert os er niemond fershtae hut kenna won tzum gablauder'd is werra. Mohl ae dawg hut er ebbes neias gabroviert—ebs 'm ebber ferrota hut, odder eb er 's aryads galaisa hut wase der Harvey net. Aenicha waig, er hut sich 'n marreddich bloshder gamocht, un sel fer 'n gons kartzie tzeit hinnich die ohrra k'hank'd.

Marreddich is shtarrick, un eb er aenich ebbes shunshd datzu hut wase der Harvey aw net fershure. Aenicha waig, in ra gons kartza tzeit sin sei ohrra uf gonga, un hut widder gute hoerra kenna.

'N ALTIE GSHICHT: Der Franklin Wehr fon Lehighton hut uns heit 'n woch tzurick om Call-Chronicle korrespondents supper, 'n altie g'shicht fertzailt fon Weissport. Fer yohrra wor 'n gadeckdie brick iwwer die Lechaw, fon Weissport noch Lehighton. Der freshet fon 1862 hut die brick weck gawesha, un hen sel yusht doh ganann'd, fer weissa wie long tzurick os die g'shicht g'shaina is.

Der wert om Valley Hous in Lehighton, hut kee kot, un woh nochts alsa mohl g'shlofa hen uf da brick. Sel tzeit worra leit net nochts drous wie alla weil, uns wor yusht don un won os ebber tzu foos nochts iwwer die brick galoffa is.

In Weissport wor aw 'n wertshous—'s Franklin Hous, un woh 'n alter toper fon Lehighton fiel rum k'honka hut. Mohl ae nocht so uhrra tzwae wie er hame gawolt hut, secht der Franklin, wear der alt toper hard im suff, wedder ains fon da kee galoffa. Die brick wor dunkle, un in seim rum fawkla fer sehna wedder wos os er galoffa wear, het er da kuh ihra harner in die hand grick'd, un het g'sawt, "Doh divel hosh'd mich, duh grickshd mich anyhow."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Ebber hut uns da onner dawg 'n kort g'shick'd fon Milwaukee, sawga wie arrick os er shun "Schlitz" gadrunka het, wos ever os sel sei mawk.

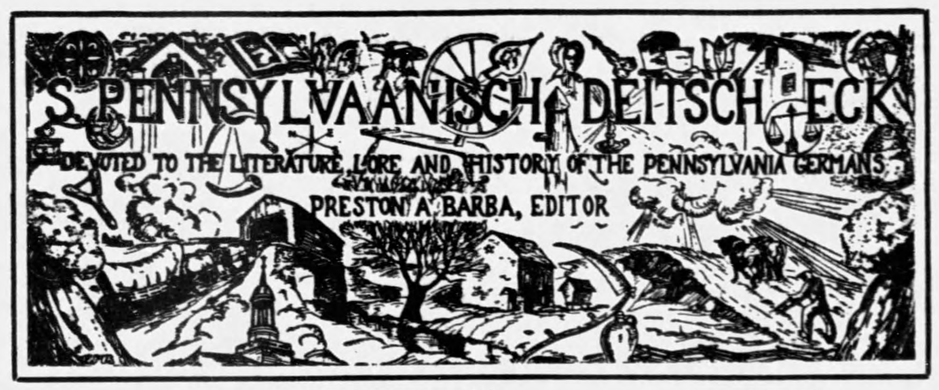
M'r wotta numma er het 'n nahma unnerschriva, so os m'r mohl gae maichda froga wos sel "Schlitz" sei maich'd.

25 Years Ago

Businessmen interested in the retaining of the Allentown franchise in the Eastern Baseball League met today at noon in the Americus Hotel. Captains were named for 16 teams which will conduct a campaign to sell approximately 1600 shares of stock.

The inauguration of bus service to Macungie by the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. will become effective on June 1 it was announced by transit officials.

Annual commencement exercises were held Tuesday afternoon for the 16 members of the 1929 graduating class of Sacred Heart Hospital training school for nurses. Dr. Herbert L. Northrop, head of the department of surgery, Hahnemann Medical Hospital, was the speaker.



THE PETERSON DIARY

(About Pennsylvania German Pioneers in Canada)

By DR. A. E. BYERLY
Guelph, Ontario

OF the early German settlers in Ontario, Henry William Peterson, Sr., was a notable figure. He published the first newspaper in Canada in the German language, the Canada Museum at Kitchener, then Berlin. He was also a local preacher for the Lutheran faith, and conducted funerals and held church services for that denomination in Kitchener.

Henry William was a son of the Rev. John Dieter Peterson, one of the earliest ministers to Upper Canada. Rev. John came from Pennsylvania to York County in 1819 and built the first churches in Markham and Vaughn Townships. This colorful character came to the United States at an early date and left an interesting diary of his career which is now owned by the writer and will be revealed here for the first time. After recording his life in the United States, Mr. Peterson writes — Feb. 1, 1819— "Three brothers, John, Jacob and Valentine Fisher came over here (Pennsylvania) from Upper Canada to get us to go to Canada. At that time we lived in Allegheny Township, Somerset County. We left Feb. 10, 1819 and arrived in Vaughn Township, York County.

"We lived first with Valentine Fisher, from the 1st of March to the 21st of Sept., 1819. We moved Sept. 21, 1819, to Markham Township on 50 acres of land which I bought from old Wilmot for $160. Afterwards I built a house to live in. After being there for two years, we started to build three churches, the first in Vaughn Township, the second on Mr. George Schultz's land in Markham Township, and the third on Mr. Paul Eckhard's land. Those three churches were the first Lutheran churches in this part of the country, and I served those three parishes until I left. The parish in Vaughn Township was a very troublesome one for me. After the church was built one of our members, namely Michael Kieffer, made much trouble and tried hard to turn the members against me. The congregation got smaller all the time and my wages decreased considerable. I was promised $130 yearly, only received in Sept. 1827, $31, after which I handed in my resignation. I served this one parish from March 1819 to Sept. 1827, namely 8 years and six months and they owed me $400 which they never paid and I hope it will be a good example for my successor. The cause of my resignation will be as follows — This man Kieffer was a big-feeling man, also a miser, and the farmers around here often consulted him in many business transactions. But not for his business ability but to be friendly with him. When we built this church in Vaughn Township we had a committee of church men appointed to oversee the constitution and Mr. Kieffer was anxious that the committee should follow his advice. But they did nothing of the kind and here was where the bad feeling started. Some men said he didn't have brains enough to know the difference between a stable and a church.

"And often he noticed that the committee would not follow his ignorant advice, he found fault with everything in the church. He said the altar and also the pulpit was an idol, and even the stove which he and his big family used the most.

"By his madness and stubborness that the church was not built after his ideas, he blamed the pastor. But the congregation spoke to Kieffer that the pastor had nothing to do with the building of the church. But he was that dense that he could not see it that way, because the church cost more than was expected. He was a wealthy man so we expected him to subscribe freely to the church. He subscribed $50 and being the highest subscriber, he expected the others to follow his orders and advice. But after he noticed that the people did not support him he got very angry. He was a member for two years in that church and the people elected him an Elder and he was bound to show the people that he was the right man for the position, and he made it his duty to visit all those members who did not attend regularly and not living a clean Christian life. He reported them to the pastor. But the pastor said it was not for Mr. Kieffer to do that kind of work, but it was only to lay a trap for the minister. Namely the proceeding lines will tell. I was living 14 miles from the church and congregation and had to start very early Sunday morning to begin service at 10 o'clock. I was always on good time and I met Mr. Kieffer by the church, heavily loaded with news for me. He asked me for a private conversation and said — "Pastor I wish you preach today a very sharp sermon because some bad acts were committed which reflect on us." I said my friend 'what is it, and who did it.' Mr. Kieffer said, "I will tell you some other time, just preach a real sharp sermon. I said, 'My friend, how can I do this if I do not know what the subject is. I might preach on a section line and there would be nothing wrong on that subject.' I asked him not to give me the names but what the acts were, and that I wouldn't preach on something I did not know. I had my text and sermon prepared for that day. He left and went inside the church in a rage.

"Now Mr. Kieffer had some ideas to complain to the members — 1st he brought up that they draft new rules or regulations for the church and I was appointed to do this. After I had drawn up the rules, I handed them in to the committee and they were satisfied. I told them to keep what was good and to throw out that not good. But overwise and educated Mr. Kieffer could not accept it and I told him to draw up some of his own but it must be in harmony with the work of the church. He held the meeting in his own house, and invited some of the prominent members of the church to hear the rules, and the first Sunday I came the paper was handed to me. I found such silly laws put down which I found impossible to adopt in a free country as ours. I explained my objections and showed them their faults. The majority knew I was right but Mr. Kieffer was their leader and some sat still and some were in favour of Mr. Kieffer only because he was a rich man and would not hurt his feelings. I could not go against my own conscience and so I told them that I would not allow them to adopt those new rules. My successor will never see anything silly like that from me and on our records.

"This brought the biggest hatred from Michael Kieffer against me. He kept his time as Elder in the church and attended regular and listened to every word I said and told other members different stories. I took everything with patience and said nothing. Only one thing I would not keep quiet. My practice was after the first opening hymn, when I went up to the pulpit to preach, we sang, "Dearest Jesus, here we are" and I noticed a few times that this beautiful hymn was sung by old and young without any holiness and the next time I chose a new one and told them the reason. Old Mr. Kieffer was in church and when I announced the hymn, he said to his neighbours, "It is pretty near time to get a new one, and get away from that worn out hymn." This was brought to me by a good honest man, but I would not speak to Kieffer personally after that and he seldom came to church. I sent a letter to him, explained everything to him and gave him a good reminder not to keep his children from the church and have them forget what I taught them by hard work and patience, and to come and listen to my sermons. I would hold him responsible for this. This letter was plain but not harsh."

This concludes the diary of John D. Peterson. His trouble with Kieffer no doubt hurt his ministry. Of Mr. Kieffer I note in other sources that he settled in Vaughn Township as early as 1806 where he lived until his death in 1832. His family consisted of six sons and three daughters, some members of the family dying very young. Although brought up in the Lutheran faith, he afterwards joined the Church of England and entered with spirit into all matters undertaken for its future benefit. He gave the land for the first church built, which in 1885 was still standing.

Mr. Peterson died in Markham Jan. 18, 1848 aged 91 years, 1 month, 3 weeks and 3 days. He was spoken of as a humble and sincere Christian, a most affectionate and indulgent husband and father, a sincere friend and an able preacher. He was buried on the 21st of January, the sermon being preached by Rev. P. V. Mayhoffer of the Church of England. His widow was a kindly woman who loved her family, all of whom were an honour to her. Her father, General Von Borek, was a nobleman, a member of a leading Prussian family. She died in Markham, Feb. 5, 1852 aged 82 years.

Descendants of this worthy couple still reside in Waterloo County where for many years they have been very prominent.

The diary of Rev. John Peterson has never before been made public but in 1931 I wrote a very extensive history of the Peterson family for the Records of the Waterloo County Historical Society but I feel that a mention should be made of Henry William, Sr., whom I first mentioned in this paper. He is believed to have made his first visit to Waterloo Township in Nov. 1832. He made this journey on horseback from York County, Ontario. On Sunday Nov. 18, 1832, he recorded the following, "Stayed all day at Benjamin Eby's, went with him and his family to the meeting at church. He prayed and preached well. He is Bishop of the Mennonite Society of Waterloo. He is a good man."

Peterson's first burial service was at Berlin, Aug. 8, 1833, over the remains of Susan Bettschen who was buried in the new burying ground, where he had founded the church.

Mr. Peterson was married to a sister of the Hon. John M. Clayton. He was one of the most beloved men in American history, one of the great orators of his day, and Secretary of State of the United States.

Henry Wm. brought a printing press from Pennsylvania in a wagon drawn by oxen. The first printing was done in 1835, and an announcement sheet in the German language, dated 8th of August 1835, is now the oldest existing printing done in British North America in the German language. I have owned this and numerous other relics of the Peterson's for many years.

On August 27, 1835, appeared Peterson's first copy of the Canada Museum at Berlin, the first German paper in Canada. Mr. Peterson was one of the earliest magistrates in the Province. In 1843 he was appointed the first Registrar of the counties of Waterloo, Wellington, Grey and part of Dufferin and he moved to Guelph where he afterwards resided and where he died on Sunday, June 12, 1859. His widow lived until April 18, 1852.

The son of this worthy couple, Henry William Peterson, Jr., was born at Markham and died in Guelph where for many years he was one of its leading citizens, and for years the County Crown Attorney.

The story of these pioneers is fascinating indeed and much could be written in regard to trials and struggles which they must have undergone in the backwoods of those days.

LEIT

Der Unnerschitt weisst sich
In Mensche so pleen;
Wann 'd in der Welt rumguckscht,
Dann sehnscht was, ich meen.

'S gebt kleene, 's gebt groosse,
'S gebt allerhand Leit;
'S gebt dicke un dinne—
Du ye un du Zeit!

Grookeppich, schwazkeppich,
Un rotkeppich, paar;
Braukeppich, weisskeppich,
Un deel unne Haar.

'S gebt gscheide, 's gebt dumme,
Un deel zwische drin;
'S gebt ernschthaft un Hanswascht-
Lannscht glei, wer sie sin.

'S gebt kranke, 's gebt gsunde,
Wu grecksen aa viel;
Hen Noschen, sie krank sin,
Un rutschen uff Schtiehl.

Die Blinde bedauer ich,
Die sin in re Fix;
Doch meenscht Leit hen Aagge
Un sehnen doch nix.

'S gebt Leit, wu hen Ohre,
Doch heeren nix, blos;
Un annre, wie Esel,
Sin viel, viel zu grooss.

'S gebt Leit wu laahm sin,
Buckel geboogge;
Un deel mit der Seel aa
Zimmlich verzogge.

'S gebt fleissich, 's gebt annre
So deihenkrisch faul;
Sie hoffen, 's bringt ebber
Ihr Esse zum Maul.

'S gebt Leit, wu ken Bang hen
Vor Deiwel un Mann;
Der Weeg, wie sie hausen
Iss 'n grisslichi Schann.

'S gebt Leit, wu's recht gut hen,
Un wissen's net gaar;
Sie grumm'len un gweelen—
Weess net was dafor!

'S gebt Leit, wu so reich sin,
Sie rollen in Geld;
Meh awwer in Aarmut,
Gehn darrich die Welt.

So lang, ass es Leit hot,
Gebt's allerhand Satt;
Yuscht paar sin verschtennlich—
Die menschte sin fatt!

1934 RALPH S. FUNK

SINGSCHUL IM LAND

Ver alters hot mer net lanne kenne zu singe in de Freischule. Du Yammer, nee! Datt hot's nix gewe as wie Rechele, Schreiwe, Lese un ebmols aa en bissel Briggelsupp. Die Eldre un die Schulmeeschder hen gemeent es waer gut fer de Yunge dann un wann der Buckel bissel garrewe. Es deet die Haut los halte, so das sie besser waxe kennte.

Ver alters hen mir lauder Mannsleit ghatt fer Schul halte. Ich waar in der Kolletsch bis ich mei aersche Weibsmensch ghatt hab fer Schulmeeschder. Well, mir draus im Land hen Mannsleit ghatt. Hen mir net gsunge? Du wettscht dei Tschon Ephraim mir hen.

Maryets wann die Schul aagange iss, hen mir gsunge, noh Teschtament gelese, noh iss Court ghalte warre, un die Yunge sin gezichticht warre, fer was sie geduh hen der Daag devor. Unser Mannsleit wu Schul ghalte hen, waare die Vorsinger. Mir hen ken Inschtrument ghatt, un oft newe an der Weis haer gsunge. Sie hen als gsaat, deel Schulmeeschder hedde en Schimmel hawwe selle fer uff die Weis reide.

Selle Zeide hen mir Singschul ghatt draus im Land. En Mann as vorsinge hot kenne, hot die Singschul uffgschtaert imme Schulhaus im Land. Mir sin eemol die Woch zammekumme oweds. Mer hen als paar Daaler bezaahlt fer dreizeh Woche, odder ewwe en Vaddel Yaahr.

In so en Singschul bin ich gange. Ich hab yung aagfange. Es Aerscht hawwich Alto gsunge, awwer noh hot sich mei Schtimm ge-ennert, Dernoh hawwich Tenor gsunge. Awwer iwwerdem hawwich die hoche Node nimmi griegge kenne, dernoh bin ich in die Bass-section kumme.

Well, wie ich aafange hab Schul halte, hawwich vorsinge misse, un sell waar Soprano. Noh waar ich verdolitsei die Rounds gange un sidderdem hawwich nimmi so viel gsunge. Un die Leit scheine all zufridde zu sei!

Ee Ding hawwich gegliche in sellre Owed-Singschul — es Heemgeh nooch der Schul. Wann der Mond so schee geguckt hot, un die Meed waare bang fer allee die lang Leen nei geh an ihre Heemet, hen mir sie ebmols schee neigfiehrt. Wei, wann mer des net geduh hett, dann hedde sie sich gfarricht ass sie die Gichtere grickt hedde.

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Schools Cost a Lot

The big business institution which the Allentown School District has become has made a bigger impact upon local thinking during recent days for two principal reasons. For the first time in this city's history, a municipal government has adopted a budget in excess of $5 million.

That is larger than any year's budget for the City of Allentown. It is higher than any year's school expenditures.

The second reason is the fact that the School District has raised the tax rate by one mill, so that the levy upon real estate during the next fiscal year will be 15 mills or $15 per $1000 of assessed valuation.

While the budget of some $5,126,000 has not been finally adopted, the almost absolute certainty is that it will be during the next month for it is based upon absolute conditions with which the school fathers cannot argue nor can they change them.

The public, as in other years, has been invited to discuss and to criticize the budget. It is possible that here and there some one can see a way to help the School Board reduce expenditures. Such reductions will be welcomed for the School Board is not a bit happy about increasing taxes. As leading citizens they dislike higher taxes just as much as the next citizen.

Since school population has been growing since the war at a more rapid rate than the city's total population the pressure upon the School District to build schools and additions to existing schools has been very great. It cannot be resisted. This means increase in the number of teachers. This alone will mean an increase of $400,000 in salaries for instructors. That item is greater than the yield of tax money from the additional levy of a mill. (One mill will yield an estimated $342,000).

Then there will be increase of $44,000 in debt service because bond issues have been made and must be paid for both as to interest and principal.

Nobody likes taxes. It is the American prerogative to gripe about them. But like death, there is nothing that can be done about it except to protest and to criticize and to keep public officials aware of the fact that their actions are under closest scrutiny and thus incline them to the most careful conduct of public affairs.

Increased school population and need for school buildings; increase in the number of teachers and increase in the amount of interest and cash for amortization of bond issues constitute three stubborn conditions with which neither the School Board nor the citizenry and the taxpayers can argue successfully. Reduced to just one simple cause and factor, increase in taxes is due to increased school population. In even simpler form it means that the larger the number of children in the community the more it costs the community to provide their heritage as young Americans and Allentonians. That heritage is the advantage of the best possible education that the city can provide.

Cloud's Silver Lining

Brighter skies cover the upper Perkiomen Valley as this week comes to an end and it becomes more likely that the defeat of the movement to prevent the impounding of water for distribution to suburban Philadelphia has a cloud with a silver lining.

The Philadelphia Suburban Water Company under final, high-court decisions now is free to build a large dam. But the people of the Upper Perkiomen Valley have been given the promise of the company's president that the beautiful lake which will be formed will have many public features.

The lake, which will have a shore-line of more than 17 miles, will be open for boating and fishing. Recreational opportunities of varied type are expected to develop in the vicinity of this large and attractive body of water and it is believed that there will be considerable construction of dwellings in the general area.

The lake will be many times the size of Saylor's Lake, our nearest considerable body of water. It will be much larger in area than our Trexler-Lehigh County Game Preserve..

In the development of recreational facilities for the people of that area, the water company expects to cooperate with the highly efficient Montgomery County Park Board while the Montgomery County Planning Commission will enforce its authority in the matter of zoning and planning so that all development will be attractive and valuable.

All this is going to take quite a few years. While operations are to be begun this year, it is believed that the dam will not be completed until some time in 1957 and that it will take about nine months to fill it. But by 1958, the Upper Perkiomen Valley should have a great lake that will be a beauty spot. It will attract far more people than ever have gone into that valley for recreation. There will be opportunities for hunting and fishing. Even in the matter of population it is likely that the area will experience an increase far in excess of the estimated thirty families which will lose their homes when the waters in the impounding dam begin to rise.

Holidays at Home

It will be no hardship whatsoever for any Allentonian to remain at home during the holiday weekend even if there be desire to go away, just get away for a few days.

As Samuel Cooperman, superintendent of public recreation points out, Allentown's recreation system in the parks and playgrounds offers a good time to young and old. No one need travel far nor spend much in order to reach many recreational opportunities.

Well-equipped picnic spots abound in the parks and there is a large number of playfields for all sorts of activities.

Individually or in groups Allentonians can have a good time on any day during the weekend. It can be almost as varied as individuals' tastes. And it will cost the individual, the family or the group not a cent to enjoy it.

New Vow of Loyalty

While the most widespread spiritual observance of Memorial Day will occur upon Sunday — the calendar date set aside for this national, annual event — the material observance will take place upon Monday when there will be a national holiday and return of the American people to their customary tasks will be delayed by a day after a weekend of rest.

But whatever the day upon which men, and women, observe the spirit of this occasion and wherever the proper tribute is paid to the illustrious dead of our nation, there will be thankfulness and pride that in every national crisis there were enough brave, consecrated men who believed in God and Country and by their sacrifices enabled the American people to survive and to go on to their higher destiny.

Always there has been a noble army of martyrs, the flower of our young manhood, which believed in God and was willing freely and even fiercely to die in defense of mother country.

And always may it be the same in the event of challenge to and attack upon our country, her institutions and the principles upon which this national was established and upon which it has been nurtured and has thrived.

Much as this nation decries war, we would not have our sons be poltroons and cowards if they be called upon to defend their people. Their fathers and their sires who in their day were the flower of this American people believed in America and in the American people. In the confidence of their cause they made even the greatest sacrifices in order that this nation might live.

Thruout this Memorial Day weekend and its wide and beautiful observances, every grave with its waving flag and other insigne may well be a shrine for every American who views it. Before that shrine new vows of loyalty well may be made by every American heart in the words of the Pledge of Allegiance" to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, under God, with liberty and justice for all."

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Timothy 4:1-4.

In view of his call to the ministry, Paul solemnly charges Timothy before God, and in the light of the account he must render to Jesus, the head of the Church when He shall come again to judge the living and the dead, and to check on those who have been called to preach the Word, whether they have been faithful to that call—he charges Timothy to preach the Gospel, to be attentive, as one standing ready at all times to fulfill this ministry; to reprove, to rebuke, to exhort, indicating how, by patience and longsuffering, he is to handle his hearers, and to stress Christian doctrine, careful as to how he chooses his subject matter. The time is coming, says Paul, when men will not endure sound doctrine. From the Greek word for 'sound' we derive our word 'hygienic,' health-giving, healing for the soul, an interesting word implying spiritual health, suggested perhaps by the presence of Luke, whom we know to have been a physician, a healer of tte body. 'Itching ears' is an odd expression, meaning, no doubt, that there are those who want to hear only what pleases them, and what will 'tickle' them, mere fables, rather than what will convict them of sin and offer salvation in and through Christ.

Horoscope

A happy anniversary should be yours, so avail yourself of the favorable influences, and do not become discouraged. Today's child may be clever and fortunate.

25 Years Ago

Capt. H. M. Prentiss, Easton, chaplain of the 213th Coast Artillery, speaks at Memorial Day program of Four Square Club held last night in Hotel Allen.

It Adds Up to Just One Thing!



David Lawrence in Geneva

By DAVID LAWRENCE

GENEVA — They are talking here about an armistice, but in Paris they are making military preparations for an intensified war in Indochina. This is not really a contradiction but part of a well-conceived plan to meet any emergency that might arise.

For nobody on the allied side really knows whether the Communists are stalling as they did at Panmunjom when the fighting went on for 21 months while negotiations continued.

This means that a dangerous stage has been reached in the Indochina War and could involve at any moment a decision by the United States.

To Send Reinforcements

The facts are that the French have decided to send substantial reinforcements to Indochina. This means a considerable number of ground troops and a new commander. His identity is still a secret but, when announced, it should impress the Communists that the French mean business. But, supposing the Chinese Communists send some of their aviation into the fray, wouldn't that place the French troops in a precarious position? It is not realized in America, but 25 per cent of the commissioned officers and 40 per cent of the noncommissioned officers of the regular French army are now in Indochina and during the last seven years many of them have had more than one tour of duty there. So it is an important part of the French army which is being risked in Indochina. Will America come in with its airpower if the Chinese do? This is the crucial question which the French are asking, and only Washington can give the answer.

It has been stated again and again by President Eisenhower that he would not use American armed forces in Indochina without authority of Congress, but if he waits until the Communist airpower has started to pound the reorganized French army to pieces, it will be too late. At any rate, that is the French official view.

The only way this could be effectively met would be for President Eisenhower to go to Congress and ask for contingent authority — that is, for the right to use American armed forces whenever the emergency arises in Indochina. He could, of course, repeat the warning statements that were made by the United States government immediately after the armistice was signed in Korea. The President and Secretary Dulles said then that the United States would regard with grave concern Chinese intervention in Indochina. Congress, in effect, would be asked to sustain the American warnings.

It is believed that American ground troops would not be sent into the Indochina War but that the aircraft carriers of the U.S. Navy, with their bombers, and the U.S. Air Force, with its variety of bombing planes, would be intensively used if Congress granted the necessary authority. There is some talk, too, of a blockade of the China coast and a simultaneous move by the Chiang Kai-shek troops from Formosa to some islands off the mainland of China if America enters the Indochina War.

These facts, in the main, are already known to the Communists, who presumably have been told that the French are sincerely seeking an armistice but will not agree to just any plan or one that means an overrunning of all Indochina by the Vietminh and Chinese Communists.

French Ask Pledge

So, while the negotiators at this conference endeavor to work out the details of an armistice, the French government in Paris is taking no chances and is moving toward an enlarged war effort in Indochina. At this time it is not asking for American aid but a pledge that, if the Chinese Communists bring their airpower into Indochina, America will retaliate with her own airpower.

Under these circumstances, there is some hope of an armistice being signed. But if there were no military threat of retaliation, the Communist negotiators would talk on and on indefinitely here while their troops pressed the war in Indochina in the belief that, before the talks reach what would be the concluding stages of the negotiations, the military situation for the French would have deteriorated.

Word received here is that the French Cabinet in Paris, while instructing Foreign Minister Bidault to use every effort to get an armistice, has at the same time gone ahead with extensive military operations that are not being disclosed. But enough of these plans are being revealed to warn the Communists that there is no bluff involved. The French say it is either a reasonable and honorable armistice or a prolongation of the war. The decisive moment when the situation here will crystallize is not many days off.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Hadn't we men better do something about it before it is too late?

If this goes on we won't be the masters of our wives and our households but their slaves.

First thing you know, we'll be using aprons and brooms instead of boots and fishing rods.

Arise men, let us put an end to it!

I told you about a male wrestler, who was licked to a frazzle by his girl friend, also a wrestler.

She had made her marriage to him dependent on whether he could beat her or she him. She floored him and he lost.

Now, comes a dispatch from Wichita, Kan., about Eula Storey, 22, who is charged with simply grabbing her husband by the neck, when he insisted that he was the master of the house, and throwing him out of the window.

She, too, is a professional wrestler. She was arrested and held under $1,000 bond, but that won't do him or other men much good.

It may be the beginning of an era, an era in which all women are wrestlers or prize fighters, either professional or amateur—and man, the master, is a thing of the past.

I felt shocked enough about the story from Wichita, when the following letter came in the mail. I give it to you just as it was written with nary a change in spelling or content.

The writer did not sign her name, but identified herself only as "one, real, woman!"

If she is a "real woman," then Heaven help us men.

The letter is from Dayton, Ohio.

"In this morning's Journal Herald," she writes, "you are talking about a man, who beat his wife for 20 years. In the name of God, what sort of women are you thinking about?

"No one in there right mind, would even discuss a so called 'man' who beats his wife for 20 years! He wouldn't live that long! A poor slut like that should be, in a mental institution, not among normal people! And she should not be called a wife or a woman.

"Don't you men ever learn? Why do you think so many husbands bite the dust? or don't you read the news part of the papers? They tried to beat their wifes not for years only maybe the second time it didn't work. He got killed! the next husband don't beat his wife. He wants to live!

"I know that mine wouldn't last the second beating! He would have no arm left to beat! as I would brake it for him, and his scul too, and he Knows it!

"And be assured, Dear sir, that there are million of us women, wifes, who feel the same, as I do! So why write such degrading junk as you did this morning?

"You must know by now that you are not talking to morons! Didn't you find out yet? that you men aren't the master race? That you are not superior to women?

How long does it take you to find out? come, come now Mr. Brandeis, wake up!"

Women of America! We men have felt for a long time that we are really not the master race we claim to be.

But at least we have been living in a lovely dreamland.

Please don't take that away from us.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N HIMMELFERDAWG ERFOHRING: M'r hen da onner dawg gawunnert waeich Himmelferdawg g'shpichta, Wel, der "Petie," Rothenberger fon Sterlingworth hut uns des fertzailt. Er secht, yohrra tzurick wie die Donaldson Peifa Meal om gae gawest wear in Emaus, weara arders kumma os sie shoffa mista uf Himmelferdawg. Die shoff leit hetta sich arrick gawair'd, ow'r wie korta uf k'hank'd. werra, os g'sawt hetta war net shoffa dade sell.. dawg, breich'd noch da hond aw nimmy rous kumma, weara sie ol shae rous kumma shoffa.

Darrich der dawg hetta sie gleadich eisa tzu shitta kot, un woh sie in ma grossa eisa kessel (crucible) kotta hetta, Ains waig odder der onner, hets ebbes gewwa, un sie hetta der gons kessel g'shmoltza aeisa fershit, uns wear ae mon ums lava kumma, un hetta 'n mechdichie seierrei kotta bis allas uf gabutzt gawest wear. Sie hetta moh der kessel unnersuch'd, un naryads nix letzes finna kenna os feruhrsoch'd het ferwos sie es eisa fershit maichda howwa.

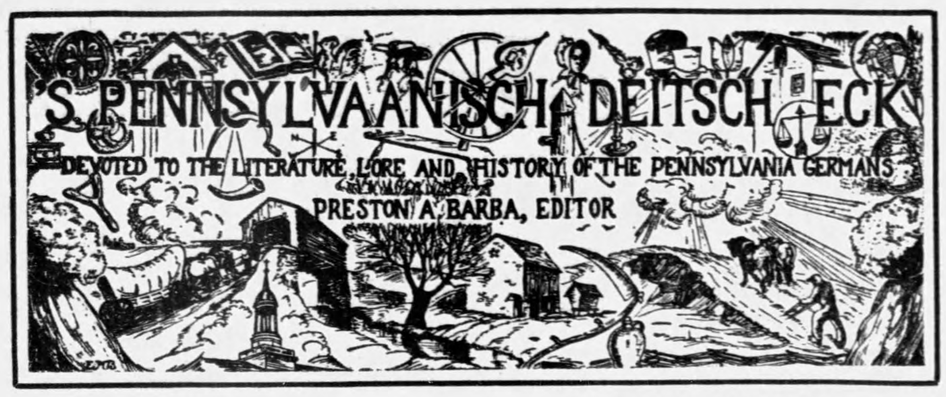
Wenich shpaiter hetta sie nocha mohl 'n kessel eisa fershit, os'r het tzu all'm glick ken lava gakosh'd. Sellie erfohringa het die leit woh die peifa meal garunn'd hen so arrick fershrack'd, os sie noch sel'm nimmy g'shoft hetta uf Himmelferdawg so long os die peifa meal om gae gawest wear.

DADA GARN BAUERRA: So wie die barichda in da luft rum fliega in da Neffs gagend, hut der Jake Kupsky un sei Frances arrick lushda fer awfonga bauerra. Der aintsich'd druvel is, sie kenna net aenich werra wos tzu raisa—die Frances wil nix raisa os wie die aller graishda socha, un der Jake hut 'n maining, m'r kent aenichie tzeit tzwae krops fom sama grund nemma on da sama tzeit.

Doh 'm onnerra yohr wie da Frances ihra bruder, Dannie Keener fon Unionville, so arrick tzwivla garais'd hut, hut die Frances aw hunger grick'd fer tzwivla, un sie hut 'm Dan un seinra Cora ol die grossa rous garubb'd, un die glaina shtae galust. Net long tzurick wie die Frances hunger kot hut fer tzalawdt, hut 'm Dan sei Cora ra g'sawt sie sot ins truck shtick gae un sich griega, un wos hut sie gaduh, os wie ol die grossa kep kup-tzalawdt ob g'schnidda.

Der Jake uf kours hut 'n gons onnerrie maining fer bauerra — er maint m'r kent gute tzwae orta socha raisa on da sama tzeit fom sama grund. Net long tzurick hut sei shwieger'n, die Mamie Keener bohna gablonst. Noh wos hut der Jake gaduh etlicha dawg danoh, os wie arabierra shteck on der same blotz gablonst. Dale hen ow'r 'n maining, der Jake het sel gaduh weil der gorda darta shun gagrawwa wor, un allas tzu duh wor die blonsa in der grund shtecka.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der "Petie" Rothenberger fon Sterlingsworth hut uns da onner dawg g'sawt, 'n altie sawg wear ols gawest, "Woh 'n alter kollick offa is, g'shpuckds, un woh 'n altie fraw laenich wohn'd, is 'n hex dahame."



DER 30. MOI

(Decoration Daag)

Harrich, Polly, harrich,
Was geht aa im Schteddel heit?
Heerscht die Musik vun der band,
Un sehnscht die viele Leit?
Guck mol im Kalenner gschwind,
Iss des en feierdaag?
Geb en haddich mol do haer,
Loss sehne, was er saagt.
Ach, ich kann net lese,
Wann die band ans Schpiele geht;
Musik macht mich fiehle,
Wie en Haahne wann er kraeht;
Nemm der alt Kalenner weck,
Ich kann net ruhich hocke;
Mei padriodisch Blud verschpritzt,
Ich schpier 's schunn in de Gnoche.

Harrich, Polly, harrich nau,
Do kummt die Drumm un Peif;
Guck mol selli alde chaps,
Sie sin yo laahm un schdeif!
Sie schpiele yo en Drauerlied,
Un 's macht mer Hazeleed.
So'n draurich Schdick un alde chaps
Am Martsche im parade.
Datt kummt der lieb alt banner nau,
Was iss er doch so schee!
Sell weckt die alde Buwe uff
Un dutt Schprings in ihre Bee;
Was martsche sie so schtolz do hie
Mit sellem flag in Hand,
Rot, weiss un bloo, der Glory do
Vun unserm Freiheetsland.

Un Blumme, Polly, guck emoll,
Was denkscht, ass des bedeit?
Die nemme sie schur aryets hie
Fer 'n Hochzich odder 'n Leicht!
Un selli alde chaps hen all
So blooe Gleeder aa,
Ass wie Soldaade wehre duhn
Mit Brassgnepp vannedraa;
Un yeders hot sei Schtock in Hand,
Sie sin aa nimmi yung;
Awwer watsch, wie sie noch martsche
Zu der alde Peif un Drumm!
Sie hen's noch net vergesse
Un sie halde sich in Lein,
Ass wie sie hen fer unser flag,
Fer dei Recht un fer mein.

Ei, des iss yo der dreissischt Moi,
Der Decoration Daag!
Heit legt mer Blumme schee un siess
Uff alle Soldaads Graab.
Heit denkt mer an die Menner,
Wu mit schtandhaft Haz un Mecht,
Der lieb alt flag gedraagge hen
Darrich mancher hadder Fecht.
Mer lowe sie fer schtandhaft sei
In der Gerechtichkeet—
Fer Freiheet do zu alle Leit
Mit dankbaarlich Gebet.
Awwer loss uns net vergesse
Yuscht so padriodisch sei,
Fer Recht zu duh in Friede,
Wie im Fecht un bschteh debei.

Heit geht der alt Soldaad, wu noch
Bei Lewe bei uns iss,
Un legt am Graab vun seim Kummraad
En blummich Koppekiss;
Heit martscht die alt Grand Army
Zu de alde Peif un Drumm,
Anschtatts vun Bixe in de Hend
Draagt yeders nau en Blumm;
Anschtatts vun noch em battle-feld,
Geht's nau zum Kaerrichhof,
Wu dausend vun Kummraade nau
Sin schtill im letschte Schlof;
Anschtatts vun Yacht un Grach un Schmaz,
Ass wie es waar im Grieg,
Watt sachdich gschpielt mit Schmaz im Haz
En weinlich Drauerlied.

Nau bring die beschte Blumme bei
Un leg sie schee do hie,
Uff yeder Graab vun me Soldaad,
Un dank dieb Gott fer sie!
Un duh en mark uff seller Grund,
En scheener flag dezu,
Un seller Blatz halt hoch in Acht
Un winsch ne siessi Ruh!
Doch iss ken Dol, ass ich un du
Do bringe kenne heit,
Ken Opfer, ass dankbaarlich iss
An daere schpode Zeit;
Except wie sie, schtandhaft fer recht,
Nemmt yeders sei Pflicht uff;
So hot der Lincoln gsaat un nix
Sunscht hebt der alt flag uff.

Un weil mer schtehne datt am Graab,
Vergess die Mudder net,
Wu ihre Bu uffgewwe hot,
Dass des Land bleiwe sett;
Denk an die Fraa un Kinner, wu
Gelidde hen deheem,
In Engschte un in Hungersnot—
Hilflose patriots unne fame!
Un wann die band "America"
Gschpielt hot im siesschte Ton,
Noh loss uns Musick heere
So wie "Home, Sweet Home!"
Un schpielt's e paarmol iwwer,
Bis es greift uns dief ins Haz,
Fer all die patriots in der Welt
Kumme graad vun sellem Blatz.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller)

DIE RAUWE IM MOI

Hab lang schtudiert un doch net gfunne,
Mir waar die Andwatt do genumme;
Ich glaab, ich sehn nau ebbes datt,
Des basst do hie yo graad uffs Watt.

Es iss en Raub, verhasst bei all,
Sie kummt im Moi, des iss nau ball;
Sie iss uff Beem un Dach un Haus,
Die Larva vun der Fleddermaus.

Sie lebt vum Mensch der sich wehrt,
Datt bleibt sie rum, wann net verschteert;
Die Wilde Kasche Beem gleicht 's bescht,
Datt baut sie noh en Rauwenescht.

Sie lebt ihr Lewe graad so fatt
Bis Schpotyaahr, wann's mol kiehler watt;
Noh sucht en Blatz am alde Haus,
Verleicht aa bissel weider drauss.

Dann noh mit ihrem Faadem dinn,
Wann Schyotyaahr kummt un Kelt iss schlimm,
Schpinnt sie en Chrysalis fer'n Gleed,
Un bleibt datt drin bis Kelt vergeht.

En halb Yaahr waar datt zugedeckt,
Noh iss vum diefe Schlof erweckt;
Sie macht en Loch un schluppt datt raus
Im neie Gleed en Fleddermaus.

Hockt uff me Poschde, sunnt sich so,
In Farreb waar vun rot bis bloo;
Noh in der Luft iss sie rum gflogge,
Ihr Glanz waar wie en Reggebogge.

Im Gaarde fliegt sie aa als rum,
Riecht an em Tee un an re Blumm;
Sie sucht verleicht fer Hunnich datt,
Wu kenner iss datt geht sie fatt.

Blessiert sich do fer'n kaze Zeit,
Fliegt hie un haer un kummt net weit;
Ihr Lewe kaz, paar Daag dezu,
Noh geht sie hie, ich weess net wu.

1954 —D. Geo. Knoebl

DIE BUWE VUN HEBE

Die Buwe vun Hebe owwe runner
In de Kappe hen sie Blumme,
Pink und weiss und feierrot,
Harrich wie sie kumme.

Haerscht sie singe, haerscht sie lache,
Haerscht sie danse in Freehlichkeit?—
Kummraade dief in menschlichi Lieb
Mit Graft und Luscht und Seelichkeit.

Du haerscht sie net? Du bischt zu yung,
Des Luscht is nimmi meh zu finne,
Fer die Buwe kumme nimmi owwe runner
Mit pink and weiss und rode Blumme.

Frankly this is a poem of nostalgia, as much of our dialect poetry is. I hope though that it is not sentimental but that it can be accepted as an honest regret for the passing of a custom that was then unique and always beautiful.

A generation ago it was still the custom among the young men in the Hebe area of the Mahantongo Valley in Northumberland County to "sport" flowers in their caps and hats whenever they went "sparking". The flowers were called "eye-catchers" and they did seem to gladden the eye of many girls. I suppose that now we would call such a flower a conversation-piece. At least the girls made an effort to get the flower that the boy of her choice was wearing and, if she found favor in his eyes, he gave it to her as gallantly as did the knights of old.

The town of Pillow (Uniontown Borough) is five miles east of Hebe and in the same valley. Here the flower-wearing boys of Hebe would come in a group to attend the various festivals, socials, and picnics. They were a happy, carefree, and spirited group. In fact, we in Pillow were so conscious of their presence that we would say, somewhat derisively, "Vun Hebe owwe runner, in de Kappe hen sie Blumme!" (Those coming from Hebe have flowers in their caps).

In all probability these boys from Hebe were the last to continue the custom of wearing flowers in their headgear, a custom which harked back to their European forebears. Among the youth of Pillow this custom had already died and if the boys from Hebe would not have come down to Pillow, I would not be able to remember.

For them, I have written this poem.

The Pennsylvania State University WALTER E. BOYER

LOCAL SCHOOLS 125 YEARS OLD

Our local historian, Albert Ohl, in his "History of Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh County, 1732-1947" describes the schools in that area as they existed in the years 1816 to 1834, as follows: "The house was 20 by 24 feet, built of logs, a low ceiling, and small windows, and was (sometimes) plastered on the inside. Along the three walls in the inside were long desks, sloping up towards the wall, with high benches, without backs . . . near the stove fronting the room was the teacher's desk, painted red, about 5 feet high, with a high stool or bench for the teacher's roost. Behind this were hung on pegs in the wall scarfs, shawls, hats, caps, etc. There stood the bucket of water, often visited by the tired children, not so much on account of thirst, but as a relief from the monotony of the hard benches. Near the bucket were stacks of dinner pails or baskets, the sight of which before an hour of noon, whetted the appetites of the little shavers to a high pitch. The day sessions were long, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 4:30 or 5 o'clock in the evening; one hour intermission at noon, no recess. Exercises in the forenoon were reading twice and spelling once, the same routine in the afternoon, the interval between reading and spelling was spent by the larger ones in writing and ciphering. Girls were not required to write and cipher. All the writing was done with the goose quill. Steel and gold pens were unknown. The making and mending of pens took much of the teacher's time and patience. The wages of teachers were as low as $16 per month; in the Milfords, $17 to $18 per month; in Upper Saucon $20 per month of 20 days. The school law of the state enacted in 1809 was not so popular. It was called the poor law, educating those too poor gratis. There was a strong opposition by the rich, being unwilling to pay a heavy tax for the poor; and another reason, there were few families that cared to be on record as being too poor to pay the tuition of their children. In his speech before the house of Representatives Thaddeus Stevens said, that the bill of 1809, instead of being called a public school law, ought to be called a law for branding and marking the poor to distinguish them from the rich and proud. The new law of 1834 made the school alike to rich and poor, high and low.

"But improvement was very slow in the first 20 years in the matter of teachers. In 1854 the office of County Superintendent was established, Charles W. Cooper was elected to this office. The task that confronted him was a difficult one, but he entered it with zeal and discharged it with ability and good results. Mr. Cooper's report of 1855 is interesting reading at the present time: Of the applicants there were a great number of which I rejected 29, but according to the letter of the law I should have rejected a good many more, but I did not consider it good policy. As illustration—in one of the districts, where the compensation was not very liberal, I was requested to examine a young man recommended to me as a very competent teacher. I gave him an examination in all the different branches that were taught in those days. I gave him a permanent certificate, with everything erased except penmanship, reading and arithmetic and written underneath the explanation—in that which is not erased the holder is still very deficient. This is the only one with so much deficiency that even received a scrap of paper from me, but the neighborhood wanted him badly and the applicant was very proud of his certificate, and the addition written below he took as a special recommendation. Another illustration of the ability of some of the applicants for certificates is here copied with literal exactness:

" - - - - Township, Lehigh Co.

Dear sir—I have tryed all means to Become a teacher in our School house, and it Seems there is nun to be found. So I am obliged to Due it myself again. They All are Satisfied without me have a Satificat from you. But I would Rather have one from you. I ame able to teach Reading, Riting, English and Cherman, Pile, Rose, Mensuration, Surveying, & which is not all Required in our School, and this i am able to Due, perfect, Now if you please Sent me a Satificat by male. If you will come and visit my School you may Exeman me if you think Proper to Due so, you know I have bin at ---- ---- at the time of your Exam, i think it is very Obyous to you that i am able to teach School and the Black Board, i am also able to Support in all practical Questions, Interest, circle questions, and obtics, Squares and cimme circles, and all cints of questions, that you will require of me,

Your Respectfully

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THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Pick Art You Like

The annual calendar which is distributed by carriers of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers on or about New Year's Day continues year after year to be the most commonly consulted compendium of special information in upwards of a hundred thousand homes in this Lehigh Valley.

For years there has been especial effort by these papers to provide reproductions of works of art as a feature of the 12-month calendars. Always the effort has been to provide a subject that will be pleasing day after day to those who live with it, and, perforce look at it day by day when they consult this universal reference work.

Judgment in selection of suitable subjects for the papers' upwards of a half million readers has been good, it is felt. However it has been comparatively narrow in that it has been restricted in the past to choice from among only a few subjects and artists and the choice has been made by two or three persons.

Accordingly innovation will be adopted in the calendars that will go out for the year 1955. Since calendars are planned and printed many months in advance of distribution the innovation presently is in progress.

Our readers themselves are asked to decide what works of art they wish reproduced upon the calendars for 1955. They are asked to make their selections in the course of a visit to the Muhlenberg Field House within the next week. During that time scores of paintings which have been submitted by local artists will be on exhibition up to 9 o'clock every day, including Sunday.

Every visitor will have an opportunity to vote for three pictures of the collection that has been assembled. The Call-Chronicle Newspapers wish to know the public's choice for it is in the homes of the people of this Lehigh Valley that the calendars will hang for a full year, and it is presumed that votes will be cast for such pictures that people will want to live with for an entire year.

This unusual procedure of putting an important decision into the hands of the people is very interesting to our local artists as well as to the Call-Chronicle Newspapers. Our artists paint not alone for their own pleasure and joy in creative work but in order to sell their creations to the people. This community already enjoys the distinction of having an unusually large number of homes and business places adorned with original works of art. The Circulating Picture Club, unique as an institution, has done much to bring this about but other factors also have contributed much.

Our artists wish to know public taste. They will direct their talents in the direction of satisfying that taste. The results of the public choice of calendar art during the showing of the pictures now in the Muhlenberg Field House therefore will be a bit of information eagerly awaited by our local artists.

Beware Fly-by-Nighters

Arrest of an out-of-town "fly-by-night" contractor, who without a local license sought to get a contract for some dubious repair job upon the home of an elderly woman, was a matter of pure good luck. An officer of the law just happened in upon the presumed victim and the harpies who had gained her confidence.

But Detective Maizel who made this arrest is not going to be around every time that "phonies" seek by high-pressure methods to get orders to do repair jobs of various types and charge unconscionable sums in the belief that property owners will pay up rather than make a fuss or incur a lawsuit.

Usually these vultures prey upon elderly people whom they can cajole by smooth talk until a signature is secured upon a dotted line. Above that dotted line is likely to be a lot of fine print that even with his specs grandpa or grandma cannot read very easily. And therein is likely to be a snare as fast and strong as a beartrap if brought into a court of law.

The age-long, traditional suspicion of the stranger well may be encouraged at this time. The woods are full of swindlers who are having an unusually difficult time making a "fast dollar" these days and who are wont to adopt any line of attack upon frugal people's savings and other resources.

The best advice that can be given is that one engage in dealings that are likely to involve andy considerable expenditure only with tradesmen and mechanics who ware fully known by the person who will be expected to produce the money to pay for the job. Deal only with known and responsible local people and shy off from the "here-today-and-gone-tomorrow" fellows.

Al Maizel or other detectives and police cannot always be around to point out the phonies to you and chase them out of town. Be cautious about the fast-talking, smooth, glib fellows who are over-eager to separate you from your money.

If you have jobs to perform get local people to do them for you and know that they will stand back of their jobs and guarantee them botn as to quality and price.

A Summer of Music

The nights shall be full of music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.

This quatrain is suggested by announcement of arrangements under which our four city bands will provide twenty-five free concerts will be given in West Park, during the coming summer.

While the majority of the concerts will be give, in West Park, which is ideal for these out-door affairs, eleven other parks and playgrounds will have dates booked by the bands.

While the majority of our people find no difficulty at all in getting to West Park by motor car or public transportation, there are thousands of people who will be reached only if the concerts be given quite close to their homes and in parks and playgrounds which they are accustomed to visit.

City Council and the Recreation Commission, which is arranging this annual series of concerts, realizes that it is good to take music to the people. Thousands of course will take in every concert in West Park. But other thousands also will be served in and by the neighborhood concerts that every summer prove highly valuable in the development of good community spirit.

The Wrong End

There is this much to be said for the soft coal industry's plan for Federal help: It does not involve direct government subsidization. Unfortunately, that is about the only good thing about it as a program for curing or relieving this industry's long depression.

Some of the actions the operators advocate are sensible enough; for example, diplomatic attempts to get coal-using European nations to drop tariff barriers against U. S. coal. Others this newspaper disapproves in principle; for example, the proposed Federal restrictions, supported by the United Mine Workers as well as by the industry, on imports of foreign residual oil.

But the trouble with all the ideas is that they are upside down. The notion that you can force industrial users to take coal by clamping down on the supply of residual oil is the kind of delusion that has often exploded in the past. You may be able to force people to buy something they don't want for a while, but not for long; people are much too ingenious.

Before people will buy more coal, or enough more to improve the industry's condition, it must be made more attractive. And the truth is that it has been growing steadily less attractive to industries and home-owners than other forms of fuel. One path to solution, or alleviation, of the problem is clearly lower prices, whatever sacrifices that might entail on the part of the operators and the UMW.

We don't know that that would be enough. Perhaps whatever is done soft coal will some day be extinct as a form of fuel. Or perhaps vast new uses will develop. But whatever its fate, more Federal controls will not save it. The industry and the union are looking at their problem from the wrong end. ← Wall Street Journal.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE YOUNG MINDS

Beyond the newest fact today
To use, as yet unknown,
An hour, a month, a year away,
For one who toils alone
There lies a truth which he shall find
To better all that lies behind.

That newest book in which is told
The last discovery made
May in another week be old
And on the shelf be laid,
For someone from the books will turn
What long has been unknown to learn.

Were youth, with all that is, content
And satisfied to rest,
Their time and thought would not be spent
To better what is best.
In books, what's past the reader finds.
The future lies in youthful minds.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of June 5, 1929, a Wednesday.

Community Day sale in Allentown attracts thousands.

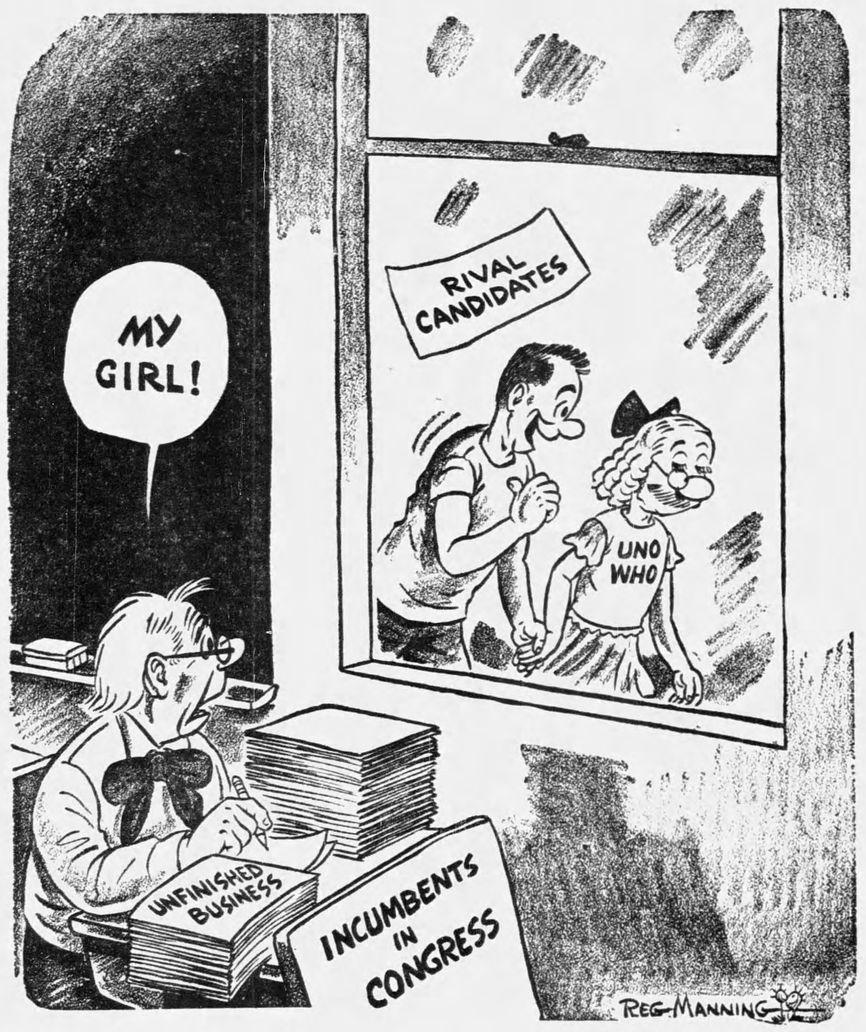
The Allentown Monarch Club marked its second birthday last night at the Americus Hotel. Club President Charles J. Laudenslager was in charge.

Aaron J. Henry of Allentown was named census supervisor for the Berks-Lehigh District by Congressman Charles J. Esterly, according to announcement from Washington.

Allentown Board of Education awarded a contract for construction of a steel stand seating 6,000 persons for the Jack Coffield Memorial Field at Allentown High School.

County Scout Executive W. W. Hill announced that eight Boy Scouts of Troop 16 will represent jamboree at Valley Forge on June 28.

Stuck in Summer School



Lawrence Tours Europe

By DAVID LAWRENCE

LONDON — There is one man in England who symbolizes in his personality the great tradition that has influenced the course of modern history — the alliance of Great Britain and the United States — and he happens to be the prime minster at a time when decisions affecting the peace of the world are in the making.

So an opportunity to chat with Sir Winston Churchill at luncheon afforded this correspondent an intimate observation of the agility of mind of the man about whose retirement from office there is nowadays so much speculation.

The place was the private dining room at 10 Downing St. — the executive office of the prime minister — and the only other person present was the astute Capt. Christopher Soames, parliamentary secretary and son-in-law of Sir Winston. The prime minister doesn't give interviews for publication and what was said on such an occasion must remain confidential. But this writer found Sir Winston alert and vigilant as he talked about the problems of the day. His keen mind is filled with the vision of what lies ahead and is poignant in recollection of mistakes of the past on the part of all our countries.

Impatience Differs

Sir Winston is eminently capable of serving for a long time, though his impatience with the unsettled problems of the world are not the same at 79 as in bygone days. This correspondent recently saw an unpublished letter penned by Winston Churchill on his 25th birthday, when he was a prisoner of war in a Boer camp in South Africa. It was written in longhand to an American relative and said: "There is so much to be done in the world and so little time to do it."

What a lot of things Winston Churchill has crowded into the more than half century that has elapsed since then! Now some of his countrymen are beginning to ask if the day is at hand when he can lay down the cares of office.

Leadership becomes fragile if a change is in prospect. For, when people start thinking in terms of a new prime minister, they unconsciously begin to discount the strength of the incumbent and cloak his policies with an ephemeral quality they do not possess.

For Americans, of course, the importance of the continuity of joint policies in international affairs cannot be overestimated. A British prime minister who is half-American by blood is a rare occurrence, and when this is coupled with a breadth of view that comes from so many years of intimate association with the top-level men of the United States government, including President Eisenhower, it seems fantastic to be reading in the press that the two countries allegedly have been at a breaking point in world affairs. There are often differences of approach and viewpoint, but the objectives are the same and the divergences are always reconciled somehow in the common interest, because they must be.

Churchill Personality

The personality of Sir Winston is bound to make itself felt in the British Cabinet on major policies, though, as always, it must be the energetic and efficient members heading up the big departments of government who bear the burden of daily administration.

Sir Winston has in R. A. Butler, chancellor of the exchequer, a man as valuable to the prime minister as George Humphrey, secretary of the treasury, is to President Eisenhower, and there is equal confidence here in Mr. Butler's management of the economic side of governmental policy.

In foreign affairs, the prime minister has the deepest affection for and commands the loyal and indefatigable service of Anthony Eden. With two such stanch aides, it is small wonder that the conservatives are hopeful that the prime minister will continue to stay on as long as he feels his health will permit.

Some idea of how important this is can be gained by noting an editorial in the London Daily Express, owned by the influential Lord Beaverbrook, whose keen understanding of the United States stems from his Canadian birth and early career on the North American continent. After pointing out that speculation about the retirement of Sir Winston had been renewed because of a chance remark in a public speech, the editorial says the hope is that the prime minister "will banish the thought," for "he would be making a grievous mistake in retiring." It adds:

"Churchill can be certain that the people wish for no other leader. And understandable though it is that he should desire a respite — and richly though he deserves one — yet he should not take it.

"Instead he should be prepared to sacrifice himself for his country in the future as he has done in the past. His countrymen will hope that he will firmly resist the inclination to withdraw himself from public life."

There is every reason why Sir Winston Churchill should carry on, especially in these times. For if he can reflect to the world his mood of peace with strength, it may restrain the impetuous and the impulsive among us who want everything settled in time for the next edition of the newspapers. There is need for his sobering and mature approach that comes with the wisdom of years. For these are troublous times that require a never-ending study of the lessons of human experience.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Timothy 4:16-18

In v. 16 Paul is speaking of his first defense or trial, probably in Rome. No one of his friends was there to speak in his behalf. His prayer for them, that it be not charged against them, breathes the spirit of Jesus on the cross, Who prayed thus in behalf of his executioners. But he realized that the Lord stood by him, as He had promised, so that after his, perhaps temporary, release, he might continue to preach the Word to the Gentiles, whether in Rome, or in a wider ministry east or west of Rome. We are not sure about details at this point. At any rate he states that he was rescued from the lion's mouth, likely referring to his acquittal. There is no immediate explanation as to whom he meant by the figure of a lion, Nero, or Satan (1 Peter 5:8). It may have been used as a proverbial expression for extreme danger, perhaps borrowed from Psalm 22:13 or 21. Verse 18 looks forward in point of time, hoping for future deliverance out of the hands of evil men or of 'the evil one,' till he would be entering the glory.

Horoscope

If you are tactful and avold controversies you may win promotion and enjoy a happy year. A child born today may be somewhat emotional.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MAINA 'S HET G'SHPUCK'D:

Der Paul Sell un sei fraw die Geraldine fon German's Korner, sin iwwel ob — sie wissa net eb da onner dawg 'n rawwer rum wor, odder ebs g'shpuck'd im hous. Sie worra im kaller om wesha wie sie gamaint hen sie dada foos dobba hoerra owwa drowwa, un worra shure 's dade ebber in da kich rum lawfa. Der Paul hut gayoh'ld, wunnerra war drowwa wear, un wie er ken ontwert grick'd hut, is er nuf in die kich ow'r 's wor naryads niemond tzu sehna.

'S nagshd os wor, hut er gamaint er dade ebber hoerra die shtake nuf gae inna bed shtub, un sel wor die tzeit woh er ous gamocht hut er gang'd fer hilf. Sis da Daisy Hunsicker ihra hamet, uns airsht os er duh hut wolla, wor fer ihra fohna fer tzu hilf kumma. Wie die Daisy ken onrwert gewwa hut, is der Paul uf sei mashine, un bout 'n halb mile nous inna feld g'fohrra, un hut da Daisy ihr'm knecht, Ernest Dietrich fertzailt, wosom aw gae wear. Ferol os der Ernest im grumbierra feld wor eiferich on da arwet, hut er ferwillich'd fer mit tzurick gae helfa 's hous unnersucha.

Der Ernest is gross un shtarrick, un wil wetta won sie ebber g'funna hetta im hous os ken bisnis drin kotta het, os er 'n aint wedders tzum dochlawda odder garret fenshter nous g'shmissa het. Mit 'm Ernest farna draw, un der Paul woh awenich shichderich wor, hinna noh, sin sie darrich 's hous fom kaller bis uf der garret, ow'r, 's wor naryads niemond rum, un naryads nix letz. Sie hen gaguck'd unnich all'm bed, in all'm glaider shonk, hinnich 'm shamshtae, un so gore im male shtanner — ow'r 's wor naryads niemond tzu finna.

Der Paul un die Geraldine sin now gabutta, un kenna yusht net fershtae wos sie k'hoert hen. Wie sie fartich worra sucha, sin sie tzurick ons wesha, uns hais'd 'm Paul sei hoar hetta owets noch kartza grawd in die hae g'shtonna alla mohl os er on die foos dobba gadenk'd het. Yusht ferol so m'r wissa, wil er die socha aw net house howwa, un dades ferleicht net glawwa won m'r 'm sawga dade, os m'r shun selwar die same erfohring kotta hen. Sis kayose in heiser wie die bolka alsa mohl ei gaina, uns grex'd ae mohl doh, un glei widder aryads shunshd.

M'r hen mohl bicher shelfter in unser shtudierrtzimmaer mocha lossa — shelfter gamocht fon huls so hard gree wor. Mohl ae owet etlicha mohnet danoh, huts awfonga grocha uf 'm shpeicher wie won die rebels om kumma weara — 's hut libehoftich gamocht wie won ebber 'n g'ware lose sheesa dade. 'S wor net bis etlicha dawg danoh os m'r die uhrosch ous g'funna hen fon da yocht. 'S ufrichdich board woh ol die shelfter dawedder ganog'ld worra, is iwwer tzwarich fershprunga on yader'd shelf. M'r kon die iwwertzwaricha shprung alla weil noch sehna, on sex fon da shelfter. Wolla wetta won m'r sella moh 'n ker so handich kotta hetta wie der Ernest 's Pauls' handich wor, os m'r aw gonga weara fer hilf.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit 'n woch tzurick, wohrhoft hen m'r uns im druvel gablauder'd fertzaila wos der "Petie" Rothenberger uns fertzailt hut fon selra alta sawga, fon kollich effa un alta weibsleit os laenich wohna.

'N brief fon Centre Valley hut g'shmok'd wie m'r 'n uf gamocht hen, uns dut uns laid os die schreiver'n woh shun fer yohrra laenich wohn'd, die socha ganumma hut ols 'n shimbred.

Wos m'r gaschriva hen wor net wos der "Petie" un mier g'swat hen, odder maina, ow'r 's wor 'n alt Pennsylfawnich Deitsch shprich wert — ains ferleicht abissel sharfer os notewenich, ow'r woh niemond ken uhrsoch hut tzu hartz nemma.

M'r sawga fiel mohls donk fer selar Centre Valley brief, sis nix ox 'n tzeiting schreiver besser gleich'd os wie brief griega fon seina laiser — shier 'n 30 yohr laiser wie in dem fol, un woh m'r hoffa os m'r noch schreiva kenna fer ihra blessier, for 30 yohr may.



HAYMAKING IN OLDEN TIMES

Go back with me in memory,
to the days of long ago.
Those pleasant days of childhood,
before I learned to mow,
When in the early morning
the robin with his lay
Announced with songs of gladness
the near approach of day.

When the morning star was fading
in the hazy eastern sky,
And from its quiet slumber
awoke the festive fly
To torment and to worry us
as on our beds we lay,
While the cooling air was laden
with the fragrance of the hay.

Hark! what rhythmic sounds are those
that float upon the air?
In the morning hour of twilight
those sounds I used to hear.
'Twas not the ticking of the clock—
too sharp and loud the stroke,
That came through open window
as I from sleep awoke.

I hear the sound of voices and
a tapping, tapping, tap,
As one by one, with measured stroke,
again I heard that rap.
To draw an edge on German scythe
each one his hammer plied,
While sitting in the early dawn
some log or post astride.

Then a slice of bread, well buttered,
and a glass of milk or cream,
And a draught from "Black Maria"
just out of the cooling stream;
This "Friehschtick" gave a zest for work
in the early morning hour,
And braced the men for work on hand
to keep up needed power.

Then out across the meadow,
with easy, measured stroke,
The rushing sound of the keen-edged blades
the morning silence broke;
There Brother Henry leads the van
across the grassy lea,
While Daniel Endy, Nicholas Gresh
and Jacob Reigner I see.

There Daniel Heller follows close
with Abraham Shearer near,
While Gabriel Ganser's rapid strokes
bring up the lonely rear,
Whose grass is thrown close to the swath
of the one who went before,
From the rapid sideway cuts he made
as down the lea he bore.

Around across the meadow plot,
and then the breakfast call
Was heard to ring, and this in turn
was relished by us all;
For now the scintillating rays
came through the swaying trees
Of the rising sun in the month of June,
fanned by the grateful breeze.

Then out again with swinging stroke,
across the grassy lea,
Again in childhood's happy years
these mowers all I see;
But now they're wiping off their scythes
with wisps of fragrant grass,
While from the whet-horns hung in front
the tapering whetstones pass.

"Der Wetz iss gut, der wetz iss gut,
der hinnerscht hot die Schlang im Hut,
Die Schlang im Hut, die Schlang im Hut
der hinnerscht hot die Schlang im Hut."
From side to side the gritty stones
are passed along the blade,
Each eager with the task in hand
while standing in the shade.

While toiling, sweating, mowing, whetting,
the hour of nine draws nigh,
Then to the springhouse close at hand
themselves the mowers hie;
There the milk and "bonny clabber"
in many a pot I see
In a stream of sparkling water
that flows so pure and free.

Then a slice of bread and butter
and a piece of cake or pie,
To feed and brace the inner man,
each mower then will try.
Oh, for a draught of ice-cold milk
while working at the hay,
Or a pot of "bonny clabber"
on a sultry summer day.

Out of the broiling summer sun,
inside that springhouse door,
How cool was then to barefoot boy
that well-paved springhouse floor!
with rows of milkpots in the trough,
and cakes upon the shelf,
And a handy knife beside the same
so one could help himself.

Again in boyhood's fancy
those sturdy men I see
Around the cloth upon the green,
beneath some shady tree,
Partaking of the "Nein Uhr Schtick"
while resting in the shade,
Then a tug at "Betz" (the bottle)
or a cup of lemonade.

To spread the grass for seven men
and carry water, too,
As on they mowed with swinging strokes,
was all a boy coud do.
While toiling in the midday sun
the scene I still recall,
When from the long tin blowhorn came
the wished for dinner call.

Upon the spacious portico
I see my mother stand,
While pealing came the pleasing sounds
from blowhorn in her hand;
Then in the spacious kitchen,
with its solid oaken floor.
In rows around the festive board
I see these men once more.

Then the "Ruh Stund" 'neath the walnut tree
with branches thick and long,
And the dangling swing of grapevine
that from a limb was hung,
Where many a turn was taken
to give each one a ride,
While standing or while sitting
on the seat, we often tried.

Then out with teams and wagons,
to gather in the hay
That in the fertile meadows
in heavy windrows lay;
The women of the household
the rakes had deftly plied
To rake and turn the wilted grass
which in the sun was dried.

The "Vier Uhr Schtick" and "Black Strap",
I must not here forget;
That cooling, pleasant, grateful drink,
I well remember yet.
When coming from the heated mow
how well it tasted then!
A grateful drink it proved to be
to boys, as well as men.

And when a full day's work was done,
us boys again I see
In the twilight of the evening,
up in the cherry tree,
Where oxheart cherries in their prime
profusely hung o'erhead,
Where one could satisfy himself
before he went to bed.

July 20, 1894 —ONKEL JEFF

From Onkel Jeff's Reminiscences of Youth and Other Poems by Thos. J. B. Rhoads, M. D., Williamsport, Pa., 1904.

The above verses are not printed here because they are sublime poetry, but rather because the author has used the vehicle of measure and rhyme to preserve an annual scene in the lives of our Pennsylvania German forefathers which might otherwise have remained obliterated for the present generation.—ED.

HOCHZICH DAAG

Tune: Pleyel's Hymn 7.7.7.7.

Hochzich Daag, so lieb un schee,
Haz vergnippt mit Haz als eens!
Groosses Glick muss mit eich geh,
Schteht in Lieb, die net vergeht.

Yeder Daag hot yo sei Freed,
Dunkle Wolke bleiwe net:
Sunn so glaar die Aerde gleed,
Un die Blumme bliehe macht.

Alles schteht so hallich do—
Haz, geh uff un nemm es ei;
Sei du aa, wie des, so froh,
Halt es fescht un loss net geh.

Nochmol, Glick—un net yuscht heit
Alles gut—maag des eich sei!
Hochzich Freed fer alle Zeit,
Un die Lieb, die net vergeht!

—CHARLES A. RUTZ
(From Act IV of his play DER JIM WILL PARRE WARRE)

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Bidder

Die Pennsylvania Deitsche Weibsleit gleiche Siesses un Saueres. Es watt gsatt, sie hedde oft siwwe siesse Sache un siwwe sauere Sache uffem Disch an eenre Iems.

Sell schmackt awwer bei Golly gut. Der Bidder-selaat, mir heese ihn Pissebett, iss so gut weil mer ihn uff eenre Zeit siess un sauer hot. Mer deet meene sell kennt net so gut sei. Doch hot die Mammi ihn als gezuckert un Essich druff.

Ich will awwer schreiwe vum Biddere. Wann ebbes bidde iss, noh schmack't net so gut. Doch muss mer ewwe aa bidder Sache einemme.

Wisst dihr, dass en schlimmi Krankheit bidderi Medizin hawwe muss? Ich hab moll en alder Dokder ghatt, der hot eem so wunnsersi bidderi Medizin gewwe.

Eens vun meinre Freind waar krank. Un waar sei Medizin bidder? "Well," hot der alt Dokder gsaat, "Ich nemm dann 's bidder raus un duh's salzich mache." Mei Freind hot gsaat, "Ferwas der Henker kannscht's net siess mache?" —"Ich will net hawwe, ass du dir's Medizinsaufe aagewenscht," hot der alt Dokder gsaat.

Nau noch ee Schtori vum Biddere. Die hawwich gelese in re Reading Zeiding lange Yaahre zurick.

Sell Zeit hen sie noch trolleys ghatt. Es hot en dickseckicher alder Mann hinne uff seim Sitz gelegge un hot gschlofe.

Er hot's Maul hinne wedder uff ghatt un hot gschnarrickst, ass die Fenschderscheiwe geziddert hen. Die Leit hen gewinscht, er deet wacker warre, awwer er iss net.

Noh iss en Schpitzbu uffgschtanne un hot dem Schnarrickser en Quinine-capsule ins Maul.

Des iss ihm vergange im Maul, un Buwe, sell waar bidder. Er iss schnell wacker warre. Er hot gegrische, "Ich muss graad en Dokder hawwe. Ich bin am Schtarrewe."

"Was iss letz mit dir," hen sie gsaat. "Ich wees net," hot er gsaat. "Wie fiehlt's?" hen sie ihn gfroogt. "Wei," saagt er, "der Weeg wie es schmackt in meim Maul muss mei Galleblos verschpritzt sei." Ya, sell waar bidder.

* * *

Der Hooly

Doyetz hawwich gschriwwe vun Leit ihre Vornaame, der Naame wu ihre Mammi ihne gewwe hen wie sie Bobblin waare. Nau selli Naame hedde sie net hawwe breiche, awwer sie hen sie ennihau ghatt.

Nau unser Zunaame, odder Familye Naame misse mir awwer hawwe. In annere Wadde mer griegge sie vun heem.

Mei rechter Zunaame iss Schwob. Mei Voreldre sin vum Schwoweland kumme paar hunnert Yaahr zerick. Es hot en Latt Schwowe, awwer net viel sin hoch nuff kumme. Sie sin awwer ordliche, gude kommone Alldaagsleit.

Wie hen sie mich als gheesse? Wie ich noch ganz zimberlich waar, hot die Maem mich als Bobbi gheesse. Schpeeder waar ich es Buweli. Iwwerdem waar ich der Pierci.

Bei sellere Zeit war ich alt genunk fer in die Schul geh. Ich hab en Gaund gewore, bis ich in die Schul gange bin. Noh waar ich der Schulbu.

Alle Yaahr bin ich elder un greesser warre un wie ich siwwezeh Yaahr alt waar hen sie mich der Schulmeeschder gneesse. Noh bin ich in die Kolletsch un waar der Schtudent. Un iwwerdem waar ich der Parre Schwob. Wie ich dreissich Yaahr gebreddicht ghatt hab hen sie mich der Dokder Schwob gheesse un sell bin ich heit noch.

Es iss mir schier gange wie sellem Eirische. Sei Naame waar Hooly. Er iss in des Land kumme un hot helfe Lecher graawe. Yeder ebber hot ihn nix as Hooly gheesse.

Glei hot er en Drupp Mann gebaast. Noh waar er der Mr. Hooly. Noh hot er an de Bierschtuwwe rumghanke un iss endlich Alderman gemacht warre. Noh waar er der Schgweier Hooly.

Well, ee Daag iss er neigschtimmt warre fer Kongress in Washington. Noh waar er der Honorable Mr. Hooly, Member of Congress.

Nau waar er hoch in der Heeh. Er hot en Latt Geld gemacht, un hot der Kaerrich viel gewwe. Er hot verzeehlt, sie hedde ihn awwer in die Heeh in der Kaerrich.

Sunndaag Maryets, wie er un sei Fraa der Gang nunner sin fer in die veddersche Bank in der Kaerrich, hot der Choir aafange singe, "Hooly! Hooly! Hooly! Lord God Almighty."

So hoch bin ich in meim Lewe noch net kumme un duh aa denk net.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
Vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Ike's Farm Program

Estimates of the American wheat crop, whose harvesting already has been begun in some areas and will continue into midsummer indicate that about a billion bushels of this grain will be reaped this year.

Since this is about 100 million bushels more than is likely to be sold upon the American markets for conversion into food for man and beast and since there already is a surplus of about 875 million bushels in storage from other years, Uncle Sam will be loaded down with close to a billion bushels. Like Joseph in Egypt in Biblical days he will be able to feed millions of people throughout the world if their crops fail.

This food situation points up that large portion of President Eisenhower's speech to the American people on Thursday night which was devoted to his appeal for enactment of a new farm program.

Initially, the President pointed out that the present program encourages production of surpluses in a few commodities and then prices those commodities out of their traditional markets. As a result, the government is spending $30,000 every hour just to store the surpluses. In addition it expends many times that sum to purchase the surpluses. This has resulted in a cost to the government during the past year of almost $3 billions. Similar increase is in prospect during the coming year if the present farm program be continued.

President Eisenhower's program, which he took directly to the people for their approval, proposes price supports that will be flexible enough to stimulate the consumption of commodities which are flooding and depressing the American market. He expressed the conviction that the program will increase markets for farm products, protect the consumers' food supply, and move food into consumption instead of Government storage. It will gradually dispose of the gigantic farm surpluses and promises our farmers a higher and steadier financial return over the years.

He went on to say: "This badly needed, new program has a bipartisan origin. The proposal is, in concept, the same as the law passed five years ago by a vast majority of each of the two parties in Congress.

"And yet—despite the vast accumulation of surpluses in the hands of the Government—

"Despite the declining markets at home and abroad and increasing regimentation of the individual farmer—

"Despite the fact that only a minority of American farmers are affected by price supports—

"Despite the fact that even among this farmer minority, many of them are opposed to a program so obviously unsuited to the needs of our country—

"Despite all of these painfully evident weaknesses, a vote, described to me as tentative, which was taken two days ago in a committee of the House of Representatives, calls for continuance of the present farm program for an additional year. In my opinion the circumstances are too critical to permit such a delay.

"Fellow citizens — Many have told me that it would not be good politics to attempt solution of the farm problem during an election year. The sensible thing to do, I have been told, over and over, was to close my eyes to the damage the present farm program does to our farmers and the rest of our people—and do this job of correction next year.

"Now—I want to make this one point clear!

"In this matter I am completely unmoved by arguments as to what constitutes good or winning politics! And may I remark that, though I have not been in this political business very long, I know that what is right for America is politically right.

"In the proposal to correct the deficiencies in our farm program, the Administration's concern is for all farmers, regardless of their politics, and for all America.

"I earnestly hope that the House of Representatives and the Senate will move promptly on these proposals, so that America may have a sound, stable, and prosperous agriculture.

"I hope you will join me in determination to see that common sense, good judgment and fact will, from now on, guide the formulation of American agricultural policy."

President Eisenhower has taken his farm program directly to the American people. He has presented it upon a non-partisan and a strictly non-political level.

It will be up to the American people to make their wishes known on this matter which already has cost billions and will cost added billions unless it is substantially changed.

Weeds and Rubbish

Emmaus officially has taken action and uttered warnings to property owners relative to the unimpeded growth of weeds upon their lots and to any and all who make any open, vacant space a dumping grounds for tin cans, rubbish and all kinds of household trash.

It must appear a paradox to the average citizen of Emmaus (and citizens of any and all communities that provide public dumping grounds) that other citizens are too lazy to haul their trash to those public places but toss it upon the nearest open lot. Since there is no difference in principle between throwing cans and rubbish upon somebody else's open lot and throwing it into somebody else's back yard, front yard or garden, the act must be regarded by all as reprehensible.

Inasmuch as Emmaus has ordinances to cover such violations of law, decency and good taste it is assured by the public officials that they are going to be enforced.

In the matter of weeds, a great many property owners in Emmaus, (as well as in other communities) find themselves in difficulty. The mowing of such growth can be a considerable job to which many persons are totally unadapted and for which they have no equipment.

However, the rights of other people are concerned in this matter also. Residents of Emmaus for the most part are highly proud of well-kept lawns and gardens. They contribute so much beauty to their community that they deserve protection against the spread of weed seeds from nearby unkempt areas of land.

Emmaus has ordinances to govern this problem. But Emmaus is not arbitrary about enforcing the ordinances. The boro government is ready to arrange for the cutting of weeds for property owners who do not have labor available to perform the job. That is fair enough. A property owner can ask no more.

In a Nutshell

There has been a good deal of use of the term "McCarthyism" to describe tactics employed not alone by the man whose name has made this modern noun but by any and all persons who loosely, carelessly and even recklessly stigmatize others by insinuations and half-truths or even by proven untruths.

Up to Thursday some may not have understood the tactic. By no means is it Senator McCarthy's exclusive property. But on Thursday the term "McCarthyism" and its connotations was epitomized in the dramatic colloquy between Senator McCarthy and Joseph Welch, counsel for the Army.

At that time Mr. McCarthy, despite repeated denials by Mr. Welch and Committee Chairman Mundt weeks ago that the former had recommended one Frederick Fisher as an assistant counsel for the hearings, again said that Fisher had been so recommended. Senator McCarthy again implied that Fisher's loyalty was in question because, while a student in a law school, he had been and "is" a member of a group of lawyers which McCarthy termed "a bulwark of the Communist Party."

Mr. Welch, with a gentleness that was devastating, reaffirmed that Fisher had not been recommended for service in this investigation and everybody in the Senate committee so knew, and also that Fisher disassociated himself from the Lawyers' Guild four years ago.

Then, in withering words, he said: "Until this moment, Senator, I think I really never gauged your cruelty or your recklessness," and, after Senator McCarthy repeated his attack, just as if Welch had not said a word in denial, Welch concluded: "If there is a God in Heaven it will do neither you nor your cause any good."

It was one of the most dramatic moments in an entire month of hearings. But more important, in a few words and in a single scene, it showed Mr. McCarthy's methods which are to attack, and attack and attack with the same story, allegations or questions without regard for anything that any one else may have said.

It was the tactic which McCarthy employed when he had General Zwicker on the rack — the episode which quite as much as anything else brought on the present hearings. It was the tactic that has caused many Senators even to quail. It is the tactic that has kept many at respectful distance from the junior Senator from Wisconsin. They have not wanted to become smeared. They have adopted the position that it is more comfortable to have McCarthy as a friend or be entirely disregarded by him than to have him as an enemy.

In this community we had McCarthyism for many years before the Senator was even born. It was known by other names and it was practiced by persons in far lower station than Mr. McCarthy's high position. But it was just as uncomfortable for those who suffered from its cruelty. It was avoided, if at all possible, by everybody in public life who feared that the weapon of condemnation by association or by false charges or half truths might be used against them.

Horoscope

Great success is indicated for you if you work hard and are persistent. A shrewd and ambitious nature is foretold for today's child.

He's Just a Kid



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

An important phenomenon of modern times is the growth in all countries of government bureaucracies. In a large part of the world, all the economic processes are either government-owned or government-controlled, entailing the employment of increasing numbers of persons by governments.

The largest of all bureaucracies is the Russian. Professor Arnold Brecht, formerly of Leipzig, now in this country, says that in Russia ". . . three bureaucracies exert themselves side by side: one under the regular departments of the government; the second, the secret police, under the Minister of the Interior; and the third, the party bureaucracy, under the party leadership . . ."

Those three bureaucracies are not controlled by public opinion, but only by the party which has mastered the state and tolerates no opposition. It is in total control of all operations of the state which owns all the means of production, distribution and exchange. There are more than 50 federal ministries in Russia that have to be coordinated by the policy of the government which is determined not by the government but by the party.

The United States, during most of its history, avoided a large bureaucracy because of the inherent dislike of Americans for government into their private affairs. As the bureaucracy grew, slowly after the Civil War, with great acceleration during the Roosevelt regime, the problem of separation of powers arose. Whereas in our simpler form of government, Congress could not interfere with the Executive, it soon became necessary for the independent regulatory agencies to usurp some of the functions of Congress. In fact, Congress authorized the employment of these powers which heretofore had been regarded as limited to Congress.

Low-Level Power

A characteristic of any bureaucracy is that the real power over the people is exercised by those who are on the lowest level of government. This is not always noticeable but Americans are becoming more conscious of it in relationship with income tax field checks, during which major decisions are made on the spot. The citizen finds it cheaper not to argue and therefore he accepts these decisions, whether he thinks them right or wrong. A life-long precedent may be set up then and there.

In such an institution as the State Department, the basis for decisions is too often the result of data provided or omitted or slanted by the men at the various territorial desks, the classic example being the use of the term "agrarian reformers" in the 1940s to describe Chinese Communists who were a well-defined and fairly successful party as early as 1925. In such an agency as the CIA, those charged with the evaluation and elimination of the vast amount of material that comes in can, in a measure, determine what the policy and attitude of government may be. An error of judgment as to data down the line can have historic significance a decade later.

Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia describes the American bureaucracy as operating ". . . through governmental structures in upwards of 100,000 local districts, 17,000 cities, 3,000 counties, and 48 states, and through the vast Federal bureaucracy. ." He says that the ". . . reported direct civilian employment by all the governments totals 6.9 million, or more than one in every 25 persons. . ." He further states that the federal government is engaged in 1,400 budgeted projects and programs ". . . into which federal funds are pumped through most of the 2,800 treasury accounts."

Senator Byrd makes the point: "All governments in the United States annually are collecting revenue totaling $85 billion; spending more than $100 billion; running deficits of more than $15 billion; and, at present, operating under a public debt burden of more than $300 billion.

"As compared with 25 years ago they have increased revenue collections 700 per cent, expenditures 900 per cent, deficits 1,400 per cent, and public debt 900 per cent."

What we have to face is that whereas the Republicans in the 1952 campaign promised to reduce the bureaucracy, to cut the cost of government and to lessen taxes, very little that really matters has been accomplished in this direction. The assumption must be that little will be done until another election is fought out on the question of economy in government. Maybe that will never happen and the habit of bureaucratic government will become fixed. Too many Americans are developing a vested interest in government jobs.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Titus 2:2-8

It is reasonable to assume that older folks should be examples to young people. Paul therefore addresses the older men first, exhorting them to be temperate, serious, sensible, sound in faith, love and steadfastness. The older women, he suggests, should be reverent in behaviour, no slanders (the Greek word is 'devils', for the word devil, diabolos in Greek, means a slanderer), no slaves to drink, but to teach what is good, and to train young women to love their husbands and children. It is interesting to note that Paul does not ask Titus himself to teach and to train the young women, but to askt he older women to do so. They are to train them to be sensible, chaste, domestic, kind, and submissive to their husbands, that the Word of God may not be discredited. But Titus was to address himself directly to the young men, urging them to be sober-minded and to control themselves. Titus was himself to be a model of good deeds in all respects, and in his teaching to use sound speech that cannot be censured, so that an opponent may be put to shame, having nothing evil to say of us.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of June 12, 1929, a Wednesday.

Last night the Bethlehem Monarch Club observed "Father-Son" night, the members had as their guests their fathers or sons. Rev. A. H. Schuler gave the principal address.

Col. C. J. Smith was unanimously elected president of the Rotary Club by the board of directors yesterday in a meeting at the Americus.

The 25th annual commencement of the Allentown Preparatory School was held yesterday in the school's chapel. The 74 graduates heard an address by Dr. Wilmer Krusen, president of the Philadelphia School of Pharmacy.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An Ozark Mountaineer told Robert Q. Lewis that his daughter had just humiliated him in the eyes of his kinfolk and neighbors by eloping with a man twice her age. "If the bridegroom isn't too old," said Lewis consolingly, "things may work out all right yet. How old did you say he was?" "Twelve!" spat out the Ozarkian angrily.

The distinguished Chinese philosopher, Lin Yutang, declares that "You have really learned to live when you enjoy spending a perfectly useless afternoon in a perfectly useless manner."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERNARRA K'HALTA: Ich denk ow'r wos, 'm Dunnershdawg owet sin 'n lot ferlorna socha ons dawgs-licht kumma im Laurys Grange hall. 'S wor "Weisser Elefont" owet wie die Verna Frantz, lecturer fon da grange g'sawt hut, un yaders hut ebbes bringa solla os es nimmy howwa hut wolla — ebbes fer ebber shunshd aw hanka un selwar ebbes shunshd tzurick griega os 'n onners nimmy gawolt 'hut. 'S wor 'n lot g'shpass, ow'r die graish'd g'shpass fon ol is kumma noch 'm "Weissa Elefont" — wie die Verna die gleader fon da grange g'sawt hut, "Fodder's Dawg" wear shier gore doh, un sie het ebbes fer yader fodder on da Grange fersommling.

Yusht kartz eb die grange meeting tzu arder garufa is werra beim Ernest Remaley, master fon da grange, hut der Jay Claude Frantz fon Egypt — yusht tzwae dierra weck fom wertshous, uns fertzailt 's wear ebbes g'shaina dahame os er net fershtae kent — sei watch wear fert. Er hut g'sawt er dade die watch yusht noh drawga om ohr'm, Sundawgs, un won er shpotzierra gang'd darrich die woch. Onnerra tzeita het er die watch immer dahame in da bedshtub leia bei seim finger ring, un woh 'n lot mainer wert wear os wie die watch. Wie er ow'r kumma wear fer sei watch, wear der ring darta gawest on seim gawainlicha blotz, ow'r die watch het g'fail'd un des kent er gore net fershtaoe. Shpaiter im owet hut 'm Jay Claude sei fraw die Carrie g'sawt, er wear noch owets im gonsa hous rum die dierra un fenshterra shleesa — wear so gore in der kaller fer die ousawenich kaller dier shleesa so os neimond nei kent won sie fert weara.

Wel, aenich waig, yader fodder on da grange, hut 'n bind'l grick'd, un woh ebbes drin wor fon em seina aigna socha — ungfare so os wie 'm Jay Claude sei watch. Yar bei jupps won der Jay Claude sei watch net tzurick grick'd hut, un die kotz wor ous 'm sock, wunnerra woh die watch onna kumma wear. Der Stirling Frantz hut 'n paar shoe grick'd woh er owets 's gons hous ous g'such'd hut kot fer sie aw duh noch da grange, un der Os Yehl hut 'n alt bocka buch grick'd mit nix drin, grawd wie ers paar dawg dafor g'funna hut kot. Der Leslie Remaley fon Rising Sun, un der Leslie Peters fon Laurys hen yaders 'n necktie grick'd os aw ihra aignes wor, ow'r sis ihra darta mit gonga wie uns mit da fill-fedder.

Die Verna Frantz un ihra dochter "Ginnie," Boyer fon Nei Yarrick worra owets dafor on unser'm Fegelskoshda ous uf dumhata, un woh m'r nix gawist hen dafon. M'r hen on da tzeit tzwae fill-fedderra im ruck sock kotta —unser aller beshdie fedder un woh ken drei cent nutz is fer schreiva, un 'n gons wolflie fedder, woh m'r net gute drunner sei kenta. Aenicha waig, wos sotta mier tzurick griega on da Laurys grange fersommling, os wie unser aller beshdie fedder. Unser Katerinah hut sie da Verna owets gewwa, un die weil os m'r sie bol nee net yusa, hen m'r 's net gawist os sie fert wor, un so is es aw da tzwae Leslies' gonga mit ihra neckties. Yaderer hut 'n hem aw kot mit ma uffna kollar — hemmer woh m'r net bodder'd mit neckties. Der Hiram Frantz hut 'n glae ketta waisa tzurick grick'd fer sei tie om blotz halta, ow'r hut aw 'n hem aw kotta mit ma waicha kollar, un hut nix gadenk's dafon, wie sei glainer boo kumma is wie er om aw duh wor, un der glae hut g'sawt, er sot sei aller beshd hem aw duh.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Leit drous im lond woh granges sin, wissa gore net wos fer guta tzeita os sie ferseima, net tzu da grange kairra.

Die koshda sin glae, un niemond wase wos fer g'shpichta os es 's nagshd gebt — un aw die guta programs woh sie hen on yaderra meeting — won m'r alsa mohl aw fernarra k'halta wert.

S. PENNSYLVANISCH DEITSCH ECK

DEVOTED TO THE LITERATURE, LORE AND HISTORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

PRESTON A. BARBA, EDITOR

The Pennsylvania German Contribution to the American Vocabulary

By PAUL SCHACH

ALTHOUGH the influence of English on the Pennsylvania-German dialect has been frequently (albeit not always accurately) commented on, the contribution of the Pennsylvania Germans to the vocabulary of American English has until quite recently not received the attention it deserves. The amount of space devoted to words of Pennsylvania-German origin in three scholarly works on American English published within the last few years, however, indicates an increasing awareness of the significance of this contribution. **Supplement II** to the fourth edition of H. L. Mencken's well-known book **The American Language** (New York, 1948), lists a considerable number of borrowings from Pennsylvania German, some of which were supplied by my good friend Professor F. W. Gingrich of Albright College. Professor Hans Kurath's stimulating and informative survey **A Word Geography of the Eastern United States** (University of Michigan Press, 1949) also contains quite a few regionalisms which are familiar to residents of Berks County and adjacent areas. By far the most fascinating and fruitful source of information on this problem, however, is **A Dictionary of Americanisms on Historical Principles** (University of Chicago Press, 1951), edited by Dr. Mitford M. Mathews. In this dictionary we find not merely definitions and etymologies for each entry of non-English origin, but also copious quotations illustrating the use of the word from its earliest known written occurrence. To Dr. Mathews I am indebted for some of the illustrations as well as for much of the word material used in this article.

In the narrower sense, the term Pennsylvania-German designates the dialect, predominantly Palatinate in its chief linguistic features, which is still spoken by about three quarters of a million persons in eastern Pennsylvania, in parts of Ontario, and in small speech islands throughout the Midwest. Most of the terms discussed here are borrowings or adaptations from this dialect. It must be kept in mind, however, that the Germans in Pennsylvania retained Standard German as a written language until well past the middle of the nineteenth century. Consequently we shall have to consider also the words derived from their written language if we hope to gain an adequate appreciation of the extent of their contribution to American English.

Probably the most famous contribution of this kind is the title **The Father of His Country,** which was bestowed upon George Washington by Francis Bailey. On the cover of his **Nord-Amerikanischer Kalender** for the year 1779 (published in Lancaster, Pa.,) there was a flying Fame with a medallion of Washington. Sounding from her trumpet were the words "Des Landes Vater." But while Bailey's use of this title is in all probability the immediate source of the English term, he can scarcely be credited with having originated it; for since the word **Landesvater** at that time was the common designation for a ruler or sovereign, it was the natural and proper title for the man who, even before his election to the presidency, was regarded by many as their military and political leader.

Religious Terminology

In view of the fact that so many German-speaking immigrants came to Pennsylvania in search of religious freedom, we are not surprised to find a strong degree of German and Pennsylvania-German influence among denominational names. Such words as **Amish, Moravian, Mennonite** (with its variant forms of **Mennist** and **Mennonist**) clearly reflect this influence. From the time the **Church of the Brethren** was founded in 1708 at Schwarzenau, Germany, the members of this church body have referred to each other as **Brueder.** The earliest recorded use of the English equivalent **Brethren** occurs in 1822 in the **Annals of the Seventeenth Congress** (I Sess. I. 230. It is specifically stated here that the Brethren then "began to be known" by that name. **Dunker,** the widely-used nickname of this denomination, is a Pennsylvania-German loan word. Originally a term of contempt, **Dunker** (which means literally 'dipper,' in reference to the practise of trine immersion) seems to have lost its earlier derisive connotation. **Dunkard,** which Lambert lists in his well-known Pennsylvania-German dictionary as the "English" meaning of the dialect word, is merely a distortion of **Dunker.** Other nicknames which were formerly used in reference to this denomination are **Tunker** (the Standard German equivalent of **Dunker**), **Taufer** (from German **Taeufer,** 'baptizer') and **Dumpler.** This word seems to be the Pennsylvania-German form of Low German **Dompelaar** or **Dompelaer,** which was used as early as 1719 in Germany by state and church officials to designate the Brethren in Creyfeld.

Of the denominations which were founded by the Germans in Pennsylvania, the largest is the **Evangelical United Brethren Church,** which today has a membership of almost 800,000 in America and of about 80,000 in Germany, Switzerland and Alsace. Here we can merely sketch the complicated history of this denominational name. Prior to their merger in 1946, the **Church of the United Brethren in Christ** and the **Evangelical Church** were independent church bodies. Traditionally the name of the former dates from the first meeting of its founders, Philip Wilhelm Otterbein and Martin Boehm at a **Grosse Versammlung** held at Long's Farm in Lancaster County some time in 1766-68. Otterbein was a learned German theologian, who had come to America as a missionary of the German Reformed Church. Deeply moved by the fervent preaching of Boehm, an uneducated Mennonite, Otterbein embraced him with the exclamation **"Wir sind Brueder!"** In order to distinguish themselves from the many other varieties of Brethren groups which then existed or were arising during that time of religious ferment in Pennsylvania, the followers of Otterbein and Boehm called themselves **Vereinigte Brueder.** But this did not suffice, since the Moravians (**Unitas Fratrum**) were also known as **United Brethren.** Finally the name **Die Gemeinschaft der Vereinigten Brueder in Christo,** 'The Association of the United Brethren in Christ,' was agreed upon. The official name of this church body before 1946 is thus a literal translation from the German, with the substitution of the word 'Church' for 'Association.'

Shortly after it was founded by Jacob Albrecht in 1800, the **Evangelical Church** was given the name **Evangelische Gemeinschaft,** which has been retained by the European branch of this church, organized in 1850. As English gradually replaced German in this denomination, the original German name, also had to give way to the translated form **Evangelical Association,** which in time was changed to **Evangelical Church.** It is interesting to note that the nickname **Strawweler,** which is sometimes used in referring humorously or contemptuously to the Evangelicals, is also current in the Saar as a nickname for the Anabaptists. The basic meaning of the verb **strawwele,** from which this noun is derived, is 'to kick and struggle.' In Alsace and Lorraine it has the additional meaning 'to behave in a confused or rash manner,' while in the Palatinate it is more often used to describe a confused and overhasty way of speaking. It is not difficult to see how this rather inelegant but not altogether inappropriate appellative came to be applied to a group of people filled with (and sometimes overcome by) religious zeal and enthusiasm.

The name of the **Seventh-Day German Baptists,** the sect which seceded from the **Brethren** and built the Ephrata cloisters, is also an adaptation from the German. While the earliest use of the English title recorded in the **Dictionary of Americanisms** is from the year 1867, Conrad Weiser used the term **Siebentaeger** as early as 1752 in a letter to Count von Zinzendorf.

Because of consideration of space, the fascinating problem of personal and place names of German and PaG origin cannot be discussed in this article. It should be pointed out in passing, however, that names of newspapers and journals often reflect German influence. The Reading **Adler,** for instance, was founded in 1796, while the **Eagle** did not come into existence until 1869, almost a century later. **Der Christliche Botschafter** likewise antedated the **Evangelical Messenger** by several decades. Similar examples could be cited for other communities and denominations of German background.

Food Terminology

Since the excellence of the Pennsylvania-German cuisine has become almost legendary, we would expect at least some food names to be adopted along with the dishes themselves. Among those listed in the **Dictionary of Americanisms** we find **Apee (cake), paanhaas, schnitz** (with its compound **schnitz und gnepp** and **schnitz pie), smearcase** and **speck** (along with **speck and beans** and **sauerkraut and speck**). All of these words deserve at least brief comment.

The word **apee cake** is a partial translation of Pennsylvania-German **eepikuche,** which in turn is derived from French **pain d'epice.** The French word, which means literally 'spice bread' or 'spice loaf,' is generally explained as 'gingerbread' in bilingual dictionaries. Actually, however, this word denotes a popular honey-flavored cake for which Dijon is as famous as Nurnberg is for **Lebkuchen.** Lambert lists only the form **eepies** (with correct etymology) in the sense of 'cooky, Christmas cooky (frequently cut in the shape of animals)'. How did this French word get to Pennsylvania via Germany? Unable to find the word in any German dialect dictionary, I recently wrote to Professor Walter Mitzka of the University of Marburg for information. Professor Mitzka, director of the **Deutscher Sprachatlas** and the editor of the **Zeitschrift fuer Mundartforschung,** forwarded my request to Professor Ernst Christmann of Kaiserslautern, who is one of the greatest living experts on the Palatine dialects. Professor Christmann assured me that the word **eepikuche** is not known in the Palatinate, and requested information regarding its appearance and manner of preparation. The French origin of the word plus its present geographic spread permit one to hazard the guess that the word was brought to America by the German-speaking Huguenots; for while **eepikuche** and its English form **apee cake** are current in and around the Oley Valley, they seem to be virtually unknown in the western part of the Pennsylvania-German area. Indeed, these dry breakfast cakes similar to shoefly cakes are there called **Dutch Cakes.** It might be added here that popular etymology has connected this French-German-American word with **A. P. (Ann Page) cakes!**

Although still in use as far west as Ohio (cf. Kurath, p. 32) the much-discussed word **pannhaas** seems to be losing ground in the competition with **scrapple.** This may be due at least in part to the fact that the English term is so frequently seen in advertisements of this delectable dish.

A schnitz (or snitz) is, of course, a slice of dried fruit (usually dried apple unless otherwise specified). Out of deference to friends and relatives who relish the dish more than I, I shall not comment on **schnitz und gnepp** (dried apples and dumplings boiled with ham). **Schnitz pie,** on the other hand, is quite as nourishing, but less jarring to the gustatory sense. **Schnutz,** a variant of **schnitz** (not listed in the **Dictionary** of Americanisms), also refers to sections of fresh fruit. A section of orange, for example, is commonly called an **orange schnutz.**

In marked contrast to the sad fate of **pannhass** and especially of **apee cake,** which has remained restricted to a very small area in spite of its colorful and somewhat questionable international background, the lowly word **Schmierkees** has spread far beyond its original Pennsylvania-German homeland. In the anglicised form **smearcase,** as Professor Kurath has pointed out, it has become a general designation for cottage cheese not only throughout the state of Pennsylvania, but also in all of Delaware and Maryland and in parts of Virginia and West Virginia. It is also current in a large area of Ontario, as well as in numerous communities in the Midwest. It might be added that Professor Kurath has also recorded the rather unappetizing loan translation **smear cheese.**

Speck has a much finer pedigree than many persons realize. With the possible exception of Gothic, it existed in all the older Germanic tongues including Old English, where it appeared in the form **spic.** Following the unfortunate incident of 1066 (sometimes called the Norman Conquest), **spic** was replaced in English by the more genteel French word **bacon** (which, however, came originally from Old High German). Thus the Pennsylvania Germans, by contributing **Speck** to the vocabulary of American English, have merely restored this word to its rightful place in the language after an absence of several centuries.

To be concluded

DIE GROOSSVADDERS UHR

Do schteh ich hie bei Daag un Nacht—
Vun mir nemm Beischpiel un nemm acht!
Wie ich dich dien, so dien aa du
Dei liewer Gott bis in die Ruh.

Ich bin schunn alt! Mei Gsicht weist's ganz,
'S iss abgebleecht in Farb un Glans;
Fer'n hunnert Yaahr un deel dezu
Halt ich die Zeit, froog net fer Luh.

Ich schteh im Eck un kumm net weit,
Doch bin am Geh, geb dir die Zeit;
So wie mei Gsicht dir weist die Schtunn,
So duh du gleich wie Zeit geht rum;
Un sei gedrei wie ich do waar
Im lange Laaf—en hunnert Yaahr!

—D. GEO. KNECHT

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Editorials

Fit Punishment

Four Coplay boys who tossed the contents of a couple of bottles of ink against the stucco wall of a garage in that town probably had an hilarious time during the episode. But they are not having so hilarious a time removing the spatter, in accord with the imposition of a Solomon-like sentence by the town's police chief, Alexander Corsak. The chief decided that proper amends could be made only if the spots and stains were moved. So, far into the evening of Wednesday, the boys toiled and scrubbed. At latest report the job still was incomplete and neither property owner nor the chief of police was satisfied The chief has demanded that the wall of the garage be made as clean and white as it was before the boys engaged in their "fun." A quite reasonable demand.

Fitting the punishment to the offense is a policy that well might be adopted toward all vandals, young or old.

The person who deliberately breaks window panes, whether in occupied or idle dwellings or factory buildings, cannot be taught the lesson of property rights adequately thru paying the few dollars that window panes, putty and points will cost. They should know the labors and vexations that attend the removals of sashes from their frames, then the removal of jagged pieces of glass and hardened putty and finally the toil in fitting and glazing the windows and return to their original position. They would also learn that other costly work is likely to be incurred in this operation in the shape of repairs to woodwork and repainting of damaged casements. It is pretty safe to say that any vandal who would be required to go thru such a job and keep at it until it had been done perfectly never again would deliberately smash windows.

The same principle is involved in the vandalism in Coplay where a clean, white wall was spattered with ink. Unless the boys clean up the mess the chief is promising to turn them over to the juvenile court.

The lesson which is being taught up the valley may well be borne in mind by any reckless persons, young or old, who may go rampaging during the idle summer days and evenings. It is at this season of the year that all too often there is destruction of public property on the parks and playgrounds of this area. There have been many instances where young trees were broken off and virtually destroyed. Or branches have been broken and the shape of the tree has been made ugly. Or windows in bathhouses have been broken and broken glass thrown into swimming pools and bathing beaches by persons with a depraved sense of fun.

The police, especially those delegated appointed for park service, should strive diligently to keep those areas safe for the decent and respectable users and preserve trees and shrubbery which have been planted with care and have been cared for in the interest of all the people.

The severest punishment should be dealt to the very first vandals who are captured by the police. The punishment should fit the offense and it can be said that any young ruffian who is required to remove glass from a pool and keep at the job until the last fragment has been removed will never again risk such penalty for a brief moment of "fun." No one who might be required to remove the remnants of a damaged tree and then procure and laboriously plant a new one will be likely ever again to yield to atavistic urge and swing upon a tree like the monkeys.

A very great advance will be made in the civilization of our generation if sound knowledge and appreciation of property rights be achieved by both young and old. It is to be hoped it can be attained without punitive measures but thru the exercise of sound common sense.

A Comic Opera War?

War in Guatemala appears to have broken out yesterday with the invasion of that Central American republic by a still unidentified army. Presumably it is headed by former Guatemalans who have been political exiles and wish to return home and take control. With them seem to be quite a host of mercenary soldiers of fortune who, finding nothing else to do in Cuba, Santo Domingo and Honduras, have joined the adventure.

The entire action which should be disposed of by police unless they and the small military force of the country are sympathetic with the invaders, will remind the world of the many opera bouffe revolutions in South American countries particularly in decades before World War I. Such writers as O. Henry, Richard Harding Davis and others revelled in them while they created the opportunities for the development of an entire school of war correspondents who later were destined to shine amid greater galaxies of writers in wars of vast import and almost worldwide scope.

Earliest reports are not too alarming about the seriousness of the action. Still a military action anywhere in the world today is a spark. A spark may start a great fire. A great fire may spread in our direction and since the blaze in Korea is still a banked fire and since the action in Indochina is still far from resolved and may become violent at any moment there will be deep concern about this fire, even if a tiny one, in what veritably is our own back yard.

It may provide a situation more difficult diplomatically than as to its military effects. The Guatemalan government is either Communistic or inclined in that direction. It is contrary to our diplomatic policy to encourage the overthrow of any established government. It is contrary to membership in the United Nations for any countries such as Honduras and Nicaragua to take any steps constituting aggression against their neighbor or, on the part of the United States to give any aid and comfort to aggressors.

We are in the position of condemning Russia for formenting and encouraging agressors in Korea, Indochina and other countries. We cannot take a comparable stand with respect to Guatemala. There must be a hands off policy.

Germans Remember

Thursday was the first anniversary of the ill-fated uprising of East Germans against their Communist masters and there was considerable observance of an event that seems to have aroused Germany as no other event since the war has been able to do.

While the uprising failed in its principal objectives, it left a deep impression upon the German people. Like an enraged, caged animal much of the East German population snapped and struck at their keepers. Being possessed of the sole weapons of real power—rifles, tanks and artillery—the keepers put them down. Many hundreds of Germans were killed and wounded. Thousands were imprisoned. Thousands disappeared and have not been heard from since.

The amazing thing about the uprising seems to have been its spontaneity. There was no leadership and no apparent plans. It was simply a sudden, impassioned outburst of German hatred for the conqueror. It was so surprising and so strong that it threw the Reds off balance for days. But ultimately the man with the gun won over the man with the rock.

It was a conflict as hopeless as the cave man would have if he were to return to earth and try to deal with enemies in tanks, possessed of rifles able to kill at several miles and artillery blasting objects fifteen miles away and bombs dropped from planes concealed in the clouds miles above the earth.

It was a bitter defeat for the unarmed German people. But they have not forgotten it. Nor do they seem to have forgotten that while defeated, it was an evidence of the power that still resides in them and may be able some other day to evidence itself with success.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Today I received a letter from a leprechaun.

You may remember that I told you some time ago that I discovered a Kalpa-Tarou tree, which stands in my garden and gives me ideas whenever I need them. (Some folks call it the IMAGINATION tree).

I never knew that a leprechaun lived in my tree, and particularly did I not know that it is a female leprechaun, when I always thought that all leprechauns are males.

You, who are from Ireland, probably know that the leprechaun is a little man, coming up to about your knees, who when he does not make shoes for you and all others who are kind to him, assists you in many other ways.

But this leprechaun who wrote me is a female one, who signs herself only "CHECHEE." She must live in that Kalpa-Tarou tree right out in my yard, because the letter is postmarked "Georgetown," which is the name of our own postoffice—and that certainly is proof enough.

Here is her letter:

"Did I ever hear of a Kalpa-Tarou tree . . . I will say and sure I have for I was born in one, many centuries ago . . .

"I now live in that tree right opposite your study window . . . you can't see me, because I only come out when the moon is full . . . when it is so bright it makes the earth shine like silver and on all the branches of the trees little diamonds glow. Did you know that I am the one who has cared for your Kalpa-Tarou tree, tended it with loving care so that all the fruit is sweet to feast your heart upon?

"Do you know how I can do all this: Because I AM a leprechaun. Sometimes I'm small, sometimes I'm large, whichever size suits me at the time. I've often sat under the tree opposite your study window, with my roving eye on you, wondering whether you appreciated all I had done for you . . . but now I know.

"The reason I know is that one day while riding a bus on the shoulder of a passenger (who needed my cheerful guidance after a long, arduous day) I read your column about the Kalpa-Tarou tree. I was delighted to learn that much of the charm of that tree has rubbed off on you . . .however, will you forgive me if I say not quite all?

"The one thing which saddens me is I am surprised you have not learned that money branches cannot ever be grafted on the imagination tree! There wouldn't be any space, for the branches are made of love; kindness; tolerance; consideration - and the fruit of these are joy; happiness, gaiety and laughter.

"This money that you humans use, in my opinion (and of course please bear in mind that I'm only a wee leprechaun), would only be a blight upon the Kalpa-Tarou tree.

"May I gently suggest that some night when the moon is bright, you walk into your lovely garden and taste the fruit on the tip-top branch of the Kalpa-Tarou tree. Your heart shall happier be for your mind shall not need more money. And in the meantime, when I'm not dozing under the tree, I'll be dancing on the keys of your typewriter. . .please touch them gently . . . ever . . . ever so gently."

Horoscope

Tact and caution when dealing with older people or property, should see you safely through the next year. Artistic or literary talent may be looked for in the child born today.

Take It From Me, Kid—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Many Republican members of the Senate are very much disturbed over the action of one of their number, Sen. Flanders of Vermont, in introducing a resolution calling for the removal of Sen. McCarthy, Republican, from the chairmanship of the Committee on Government Operations unless he subjects himself to examination on his personal affairs and finances.

Everybody knows that a committee chairmanship is a matter for the Republican Policy Committee or party conference to take up, and it is most unusual for any senator to ignore his own party and start a controversy on his own involving the retention or selection of a committee chairman. Sen. Flanders never consulted the party leaders about it, though the issue, if pressed, would block the whole legislative program of the Republican administration at this session of Congress.

Everybody knows that, despite all the talk about how the Republican party has allegedly been undermined by Sen. McCarthy, there is no more effective way to embarrass and undermine the Republican party than to raise an issue which can only be decided by votes of the Democratic party in the Senate, which obviously would wish to take advantage of the controversy to further its own political objectives.

What is most disconcerting to leading Republicans, however, is that, although Sen. Flanders comes from a school of thought which has been arguing that no man should be punished for his views or his opinions and that no man should be tried except by due process of law and in accordance with the bill of rights, the charges now leveled against the Wisconsin senator for public trial by the Senate itself are those which only the law enforcement agency of the executive branch is empowered to try. Only last October, Atty. Gen. Brownell wrote to Sen. Jenner, Republican, chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, that the report of the committee headed by Sen. Hennings, (D.-Mo.) concerning Senator McCarthy's personal affairs "has been carefully reviewed by the criminal division of the Department of Justice as to possible offenses within the department's jurisdiction' and that "the report fails to show the commission of any such offenses." Mr. Brownell added that "the Department of Justice does not intend to present any of the matters touched on in the report to a grand jury or to undertake further investigation thereof" .

As for income-tax charges, still technically under investigation, everybody knows that, if the Truman administration's Bureau of Internal Revenue could have found a basis for prosecution, it would have done so.

But, with all the pious talk about how congressional committees shouldn't try criminal cases and how prosecution is solely a function of other parts of the government, the resolution of Sen. Flanders which would coerce Sen. McCarthy into answering questions about his personal affairs under threat of a loss of his committee chairmanship is a step unprecedented in legislative history.

Leading Republicans are criticizing Sen. Flanders for playing the game of the Democrats in trying to start another television-show hearing even before the other one had been concluded. It is certainly unnatural for the dignified Vermont senator to walk before the television cameras and get publicity for his letter and resolution as he did the other day before releasing the letter. This might have been a McCarthy tactic, but few people expected it from the venerable senator from Vermont. That's why so many of the colleagues of Sen. Flanders—whose sincerity and integrity are unquestioned — are puzzled. They wonder who in the "left wing" or in the New Deal camp has been misleading him.

Proper Procedure

Most pointed of all, moreover is the comment that, if there were anything of substance in the charges against Sen. McCarthy concerning his personal affairs, the proper procedure would have been to introduce a resolution for expulsion. For, if the charges are true, the Wisconsin senator should be punished far more than by the loss only of his committee chairmanship. A resolution to expel, however, requires a two-thirds vote, which it would never get in the present Senate, whereas a resolution to remove a chairman from a committee requires only a majority vote. To succeed, such a motion would need aid from Democratic senators .

That is why the leading Republicans are disturbed over the tactics of Sen Flanders and why, in view. of the innuendoes of a personal nature in the Vermont senator's recent speeches, they wonder if, after all the furor about "McCarthyism," some of the people on the opposing side now aren't adopting unwittingly the same sort of tactics which they have previously denounced .

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N WHOPPER: Wons mohl sei sot os ebber noch 'm Delaware gait fisha, un fong'd fish mit ra gart, reel, line un ongla im ingawei, sen so gute un lossa der Frank "Bicycle" Neff fon da Lechaw Farnace wissa dafonder "Bicycle" hut ol sellie socha ferlora nagshd on Raubsville, uns grabb'e 'n gahairich.

Der "Bicycle," un der Charlie "Harp" Schlosser, un 'm "Harp" sei boo der yung Charlie "Peppy" Schlosser, 'm "Bicycle" sei dochtermon, un 'm "Peppy" sei fier yairicher boo Roger, gaina bol alla woch noch 'm Delaware fisha un hen ebbes fon ma kontest om gae, sehna war der graish'd fish fong'd bis der summer rum is. Sie gaina gawainlich fer grossa karps, un so weit is der "Bicycle" farna draw mit tzwae os weit iwwer dreisich tzol 's shtick gamessa hen — un sel wor mit ous sie shtracka.

'S wor wenich iwwer 'n mohnet tzurick — der 16d Moy fers recht tzu sawga, os der "Bicycle" sei gons fisher waisa ferlora hut. Sie worra widder drunna on ihr'm gawainlicha blotz fisha, nagshd on Raubsville, un die socha worra wie sie oft mohls sin iwwer 'm fisha — 's hut nix gabissa wie die eemansa un mushkeeters. Der "Bicycle" hut sei line drous im wosser kot, un uf da gart k'huck'd so won er ei shlofa dade, os er wocker werra maich'd won ebbes tzuppa dade.

Wie tzu long nix gatzupt hut, is er uf g'shtonna un mohl der raver ufer nuf galoffa fer nous iwwer der Delaware gucka, sehna eb net ferleicht paar grossa fish aryads uf 'm wosser rum shwimma maichda. Ow'r er wor net may os wie drowwa in da hae, wie er sei reel hoerra hut singa — fisher reel hen selar gabrouch, sie brumma recht won 'n fish on die line kumt, un grick'd 'n noshion fer shpotzierra gae.

Der "Bicycle," hut ken tzwae mohl k'hoerich'd wos om aw gae wear — ae mohl der reel hoerra wor ganunk dawaig wie er g'sunga hut, fer 'm sawga os er 'n grosser fish awhanka het. Fon ebbes is er alla weil noch net gons shure — wie os er die bank runner kumma is. Alsa mohl maint er, er wear runner g'shprunga, un noh kumts 'm alsa mohl aw fohr, wie won er die bank nunner garoll'd wear wie 'n barl foss. Aenicha waig, yusht wie er shier gore die gart raicha hut kenna, is sie ob da line noh nous in der raver, un sel is es ledshd os der er aenich ebbes g'sehna hut fon seinra fisherrei.

'S aintsich'd os die fisher boova now ous mocha kenna is, os es so'n olmechdicher grosser fish wor, os er net yusht die ongle g'shluck'd hut, ow'r aw die gons line mit tzomta reel un gart. Der "Bicycle" hut wol noch 'n onnerrie gart un line bei sich kotta, un who der glae Roger 'm yoh awbafohla hut fer sich druf hucka — un aw hucka bleiva so os er sellie net aw noch ferlierra maich'd. Sei fisherrei woh er ferlora hut grabb'd 'n gahairich, un sin sure os er numma tzu froh wear won des woh mohl der gross fish fong'd os er awhanka hut kot — un won er ols noch sei gart, reel un line in sich hut — won er sei socha widder tzurick griega maich'd.

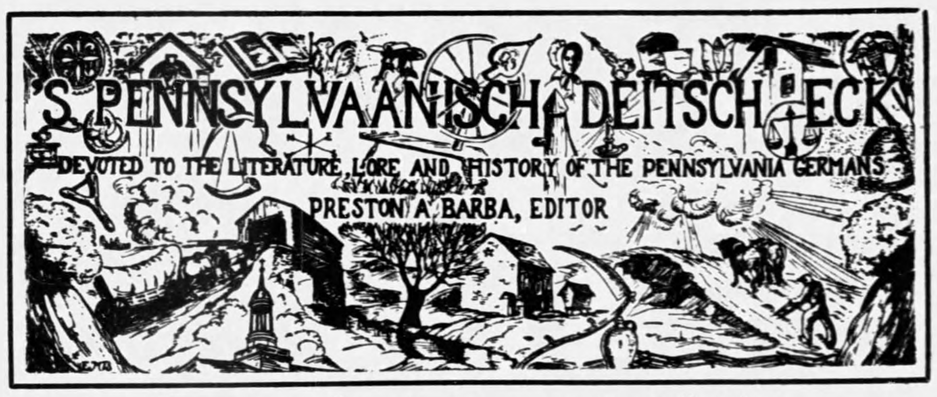
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r hoert so fiel fon leit os noch 'm Delaware gaina fisha fer karps un onnerra grossa fish, os es em alsa mohl wunnert war ehrlich, die lansghd un shwearshda fish darta fong'd — lossa mohl hoerra fon eich, ihr Delaware raver fisher leit.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Titus 3:8-15

As we today conclude the 'Pastoral Epistles' of Paul to his personal friends and converts, Timothy and Titus, we meet with the last of Paul's 'faithful sayings' in these letters; in this case referring to what he says in verses 4-7, that we are saved, not by any works of our own, but by the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ our Savior, by the operation of the Holy Spirit in our heart, justified by grace, and partakers of the glorious hope of eternal life. Who can be willing to refuse this? These things Titus is to teach and to preach as good and profitable to men. By the same token he is to avoid quibbling about useless and foolish questionings, about genealogies, contentions, and strivings about the law, as unprofitable and empty of meaning, v. 9. Heretics, who cause divisions in the Church, he is not to argue with nor to countenance. They are to be left to themselves after one or two warnings as self-condemned. A few personal notes follow, vs. 12-13, and then a final exhortation to good works, with the usual closing benediction: 'Grace be with you all.'



The Pennsylvania German Contribution to the American Vocabulary

By PAUL SCHACH

(Conclusion)

The Germans of Pennsylvania deserve at least a share of the credit for introducing the words **cruller, pretzel,** and **waffle** into English. Dr. Mathews derives **cruller** from Holland Dutch. In view of the fact that this kind of fried sweet cake is as popular in Southeastern Pennsylvania as it is in New York, it seems likely that the word and the object it designates were introduced in these two areas by the Dutch and the Germans independently. The geographic distribution of this word (see Kurath, Figure 14) tends to verify this assumption. **Pretzel or Bretzel** is, as Dr. Mathews states, a loanword from Standard German. But where can one find **good** pretzels in such variety and abundance as in Reading and Berks County? **Waffle,** of course, is of Dutch origin, and in the New York area represents a borrowing directly from Dutch. Since this word came into German at a very early date, it can probably be regarded as a German loanword in the Pennsylvania-German area. **Waffle** iron can then be considered to be a translation of both Dutch **wafelijzer** and of German **Waffeleisen.**

In this connection we might mention also the word **bake oven,** which may possibly have been translated independently from Dutch **bakoven** and from German **Backofen.** The fact that the first quotation in the **Dictionary** of **Americanisms** is from the **Maryland Gazette** (1787) lends support to the assumption of a German source of this word, since the "Pennsylvania" Germans in colonial times extended well into Maryland and Virginia. **Cannon stove,** too, is probably a translation from **Kanonenofen,** which was in use for at least a century in Germany before it first made its appearance in America around the middle of the eighteenth century. Since the Pennsylvania Germans have long been famous for their stoves, it is not unlikely that other stove names stem from either their written or spoken language.

Among the more common food names peculiar to this area not listed in the **Dictionary** of **Americanisms** we find **fat cake** and **faasnacht,** both designations for the raised doughnut. The first is a translation of Pennsylvania-German **Fettkuche (G. Fettkuchen);** the second, especially popular around Reading, is an abbreviated form of Pennsylvania German **Faasnachtkuche (G. Fastnachtskuchen),** so called from the custom of eating doughnuts on Shrove Tuesday. In parts of Berks County a layer cake is called a **high cake** in English and a **Hochkuche** in the dialect. Which came first is not readily discernible. Throughout the PaG area curdled milk is called **thick milk,** a translation of **dicki Millich (G. dicke Milch).** The loanword **kuddelfleck** is used in some localities as a designation for tripe. **Salad,** which is the common appellation for garden greens south of the Mason and Dixon line, here denotes lettuce through the influence of PaG **Salaat** (German **Salat**). Accordingly garden lettuce and head lettuce are here generally called **garden salad** and **head salad,** translations of **Gaardesalaat** and **Koppsalaat. Riwwel soup** is precisely what its name states: a soup made of **riwwels.** These are small lumps of dough which are rubbed in the hands; hence the name, since **riwwele** is a diminutive of **reiwe (G. reiben),** 'to rub.' **Riwwel cakes** have sweetened **riwwels** as a covering. **Schleck** as a designation for sweets seems to be a household word in many German-American families. And finally, the word **piece** is used quite generally in referring to a between-meals **'snack.'** A morning lunch served in the fields during harvest or haying time is called in Pennsylvania German a **Neinuhrstick,** 'nine-o-clock-piece.' From this loanword was derived the verb **to piece** in the sense of 'to snack.' This in turn was re-borrowed by the dialect in the form **piesse,** 'to snack.'

Miscellaneous Borrowings

Sometimes users of PaG loanwords who do not know their background try so hard to make these words meaningful that they distort them almost beyond recognition. Who, for example, would recognize the word **warmus** as a popular etymology of PaG **Wammes,** 'jumper, jacket'? While the word occurs in the German form in the **Lancaster Intelligencer** (Nov. 12, 1805) and in Everett N. Dick's recent novel **The Dixie Frontier** (New York, 1948, p. 297), the "English" form is used in the **Southern Literary Messenger** for the year 1841 (VII, 525/1) and in Henry Howe's **Historical Collections of Ohio** (Cincinnati, 1847, p. 254). The process of etymologizing is strikingly illustrated by the following quotation from Edward Eggelston's **The End of the World** (New York, 1872, p. 40):

> Instead of a coat he wore that unique garment of linsey-woolsey known in the West as wa-mus (warm us?), a sort of over-shirt.

The two PaG loanwords which seem to have gained the widest currency outside of their original homeland are **hex** and **dunk.** The former has become especially popular with sports writers. Scarcely a week goes by that one does not see such headlines as "Bums Hex Chumps" or "Lions Retain Hex over Eagles." In part, at least, the amazing spread of this word can be explained by the interest in the so-called "hex-marks" on PaG barns and by occasional, somewhat lurid newspaper stories about "hex-doctors." The mere title of such a book as Ann Hark's **Hex Marks the Spot** (New York, 1938) would suffice to impress the word strongly upon the public mind. How firmly entrenched **hex** has become in the American language is demonstrated by the fact that the **Dictionary** of **Americanisms** devotes almost one entire column to it and its derivatives **hexer, hexerei,** and **verhext. Dunk** also has become naturalized. It appears frequently in national journals and in advertisements for baked goods and beverages. Indeed, the manufacturers of a certain well-known fountain pen recently made the claim that they have succeeded in eliminating "dunk filling."

Less fortunate are **putz, rutschi, and brummer,** which have remained localisms in spite of all attempts to popularize them. **Putz** is largely restricted to the Allentown-Bethlehem area, although it is occasionally heard elsewhere. Even though it has appeared regularly in the local newspapers for years, the noun **rutschi** seems to be confined almost completely to Reading, where it is the common designation for a sledding place. The related verb **rutsch,** 'to slide, squirm', on the other hand, is very widespread. And **brummer** as a designation for a factory whistle, especially of the fog-horn type, never quite made the grade in spite of the fact that it appeared in the **Lebanon News** on Jan. 20, 1898, in an article that was reprinted in the **Congressional Record** the same year (Feb. 1506/1).

Of the many animal names borrowed from Pennsylvania German, the following are typical: **biepi or piepi,** 'small chicken'; **hammi,** 'calf'; **hutschi,** 'colt'; **mulli,** 'tadpole'; **and wutzi,** 'young pig'. With the exception of **hutschi** and **mulli,** these words are used also as calls to the designated animals.

One of the most widespread and frequently heard PaG loanwords is **stenner,** which is used to designate a round metal or cardboard container. Thus one speaks of a **stenner** of lard or a **stenner** of ice cream. For years I derived a great deal of fiendish glee out of tricking students into using this word and then innocently asking them to spell it. Oddly enough, this extremely common loanword seems to have escaped the attention of all students of this problem, while **tutt,** 'paper bag,' which is much less frequently heard, turns up on almost all lists of "Pennsylvania-English" words. Incidentally, **tutt** usually rimes with **put,** not with **toot.**

The vocabulary of sports, as one would expect, reveals almost no German influeuce. The only PaG contribution of any importance that I can think of at the moment is **corner ball,** a translation of **Eckballe.** If this word, the name of a popular children's game, existed only in Pennsylvania German and in Standard German, one might suspect it of being a translation from the English. But since the noun and the corresponding verb **eckballe(n),** 'to play corner ball,' are current in the dialects of Alsace, the Palatinate and the Saar, it is quite obvious that the word is German and not English in origin.

The PaG dialect abounds in colorful descriptive adjectives and forceful verbs, many of which have crept into the English of this area. **Dappig, schusslich,** and **strubbly** seem somehow to have connotations which are lacking in the more insipid English equivalents 'awkward', 'clumsy', and 'unkempt'. A person who is **piensy** is not merely 'sickly' or 'ailing'.. It is much more soul-satisfying to **blotz** someone you dislike than merely to 'punch' or to 'poke' him. The verbs **brutz, grecks,** and **spritz** are inadequately rendered by 'sulk', 'grunt', and 'squirt'.

Like old soldiers and all other things transitory, words flourish for a season and then fade away. This has been the fate of the fascinating word **hay barrack.** Although still used in parts of New York (it is listed by both Kurath and Mathews), this term seems practically to have disappeared from active use in the PaG area. **Hay barrack,** or simply **barrack,** denotes a square haystack which is protected from rain and snow by a sliding roof. At first glance one might associate this word with PaG **Barrick (G. Berg),** 'mountain', since **Berg** is frequently used metaphorically to refer to piles or heaps of various kinds. Actually, however, the word means not 'mountain of hay' but 'protection for hay'. In New York **hay barrack** represents an adaptation of Dutch **hooiberg,** while in Pennsylvania it can be regarded as a partial translation of G. **Heuberge.**

Although I have absolutely no documentary evidence to support this assumption, I have a feeling that the second element of **Conestoga wagon** was originally **Wagen.** Since the Pennsylvania Germans built these sturdy wagons, which, incidentally, were sometimes called "Dutch wagons," it seems only fitting and proper, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, to credit them also with naming them.

A brief sketch like this can make no claim to an exhaustive treatment of the subject. The lists of words of various types could have been extended considerably, and in several instances more detailed etymologies could have been given. The chief purpose of this paper, however, was not to exhaust the subject, but rather to emphasize the significance and the extent of the contribution the Pennsylvania Germans have made to the American vocabulary. Some of the words, such as **apee cake,** have such fascinating international histories that I could not resist the temptation to discuss them in considerable detail. In the case of several other terms, thanks largely to the encyclopedic knowledge of Dr. Mathews, we were able to see how localisms and regionalisms like **hex, dunk,** and **wammes** creep into the written language and thus spread far beyond their original homeland.

Reprint from The Historical Review of Berks County.
By Courtesy of the Editor, Donald Radcliffe Shenton.

SEI ZUFRIDDE

Ich waar doyets mol drauss im Land—
Wie hibsch waar alles rum
Ich hab gedenkt, es iss en Schand,
Wie Schtadtleit sin so dumm.

Ich hab gedenkt, was geht verfehlt
Bei all de liewe Leit,
Wu alles iss so ausgedeelt
In Lewe, Blatz un Zeit.

Datt iss dann mol die gut frisch Luft,
Wie Wei drinkt mer sie ei;
Un uffem Graas der Maryeduft,
Wu glenst im Sunneschei.

Geruch vun Grund frisch uffgedreht—
Guck yuscht wie luck un schee!
Der Wind wu drauss der Weeze weht,
Wie Welle uffem See!

Die frische obscht, die sehnich drauss,
Net uffgedrickelt, welk;
Die Blumme iwwer Felder naus,
Die Kieh wu ich als melk.

Un oweds wann's mol duschber watt,
Wann Aerwet iss geduh,
Do iss ken Zucht die gans Nacht fatt,
Wu halt em vun der Ruh.

Schtatts Gricksel un der Hawwergees,
Die Niedieps un die Eil,
Die hen ihr Lied—'s iss schee, ich weess,
Die singen all die Weil.

Un Draam uff Aaggedeckel mied,
Die fallen sanft wie Daa,
Weil Freschlin singen Schlummerlied—
All des un viel meh aa.

Dann bleib zufridde, Bauersmann,
Uff deine Bauerei;
Die Schtadt hot nix es biede kann,
Des kann mer sehne glei.

In Summer schaffscht du hadder vleicht,
Doch hoscht du was defor;
Im Winter iss die Aerwet leicht
Un Sache sin net ror.

Drum saag ich widder, halt Geduld
Un sei ken Wunnernaas;
Schaffscht wie du witt un hoscht ken Schuld,
Un bischt dei eegner Baas.

15. April 1937 —RALPH S. FUNK.

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Editorials

A Sad, Sad Story

The blow has fallen and, as promised weeks ago, all mines in the Panther Valley are to be closed permanently in accord with decision reached by the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co. on Thursday.

For a long time the business people who direct and operate the mining business in that important anthracite area have said that financial losses were mounting and that increased production by the miners alone could save the industry whose competitive position in the field of fuels constantly has been deteriorating. A five-point program to increase production was offered with the promise to resume mining if the program were agreed upon. The alternative, which was announced at the same time, was an assurance to shut down the mines and dismiss their four thousand employes.

Plenty of time was given for complete and serious consideration of the businesslike proposal. The head of the miners, John L. Lewis, was completely informed as were other leaders. The large community in the Panther Valley, which is dependent upon the operation of the great industry, was eager that the five-point production program be given a try, at least. A considerable number (almost certainly a majority of the miners themselves) were ready to take a chance and make a test of the earnest proposal that had been made by the company's president.

However, uncompromising men flaunted the advice and even commands of their leaders, including that hardy old fighter in their interests all thru the years — John L. Lewis. They rejected public opinion. They defied the wishes of their brethren to go to work and obstructed that movement by establishing picket lines. They seemed to think that they could win an impossible battle by oldtime tactics, and they apparently have not changed their opinion that the ownership of the mines is simply bluffing. They refused to take the word of the president of the company as the word of a gentleman.

So the Sword of Damocles, which has been suspended over the heads of everybody in the lower anthracite region for several years and was getting closer day by day in recent months, has fallen.

Consternation and hardship will be experienced by the people of the Panther Valley just as these emotions are being experienced in many New England communities from which industries are being removed to southern states. The only difference in the situation will be the keen realization and regret later on that the blows could have been prevented, for a time at least, by giving a reasonable program a chance to prove itself or be discarded.

All over the country there has been a decrease in employment due to economic factors over which no one has control. But the Panther Valley's unemployment now must be chargeable to human factors which should have been kept in control and which Mr. Lewis and others sought to control.

As the saying is, the miners have asked for it and they have gotten unemployment. Thereby they have also created a situation which may rise to confound them as time goes on. Efforts to get other industry to locate in that area and avail itself of abundant labor supply very likely will meet with discouragement from capital.

Capital and management will be mighty chary about locating in an area that is dominated by, and has permitted itself to be intimidated and kept in line by a minority of willful, uncompromising men. Strangers to that area will think twice and oftener before they stick their heads into the lion's mouth.

It is a sad, sad story and one that only too easily could have been prevented. It is a story which, it seems, the majority of the miners themselves did not wish to be written.

Not Another Munich!!

Prime Minister Churchill and Foreign Secretary Eden have arrived in the United States for much-publicized conversations with President Eisenhower on matters in which Anglo-American interests have deep concern.

The American people should and never will forget Munich and what it has signified. They are properly afraid that the visit of the two top British statesmen is in very much the same mood that guided a British statesman, umbrella in hand, to the Bavarian beer capital back in 1938. That visit made the name Munich a byword and a synonym for appeasement.

Messrs Churchill and Eden, much as they are esteemed personally in this country, must not count too heavily upon their learning, their subtlety in statesmanship and their undoubted charm. If it be another Munich that is in their minds and proposals then they'd better be packing up and getting home in a hurry and determining not to come back.

All too many nations have been sold down the river to appease a succession of tyrants since the invasion of Manchuria by the Japs, Ethiopia by Mussolini, Sudetenland and Austria by Hitler and more recently China and Korea.

The American people do not want this nation to be one of poltroons and cowards. They will be keenly disappointed if that old bull-dog, that typical John Bull of our day — Sir Winston Churchill — comes here in an effort to induce America to yield even by so much as an inch to the widening sway of Communism in Asia, Europe, Africa and Central America.

The 1938 experience proved that a tryant grows by that upon which he feeds. The lesson of Munich will be repeated if there be any yielding anywhere along the line to the Reds.

Halt Resignations

The growing importance of the air arm of our military forces is reemphasized in the decision of the Federal government to build an Air Force Academy, a counterpart of Annapolis and West Point, at Colorado Springs.

Hitherto air officers have been trained at the two academies as well as upon a large number of flying fields. Rapidly however the Air Force has developed its personality and a determination to operate as a distinct unit, just as Army and Navy operate as distinct units.

However there will be some wonder as to the wisdom of training more and more men instead of making the armed services attractive enough to hold men after they have been trained.

Resignations from the ranks of commissioned officers in the armed services have reached alarming proportions. Young men barely get out of the academies before reaching the decision that private business and industry not only are more attractive but that it is necessary for them to get out if they want to live upon higher standards. The government is training an abundance of men but it is not holding them. And the defections are likely to increase as inflation decreases the purchasing power of military men's salaries while off piece by piece.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Have you ever stopped to think, in the process of living, what you are really living for?

Have you ever wondered what life really means? There must be more to life than mere existence.

It cannot possibly be, as the Communists preach, and as it says in some of their writings: I am fighting for wages. For pay. For a glass more of beer. For better cigars. For costlier clothes. To get rid of rags. Well, so I am. But only incidentally. I am really fighting for life.

If that were true, what would be the use of love, of hope, of charity, of religion?

If that were true, life would be something like the unknown dog who came to our house one night, knocked over the garbage can and filled his stomach with the offal.

If that were true we humans would be no more than the animals to whom we have never ascribed a soul, whose after-life we have never acknowledged and whose entire life on this earth, we have always maintained, is only a matter of instincts.

Leo Tolstoy, the Russian writer, with all the factual philosophy of the Russian, wrote "I spend my life thus: I eat, talk, and listen; I eat, write and read —that is, talk and listen again; I eat and play; I eat, talk and listen again; I eat and go to bed, and so on, day after day."

And that he calls life!

Life would, indeed, be hardly worth the living if all of it, or even a great part of it, were spent only in chasing after material things.

It is true, of course, that in the daily race for existence itself and for material comforts and economic betterment, little time is left for spiritual thoughts.

But let me tell you that the only kind of living worth while is a sensible mixture of materialism and spiritual seasoning.

A life without the spice of love, of hope, of charity and all the other condiments that make the human being distinct from the animal, certainly would not be worth even a five dollar tombstone.

A human being whose entire time was taken up by material things would have no rightful place in a cemetery of humans.

A newspaper reporter asked Bob Hope how he could possibly find time for six radio shows a week, one television show a month, for guest shows, tournaments and benefits and for all his other activities.

He replied "By sleeping four hours a night."

Wouldn't it be a good idea for all of us — since most of us cannot get along on four hours of sleep a night — to devote at least one hour a week to thinking?

We could think about what we have done for others this week. Or how many people we have hurt during the past seven days and how many we have helped.

We could think about the wonderful opportunities God has given us to be human, and how little or how much we have used these opportunities.

We could plan, as we think, how to utilize our time on this earth to better advantage than we have heretofore.

In other words, we could, at least one hour a week, live as human beings.

Free Ride on the Road to Crime



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Anthony Eden, the British foreign secretary, is a very adroit diplomat, but he should have read that book about "How to Win Friends and Influence People" before he made his speech Wednesday night in the House of Commons, on the eve of his conferences with President Eisenhower.

For if a single address ever alienated more persons in a single country—and particularly in a national legislature—than did Mr. Eden's address as it was read by most of the members of the Congress of the United States, no one has ever called attention to such a destructive utterance before.

Probably nobody will be more surprised than Mr. Eden to learn of this reaction. For the British leaders, like our own, usually have their eyes fixed on what their own constituency wants to hear and do not always take into account how their words might sound to persons overseas.

The difficulty is not personal—it is a matter of national differences. The sad truth is that the popular sentiment in Great Britain is against firmness in dealing with the Communists and now leans toward making a deal with Moscow despite the tragic record of violated pledges and non-cooperation which has characterized the Soviet policy since the close of World War II.

Tributes for Commies

It comes as a bit of a shock to the American sense of morality, if not to the principle of consistency in international affairs, to read such glowing tributes rendered by Mr. Eden to Chou En-lai, the Premier of Red China, and Foreign Minister Molotov of Soviet Russia on their work at the Geneva conference, and to note the studied omission of any reference to the U.S. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, who spent a considerable time with the British foreign secretary in the opening days of the conference trying to impress upon him the American viewpoint.

Also, it is depressing to find the foreign secretary brushing off altogether any mention of the terrible crime of the Red China government in committing a flagrant act of aggression in Korea, which was condemned by a formal resolution of the United Nations.

What Mr. Eden has forgotten is that an idealistic nation, known as the United States of America, sent its troops more than 5,000 miles to a distant battlefield in Korea, suffered casualties of more than 140,000 and is technically at war today with the Red Chinese aggressor. But Mr. Eden nevertheless berates American diplomats for declining to take the blood-covered hands of the Red China Premier in an enthusaistic fraternization at Geneva such as Mr. Eden accepted.

Mr. Eden is risking a great deal by his carelessness of speech, even though obviously he was trying to persuade a "peace at any price" Parliament in London that he was not coming to America to alter its policy of a deal with Moscow — something which seems to have taken hold of both the conservative and the labor party in Britain. For what Mr. Eden is really doing—though he may not realize it—is telling the American people that the principle of collective security cannot be used in Southeast Asia unless the enemy agrees and that Red China, which has supported aggression in Indochina in more worthy of his sympathetic attention than the viewpoint of the United States government.

This is the quick way to breed isolationism in America and to cut off congressional aid to allied governments, mistaken as both developments would be. Public opinion, however, in America is influenced by just such things, and the speech of Mr. Eden cannot be erased by future statements couched in friendlier terms. In the end Mr. Eden did play a much more cordial tune.

"Everybody in this country," he said, "or almost everybody in it, believes that understanding between us, the British Commonwealth and the United States, is the foundation of world peace. It is in that spirit that we are asked to go across the Atlantic. I think the committee's message tonight (committee of the whole of the British Parliament) may be described as being 'do all you can to have the best relations with the United States, but do not forget what the House of Commons wants you to do' — what our American friends might call a tough assignment."

Tough Assignment

It is truly a "tough assignment" to try to carry out the "peace at any price" policy of the British Parliament and to ask this country nevertheless to keep on drafting its sons to help protect British colonialism in Southeast Asia when there's trouble or to send American divisions overseas to fight the Communist enemy in Europe whenever Moscow's evil rulers decide to end the dream of "peaceful coexistence" which the British foreign secretary has presented as the basis for world policy despite everything that has happened before.

It will be realistically asked here why, if Mr. Eden has any evidence of a change in Moscow's evil purposes and policies of infiltration and deception, he did not reveal it to all the other diplomats who attended the Geneva Conference. The fact is he has no such evidence.

(Copyright 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 2:16-22

There are some subjects which are not pleasant to discuss. Doctors and so-called 'doctor-books' cannot select certain pathological conditions, avoiding the unpleasant ones in making a thorough examination of a patient. This is pre-eminently true when the Bible searches the heart of 'the natural man,' for God knows what is in man (John 2:25). The sins of the flesh, the appetites and passions out of control, are frequently referred to in the Scriptures, not to make an open show of them, but to bring man to a realization of his condition, and to receive sharp warning as to the inevitable consequences if he yields to the temptations which so easily entice us. The lewd, adulterous prostitute is a character familiar to all stages and ages of human history, and history. Multiple divorces are teaches us only one thing, and that is that men have so often refused to learn anything from history. Multiple divodces are only one phase of the problem. The 'red light district' is another. Horrible diseases and a sorry death are the inevitable end of those who violate God's laws, v. 18, but the pure and upright in heart 'shall dwell in the land,' v. 21.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of June 26, 1929, a Wednesday.

The units of the 213th Artillery, the anti-aircraft regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard, commanded by Col. C. J. Smith of this city, will gather Saturday afternoon at the site of the Allentown Airport.

The Monarch clubs of the United States yesterday selected Dr. Charles H. Romiger, professor of social sciences at Cedar Crest College, as its president for the coming year.

Horoscope

New and old friends should bring you happiness and your fortunes expand. With a sympathetic personality, today's child should be successful.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N KotzaYommer: Doh net long tzurick — grawd fers Hennie Ackers' ihra 5da anniversary ols shtorekipper un wert on Nei Schmidtsville, wor airsht 'n kotza aeland —yar 'n recht shoffender kotzayommer, in Nei Schmidtsville. Ebber hut 'n kot ferlora — 'n shaenie groeie kotz woh net gons flink ganunk wor fer iwwer der pike kumma, un 'n mashine, truck, odder bus hut sie gadroffa, un sel wors end fon da kotz so weit os die kotz aw gonga is.

Der Henry hut die dote kotz noh sehna farna drous uf 'm pike leia, un die weil os er gute ganunk gawist hut os sei Mildred so ebbes wie sel net howwa wot won ol ihra freind bei kaimta fer ihra finfdie anniversary feirra — un sel wor der 17d Yunis — hut der Hennie ous gamocht fer die kotz fom pike nemma, un sie bagrawwa.

Dale orta g'shefta pocka der Hennie gore net aw, ow'r tzu sehna wie sellie kotz shun galidda hut tzitter os sie darta uf 'm pike galaiga hut, wor may os sei mawga ferdrawga hut kenna. Noh liever wie gae un gons Nei Schmidtsville fol "New Yarrick," greisha, hut er da dochter Elaine garufa, un gawunnert eb sie net ungfare 'n chob howwa wot. Wie er ra g'sawt hut 's het 'n kotz ihra lava ferlora uf 'm pike, un die kotz mist fert, hut die Elaine grawd ferwillich'd fer der chob aw nemma — bardich noch dem os der Hennie g'sawt hut, sie kent sie bagrawwa woh ihra hund "Blackie" leit, un woh die Elaine 'n grawbshtae uf g'shteld hut.

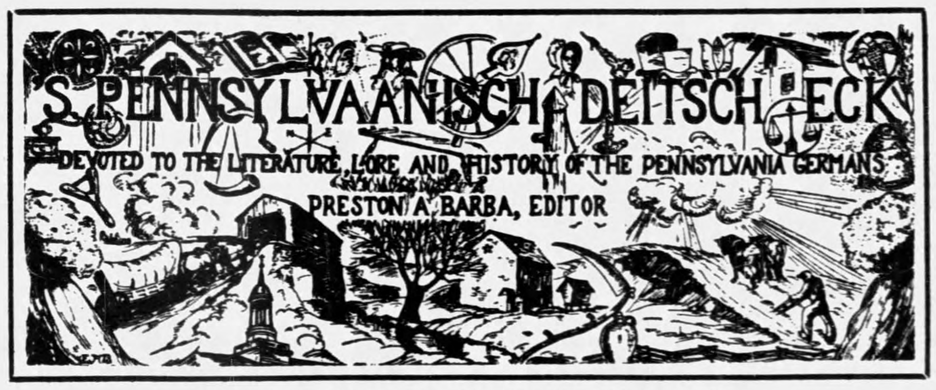
'S airsht hut die Elaine gamaint fer die kotz om shwontz nemma, un s' fert drawga, ow'r socha hen net gons sella waig ous g'shoft. Tzu fiel mashina worra shun driwwer nous, un die kotz un der shwontz worra glei tzwae, un wie die bae aw nimmy ol fosht worra, hut die Elaine die shnae shib grick'd, un die kotz darta mit fert ganumma.

Shpaiter wie die Mildred nous is sehna ebs gons waisa uf gabutzt wear, hen ols noch etlicha so glaenichkata rum galaiga, un die Elaine hut gamaint ihra Pop dade ra aw die arrickshda chobs awhanka os yusht grawd ous tzu denka wear. Ow'r sie hut folshter uf gabutzt, un wil wetta os die kotz ferleicht aw an shtae graich'd, yusht die Elaine wase ken nahma — un 'n folsher nahma wil sie net navich ihra 'm "Blackie" sei shtae shtella.

'S kotza aeland wor net farblae uf gabutzt, bis die freind awfonga sin bei kumma, un sie worra darta fon alla ecka. Nei Schmidtsville hut sei lava net so fiel leit kotta wie sella owet — os die wend net nous gabrocha sin wor allas. Un m'r kenna elich aw sawga, os der Hennie un sei Mildred Shtoltz un froh worra tzu sehna wie ol ihra freind kumma sin helfa ihra 5d yairich fesht on Nei Schmidtsville 'n tzeit mocha, os long net fergessa gait — 's same wie die Elaine aw fer 'n longie tzeit net fergess'd, wos fer 'n kotzayommr os sie fer 'n weil uf da hand kotta hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit 'n woch — odder ewwa uf der 3d July, is der dawg woh die Grundsi Lodges programs gewwa om Folks Fesht in Kutztown — ol die breeder Grundsi sin ei galawda kumma helfa der dawg fartich mocha — 's gebt nommy dawg un owet programs.



THE NUMBER OF AMISH IN PENNSYLVANIA

By MAURICE A. MOOK
Associate Professor of Anthropology
The Pennsylvania State University

(This essay concerns the Old Order or House Amish; not the New Order, Church Amish, or Amish Mennonites. Throughout the paper O.O.A. refers to "Old Order Amish.")

It is a curious fact that no one seems to have given serious consideration to the number of Amish people in Pennsylvania. There are several published estimates of their number in Lancaster County and vicinity, and there are a few references to the "Big Valley" or Mifflin County group, but I have never seen estimates of their number elsewhere in the state. In fact, several authors write as though the Lancaster County Amish were the only community of this sect in the Commonwealth. Few students seem to be aware of the existence of, let alone the location and size of, more than one or two other Pennsylvania Amish communities.

There are, however, at present ten O.O.A. communities in the state, and there are 47 separate Amish church districts or congregations. Of the latter there are 28 in Lancaster County, eight in Mifflin, four in Lawrence, two in Mercer, and one each in five other counties. Three new O.O.A. communities have been established in Pennsylvania within the past five years, two of which seem to be growing, the other one apparently already nearly extinct. No one knows how many times the Amish have unsuccessfully attempted to establish new communities and new congregations in the history of the Commonwealth.

An Amish congregation and an Amish community should be clearly distinguished. An Amish community is a local geographical group all of whose members share the same basic religious beliefs and also similar customs based upon these beliefs. Faith, Family and Farming subsume most aspects of Amish life, and of these three the most important is Faith, for it underlies the other two. The underlying basis of Amish group life is clearly their religion; they are, in fact, one of the best examples of a sectarian society to be found in modern America. Amish people try to practice what they preach and their religious principles thus pervasively permeate their everyday life and folkways. It is impossible to understand Amish lifeways without a knowledge of the fundamental tenets of their faith. Fortunately there is now available an inexpensive and accurate account of both of these aspects of Amish Life, in John A. Hostetler's recently published pamphlet by that title. (Herald Press, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, 1952, 42 pp., 50 cents; reviewed in the ECK for May 2, 1953). Even many Amish people say that this pamphlet "tells the truth" — an assertion which cannot be applied, unfortunately, to most accounts of this interesting people.

An Amish community may be divided into several separate churches, church districts, or congregations. The congregation may be a single church, or it may be a district division of a church. All Amish churches are organizationally independent of each other, for the Amish have no interchurch government of any kind. They are in this respect the most "congregational" group among American Protestants, with each local church having its own officials who are unaffiliated with officials of other Amish churches in any way. Occasionally Amish bishops confer with each other for an exchange of opinion on some current "problem" in an Amish area. Also some Amish churches are in "fellowship" with each other. Churches in fellowship may invite visiting ministers from another congregation in fellowship to preach, or may invite a bishop from another district to officiate at special services, such as weddings, funerals, or ordinations. But this is about as far as interchurch cooperation goes among them. Moreover, some Amish churches are not in fellowship with each other. The Amish are much opposed to the "Conference" type of inter-church organization, characteristic of some Mennonite and other Protestant bodies.

A full complement of ministers in an Amish church is a bishop (Volle Diener), two or three preachers (Diener zum Buch), and a deacon (Armen Diener). The respective functions of these ministers are clearly distinguished in C. G. Bachman's detailed description of **The Old Order Amish of Lancaster County** (1942, pp. 113-120). When a church gets so large that all of its adult members can not conveniently assemble in the combined rooms of the first floor of an Amish home, the church is divided on a geographical basis into two "districts" or congregations. The members of each district then select their preachers by lot, and in the same way they usually also select a deacon. Two districts, however, may have the same bishop, as it is possible for him to oversee the worship services of both districts, for the Amish worship every other Sunday and two districts may arrange to have their respective services on alternate Sundays.

It is thus possible for ten Pennsylvania Amish communities to be divided into 47 congregations, as they are at the present time. These Pennsylvania congregations had at the beginning of the present year 31 bishops, 37 deacons and 107 preachers, a total of 175 ordained church officials. A bishop, who is selected by lot from the ordained preachers of a local church, must officiate at the ordination services of preachers and deacons. Preachers and deacons are selected by lot from candidates nominated by all full members of a local church. Both men and women nominate, but only men are eligible for the ministerial offices. All O.O.A. church officials serve ordinarily for life and always without pay.

As stated in the first paragraph, popular knowledge of the Amish in Pennsylvania seems largely confined to those of Lancaster and Mifflin counties, and knowledge of Amish communities and numbers elsewhere in the state is conspicuous by its absence. The paragraphs to follow will attempt to remedy this situation. The ten present O.O.A. communities in Pennsylvania are located in nine counties, as follows: in Lancaster County, with the Amish community east of Lancaster city; Lebanon County, near Schaefferstown; Juniata County, north of Mifflintown; Snyder County, west of Selinsgrove; Mifflin County, in the Kishacoquillas Valley ("Big Valley"), around Belleville; southern Somerset County, south of Meyersdale; Mercer County, west of Jackson Center; Crawford County, surrounding the town of Atlantic, and there are two communities in Lawrence County, one near New Wilmington and one in Enon Valley.

The Lancaster County group, which extends into southernmost Berks and northwesternmost Chester counties, is the earliest, oldest, and largest O.O.A. community in Pennsylvania. It is directly or indirectly the "mother colony" of all other Pennsylvania Amish communities, and it was likewise the source of many other communities located elsewhere in the United States. It was not the first Amish colony to be establishel in Pennsylvania, but it is the historically oldest surviving community with continuous Amish occupancy of its area.

The southern Somerset County community is the second oldest (established in the 1760's), and its church district today is the largest in the state (with c. 180 members). This is made possible by the fact that the O.O.A. here worship in a "church house," rather than in individual homes. This is said to be the only O.O.A. group in the country to do so at the present time.

The "Big Valley" group in Mifflin County is the second largest and the third oldest in Pennsylvania. It was established in the early 1790's by migrants from Lancaster County. The O.O.A. here are divided into five churches, one of which is subdivided into two districts and another into three. There are thus eight O.O.A. church districts or congregations in the Valley, and there are, in addition, three Amish-Mennonite churches here. This Old Order community shows the widest range of differences in customs between its respective churches. The O.O.A. churches here vary in such things as the length of men's hair, the color of men's shirts, the color of their "Dearborn" buggy tops, the number of suspenders men wear, the type of bonnets women wear, and the strictness with which the churches apply the practice of avoiding or shunning errant members.

The two Lawrence County groups are next oldest in life-history, the group near New Wilmington having been begun in the 1840's, with the Enon Valley community forming later, partly as an offshoot from the former. The New Wilmington community has some 200 or more members, with its church divided into three districts; the Enon Valley community is less than one fourth as large and has had a somewhat troubled recent history.

The Crawford County O.O.A. church was begun in 1924 by migration of families from Geauga County, Ohio, whose forebears in turn had come from Pennsylvania. The Mercer County church began in 1942 as a removal of some dozen families from Crawford County. It grew rapidly and soon divided into two church districts. The Lebanon County community began in 1940 as a small group of families from Lancaster County, and both the Snyder County and Juniata County communities began in 1949-50 with families migrating from Big Valley.

Although apparently unknown to most students of Pennsylvania German culture and also largely unknown to social scientists interested in sectarian community life, we are not entirely in the dark with respect to the number of O.O.A. people in Pennsylvania and in the United States. The Mennonite Publishing House at Scottdale, Pennsylvania, since 1913 has annually published a **Mennonite Yearbook and Directory**. This annual volume has a valuable statistical section in which membership data for the recognized Mennonite bodies are recorded by countries, conferences, local churches, and certain other church-related organizations and institutions. The "Old Order Amish (Mennonites)" are regarded by Mennonite authorities as together constituting one of the main "bodies" of American Mennonitism. For this group I have excerpted the **Yearbook** membership data for all recorded O.O.A. churches and communities in Pennsylvania from 1913 through 1954. This, to my knowledge, has never been done before, and part of it is herewith presented for the current year as the only quantitative data we have. The **Yearbook** data are here rearranged by communities, with this geographical classification being based upon personal knowledge of these communities deriving from visits paid to most of them during the past five years. The communities are listed in the following table in the order of their founding.

Location of the O.O.A. Community	Number of Congregations	Number of Adult Members
1. Lancaster Co.	28	2667
2. Somerset Co.	1	180
3. Mifflin Co.	8	606
4. Lawrence Co. (New Wilmington)	3	190
5. Lawrence Co. (Enon Valley)	1	60
6. Crawford Co.	1	66
7. Lebanon Co.	1	40
8. Mercer Co.	2	109
9. Snyder Co.	1	19
10. Juniata Co.	1	no record
Total	47	3937

Four thousand adult members would be a conservative estimate for the O.O.A. churches of Pennsylvania. The **Yearbook** does not include the Juniata County group as a congregation in its "Church Directory" (pp. 87-93), where each local church is listed with its reported number of members. However, three O.O.A. preachers with Mifflintown (Juniata County), Post Office addresses are named in the "Ministerial Directory" (pp. 111-112). The present writer visited this area in 1950 before a church was organized and when there were only a few families in residence. It has grown since, but how many families and members are there at the present time is unknown. Also the **Yearbook** lists only 19 members for the Snyder County church in 1954, but there were 14 families in residence when the community was visited by the writer two years ago. This would normally indicate from 30 to 35 members of the church. One of the three church districts at New Wilmington goes unreported as to membership in the **Yearbook**, although its district ministers are listed. The Mennonite **Yearbook** conducts a voluntary census based on correspondence with local informants, and O.O.A. church representatives have never fully cooperated with either official (governmental) or unofficial voluntary religious censuses. It seems therefore safe to say that the figures offered add up to an over-all under-enumeration, and that the number of O.O.A. church members in Pennsylvania may even reach a figure approaching 5,000.

Membership in O.O.A. churches is restricted to adults. One joins by being baptized into the church and baptism is based upon the believer's confession of faith, which thus limits it to adults. Also the Amish insist that infant baptism is non-scriptural. The question thus arises as to how many Amish individuals there are in their communities, including children and young people who have not yet been baptized and joined the church. In this connection most students seem to multiply the recorded church membership by two in order to estimate the total population of a community. My field work in Amish areas and perusal of O.O.A. family genealogies (some forty of which have been published, mostly privately printed) leads me to conclude that the number of adult members of the church should be multiplied by at least three to arrive at an estimate of the total population of Amish communities. This ratio of one to three would give us an estimate of from 12,000 to 15,000 O.O.A. individuals in the State of Pennsylvania at the present time. Ten to twelve thousand would be a conservative and probably niggardly estimate.

IM JUNI

Die Rose bliehe im Juni,
Die Veggel singe laut,
Doch scheener wie Rose un Veggel
Iss manche Juni Braut.

Sie heire druff un dewedder
Un denke gaar net draa,
Wie raar iss oft die Aerwet
Un wie aarm ebmols der Loh.

Sie sin so yung un so glicklich,
Un gucke ins Lewe nei,
Mit kee Gedanke an die Zukunft,
Un Druwwel das sie bringt bei.

Der Daadi 'furnish't die Heemet,
Die Mammi 'furnish't's Geld;
Es Lewe iss en picnic
Un en Paradies die Welt.

Ya well, loss sie so denke!
Es kummt emoll en Zeit,
Dass sie die Hoffning verliere
Un warre zu gescheit.

Der Druwwel kummt vun selwer,
Mer brauch net halbwegs geh
Ihn uff em Weeg zu finne,
Sell kann mer alfert gseh.

Doch hen sie die Satisfaction,
Das Lewe emoll waar siess;
So loss de Buwe un Meedel
Ihr kazes Paradies.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

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Editorials

Pa. Dutch Festival

The delightful hours that thousands of people spent in Kutztown a year ago during the Fourth of July weekend and while attending the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival will be repeated for many of them again during this holiday period. And it is likely that many other persons will be initiated into the pleasures which the folklore of this interesting people can provide.

While the Festival began yesterday with notable offerings, the really big days still are to come. Big features are to be provided today by Lehigh and Northampton talent by tomorrow's All-Dutch County show and Monday's emphasis upon the picturesque Dutch of Lancaster and Lebanon counties.

For four days Kutztown enjoys the unchallenged right to call itself the Pennsylvania Dutch Capital. Her people are not unmindful of this high honor that brings four days of the most enjoyable entertainment to that community and attracts many thousands of splendid people from all points of the compass.

In the face of expanding communication, the development of commercial entertainment and the breaking down of all the barriers that made it possible for the Pennsylvania Dutch to preserve their dialect, their arts, crafts and folklore, for more than two hundred years, there is greater interest today in everything that is Pennsylvania Dutch — language, etc. — than in decades.

Such events as the Kutztown Folk Festival tend to increase and improve that interest. Such events promote all the good things that are Pennsylvania Dutch and which are worthy of preservation.

Every Boy a Winner

The annual Lehigh Valley Soap Box Derby will be run on next Saturday, July 10, and for the thousands who will line the course on the West Chew street hill, that will be the big day, just as it will be a big and a decisive day for some 121 boys who will take part.

However in many ways the really biggest day for those 121 youngsters was Thursday for Allentown boys and Wednesday for Bethlehem boys. It was on those days that they turned their completed work over to the inspectors and both they and their cars passed the tests required for admission to the big event.

Those days marked the end of scores of hours of patient and hard work and days and nights of planning and dreaming. It was then that the boys knew they had completely accomplished a feat. They had built a vehicle with their own hands and in accordance with a complete code of rules. They had triumphed over the severe discipline entailed upon them in following minutely the code. They had overcome that common failing which Americans know as "beating the detail," of getting around orders, of making illegal short cuts, of putting something over on the authorities and successfully getting away with the deception, harmless tho it might be.

The more than a hundred boys in this work learned some of the finest lessons for life and for living. Those lessons and their valuable character - building experience are theirs for their entire life. It does not matter whether they survive the first heat or go right on thru to the finish and even to win the race on next Saturday.

Each boy who built a racer and whose car was accepted after the most penetrating inspection had achieved his own personal victory over his environment and over himself. His labor of scores of hours was rewarded when the critical inspectors put their O.K. on his car, the creation of his own hands, his "baby" which he brought into being and nurtured to its completion.

Only one boy can and will win next Saturday's race. But 121 boys won their own races against themselves. A golfer says that in playing a game he is playing against himself more than against the other members of his foursome, and is winning or losing accordingly as he shoots well or poorly. So the 121 boys, whose cars have been accepted for the race, won in a great game with themselves while some seventy boys who had registered for the competition, but did not get their cars finished, lost in their game.

To all these 191 boys — 121 winners and 70 losers — the Call-Chronicle Newspapers extend their congratulations. And while there can be only one winner a week hence, there has been triumph enough for all in the individual accomplishment of each and every boy concerned.

For Safety in Driving

Because the life you save thru careful driving may be your own life, there is ample reason for each and every motorist to follow the safest practices during all driving and especially during this busy weekend when it is likely that a majority of the American people will be in motion on the highways at some time or other.

When a holiday falls on or near Sunday, the weekend lengthens for millions of people to three days. For many — even the employed — it may begin on Thursday and extend into Tuesday.

Three to five days is a tempting stretch of time. It prompts vast numbers of people to extended trips which are becoming increasingly easier and more certain thru the construction of excellent roads. It is no longer a feat to be bragged about to span Pennsylvania within a day and to do it easily, and with a lot of time to spare. Motorists now make weekend journeys that their grandfathers would not have dreamed of making in weeks, if ever at all.

So it is likely that the American highways will be clogged during many hours of the next three days. It is likely that there will be all sorts and conditions of drivers at the wheels of the motor cars and that all sorts of contingencies will arise in traffic.

It is said that over what should be a completely gladsome weekend a spectre of death and injury will hover. Many hundreds of deaths are going to occur under the natural laws of chance. The chances for such harm will be lessened by each and every driver who accepts responsibility for his own safety and the safety of others, curbs his impatience and his rashness, practices courtesy and observes the laws of highway safety.

Britons' Happy Day

The people of Great Britain are going to have a considerable celebration tomorrow, July 4, and it will not be rejoicing over the American War for Independence and the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776.

But tomorrow the chimes of Big Ben in London are going to chime in celebration of the first day of unrestricted food buying since the outbreak of World War II almost fifteen years ago.

The last remaining rationing—of meat and bacon — will be brought to an end at midnight of Saturday, after which the Britons can tear up their ration books.

Just as the ration book was the symbol of a disturbed British economy so the tearing up of the books is going to symbolize British confidence that she is going to be able to pay her way without controls of food. Henceforth she can trust to the free forces of supply and demand to keep her economy in balance.

The ration book was a symbol of wartime and post-war troubles. Its extinction is a cause for British gratification and celebration much as Americans were glad when gasoline for motor cars again was procurable without the presentation of wartime coupons.

The President and You

With all the grave problems that crowd in on the President of the United States, what was uppermost in his mind as he faced the assembled reporters at the start of his news conference on Wednesday? It was this:

He had one request to make, said the Presdient: "Last year, there were 400 Americans killed as a result of holiday activity.

"Now, I would like to see what this group, through newspapers, television and radio, can do to cut that in half this year. I would like to get your help now on something and work at it every day from now until the Fourth of July weekend, and through it.

"I don't know how much you can do; I don't know how much leeway there is, but I do know that it would be a very worthy cause to devote your energies to."

Now, the President of the United States is a busy man, and when he has to take time to lead off his news conference with a request to the press to help prevent the American people from killing themselves on a national holiday that is a sad commentary on the current state of affairs. The press, of course, has given wide publicity to the President's remarks and has publicized other pleas for safe driving over this coming Fourth of July weekend. But all this time and effort will be wasted if it makes no impression on the man behind the wheel. If that is you, take care how you drive this weekend. It is you the President is talking about, and it is your life that is at stake.—N. Y. Times.

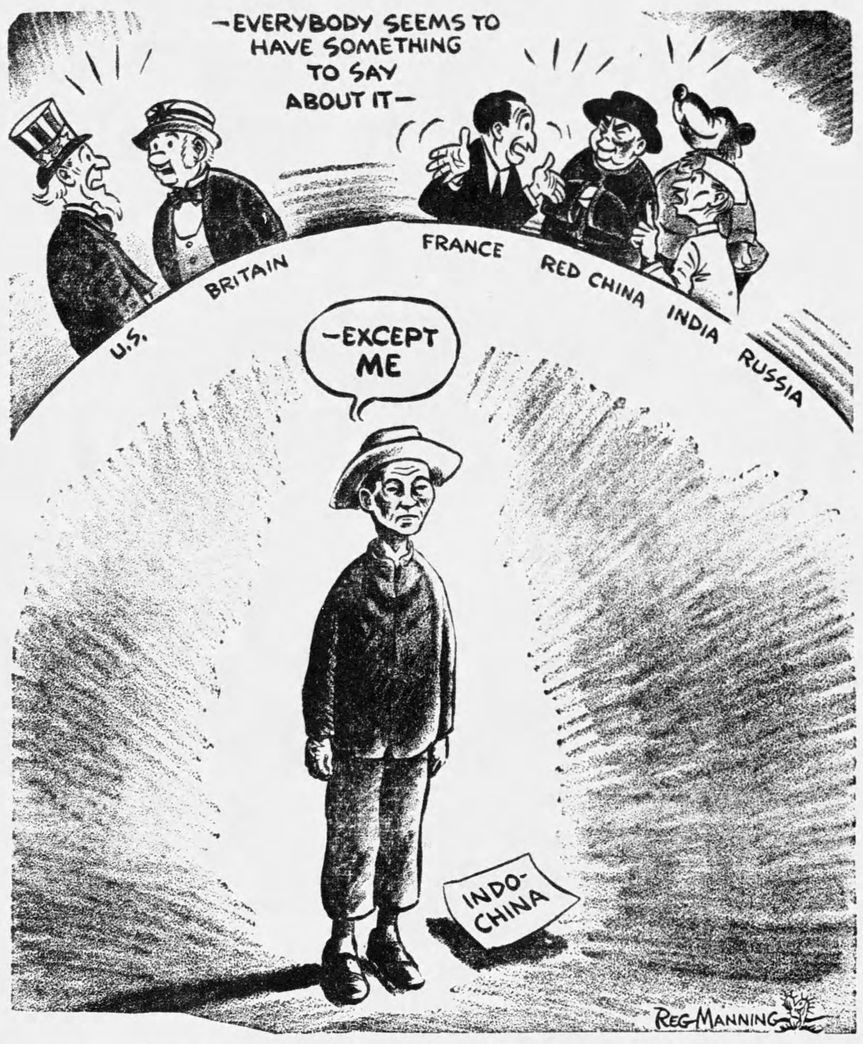
Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In New York there is an old German restaurant named Luchow's which grows more popular, it seems, as time goes on. Broadway and Hollywood celebrities flock there in particular on Sunday nights. One promising starlet was making her first appearance in the Big Town and her publicity conscious agent said, "The place in which you'll attract the most attention tonight is Luchow's." "That suits me fine," enthused the starlet. "I haven't been to an honest-to-goodness Chinese eatery in heaven knows when!"

The only United States President who lived to see his son become President was John Adams.

Indochina's Future



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

I listen for days to the warnings over the radio that this year there will be more accidents on the road on the Fourth of July. The public is warned to be careful. The life that is lost may be your own.

What has this Fourth of July become? Is it a lost weekend? Is it a day for chasing from nowhere to nowhere? Is it a pagan summer festival?

Listen my children and you shall hear of a wondrous story of a brave people, the first colonials to declare their independence from their mother country and to tell the world why. That is why the Fourth of July is celebrated. It was celebrated before anyone ever thought of an automobile; it was celebrated before there was a good road in this country, before there were any state-designated picnic areas to litter with paper and cartons and all the debris of a good time, including broken bottles.

New Nation Born

Yes, it was celebrated as a holy birthday, as the day on which a new nation was conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. For it was on this hot day in July, in the city of Philadelphia, dedicated to peace, that a small group of brave men met to issue a proclamation, written principally by Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, philosopher, engineer, statesman, one day to become President of the United States.

It was a most unusual document, for whereas when revolutions are announced, the revolutionists denounce those in power and promise the masses land, food, wealth — whatever it is that men crave — Jefferson set forth a philosophy of politics and of life as the reason for revolution.

I write this in the town of Sandisfield in Massachusetts on a farm that borders on the trail that "gentleman" Johnny Burgoyne took when he fought Indians; it is on the road where Gen. Henry Knox cut though the forest as he brought the artillery from Ticonderoga to Cambridge; it is a few miles from King Philip's encampment where he laid siege to the settlers in Hartford and Springfield; it is a few miles from where Shay's rebellion took place on the eve of Washington's administration.

It is a good place to sit and think about the Fourth of July, of the birth of a nation and of the wondrous preamble which every child of my generation was required to memorize until it remained in the mind like something living that moved and demanded notice. "When in the course of human events. . ."

Yes, my children, you are told that to memorize is unnecessary, that you need only to know about things and to understand them. But in 1917, I was in Petrograd on that October day when early in the morning the sailors came up the Neva, firing their guns and proclaiming a new day. They would give the peasants and workers land, peace and bread.

All Created Equal

"When in the course of human events. . ." shouted at me in Jefferson's words:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. . ."

There was no mob. There was no crowd. There were no great cheering claques. There was a small committee of five men. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and R. R. Livingston who were appointed to draft a declaration of independence for the 13 colonies who wished to be free. This the delegates adopted on July 4 and to it all the distinguished signatories pledged with "firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence," their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

And these words we should on this day each year repeat as a prayer to God that we should never be tempted to forget our beloved country and what we owe to it.

(Copyright, 1954)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

JULY THIRD

I make no plea for needless noise;
But some way, east and west and north
And south, our country's girls and boys
In groups should celebrate the Fourth.
Tomorrow let the bugles blow,
The eagle scream for all it's worth,
So that our children all may know
The meaning of our nation's birth.

At every staff the flag should fly,
And there should be the roll of drums
To greet the Fourth day of July
When night departs and morning comes.
The day was meant for grateful speech,
For love of country, song and mirth
Our childhood to inspire and teach
The purpose of our nation's birth.

We are a people proud and free,
Our way of life superbly planned.
The hope of all mankind are we,
And that the young should understand.
Let freedom's bells tomorrow ring
'Tis they are heard around the earth
And to our growing children bring
The meaning of our nation's birth.

(Copyright, 1954)

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of July 3, 1929, a Wednesday.

Wellington Kuntz, newly elected president of the Northampton Rotary club, presided, for the first time on Tuesday and delivered his inaugural address on the club's past progress.

The first contingent to Camp Dent, the YMCA's summer resort camp for boys, arrived yesterday at Cherry Valley.

To celebrate the 31st anniversary of the Spanish American War, the members of the old 4th Regiment will hold their 10th annual reunion in Lancaster, Aug. 24 and 25.

Horoscope

Your prospects should be excellent in the months ahead. Look for an artistic, musical person in today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM G. TROXELL

DIE NADURE IS WUNDERBORE: 'S mocht nix ous woh der mensch sei mawg — die nadure is immer rum. Die greena felder, die shaina bame un blumma, die fegel uns ungatziffer, un won m'r aryads in ra shtadt is woh allas bocka shtae un mauder is, so long os m'r der bloe himmel im dawg sehnt, un die shrarna un mond nochts—don is die nadure ols noch rum.

Fegel sin wunderbora shaina glaina gadierra, sie fliega hee un har, un won m'r na aryads 'n shissel wosser onna shteld pudddla sie drin rum in da aller graishda fraid. Also mohl ow'r sin sie aw trixfol, un wie die Anna Semmel fon Schnecksville, un ains fon da Sond Shpring Klam kech, da onner dawg unna badenk's ous g'funna hut.

Die Anna wor iwwer der waig niver ihra dochter Betty p'sucha, odder ewwa die Mosby Heinley'sn. Wie sie ready wor fer hame gae tzu ihr'm waig maishder Lucian, is ebbes aryas g'shaina. Shun fer wocha long wor ken fershtannicher raya in da Schnecksville gagend — ow'r wie sie nava om hous nous is, is ra ebbes iwwer 's g'sicht nunner g'falla os die drubba on da naus k'honka hen.

"Oy duh welt," hut die Anna gagrisha, "tzum ledshda fong'ds aw rayerra."

Die Anna hut ow'r glei ous g'funna os sie gross ordich badroga wor — hut ous g'funna os net allas raya drubba sin os owwa runner kumt — bardich won fegel rum sin. 'S wor gute os der glae ketzer — wunnerbore shae os die fegel sin — 's wor gute os er sich shnell ous 'm waig g'shoft hut, odder's maich'd 'n fogel in Schnecksville rum hupsa mit ous aenicha shwontz fedderra. Wohrhoft so base os die Anna wor, het sie'm alla shwontz fedder garubb'd won sie 'n ferwisha het kenna.

Un noh hut die Anna doh net long tzurick, aw wenich ebbes fon ra eema erfohring kot. Eema sin arrick fer seesa socha, un denk sie hen gamaint die Anna wear 'n blum. Aenicha waig, ae eem hut sich so weit g'fander'd os wie fer sich uf die Anna hucka — un allas wear fermuthlich shae ob galoffa, won die Anna net fershrucka wear — un sie fershracka, hut die eem fershrack'd — un 'n fershrucknie eem is senichie tzeit g'fairlich.

Die Anna wor ow'r donkbore un froh os es 'n eem wor un net 'n harnaisel odder gail wesh'b. 'N eem shtech'd yusht ae mohl, woh die onnerra fert groddla un shtecha in aim shtick fert, wie won sie lavendicha nay mashina weara. Won sellie eem noch eisht gagrodd'ld wear — wow, wos hets net socha gewwa maiga. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Anna 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

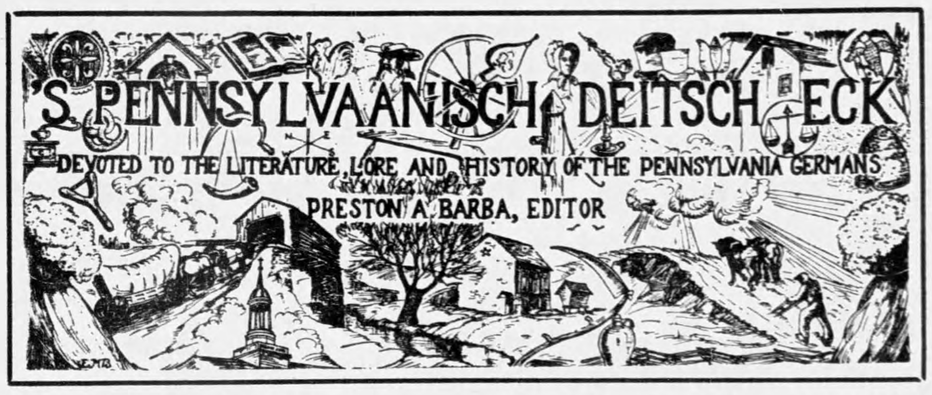
Da nommy dawg gebts 'n Grundsow Lodge program on Kutztown, fon halver tzwae bis halver drei, un owets fon ochta bis halver tzaea, uf da grossa platform.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 3:21-26

Yesterday's passage, v. 19, acknowledged the Lord as the wise Creator of the universe (an echo of Gen. 1:1). By revelation and by faith, as stated in Hebrews 11:3, we understand that the things we see were made of things which we cannot see. Science, penetrating the ultimate secrets of the universe as revealed in the infinitesimally small atom, should startle and amaze us as we come more and more to realize that man can create nothing, for he, the only form of life on earth that can think God's thoughts after Him, is merely discovering 'the deep things of God' (1 Cor. 2:10). In these days we hear much about fear, but if we realize that the wisdom of God controls all things, we can lie down and not be afraid, and our sleep shall be sweet, v.24. The real danger is that men who rule God out of His universe, meaning that they refuse to acknowledge Him, seek to govern the world, and are therefore troublers of the earth. If all men were influenced by true wisdom, we would indeed be quiet from the fear of evil, 1:33. For us, who trust Him, He is our confidence, v.26.



DER HAAS IM PEFFER

Mir hen en groossi Erwecking ghatt im 'meetin'haus kazlich. Sinder un Grischt hen nimmi eihalde kenne. Fer Yaahre hot mer ken so Eifer gsehne unnich em Kaerrichevolk. Wu devor alles ruhich hergange iss, waar dessemol en anschtlich un lewich Versammling. In denne Zeide, weldlich wie mer viel Leit finnt uff allehand, waar des en hoffningvolli sign.

Mer hen schunn viel darrich gemacht in unserer Kaerrich. Alsemol waar's hiwwelnuff un en hadder Weeg, awwer es hot uns yuscht schtarrigger gemacht im Glaawe. Es hot ebmols hitziche Argamende gewwe awwer mir sin widder zammekumme wie schtandhafte Grischte. Mir hen die Kaerrichebrieder un Schweschdre gut geliebt—abbadich die Schweschdre. Wann Breddich waar, hen mir uns bedraage wie Menner. Un die Schweschdre waare ruhich un schtill. Awwer dessemol waar die gans Gemee sichtbaarlich erweckt.

Leit ass do in die Kaerrich gange sin un grookeppich warre drin, sin midde in der Breddich uffgschtanne un zu der Dier naus. Vun de beschte Brieder sin iwwer die Benk getschumpt un dezu naus wie en Esel mit Gledde unnich em Schwans. Es waar erschtaunlich. Vun Kindheit sin mir friedlich do hie. Luschdich odder bedriebt hen mir beinanner gschtanne wie Brieder fer yaahrelang. Mer hen gelacht un gheilt zamme wie Kinner in eenre Familye.

Un nau, all uff eemol, wu devor alles ruhich waar, iss die Kaerrich verschteert warre vum Eckschtee zum Belleknippel. Vannedrin, wu en guder alder Bruder vun siwwezich Yaahr als sei himmlische Ruh genumme hot bis der Parre faddich waar breddiche, iss er dessemol uffgschprunge, der Hut in der Luft rumgschlagge, gegrische wie en Insching, iwwer die Benk naus geschtumpt un fatt.

En anner Bruder, wu helfe dutt die Kaerrich unnerschtitze darrich dick un dinn, Druwwel un Dreck, hot sei Hymnbuch wedder em Arriyelschpieler ihre Kopp gschmisse, en kleener jig gedanst, un iss zum Fenschder naus.

Der Parre waar verschrocke. Es waar's aerscht Mol in zwansich Yaahr, ass die gude Brieder wacke waare wie er gebreddicht hot. Er hot hatt browiert nix aalosse, awwer wie en gudi Schweschder ass immer en rein un rechtschaffe Lewe gfiehrt hot, aafange hot yole un iss uff die Benk gschprunge mit ihre ruffles owwich de Gnie ,hot er gschtoppt breddiche. Er hot uffkors unnersucht, was letz iss, ass so en Uffruhr gemacht hot.

Es iss glei bekannt warre, dass weil's Wedder so waarem waar schunn e Weil, iss en Drupp Weschbe in die Kaerrich kumme un en frischer Eifer in der Gemee uffgeriehrt. Grischtendum watt alsemol matt un faulensich, awwer wann en kleeni Weschb mit ere feierichi Naas, me gude Bruder am Hossebee nuff dabbt, gebt's nei Lewe in ere Kaerrichversammling. "Do iss wu der Haas im Peffer hockt."

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

DIE STAGE KUTSCH

Ihr Leit datt drauss in Chestnuthill,
Ihr denken noch, gewiss,
Wie als die alt Lehighton stage
Die Flett nausgange iss.

Zwee gude Geil waar'n eigschpannt als
In en viersitzich Hack;
Die draagt die passengers un mail
Un alle Satt Gepack.

Un noh waar als en kleeni Bell
Wu an der Deixel hengt;
Die zingelt un uns wisse losst
Die stage en Brief vleicht bringt.

Der Fuhrman hen mir all gekennt,
En munter Satt vun Mann;
Greischt als zu yeders er aadrefft:
"Well, Bill, wie geht's dir dann?"

"Giddap Perry, giddap Jerry,
Bass uff, du alder Bill!"
Hoscht du heere kenne oweds,
Waar als die Luft recht schtill.

Immer hallich, immer luschdich,
Immer bissel Narrheit;
Er singt un peift en ganser Daag
Darrich sei langi Reit.

Frieh maryeds, wann's noch duschber waar,
Abgschtaert an Brodheadsville,
Darch Gilberts, noch Lehighton zu,
Vun Summer bis Abrill.

Wann's reggert, darrich diefer Dreck,
Un darrich der Winderschnee;
Am Lange Busch, darch sex Zoll Schtaab,
Un Wedder waarm un schee.

In alle Schteddel mail gewexelt,
Deel Bissniss uffgekocht;
Noh fatt gezackert mit des un sell,
Un Sach mit zrickgebrocht.

Un iss mer gefaahre mit der Kutsch
Darch Glees un iwwer Schtee,
Hot's em als farrichterlich geblotzt—
Hot Gramp grickt in die Bee.

Im Winder, schier verfrore oft,
Hot hesslich Kalt als grickt;
Verschmolse summers vun der Hitz,
Vun Schtaab als ball verschtickt.

Uffkors im Winder, Summer, gleich,
In gut Glick un Gefaahr.
Muss alle Daag die mail darch geh—
Die stage waar datt defor.

In denne concrete Weegge Daag,
Do grummlen oftmol Leit,
Wie alles all verwexelt waer,
Un fatt die gut alt Zeit.

Waer'n ihr zufridde vazich Meil
Alle Daag zu faahre,
Wie's waar mit Gaul un Wagge als
In de friehe Yaahre?

Die Kutsch hot dann ihr Dienscht geduh
In des ihr eeggne Zeit;
Doch kummt Verenn'rung Yaahr nooch Yaahr
Fer sie sowohl wie Leit.

Hinnich der Scheier schteht sie nau,
Drauss in allem Wedder;
Der top verrisse, Deixel fatt,
Reef ab vun de Redder.

Heit kummt die mail graad zu der Dier
In Schtarrem un Wedder schee;
Brauch nimmi noch der Poschtoffis
Un baade dief im Schnee.

Doch kann ich gut noch eibilde
Un sehne in meim Sinn
Die stage Kutsch datt die Flett naus geh
Mit Fuhrmann vanne drin.

A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

The official Diary for the Moravian Community at Bethlehem, Pa. for July 24, 1826, records the following:

Early on the morning of July 4th we were awakened by fifty joyous gun-salutes, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of our country's independence. The day was celebrated in a most fitting and solemn manner. More than 1,000 out-of-town guests were in Bethlehem to help us celebrate. At ten o'clock the main service was held in the church whose windows were adorned with poppies and whose organlofts were covered with fifty floral arrangements. After a brief message from Brother Seidel, the choir sang "How lovely are Thy dwellings." Thereupon the congregation sang "Bring unto the Lord, Praise, Glory and Honor." After a prayer which was perfectly adapted to the occasion, Brother Seidel delivered a sermon on Isaiah 63:7. Then the choir sang "Jehovah, All Power and Honor be unto Thy Name, Amen!" A second service was held in the church at two o'clock in the afternoon, in which Brother Schweinitz delivered an oration in the English language, extolling the advantages which we enjoy because of our country's freedom. In the evening our boarding-school pupils met in the chapel and sang several hymns appropriate to the occasion. The school itself was beautifully illuminated. Many of our friends who attended the day's festivities declared that they had never witnessed such an impressive celebration.

(Translated from the German and cited in Mabel Haller's Early Moravian Education in Pennsylvania, Nazareth, Pa., 1953)

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Narrisch

Ver lenger wann en Mann net gans recht waar in Kopp, hen sie ihn en Narr gheesse. Wann en Mann en Narr waar, hen sie gsaat, er waer narrisch. Die Biwel saagt awwer, es waer en Sind fer an Mann en Narr heesse. Doch saagge mir als noch, deel Leit waere narrisch.

Nau Leit warre ebmols narrisch gscholde, wann sie sich yuscht dumm aaschicke. So ebbes iss em Oswald vorgfalle. Sei Maemm hot ihn immer "der Ossie" gheesse. So hen aa sei Nochbere.

Well, der Ossie iss in die Kolletsch gange. Uff de Grischtdaag iss er heem kumme. Sie hen ihn gfroogt, fer ebbes saagge am Grischtdaagfescht in der Kaerrich.

Was denkt dihr, ass der Ossie gsaat hot? ,Wei der Rilps hot em Hamlet set soliloquy vorgsaat, "To be or not to be",—un hot er sei Hend owwich em Kopp rum gschwenkt!

Sei Maemm hot im vedderschte Sitz ghockt. Sie waar hattheerich un hot en Hann ins Ohr gschteckt fer der Ossie heere. Sie hot gaar net verschtanne, was der Ossie gsaat hot un hot net gewisst, was zu saagge odder zu denke.

En aldi Fraa newe ihr hot gewaart bis der Ossie faddich waar, noh hot sie laut gsaat, "Iss es net zu arrig? Der aarem Ossie hot sich iwwer gschtudiert."

En Kall vun der Mahoning Valley iss aa fatt in die Kolletsch. Er iss heem kumme im Tschun, wie's arrig heess waar. Er hut en leichter Iwwerrock aaghatt, en hattgekochter Hut uff em Kopp, ee Hensching aa un der anner in der Hand, un hot en Schtock gedraagge. Zwee kleene Buwe hen ihn gsehne. Der Eent hot gsaat zum annere, "Sapperlatt, dabber schpring, der Ding iss narrisch."

Es iss en Mann an der Asylum fer datt bsuche. Eener waar am fische mit re Gatt im Blummeland. Der Mann hot ihn gfroogt, "Wieviel Fisch hoscht schunn gfange?" Der Narrisch hot gsaat, "Du bischt der Dritt."

Der Mann iss no ins Gebei. Er hot an die Uhr an der Wand geguckt. Er hot eener gfroogt, "Iss selli Uhr recht?" — "Gewiss net," hot der Narrisch gsaat, "schunscht waer sie net do."

Der Mann hot noch ee Erfaahring ghatt. En Narrischer iss draus rum gfaahre un hot der Schubbkarrich es unnerscht's-ewwerscht ghatt. "Ferwas drehscht dei Schubbkarrich net der anner Weg rum?" hot der Mann der Narrisch gfroogt. "Ich hab moll," saagt der Narrisch, "noh hen sie mir ihn voll Backeschtee gelaade." Seller Kall waar nau nimmi zu hatt narrisch.

Newwel

Wie ich en kleener Bu waar, hen die Leit uns ebmols gfroogt, "Wu sin die Newwel, wann's hell iss?" Wisst dihr, was die Andwatt waar? "An de Beich." Awwer vun selle Newwel (navels) will ich nimmi meh saagge.

Ich will nau schwetze vum Wedder un sellere Satt Newwel (fog). Buwe, es waar awwer verdolltsei schunn newwlich der Winder.

Wann mer nausgeht fer faahre oweds mit seim Auto un kummt in der Newwel, iss es nau wunnerbaar iwwel.

Doyetzt waare ich un die Fraa ee Owed an Hamlin. Es hot Hund un Katze gereggert. Wann mer zu de Fenschdere nausgeguckt hot im Auto, hot mer gemeent, mer waer beim Henker in re Fischbowl. Es Wasser iss so schtarrick iwwer der windschield nunner gerollt ass es geguckt hot wie die Niagara Falls, yuscht net gans so grooss.

Well, sell hot's iwwel gemacht fer faahre. Awwer es iss glei noch schlimmer warre. Wie mir iwwer der Hiwwel gange sin, nordlich vun Lebanon, sin mer in der Newwel kumme. Es hot geguckt, ass wann mer in weissi Schofwoll faahre deet. Ebmols hot mer gaar nix shehne kenne.

Es iss yuscht ee Ding, ass eem helft in Newwel, un sell sin die weisse Leine mittes in der Schtross, abaddich wann die Schtross schwaz iss. So lang ass mer uff de rechte Seit vun der weisse Lein iss, kummt mer net vun der Schtrooss, un faahrt aa net in ebber nei.

Ee Ding iss waahr. Die menschte faahre verschtennich, wann's newwlich iss. Sie kenne net sehne fer schtarrick faahre. Wann sie eem entgeegge kumme, sehnt mer paar Lichter, ass net greesser gucke wie en Schpellekopp. Eb mr draa denkt gehne sie an eem verbei.

Ich wett awwer bei Leiwe net drowwe sei in der Luft mit re Fliegmaschien, wann's newwlich iss. Sell iss wunnerbaar gfaehrlich. Es geht mir wie seller Rumleefer wie er vum Kaschebaam gfalle iss. "Geb mer ewwe Aerdreich."

Wann en Mann net weess was zu duh, odder kann's eem net recht ausleegge, noh saagt mer, "Der iss im Newwel." Ich hab schunn Parre aagharricht, ass im Newwel waare. Es hot niemand gewisst, was sie am Saagge waare, ass wie sie un der liewe Gott, un ebmols hot's mich gewunnert, eb der liewe Gott gewisst hot, was sie gebrowiert hen auszuleegge. Sie waare dief im Newwel.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
Vun der Lebanon News.

Am Singe, Peife uff seim Weeg,
Hallich die ganse Zeit,
Un wie gewehnlich mit seim Gruss;
"Well, Bill, wie geht's dir heit?"

Un oweds meen ich heer ich noch,
Wann alles iss recht schtill—
En kleeni bell un "Giddap Perry,
Bass uff, du alder Bill."

1933 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

It's L.V. Derby Day

Hours of excitement, action thrills are promised this afternoon for the thousands of persons who are expected to crowd to the West Chew Street course where the annual Lehigh Valley Soap Box Derby will be run.

In common with many hundreds of American communities, where similar races are being conducted at this time of the year, the people of the Lehigh Valley have enjoyed this spirited competition in recent years by boys (and occasionally a girl or two) who have designed and built coasters especially for this race.

Year after year and until the age limit excludes them, some boys have been building such cars. Each year, by reason of their experience with their own creations and as a result of their observation of work done by other boys, they have striven to improve their cars. Every year a lot of tyros enter the field and they in turn begin their career of building and racing their coasters. And every years there are surprises in this contest which, by its very nature, produces a host of split-second and photo finishes.

The most surprising results can come. That was the case in 1953 when one of the most unpromising contraptions, but one that lived up to every qualification and specification, carried off the highest honors for its youthful designer and builder.

So right down to the finish line in the final race this afternoon there will be suspense and excitement. All other Derby Days have been great events for participants and spectators. Today promises to be a repeat performance upon a grand scale with 121 eager and able entrants.

End of Terrorists

For a long period of years, during which memory of them will pass into oblivion, the four Puerto Rican terrorists who shot up the House of Representatives in Washington on March 1 will have time to ponder a senseless crime that, fortunately for themselves as well as their victims, did not result in murder altho that undoubtedly was their objective.

It was a puerile explanation that had been offered by the terrorists, thru their counsel, to the effect that the shooting was planned to be a patriotic demonstration and that no harm to any one was intended. Had that contention been the truth then the ceiling of the chamber of the House would have been punctured by bullets and five congressmen would have been unwounded.

The plain facts were that murder was in the hearts of the fanatical men and their fiery female leader. Members of Congress were to have been their victims.

Sentences of up to 75 years for the men and up to 50 years for the woman assure that these political madmen never again will cause any trouble to any one for any reasons, political or otherwise.

While the court, after full and fair trial, has completely condemned their actions, the severest condemnation for the quartet comes from their fellow-countrymen, the Puerto Ricans, both those back at home on the island and those who have located in the United States. How ill-considered and unreasonable were the motives back of the organization of this band of murderous, pseudo-patriots, was well demonstrated in the fact that an entire people has competely repudiated them. That repudiation has come not because they failed of their purpose but because they dishonored the very persons and national group which they were professing to serve.

Before the trial of the quartet had even begun in Washington, they had been tried at the bar of Puerto Rican public opinion. There they had been found guilty not alone of conspiracy and of attempted murder but of dastardly misrepresentation of all the Puerto Rican people.

A Great Diplomat

The more details that emerge from Guatemala concerning the recent opera bouffe revolution in that tiny republic the greater becomes the wonder and surprise over the fact that the revolutionists accomplished so much and so speedily with so very few and weak military and political resources.

There was no doubt at any time throughout the United States that the issue which had been made in the banana republic was a highly serious one between Communists on the one side and anti-Communists on the other. But the hands of the United States were tied by American conscience which could not countenance warlike aggression against an established government no matter how evil and vicious that government might be. There was no question at any time as to American sympathy with and hope for the success of the effort of Col. Castillo Armas and the ousting of President Jacobi Arbenz Guzman.

To the extent that it was diplomatically proper, our American ambassador John Peurifoy took important hand in shaping the inside strategy. This career diplomat was not deceived by the first shifty moves of the Communist leaders when they saw possible success for the invaders. Not until the entire Red ring had been gotten rid of and there was no question of the political alignments of the members of a newly formed junta did he permit Col. Castillo to agree to the makeup of the group which will govern the country until elections can be arranged and held.

Not in many years has the importance of highly trained and well informed ambassadors in key spots come to such sharp attention as that which the Guatemala situation has caused in recent days. Peurifoy, merely through the exercise of sound judgment based upon long experience with, and special knowledge of Central American conditions, was able to accomplish through diplomatic means what a vast military force might not have been able to accomplish against a ruthless tyrannical government which had exiled leaders and held control over the nation's army and police force—a position from which it seemed impossible to be dislodged.

Rinse Now, Please

All readers with dental appointments on their minds please join us in enthusing over the wonderful news from Columbia University's School of Dental and Oral Surgery. Unveiled there the other day was a new tool designed to replace that miserable drill.

This boon to mankind is said to be capable of getting a tooth ready for filling gently, coolly and, therefore, painlessly. What's more, the thing is almost noiseless, thus eliminating that psychological dread that settles over most people, including us, as soon as the dentist starts the drill whirring.

The experts handling this new invention are properly cautious about how soon they think it will be available to your neighborhood dentist. They say a year or two depending upon results of further controlled tests. All we can say is please make it snappy, doc, and let's get this great new instrument into circulation. —N. Y. World-Telegram.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of July 10, a Wednesday

Sen. Horace W. Schantz, speaking before the weekly meeting of the Square Club at the Hotel Allen, told members that his recent trip to the West Coast had convinced him that nowhere on the continent is there a territory that excels Lehigh County nor a city better than Allentown.

Fred Weindel of this city purchased the controlling interest of L. F. Grammes and Son Inc., and at a special meeting of the board of directors held in Philadelphia yesterday was elected president and treasurer.

Martin Klingler, Allentown's veteran bandmaster who will celebrate his 71st birthday anniversary this week, presented his Municipal Band in the first of a series of four privately sponsored concerts at West Park last night. Indications of a rapidly approaching storm which failed to materialize scattered the audience.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

ROSES AND CHILDREN

They were little, dry sticks when
we planted them there,
And they seemed much the
same.
They came to our garden June's
roses to bear,
Labeled color and name.

Which ones would be red and
which ones would be white
We could read and believe,
And we knew from experience
lose them we might
Lest our care they'd receive.

If a two-dollar rose bush
neglected turns wild,
To the gardener's shame,
Is it right to suppose without
care that a child
Will not suffer the same?

(Copyright, 1954)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Here's another story about Frisco, the stuttering comic whose anties keep thousands in stitches. He was in one of his periods when no funds were on hand, or even in prospect. A friend met him, and asked, "Doing anything these days, Joe?" "Oh, y-y-yes," said Frisco. "I'm a h-h-hermit." "A hermit!" echoed the friend. "How can you get by being a thing like that?" Frisco assured him solemnly, "I s-s-sell c-c-caves."

A doctor was awakened in the middle of the night by a call from a frantic patient. "Come quickly, doc," he pleaded. "My wife's gotten hold of one of those 'What to Do Till the Doctor Comes' books and it looks like she's going to do it!"

The caravan had been crossing the Sarara desert for five days. One camel, making sure that his master was out of earshot, whispered to another camel, "I don't give a darn what anybody says: I'm THIRSTY."

(Copyright, 1954)

The Dinosaur National monument is a reservation in Uintah County, Utah, that contains deposits of fossil remains of prehistoric animal life.

The average Frenchman uses about 1,350 matches a year.

End in Sight



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The first Republican nominee for a seat in the U.S. Senate to stick his neck out on the McCarthy issue is Clifford P. Case of New Jersey, formerly a member of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Case says in a prepared statement that if elected he will not only vote against continuing the Wisconsin senator as chairman of the Senate Committee on Governmental Operations, but he will vote to ban him from being a member.

This sounds like a bold and courageous step because it could conceivably cost Mr. Case the election, but it really isn't as courageous as it sounds. For, if the indictment made by Mr. Case is in his judgement supportable, he logically should have advocated that Sen. McCarthy be removed from the senate altogether. If Mr. McCarthy isn't eligible to be a member of one Senate committee on account of the reasons given by Mr. Case, then he isn't eligible to sit in the Senate at all. This means that Mr. Case is saying to the people of Wisconsin that the man they elected in 1952 with full knowledge of his views and course of action in public office is to be debarred from serving them on important committees of the majority party as a consequence of the vote of the people of New Jersey, and any other states which concur in that procedure.

This is but another way of punishing a man for the views expressed by him in the performance of what he believes to be his duty to the people of his own state. Mr. Case is classed as a "liberal," but it is illiberal to attempt to remove a man from a Senate committee because he holds a viewpoint on public affairs different from the views of a majority of his colleagues in his party.

Case's Observation

Mr. Case says that congressional investigations are sometimes worthwhile, but that Sen. McCarthy should be punished because his "participation" in the work of the committee in question has produced a "distracting and divisive effect." This assumes that there must be conformity of thought—if not thought control—in the United States Senate, and that any chairman or member of a committee with a tendancy to produce "distracting or divisive" effects will be threatened with removal from membership on any committee in which he has previously served. This is an odd proposal to be offered in a republic which boasts about freedom of expression by the members of its national legislature.

"It is obvious," says Mr. Case, "that our government simply could not function if the executive departments and their personnel were subjected to constant and unjustified harassment and attack by congressional committees."

Aid to Demos?

But all through the Truman administration that happened. The Democratic administration called the inquiries on tax-fixing and RFC scandals "harassment" and Mr. Truman called the Hiss inquiry a "red herring," which was distracting attention from Republican "errors." Mr. Case cannot give any assurance that if he helps to elect a Democrat to the United States Senate from New Jersey by causing thousands of Republicans to stay at home next autumn he will be restraining the Democrats, if they control the next Congress, from harassment of the executive departments. That would be their meat in the next two years in order to provide campaign food for the 1956 campaign, and anyone with the slightest experience with behavior of congressional committees in the last 40 years can testify that there have been many members of both Houses who have ridden roughshod over executive department officials and employees, though Mr. Case says "until recently this was not a matter of general concern." Martin dies of Texas, who headed up the House un-American Activities Committee 20 years ago, and every chairman since has been criticized for efforts to get deceitful persons to tell the truth to their own government and to help it get rid of subversive influences. Mr. Case admits that there is a function, however, for the congressional committees. He says:

"Yet, where there is reason to suspect the existence of serious dereliction which cannot be, or is not being, remedied by the executive branch itself, the most searching scrutiny by Congress is not only proper but mandatory. On this point the lesson of the Hiss case will not be forgotten."

But the grant of an honorable discharge to an officer in the Army who was declared by an undercover agent of the New York Police Department to be a Communist and who refused to tell the Army or the Senate committee whether or not the accusation was true is an instance of dereliction of duty in the executive branch which initiated the whole McCarthy-Stevens controversy.

Statement Not Clear

Mr. Case's statement is not clear as to whether he will vote in a Republican caucus or in the Senate itself to ban Sen. McCarthy. If it is the latter situation, Mr. Case could be in the position of casting a decisive vote which together with the Democratic votes would elect a Democrat chairman of an all-important committee. So the real issue is whether Mr. Case intends to vote for and abide by the Republican party's decision or line up with the Democratic party, even though he seeks election as a Republican nominee.

If the New Jersey senatorial nominee had consulted the leaders of his party here they would never have advised him to issue the statement he did. As it is, there is pessimism now among Republicans in Congress about the outlook for the election of a Republican senator in New Jersey this autumn. For there are many thousands of Democrats who came over to the Republican party on the anti-Communist issue in 1952, especially in Hudson County, who will be wondering whether they should stay home, or vote Democratic next time.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 5:1-23

Proverbs 2:16-19 sounded the first note of warning in this book against the seductions of "the strange woman.' The word 'harlot' may best define what the expression 'strange woman' means. Chapter 5:1-14, 22-23 is an elaborate expansion of that warning, urging, as usual throughout the book, how important it is for the son to heed the advice of his father — in this case with respect to this common temptation and social sin, vs. 1-2. Anyone who allows himself to be enticed by her will find that his feet are on the way to death, from which he cannot return, 2:19. Sinful indulgence has a way of making itself attractive, but there comes a terrible recompence at the end. Immorality and alcohol are killing their victims every day. Verses 15-21 are in delightful contrast—a happy couple enjoying each other's comanionship under the moral law of God, husband and wife living in wedded love and bliss — in the New Testament a type on the human level of Christ's love for the Church (Eph. 5:22-23).

Horoscope

Business prospects are excellent for you, with promotion likely. An extremely clever child may be looked for if born under these auspices.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

EBBES GROSS LETZ: Won sie lava ebber gabutta wor on Lake Wallenpaupack, don wors der Agnew Hoch, bartender fer sie Pap der Russel Hoch in Kempton. Der Agnew hut 'n boat dart drowwa kot, un shun long gatzailt fer sie Pap der Russell, sei Grampap der Ab Hoch fon nagshd on Crystal Jade, un der Jake Miller un sei fraw, nuf nemma fer na'n boat ride gewwa. 'S wor shun long gatzailt fer gae, ow'r sin nee net fert kumma bis doh 'm onnerra Somshdawg—un liever lebdawg wos net 'n aeland darta wor wie sie endlich nuf kumma sin.

'S boat hut noch shae nava uf 'm ufer galaiga woh der Agnew 's onna hut 's ledshd mohl os er drowwa wor—un die inshein wor aw noch darta—allas os die deab net ob shtaila hen kenna. Nix os shtailes wert wor, wor may darta—nix wies boat hard ous gadart, uns grub dale fon da inshein woh niemond nix bot. Oh yar, m'r hen fergessa tzu sawga, 's wor 's airsht mohl in tzwae yohr os der Agner gonga wor gucka noch seim boat, uns wor noch 'n grosser wunner os darta wor wos sie g'funna hen —net arrick fiel fon aenich ebbes—der Agnew hut anyhow niemond nous nemma kenna uf der lake mit seim boat—sei is fershtonna.

LIEVER LEBDAWG: Kola benna in da kaller hen shun 'n lot druvel un bodder gamocht—bardich won sie noh gewwa won die winder kola drin sin. Un so weit os sel aw gait, wase sel niemond besser wie der fishermon Dannie Keener fon Unionville nagshd on Neffs in, wos ols die Dr. Mickleys hamet wor.

'N yohr tzurick hut der Dan net may os wie der kaller fol kola kot, bis 'n wond noh gewwa hut, un die kola sin im kaller rum galoffa wie wosser. 'S beshd fon ol wor, os 'n lot dafon nagshd on der offa galoffa sin, un die Cora hut sich net bloga breicha fer die Kola weit bei hola—sie worra grawd wedder 'm offa.

Der Dan hut ow'r drug g'shtonna so g'shwind os die kola ol weara, dade er 'n ben baua os net tzomma bracha dade—un so hut er aw free'r im summer. Er hut 'n kola ben gamocht shtarrick ganunk fer wilda bulla nei shparra, uns wor gore ken g'fohr os sie may tzomma bracha dada. Un die ben is aw net tzomma gabrocha wie er doh net long tzurick die winders kola nei duh hut lossa—die kila sin gabliva woh sie bleiva hen solla—in da ben.

'S mocht ow'r gore ken hanker ous wie arrick os ebber maint fer sich fohr sehna — 's fall'd immer aryads 'n mick nei fer die sup ferhousa. Eb die kola recht drin worra, hut die Cora ferlonga grick'd fer 'n neije kicha sink—un der Dan hut ferwillich'd fer aenie griega von der Alex Nothstein fon nagshd on Macungie sie uf konnecta dade. Der Alex hut fershprocha fer der chob tzu duh, ow'r liever lebdawg, wie der Alex in der kaller is fer die peifa on der blotz duh fon da neia sink, sin die peifa hinna im eck fon da kola ben runner kumma, un sie hen die kola ol fon hond rous shebba missa fer die peifa hee duh woh sie onna gakairt hen—ins eck fon da kola ben.

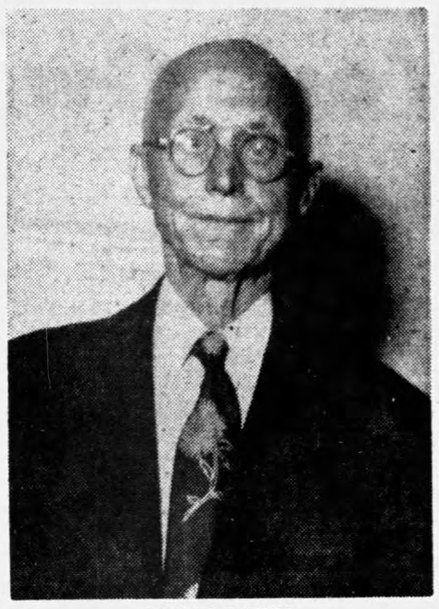
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Den owet is widder die tzeit woh 'n lot wohrhate g'shtrack'd wert im Egypt Memorial Park—die tzeit wohs yarlich liegners fesht k'halta wert—nix fer unguth, allas in g'shpass — der Tumble Weed Lucey sawga sie wear au dart.

Lyman Baker

The Bard of Bannerville

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

ABOUT one mile southeast of the village of Bannerville in Snyder County lives a man who can probably claim the distinction of being Pennsylvania's most prolific bilingual poet. During the past twenty years, this man, who never got beyond the "Third Reader" in school, has written several hundred poems in English and Pennsylvania German.



LYMAN BAKER

Lyman Baker or "The Bard of Bannerville," as the **McClure Plain Dealer,** the local weekly newspaper, refers to this man, was born on June 12, 1875, in West Beaver Township in Snyder County, about a half a mile from his present home, and, except for brief periods when he lived in Lewistown, Bloomsburg and Sunbury, while working as a carpenter for the railroad, has spent most of his life in this part of Snyder County.

When asked about his educational background, Lyman Baker replied:

Lanning hawwich kenni. Awwer ich hab viel Erfaahring ghatt, un seller Weg hawwich mehner gelannt, ass ich hab in der Schul. Wu ich in die Schul gange bin, waar es yuscht der dritt "Reader", un sell iss all de weider, ass ich kumme bin. Un datt hawwich gans wennich gelannt drin, bikaas ich bin net lang genunk gange.

Lyman Baker, as the following paper will show, underestimates his amount of "Lanning." He may not have learned much in school, but he has certainly accumulated a vast amount of knowledge and good common sense during the 79 years of his life; and he seems to have been endowed with the ability to make rhymes. In speaking of her husband, Mrs. Baker said, "Lymann can't write anything unless it rimes;" and the several hundred poems he has written during the past twenty years offer abundant proof to substantiate Mrs. Baker's assertion.

"The Bard of Bannerville's" muse has a great deal of versatility. His English poems deal with a large variety of subjects, e.g. nature, politics, religion, "the good old days," rural festivals and celebrations, holidays, seasons, the short-comings of the present generation, and the toils, pleasures and sorrows of the Pennsylvania German farmer. The following partial list of titles reveals the wide extent of the subject matter treated in his poems:

AFTER ELECTION; WHITHER ARE WE GOING?; THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE HILL; GIVE PRAISE TO THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE; PENNSYLVANIA, THE BEAUTIFUL; WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL; THE BUMBLE BEE; THE NEGLECTED MAN; PLANNING; APHIDS; OLD FOLKS; A FRIEND PASSES; AFFLICTED; IS WAR HELL?; THE CHURCH; OF THE THUNDER SHOWER; THANKSGIVING DAY; HEART AND SOUL FOR PEACE; BROAD IS THE WAY; IN NOAH'S TIME; THE NEW YEAR; THE BIBLE; STANDARD TIME; THE ROBIN; SEPTEMBER; A TREE; DEPRESSION; MARCH; FISHING; RELIGION, BUSINESS AND POLITICS; FEBRUARY; A LOVELY JUNE; WINTER, THEN SPRING; THE RISING SUN; SEPTEMBER; THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES; JANUARY; SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER; WHEN WILL SPRING BEGIN; WORMS, BUGS AND INSECTS; BROWN OCTOBER; SOME SKUNKS; HEARSAY; ROASTING CHESTNUTS; THE COUNTRY STORE; APRIL; SNOW IN MAY; THE BEAN BEETLE; THE NEW PREACHER; MUSIC OF THE BIRDS; PESTS IN AUGUST; THE WIND; NOVEMBER; AFTER THANKSGIVING; THE PHOEBE; MY PENNSYLBANIA; BLUEBERRIES; THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

All of the above poems have appeared in **The McClure Plain Dealer,** McClure, Pa., and in **The Lewistown Sentinel,** Lewistown, Pa.

One Sunday afternoon last year, in speaking with "the Bard of Bannerville" about his poetical activities, I asked him how he happened to start writing these poems, and here, in his own words, just as I recorded them on my tape recorder, is his interesting answer:

Moll ee Daag waar ich im Gaarde un hab hatt gschafft; ich hab gschwitzt. Dann hawwich an ebbes gedenkt, un des iss mer in die Meind kumme. Dann hawwich gedenkt, des dutt mer gut fer wennich schtoppe un abkiehle, unu ich bin ins Haus kumme un hab zu der Fraa gsaat; "Grick Babier un en Pensil."—Sie hot gsaat: "Was widdu?"—"Wei," hawwich gsaat, "ich hab en Schtick, ass ich gaern hett, ass du schreiwe deetscht."—"Wu hoscht du's?" froogt sie.—"Wei," hawwich gsaat, "im Kopp."—Dann hot sie sich hieghockt un hot der Pensil genumme un Babier, un noh hawwich aafange des ablese. Noh hot sie gsaat: "Nau schtopp, net so schtarrig; ich kann's net nunner duh."—Dann hawwich's wennich schlooer nemme misse, un sie hot's nunnergschriwwe. Dann waar es vier odder sex Vaerscht, ass ich yuscht so re gsaat hab, ass sie schreiwe sett, un sie hot. Un sell waar der Schtaert.

I was also interested in finding out where Lyman Baker got the ideas for his many poems, and here is his answer to this question:

Viel vun denne Eidie-es grie ich, wann ich draus bin in der Nadur. Oh, siss nix, ass ich liewer duh, ass wie mit der Nadur schaffe. Noh, alsemol, wann ich Veggel heer singe, noh kummt mer ebbes in der Kopp. Noh, alsemol daer Weg: Wann ich arriyeds bin un schwetz zu Nochbere odder annre Leit, noh saagge sie als zu mir: "Was denkscht du vun denne Zeide, wu mer hen? Iss es net wunderbaar, die Zeide, was mer hen?" Noh dipend's was fer Sobbtscheckt, ass sie blaudere devun. Sell gebt mer noh en Eidie-e, un noh schteckt des ewwe in meim Kopp. Noh fer's loswarre, muss ich mich ewwe hiehocke un en Pensil nemme un schreiwe. Noh wann's verbei iss, fiehl ich allrecht.

Students of the Pennsylvania German dialect and folklore will regret that the majority of Lyman Baker's poems are written in English rather than in Pennsylvania German, particularly since the Pennsylvania German poems he has written have enjoyed such great popularity among the Pennsylvania German people of Snyder County. Baker chose to write most of his poems in English rather than in Pennsylvania German for the following reasons: 1. there were no orthographic problems connected with the writing of the poems in English; 2. since his poems were published in **The Lewistown Sentinel** as well as in **The McClure Plain Dealer,** they could be read and appreciated by more people if they were written in English. A large majority of the readers of **The Lewistown Sentinel** would not have been able to read and understand the poems if they had been written in Pennsylvania German.

Lyman Baker wrote his first Pennsylvania German poem for the annual McClure Bean Soup Celebration. The latter is an interesting Snyder County folk festival which had its beginnings sixt-two years ago. When the Capt. Michael Smith G. A. R. Post held its first reunion and encampment after the Civil War, bean soup was made and served to the men of the Post and their families and friends as the main dish. This bean soup, which, incidentally, was made by Lyman Baker's uncle, was so well liked, I have been told, that immediate plans were made to have another "Bean Soup Celebration" in the following year. And thus the "McClure Bean Soup Celebration" has been held every year since then and has grown into one of the largest folk festivals of Central Pennsylvania. At the "Celebration" last year sixty-eight large iron kettles of bean soup were made and served, and on one of the days of the three-day "celebration" 30,000 people were in attendance.

It was for one of these annual McClure Bean Soup Celebrations that "the Bard of Bannerville" wrote the following poem to be sung to the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee:"—

(Lyman Baker has used the non-phonetic English alphabet in transcribing the sounds of the dialect, and thus it is difficult for the average reader to determine in many cases what word Baker is trying to represent. I have therefore transcribed all of his Pennsylvania German poems according to the system of orthography used in Buffington and Barba's **Pennsylvania German Grammar,** Allentown, 1954).

MEI LAND ICH SING VUN DIR

1. Die Buhnesupp iss do,
Un alle Mensch iss froh,
Do in McClure.
Es iss voll scheene Meed;
Do watt's eem net verleed,
Wann eens des Deitsch verschteht,
Do in McClure.

2. Die Buhnesupp iss fett;
Deel saagge sie waer net;
Nau, well iss so?
Net weit bis an die Schpring,
Die hot viel Wasser drin,
Die macht viel Sache dinn,
Iss des net so?

3. Vun do noch Baltimore,
So waar's am letschde Yaahr,
Viel Leit sin do;
Die sin all an die Wacht,
Des geht bis nooch Halbnacht
Mit alle Sadde Yacht;
Des heert mer do.

4. Die Raawer sin net do,
Die grooss Land iss aa froh,
Net yuscht McClure.
Daer Hitler mit seim Grieg,
Es iss uns yuscht so lieb;
Er iss en alder Dieb,
Des sin mir schur.

5. Fer ee Ding sin mer froh,
Die Wunnernaas waar do,
Ken Hitler Mann.
Daer hot viel besser Glick,
Uffem Radio iss er schlick,
Er gebt uns als en Schtick,
Wie ich net kann.

It is sad to relate, that when the above song was sung at the McClure Bean Soup Celebration, the name of Lyman Baker, the author of the song, was not mentioned. Indeed, a local schoolteacher who led the singing gave the impression that he had written the words of the song himself.

Probably one of the most popular of Lyman Baker's Pennsylvania German poems is his translation of "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party." Unfortunately, however, very few of the thousands of people who have sung this Pennsylvania German translation in the past ten years know who made it. About eleven years ago Lyman Baker attended the annual Pennsylvania Dutch Versammling at Selinsgrove. Apparently, he was rather disappointed that they sang so many English songs at the Versammling, and when he got home, he decided to translate into the dialect one of the English songs they had sung. Shortly thereafter, this translation fell into the hands of the program committee of the Selinsgrove Versammling, and every year since then Lyman Baker's "Ich bin mit der Nellie Heem" has appeared in the Versammling program without the author's name. The sense of literary ownership among many Pennsylvania Germans is, unfortunately, not very highly developed, and, as Ralph Wood observes, "anything written in Pennsylvania German dialect quickly loses its identity as the creation of one man and soon becomes the common property of all who have had a chance to copy the poem either from manuscript or from the printed page." (Cf. Ralph C. Wood, "Life, Death, and Poetry as Seen by the Pennsylvania Dutch, **"Monatshefte fuer deutschen Unterricht** XXXVII (November, 1945), 459.)

ICH BIN MIT DER NELLIE HEEM

1. Drowwe, wu die Schtanne glitzere,
Scheint der Mun yuscht net so pleen;
Es waar vun Aunt Dinah's Gwillding Paerdl,
Ich bin mit der Nellie heem.

Chorus: Ich bin mit der Nellie heem,
Ich bin mit der Nellie heem;
Es waar vun Aunt Dinah's Gwillding
Paerdl,
Ich bin mit der Nellie heem.

2. Uff meim Aarem die weech Hand ruhet,
Ruhet leicht wie Schaum, ich sehn;
Es waar vun Aunt Dinah's Gwillding Paerdl,
Ich bin mit der Nellie heem.

Chorus:

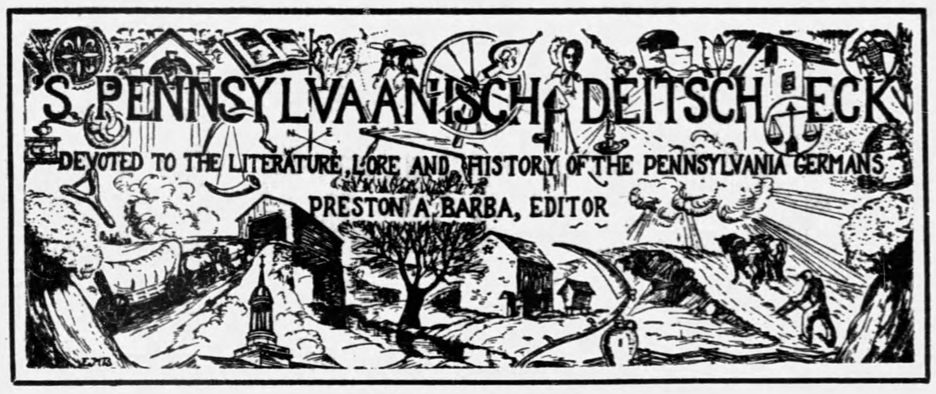
3. Wann ich schwetz, mei Lefze ziddre,
Iwwer wennich kummt's mer pleen;
Es waar vun Aunt Dinah's Gwillding Paerdl,
Ich bin mit der Nellie heem.

Chorus:

4. Wann mer lewe, geht's uns besser,
Saagt sie ya, ich glaab es Seem;
Es waar vun Aunt Dinah's Gwillding Paerdl,
Ich bin mit der Nellie heem.

Chorus:

To be Concluded



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Editorials

Good Neighbors

By contrast with so much of the news that is gathered by our writers both at home and abroad and which depends for its interest upon the evil passions of men and their misfortunes the story in yesterday's paper concerning the building of a large barn near Coopersburg shone forth to cheer like the morning sun.

The story began with Joseph Funk whose barn was burned down a little more than two years ago. When it became known that he intended rebuilding the structure some twenty of his neighbors moved in on him on Thursday morning, bright and early. They came equipped with kits of tools. By sunset the walls had been erected, a roof had been placed and conditions were at hand for early completion of the inner elements of the barn.

The gratitude of the beneficiary of this splendid, neighborly deed was expressed by Mr. Funk in the simple but eloquent words: "They gave up their own work to help me." Mr. Funk, as a progressive farmer and breeder of registered Ayrshire cattle, knows from experience that a farmer's work is never ended: that not even the longest day in the year has enough minutes for all the chores that have to be performed, no matter how specialized or varied the agricultural practices may be.

"All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbors," says an ancient proberb. And there is another proverb that says: "To have good neighbors one must be a good neighbor." The inference is clear that Mr. Funk has been that kind of a citizen and that he has made true friends among those by whom he is best known.

The community of which all these folks are members must be a good community and it must be desirable to live therein for, as another proverb puts it: "A good neighbor doubles the value of a house."

In Lieu of Tablecloth

So many uses have been found for the simple material that we call cellophane that its origin probably is seldom discussed and known by but few except chemists and perhaps by only a few of their number.

The death in Zurich, Switzerland, on Wednesday of J. E. Brandenberger served to bring out some of the interesting, nontechnical facts about this article and its inventor. It remined us of the debt that humanity owes to those creative minds which constantly are working to develop new products and to be able to make them cheaply enough for the masses of our people to enjoy.

The inventor of cellophane had a very definite purpose in mind when he was working with test tubes and chemicals in his laboratory. He sought to make a table cloth that would be resistant to wine and spilled foods and that could be wiped clean with a damp cloth. He took up where some English chemists had left off in experiments with cellulose and in 1908 produced a sparkling, transparent sheet.

Brandenberger was disappointed because it proved no good as a table cloth. But he was delighted when it turned out to be a most successful material for packaging. Then he designed machines to turn out this cellulose film into rolls and gave it its name from the first syllable of cellulose and the first syllable of a Greek word "Phaneros" meaning clear.

At first the wrapping material was so costly that only the French prefume makers could afford to use it in packaging their goods. But after World War I processes were speeded and costs reduced. The real spurt came when, thirty years ago, the first cellophane was turned out in a factory in Buffalo, N. Y.

The transparent film provided both protection and visibility for goods and stimulated sales of the products which it packaged. Initially it was popular with the candymakers. Today just about everything in the line of perishable foods is put up in cellophane, not to mention cigars, smaller items of both women's and men's wear and a thousand and one articles in all the avenues of trade. Today this article is manufactured by the thousands of tons and it is being used thruout the world.

The world did not get a spot-free tablecloth, but it did get something infinitely more useful because of a creative mind and then intelligent and imaginative application of an idea to mass production of, and varied use for that article.

See the Perennials

More than a month has elapsed since the beautiful annual show of roses in the Malcolm W. Gross Rose Garden at 27th and Linden Streets was at its height.

Because of this spot's original purpose — a dream of the Mayor of Allentown after whom it was named — it may be thought by some segment of our population which does not make frequent visits to the Garden that roses only are grown there.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. While an almost unbelievable number of varieties of roses still are in bloom in one large section, the current outstanding beauty of this popular place stems from the great variety of perennial flowers.

From the eastern to the western end of the Garden the perennials are at the height of their bloom both in luxuriance and freshness of color.

The perennials, despite their extended season of bloom, will never be prettier than they are today. Those who like to make weekend strolls to places of interest and beauty will be able to find nothing lovelier than the perennial beds at the Rose Garden.

See the flowers today or tomorrow, or on both days. And if you are a camera fan and especially if you like to record in color what you have enjoyed and then re-enjoy all these pleasant summer memories during the winter months, take color film with you. It is certain you will use it abundantly in your enthusiasm.

Peace Deepest Desire

Attorney Charles M. Bolich on his return home from a recent European trip gave as one of his outstanding impressions his feeling that European peoples wish nothing quite so much as assurance of peace and an end to the worries and uncertainties growing out of the cold war between the West and East.

Graphically that idea got wide expression thruout Europe and the United States during this week when the Danube River had the greatest floods in its modern history. Then the cold was forgotten in the efforts of representatives of the West and the East to help the sufferers.

Photographs of Russian and American soldiers engaged side by side in work to hold back the flood waters with dikes and bringing help to homeless and stricken families were published, it is reported, in all but two publications in Austria and nearby countries. In every case the editorial comment on the photographs indicated the belief that West and East can cooperate and most of all, as nations they should wish to cooperate for world good, just as their nationals cooperated for the good of a small segment of Austrian people living on the shores of the Blue Danube.

Always there must be hope that somehow or other this peace can be arrived at. At any rate recent weeks have brought more than the usual measure of hope that some measure of sanity may be returning to international affairs. Settlement of Trieste seems to be in the making. There is a brighter picture in the relations of Jews and Arabs in Israel. Oil troubles in Iran are likely to be patched up. A truce in Indochina seems to be near at hand while the Guatemalan situation cleared up rapidly.

It is to be hoped that this will not be seen later on to have been the calm preceding the storm. International affairs quieted down greatly after Munich and Ethiopia. But that did not prevent the tempest that broke in 1939 and raged until 1945 over most of the world.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

WEATHER

In summer when the sky is blue
And stilled the leaf on every tree,
I think of snow, a foot or two,
Just then would very pleasant be.

And when the earth to dust is dried,
Although it's useless to complain,
I'm sure, though I must stay inside,
I'd like to watch a pouring rain.

And when the ground is white with snow
And cold the wind and gray the sky,
In vain I wish again to know
The brilliant sunshine of July.

Of weather I am sure of this:
Through all the changes that occur,
I seldom like it as it is.
It's as it isn't, I prefer.

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25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of July 17, a Wednesday

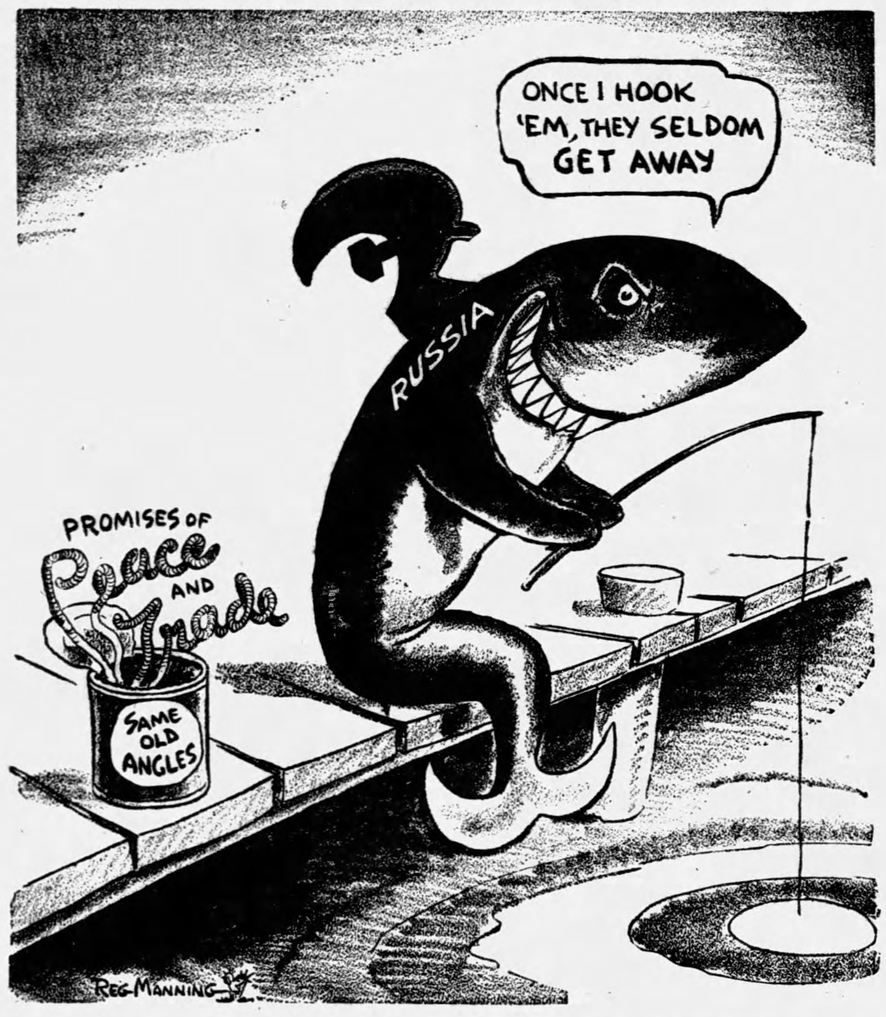
Seven hundred boys will go to Philadelphia to see the Athletics play the Detroit team on July 29, as guests of the Allentown Kiwanis Club.

Plans are now being formulated for a big celebration in Fullerton to mark the opening of the new concrete highway that is now being built through the town from Allentown to Catasauqua.

Horoscope

Some success is indicated for you in the months ahead, but consider carefully before embarking on new ventures. The child born today may be sociable and successful in business, having a charming personality.

Shark Who Catches People



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

By GEORGE HUMPHREY

Victor Riesel is on his way to Europe to cover vital labor news breaking in that area. Today, while he is en route, George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury is substituting for him as guest columnist.

More and better jobs are something that we must have in America. We must have them for the good of all citizens in this growing economy. We must have them to provide the security of our nation.

What this Administration has been trying to do and is determined to do is to help the economy make more and better jobs.

Now, what makes jobs?

In the first place, somebody has to have an idea for a product which can be developed and sold and thus provide jobs for people making and selling the product.

For instance, who had heard of television, say 25 years ago? Very few o fus. Somebody invented something. It resulted in a product which somebody thought could be sold. They went ahead and developed it and made it and then went out and sold it. This resulted in the growth of factories to produce television sets, stores throughout the country to retail them and all sorts of people selling and servicing the sets. Hundreds of thousands of people thus have new and good jobs because of a product which wasn't even thought of by most people 25 years ago.

The point is you couldn't sell a television set until somebody made one. You have to produce something in order to start the cycle which results in new and better jobs.

Why High Wages

Now, why is it that we have such high wages as we do in America? There is a simple reason. Nobody over an extended period can get more than he can earn. High wages are possible in America only because individual productivity is being continually increased.

The American's hands are no better than the hands of a savage when it comes to producing things with just two hands. American hands can produce 10, 20, 100 times more than the hands of a savage because we have developed means of putting more power and tools into an American's hands. Because of this power and these tools, the average American can produce so much more. Because he can produce more, he can earn more. Because he can earn more, he can have more of the things of good living.

And he can also provide the things which this country needs for its security.

The American can't have this greater power in his hands unless somebody has invested the money which will provide that power and, for most jobs, thousands of dollars worth of tools, and equipment.

For instance, a news reporter once told me that all he needed for his living was a lead pencil, a pad of paper, and the ability to ask questions.

Let's see how wrong that is. Think of all that went into making that repporter's pencil and paper. Somebody had to cut trees in the forest. Somebody had to build pulp mills. Somebody had to build railroads to haul the products of the forests and the pulp mills in order to provide the paper on which the reporter wrote.

They also had to provide newsprint for the reporter's presses. Somebody had to build the factories which manufacture the presses and linotype machines which make printing possible. Somebody had to provide the newspaper plant, the trucks and other means of transportation which carry the printed newspaper out to its readers.

The reporter had to have all those things back of him in order to get paid for what he wrote. Without these things, without the investment of individuals who saved and made these things possible, the reporter writing his news story would not be worth much. He would earn very little, for there would be no market for his story.

There is no job in America that doesn't require the investment of large amounts of money. That is a cardinal point that every worker in America must remember when he is thinking about what is good for himself and his future.

We must think about this point particularly when we think about taxation and ways that taxes can be cut.

The Administration's tax program this year will make effective tax cuts totalling $7.4 billion — the largest dollar tax cut in any year in the history of the nation.

So taxes have been cut for everybody in America, and cut very substantially. But even more important to an American than a tax cut, is his job and the prospect for a better job. The Administration's tax program is going to help preserve and improve that job.

For, as we have seen, the only way to really have more and better jobs is to help people produce more and so earn more. Just stimulating consumption will not incrase employment in any solid fashion. We discovered this with relief spending during the 1930s. (And in none of these years from 1933 to 1940 did unemployment go under the 7 million mark.)

To really create more and better jobs, you also have to stimulate the people who buy heavy goods. You have to stimulate the people who have saved and who will invest in projects to make heavy goods like generators and turbines and machinery and tools. It is money that somebody saved that buys these heavy goods — and new goods, like new factories to make new television sets, and new inventions of new products by the score that do not even exist today.

We need to stimulate more investment in America and incentive for invention, research modernization and expansion of our economy all along the line.

The Administration's tax revision bill has many important provisions which will do just that — stimulate the expansion of our economy. These provisions will help create more and better jobs. This is certainly a goal which means much to all Americans.

Nobody in America wants to stand still. We want to live better. We want our children and grandchildren to live better. There is only one way we can be sure of that. We must be able to produce more. Then there will be not only more goods but better goods and cheaper goods for all the people of America to have.

What makes more and better jobs? More production; more earning power; putting more power and better tools in the hands of America so that it can earn high wages, and so with that power and those tools produce and compete with anybody in the world. That is what makes America.

This Administration is determined to see that these basic things in America are allowed to live and grow so that the America of the future will not only be better but ever stronger.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS 'N TZEIT: Yar, "wos 'n tzeit," kon m'r sawga, tzu hoerra wies doh da onner owet har gonga is ons "Fritz" Schmoyers, ons Mantza Eck, grawd fon Laurys drowwa uf 'm hivel. Der "Fritz" wor yusht ready fer in der bawd tzuver jumpa, sei fraw die Blanch wor om tzeiting laisa, un wos die dochter Dian om duh wor kenna m'r net sawga — ferleicht om fladder mice fliegel bigla.

Drous wors dunkle, ow'r ihra shaenie neiie hamet wor hel uf galeich'd, un niemond hut on nix gadenk'd bis es hous uf ae mohl g'shudder'd hut wie won 'n ard waving wear, die lichter sin ous gonga, un tzu gleich hut aw 'n harn drous aryads awfonga blose, un der "Fritz" is kup un hols tzu da bawd shtub rous kumma, un hut gagrisha — "'n Air raid, 'n air raid."

'S hous wor shticha dunkle, un wie der "Fritz" gae hut wolla fer 'n flash licht, is er mohl 's aitsht iwwer die Blanch nous g'falla, uns nagshd os wor, is die dochter Dian 'm unnich die fees kumma, un is aw nocha mohl bartzelbaum iwwer sie nous g'faila. 'S harn drous hut ols fert gablosa, un der "Fritz" wor shure 's wear aryads 'n A-bomb g'falla — hetta ferleicht gatziehl'd kot fer der Shlate Dom uf 'blosa,un hetta ihra hamet gadroffa.

'S hut weil ganumma bis der "Fritz" sei shoe aw kot hut fer nous gae — un wie er is, hut er g'sehna os es gons Mantz Eck dunkle is. Net weit ob hut er ow'r ebbes hoerra tzovla, un shure ganunk wie er onna is, won net 'n mashine sunnersht saversht uf 'm doch galaiga hut, uns harn wor om gae wie net recht g'sheid. Noh wos g'shaina wor, 's hut ainer die dray net gons mocha kenna 'n shtick fon da Sshmoyer's hamet drunna, un is omma longa drode nuf g'fohrra woh darta wor fer die lichter poshda in roy halta.

Die mashine is noh net yusht um g'falla wie sie n shtick waigs drowwa wor, ow'r 's hut aw die lecktrick line sarwer ous da wartzel rous garissa ons Schmoyers' hamet, un die tzwae Mantza boova drunna om eck hen aw ken lecktrick kot die gons nocht. 'S shure wor 'n aryer uf ruhr, ow'r die socha hetta ols noch shlimmer sei kenna wons gawest wear wos der "Fritz" 's airsht gamaint hut os es wear — 'n A-bomb.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Soicha os 'm Midwoch owet so uhra siva gamaint hen 'n gross luft shiffa os fon Shoenersville nous west is, dade wobbla, worra net badroga — 's hut gawobb'ld os gross ordich wor.

Die hrsoch fer die wobblerrei wor, 's wor 's airsht mohl os tzwae fendu groyer fon farra gagend fom grund worra — der Wayne Posten fon Stroudsbarrick, un der Woody Rothfon Emmaus — uf 'm waig noch Omaha Nebraska, woh der Woody 'n speech tzu mocha hut ko on da yairlicha fersommling fon da fendu groyer fom gonsa lond.

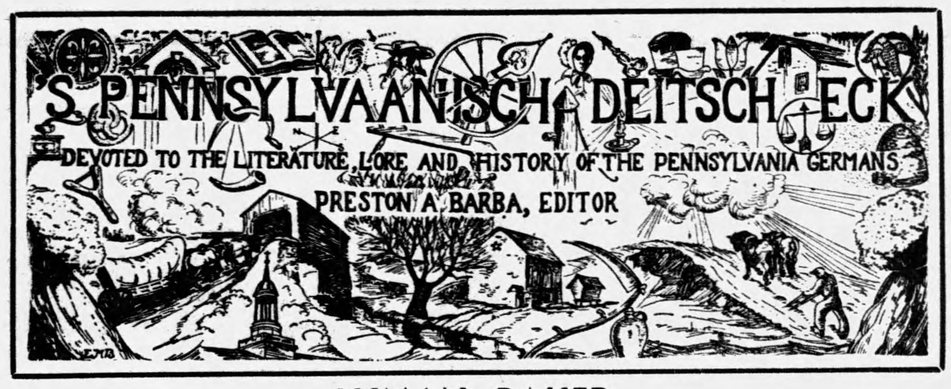
'S hais'd, 's het ganumma bis uf die onner side Pittsbarrich bis der Wayne un der Woody ruich ganunk k'huck'd hetta, so os der fuhrmon 's windshiff fershtannich fohrra het kenna.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 7:1-27

The whole of the seventh chapter of Proverbs is a continuation of the theme of yesterday's caution against the enticements of the 'strange woman'. It is the story of a man who has yielded to them, like an ox going to the slaughter, and like a fool who finds his feet in the stocks, a punishment for past sins and a warning for the future, v. 22. Such a victim is like one whose liver has been pierced by an arrow, or as a bird caught in a net, from which it cannot escape. In vs. 24-27 the warning and advice become more urgent still, begging the 'children' of the father who is giving them the advice, not to pay any attention to her mouth; no: to allow themselves to go astray in her path, for she has cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house, says the writer, is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. The sad part of the story is that some prominent men, some of them leaders of men, allow themselves to be inveigled by loose women. No wonder that one of the commandments of God says: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery'.



LYMAN BAKER
The Bard of Bannerville

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

CONCLUSION

About fifteen years ago Lyman Baker wrote the following Pennsylvania German poem which was printed and reprinted several times in **The McClure Plain Dealer** and **The Lewistown Sentinel:**

DIE PENNSYLVANIA BAUER

1. Die Pennsylvania Bauer sin
So schmaerde Leit ass lewe.
Wann die moll in de Bisness sin,
Sie wisse wie's zu hewe.

2. Sie schpiele net, sie schaffe hatt,
Sie wisse wie zu plenne;
Die Weibsleit sin net alsfatt fatt,
Sie duhne Sache kenne.

3. Des kammer sehne uff em Disch,
Wann eens hiegeht fer esse;
Siss alles gut, was dadde iss,
Sie hen aa nix vergesse.

4. Sie nemme Mehl un backe Brot,
Sie mache gude Kuche;
Noh Finnt mer sie net in der Not,
Wann eens hiegeht fer bsuche.

5. Sie schaffe sex Daag in re Woch,
Sie hocke net un ruhe.
Die Weibsleit sin all gude Koch,
Die Mannsleit duhne's Bluugge.

6. Sie gehne Sunndaags noch der Karrich,
Sie helfe gude Sache;
Sie duhne's gaern, sie sin net reich,
Doch kenne sie mitmache.

7. Do saage deel, die Leit sin dumm,
Sie kumme vun de Hiwwle,
Doch lewe si en gans Yaahr rumm,
Sie duhne's net mit griwwle.

8. Die dumme finnscht du in der Schtadt,
Wu alles geht fer lewe.
Die esse viel, doch sin sie matt,
Sie kenne ken Geld hewe.

9. Die schaffe fimf Daag in re Woch,
Noh sin sie am Rumschpringe.
Kens vun de Weibsleit iss en Koch,
Der Schtor muss alles bringe.

10. Des kammer sehne uff em Disch;
Sie hen ken Zeit fer koche.
Die hocke hie un esse Fisch
Mitsammt der Haut un Gnoche.

11. Die gehne Sunndaags noch der Karrich,
Sie helfe gude Sache.
Sie losse aa sie waere reich;
Sie wolle all mitmache.

12. Es waar net so in alder Zeit,
Doch sin noch deel ass schaffe,
Yuscht des sin net die Schteddelleit,
Ass uns en Lewe mache.

13. Fer des saaich, die Bauer sin
So schmaerde Leit ass Lewe.
Wann sie moll ebbes gudes hen,
Sie wisse wie's zu hewe.

Some years ago Lyman Baker read an article in **The Lewistown Sentinel** in which the author of the article minimized the achievements of George Washington. "The Bard of Bannerville" was so incensed by this article, that he decided to write the following poem:

DER GEORGE WASHINGDON

1. Do waar en Bu wie annre sin;
Er waar net vun der Schtadt.
Des iss der George mer hen im Sinn,
Er hot en Haetschett ghatt.

2. Er hackt en gleener Kasche um;
Dann geht er in des Haus.
Als ball dann kummt sei Daadi rum,
Un ruft der George moll raus.

3. "Was iss do letz? Daer Baam iss um;
Daer waar mir lieb wie Geld."
"Des waar mich, un wann Schleeg kummt,
Ich lieg net fer die Welt."

4. Sei Daadi braucht aa net die Fitz.
Er denkt des gebt en Mann;
Moll ee Daag hockt er uff en Sitz,
Un schprecht wie niemand kann.

5. Des waar daer Bu, er leebt noch heit.
Sei Geischt iss um uns rum;
Sei Seel die leebt in Ewichkeit,
In sellem waar er net dumm.

6. So loss uns alle saagge heit:
"Unser Vadder geb uns Mann
Zu fiehre uns in daere Zeit
Wie daer George Washingdon."

The following poem, written during the "depression," reveals that Lyman Baker had little sympathy for those people who were continually complaining about hard times:

HADDE ZEIDE

1. Sie schwetze vun hadde Zeide,
Un saage die Bissniss waer schlecht.
Deel hen meh Geld wie annre,
Un sell waer gaar net recht.

2. Es gebt immer hadde Zeide,
Es hot immer aarme Leit.
Deel hen meh Geld ghatt wie annre
Fer Yaahre yuscht wie heit.

3. Die Ursach brauch mer net suche;
Mer lest sie uff yeder Hand.
Es iss weil die Mensche vergesse
Zu brauche ihre Verschtand.

4. Sie vergesse zu hause un schpaare,
Wann die Arrewet iss blendi un gut;
Noh hen sie nix im Alder,
Ken Geld un aa ken Mut.

5. Die Uumennse un die Ieme,
Die Schkwarrls un anner Vieh,
Die sammie im Summer ihr Fudder
Fer Winder—Watsch mol sie!

6. En Hund vergraabt sei Gnoche,
Un der Mensch iss zu gscheit
Zu sarriye fer die Zukunft
Un schpaare fer darre Zeit.

Lyman Baker got the idea for the following poem, to be sung to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," from a remark made one day by his cousin, who said, "mer kann die Helft vun de Liegge net glaawe, ass mer lest in der Zeiding."

WAS GEBT'S BALL MOLL MIT DE LEIT?

1. Was gebt's ball moll mit de Leit?
Geschder waar's net gans wie heit,
Yuscht mer meent es watt als schlimmer alle Yaahr;
Des Gebabbel, was aageht,
Macht eem Koppweh un verleed,
Yuscht die Helft vun denne Liegge sin net waahr.

Chorus:
Ich wees yuscht net was zu denke,
Vun de Liegge wu mer heert;
Un verleicht bin ich so schlimm,
Wie die wu am Liegge sin,
Yuscht en Lingner grickt sei Geld un iss aa schmaert.

2. Denk mol an die Becker heit.
Wie mer heert, sin die net gscheit,
Yuscht es kummt vun denne, wu ken Becker sin.
Wann mer liegt bis in der Dod,
En gut Ding, noh nemmt's ken Brot,
Yuscht verleicht in heessi Bissniss sin mer drin.

Chorus:

3. Wann mer in die Zeiding guckt,
Lest mer was der Drucker druckt,
Yuscht mer weess net soll mer's glaawe odder net.
Des Babier des hebt eem schtill,
Er kann drucke was er will,
Yuscht waer's besser, wann mer's net gelese hett.

Chorus:

4. Nemm die Parre, die sin drin,
Yuscht deel sin net gans so schlimm;
Doch mer meent es watt als schlimmer alle Yaahr.
Mit Gedanke uff em Geld,
Denke sie net an die Welt,
Un sie liegge, wann sie saagge siss net waahr.

Chorus:

5. Wann der Drucker des nau druckt,
Nemmt sei Zeit dezu un guckt,
Dann verleicht saagt er, "fer was bin ich do drin?"
Des iss Gschpass, nau wa net bees;
Wann du duscht, dann wascht du hees,
Noh verleicht muss ich der saagge, wu ich bin.

Chorus:

The following "Deitsch A, B, C" was written by Lyman Baker after he had heard Henry Rine recite Harvey Miller's (Solly Hulsbuck's) "Der Deitsch A—B—C" at a meeting of the local Grange about eighteen years ago. There is very little similarity, however, between Baker's version and Harvey Miller's.

DES A, B, C

A schteht fer Esel
En Halbbruder zum Gaul.
B schteht fer Brotwascht,
Die schtoppt mer ins Maul.
C schteht fer "Candy,"
Des fresst alle Hund;
D schteht fer Duwack,
Daer macht niemand gsund.
E schteht fer esse,
Des dutt alle Mensch.
F schteht fer fresse,
Deel nemme en "Chance."
G schteht fer Geld,
Des gleiche die Parre.
H schteht fer Haahne,
Die fechde wie Narre.
I schteht fer Issac,
Des waar moll en Bu;
J schteht fer Jacob,
Des waar dem sei Suh,
K schteht fer Kessel,
Do brauch mer ken Offe;
L schteht fer Lattwarrick,
Dann kann mer drin koche.
M schteht fer Mann,
Es hot noch deel heit.
N schteht fer Narre,
Die sin net gans gscheit.
O schteht fer Alde,
Siss voll in der Welt.
P schteht fer Pannhaas,
Daer koscht net viel Geld,
Q schteht fer "Question,"
Un deel sin aa hatt.
R schteht fer ruhich,
Mer sin ball moll datt.
S schteht fer Schteddel,
Mer kumme aa hie;
T schteht fer Tilly,
Noh sehne mer sie.
U schteht fer Unruh,
Siss latts devun heit.
V schteht fer wennich,
Dann iss net viel Zeit.
W schteht fer Wexel,
Mer weess haerli wie;
X schteht fer Exschpenses,
Doch kummt's net gans hie.
Y schteht fer yeders,
Deel hen en grooss Maul;
Z schteht fer Zebra,
En schtreeficher Gaul.
& schteht fer gans drumrum;
Was bin ich so froh.
Des dutt's bis ich widder kumm,
Wann bin ich noch do.

My first meeting with "the Bard of Bannerville" occurred in the summer of 1952, when I visited him at his home one Sunday afternoon after my weekly Pennsylvania German broadcast over WKOK, Sunbury. Always on the alert for people who know Pennsylvania German folksongs, poems, rhymes and anecdotes, I had been told that Lyman Baker knew some Pennsylvania German spirituals and that he had written a number of Pennsylvania German poems.

My visit with "the Bard of Bannerville" was a most interesting and profitable one. He sang a dozen or more beautiful Pennsylvania German spirituals in his rich baritone voice and recited his Pennsylvania German poems, all of which I recorded on my tape recorder. In honor of the Nixnutz's (my radio name) visit Lyman Baker wrote the following poem:

DER NIXNUTZ

1. Dem letschde Sunndaag waer waar do
Nooch Sunndaagschul un Esse?
Des waar der Nixnutz—ich bin froh;
Den kann ich net vergesse.

2. Doch iss er en Mensch wie annre Leit,
Wann's net waer fer Professer.
Daer glaabt noch an Gerechtichkeit,
Un sell macht's als noch besser.

3. Daer sucht die deitsche Lieder uff;
Er hot uns gfroogt fer singe.
Die Teep-meschien die neemt des uff;
Die dutt er mit sich bringe.

4. Darrich des hawwich en guder Freind;
Den kann ich net vergesse.
Daer fecht mit Leib un Seel der Feind;
Er hot aa mit uns gesse.

Lyman Baker's poems, it must be admitted, are full of disturbing "fillers" and can of course not compare in quality with those of our more "learned" Pennsylvania German poets. Such a comparison, however, would hardly be fair, in view of Baker's meager educational background. We have felt, nevertheless, that his Pennsylvania German poems deserved to be recorded and preserved, if for no other reason, because of their value for the study of the language and folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans and also because of their great popularity and appeal to the Pennsylvania German people of Snyder County. Even though we who have had the advantages of a higher education may not share in this enthusiasm for Lyman Baker's Pennsylvania German poems, we must, however, recognize the fact that they do form an integral part of our folk literature.

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Editorials

Fighting the Thistle

Even city dwellers, as they enjoy a bit of respite from the heat under their own vine and fig-tree, are likely to note the movement of thistle down upon the light summer air. People in the rural areas are likely at this time to see veritable clouds of the seeds that will produce a noxious crop wherever they land.

Despite a Pennsylvania law now almost a century old, little is done to prevent the spread of the thistle. Great patches of it spring up in fields of wheat and oats and are likely to seed just about the time the grain is cut. Then, in the reaping of the good crop, the noxious one is likely to be spread.

Almost all good farmers attack this foe vigorously with deep cultivating tools. Ultimately they can discourage the worst stands of the weed and prevent the seeding of the plants.

It is upon virtually abandoned land and along highways that the weed is likely to be undisturbed and is permitted to flourish to the disadvantage of neighboring arable areas. However the capable farmer can pretty well handle his own problem altho a heavy stand and infestation, as we might term it, may reduce a crop upon which he had counted.

It is a good deal different with dwellers in suburban and outer areas of cities where people have large gardens and lawns. Great areas of thistles, now blooming and seeding, can play hob with many a show-place.

Perhaps a change in the near-century-old law might help a bit. As this legislation now stands, a land-owner who tolerates and does nothing about the cutting down of thistles is accorded ten days in which to comply with the law after official notice has been given. But in ten days all the damage which can be done in a season by this weed may have been accomplished.

Perhaps our public officials who are responsible for the enforcement of this law should begin complaining about thistles when they first begin to bloom or even earlier. And if property owners do not eliminate the nuisance themselves then, in the public interest, the job should be done by the municipality and the charges assessed against the property owner.

Mack Merger Rumors

Rumors of a merger or consolidation of Mack Trucks Inc. with the White Motor Co. are interesting locally altho they are not disturbing to this community whose people have the highest confidence in the quality article which is produced here in the plant of the Mack Mfg. Co., subsidiary of Mack Trucks. They will believe that any merger will be to the local company's advantage and result in increase of prestige for the local product.

A little more than forty years ago the local organization went thru a merger during a critical period in the nationwide development of motor car manufacture. During that period in 1911-12 when the International Motor Car Co. was being set up by the bankers, J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York, there was much concern as to the effect a merger might have upon the local product.

Three famous name cars of that day were concerned in the merger which the New York investment bankers arranged and underwrote. It was a matter of but a short time until only one famous name was carried by the company. That name was "MACK." We dare say the present generation never heard of the Selden and Hewitt cars. They were discontinued in short order.

Whatever is going on behind the financial scenes it is to be hoped that it will relieve the uncertainties that have hovered around the local business for several years. More rumors than cars have been manufactured in recent years in the plant down along the Little Lehigh in the vicinity of S. 10th street. These rumors have been kicked around in every club and at every local bar for months, even years.

The most plausible rumors yet to emerge are those now current. These concern a merger with White and the financing operations to be performed by the House of Morgan. History often seems to like to repeat itself. It may again repeat in the case of MACK.

No Pension for Hiss

A committee of the House of Representatives has approved a bill which, if passed by Congress and signed by President Truman will strip Alger Hiss of any rights to collect a pension when he attains the age of 62 years.

The bill does not mention Hiss by name but since it would strip such pension rights from any and all retired employes who had been convicted of Communist activity or similar offenses it will affect the former high government official who now is in a Federal penitentiary.

The bill has become necessary because existing legislation literally bound the government to a contract with Hiss who, while in government position, made monthly payments to the retirement fund. The Government could not well break its contract and word. What it can do (and perhaps will do) is rep y Hiss a reasonable sum for his personal payments. That may be considered fair and due to him. As to paying him anything more there will be no obligation under the new bill.

After all, Hiss, like any other public official, signed a contract to defend the U. S. Government when he took his oath of office. He violated and nullified that contract. It is not Uncle Sam who will have violated a contract by denying full pension to Hiss when he becomes 62. It will have been Hiss.

Our Good Rural Schools

When Charles H. Boehm, superintendent of public instruction in Bucks County, addressed the Pennsylvania Farmers' Assn. in Harrisburg recently, he made some challenging statements about American schools in general which have opened the door to Lehigh County educators to call attention to educational advancement that has been made in this area.

Mr. Boehm's remarks were especially pointed when he compared educational opportunities in American cities and rural areas, to the disadvantage of the latter. Since there are some two thousand one-room schools in Pennsylvania, this State in such respect is not advanced beyond the Deep South and the Northwest. But, as our own Supt. Hobart Farber has pointed out, what is true in some parts of Pennsylvania is not true in Lehigh. Our rural schools almost to the last building and teacher have been consolidated and present construction at a cost of about $9 million will further increase opportunities for rural children.

Lehigh's children are doing mighty well when they go away to college. They have faculties made up for the most part of inspirational teachers. They occupy school buildings which have just about all the equipment which is necessary for successful competition with city schools. They provide just about all the services that city schools are able to give, or at least they give all those services which rural children need.

It can be added that, in many rural school units, there is a decided advantage over city schools because classrooms are not so crowded as in the cities. Therefore there is greater opportunity in the rural school for individual attention to students — one of the greatest assets any educational system can boast. It is the most boasted asset of the private school. It is one of the most valuable in the public school as well.

The American Scene



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Although not outwardly identifiable as clearly as the socialistic groups that have broken up Eruopean Parliaments, the Congress of the United States in the session now at its climax is also revealing deep-seated cleavages of an ideological nature.

On the surface, the controversy over whether to tax corporations twice — once when the profits are confiscated at a rate of 52 per cent and once when the stockholder gets his dividend and pays a second tax — is supposed to be a contest "between rich and poor." That's what the demagogues would have the public believe, but actually it is a contest between those who would confiscate the savings of the workingman and those who would stimulate thrift and give private capitalism a much needed stimulus.

For unless investors have incentives for employing their funds as risk capital in American enterprises, the government — the state — must provide the capital. That's the road to state socialism and Hitlerism. Yet the "left wing," which professes such an abhorrence of everything Hitlerlike, is behind the drive to prevent the encouragement of private investors.

The investor who buys bonds pays an income tax on the interest he receives, but he can invest in tax-exempt municipal or state bonds. As for corporate bonds, companies get a deduction for the interest they pay out. In this way the creation of more and more debt has been encouragel, whereas the use of risk capital has been discouraged because the corporations get no deduction for dividend payments — the sums they pay out for the use of capital.

America has been built up by risk capital. The investor in the early years of this country's development took a chance on the success or failure of an enterprise and, if it was successful, he got a reward commensurate with his risk.

But in recnet years risk capital has been increasingly hard to find for the use of American business. For new enterprises, it has been even harder to get. Most new enterprises have been launched by already existing large companies with fat treasuries — an encouragement to monopoly and a discouragement to competition by smaller companies with inadequate capital.

In contrast to the socialistic trend under the New Deal and the Fair Deal, the Eisenhower administration set out to recognize in the new tax law the basic idea that a dividend payment should have some tax relief for the investor. While the amount is relatively small, the new bill just out of conference does recognize the principle of opposition to double taxation. It will give a lift to American enterprise and mean more jobs for the workers in existing businesses and more businesses that will create new jobs. Yet there are many Democrats and a few Republicans who take a demagogic view and would stifle the incentives that help private enterprise.

The same ideological prejudice has arisen on the issue of public versus private power. About 30 years ago the American people were told that rivers should be opened to navigation and that whatever by-products in electric power became available would be incidental. Warnings against this deception went unheeded, and now the Tennessee Valley Authority has become a major public-power development. Many taxpayers in the north and west and east are taxed heavily to pay for a local power development that serves only one region. If this principle were applied fairly to other sections of the country where rivers could be used to generate power, it would put the government in the power business on a national scale.

Same Basic Question

The debate in the Senate this week about atomic power involves the same basic question. If atomic energy is to be solely a government development, then the state will control many business enterprises directly or indirectly. Instead of leasing the facilities to the highest bidders and letting private capital do the job — and supply the government with taxes out of its profits — there are some Republicans and many Democrats who believe in the government-ownership doctrine. They would deny that they want the government to own everything. But there isn't much difference between putting the government in the power business and putting it into the food-store business or in the management of department stores and other retail enterprises. Then almost everybody would be employed by the government, as in Soviet Russia.

At a time when the budget is strained and taxes are high, there are some members of Congress who want the government to make large outlays for power plants of all kinds. The Eisenhower administration's view is that private business — which pays taxes on its profits—should have the opportunity to do that work and that the state should get out of private business and stay out. It would be an interesting issue for the campaign, for, if they fully understood, the American people would promptly reject the doctrines of state socialism which so often have led to paths of communism and an all-powerful state.

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Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

With all the wisdom of an old-lady spinster of 20, Irma Capece Minutolo, who was reported by the papers to be an Italian countess, announced that contrary to rumors she would not marry ex-King Farouk of Egypt, because "Marriage Is The Tomb of Love."

She did add that Farouk is "sensible and tender," but that she did not consider him as a potential husband.

As far as Farouk's sensibility is concerned, I refer you to recent dispatches from Italy which said that the ex-King's absinthe parties were disgraceful and indicated that the sooner he would take himself elsewhere, the better the Italians would like it.

Now as to the countess' pronunciamento that "marriage is the tomb of love."

It would hardly deserve mention or the expenditure of a single thought, but unfortunately when something appears in print, immediately thousands of people accept it as authoritative and act accordingly. Thus, this foolish remark might well scare a lot of perfectly nice young girls — and boys, too, — away from marriage when there really is not the slightest reason for it.

It's just about like the story from Hollywood the other day which told us that in just one court session five movie "stars" sued for divorce. They gave all sorts of reasons why they no longer live up to their matrimonial promise to stay together "for better or worse," and in each case the women asked for fat alimony; thus scaring away another batch of prospective brides and grooms who, otherwise, might have entered the holy bonds of matrimony with high hopes and in anticipation of great happiness.

I don't want to get personal, but, after all, our own experience means more to us than that of anyone else.

Personally, I can recommend marriage very highly, and if you need any additional references, almost every one of my friends feels the same way about it.

I told you that recently I spent a week in the hospital for a check-up.

During that week my own wife traveled 26 miles every day to visit me, to sit by my bedside, to bring me books and magazines, and to cheer me up.

In that same hospital I saw dozens of other wives do the very same thing. Every day they left their many duties to be with their husbands and to bring them the very thing of which, according to the Italian countess, marriage is the tomb—love.

Love, of course, is not what is pictured in some papers in tight sweaters or with practically no clothes on at all.

This, dear readers, ain't love. It's only cheesecake.

If you are looking for this kind of love you won't find it in marriage. Marriage is an entirely different kind of love.

That kind increases with every year. That kind is companionship and understanding. That kind means having joys together and suffering together. That kind has nothing to do with waist or bust measurements.

That kind comes from something that can't be measured — the heart.

That kind is the kind that fat, voluptuous, sensuous ex-King Farouk doesn't know the first thing about.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 10:1-2

As we read this chapter, we find that each verse is, almost without exception, complete in itself., No two verses, as a rule, are related to each other, in thought. Each one is a 'proverb' in itself. 'Wise' and 'foolish' in verse one are now significant, because of what has been said in the first nine chapters about wisdom and folly. Truly a wise son makes his father glad, but a foolish son is a grief to his mother. The main thought is that moral goodness and industry bring prosperity, but wickedness and indolence bring adversity. The words, father and mother, in verse one naturally stand for 'parents' in the poetical structure of the verse. Daughters are not to be excluded from the general thought expressed in the verse. Verse two speaks of wealth acquired by violence or by dishonesty as bringing no profit. 'Crime does not pay' is a familiar saying today. Righteous conduct, on the other hand, assures to its possessor a long and peaceful life, exemption from premature and sudden death, always considered as a direct divine judgment for wicked conduct in human relations.

Horoscope

Much gain by publicity and social prominence should help your business to expand. Look for originality, good temper, good judgment in today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM G. TROXELL

SHPORESOME MIT 'M RAYA: Wons uf der Charlie Frable fon Parryville aw kumt, gait net 'n drubba raya wosser ferlora—net so long os er ocht tzu gewwa hut uf da Becky Snyder ihra fiela shaina blumma shteck. Die Becky is drous in Kalifornia, un der Charlie un sei Lottie—negshd dier, hen fershprocha fer ocht gewwa uf die blumma, ow'r niemond hut gadenk'd os 'n drickning ei reissa dade wies now is, odder der Charlie het cer chob ferleicht net ganumma.

Der Charlie is garetid'd fon da Zink kumpany in Palmerton, un hut so wenich tzu shoffa, wie ocht gewwa uf die hinkle, der gorda un der hofe, un uf kours da Lottie abissel mit helfa mit da hous arwet. Tzu all'm glick hen sie ken kuh, un brouch ken budder draya, un wor aw noch ken tzeit os die hinkle galaig'd hen os die neshder iwwer galoffa sin. Doc is immer ebbes tzu duh, un arbadich so, tzitter os er da Becky ihra blumma in hond hut.

Sis wohr, sis blenty wosser drunna im Parryville dom, yusht sel wear 'n shinnerrei fers ols hame drawga mit kessel un aimer, un fer immer om brunna hanka wosser bumba fer die blumma dranka—noh maich'd 's wosser aw darta glei nidder werra. So fer immer sehna datzu os wosser rum is, hut er 'n gross foss unnich 'm doch kond'l, un woh er ordlich wosser tzomma sommla kon wons rayer'd—ow'r 's rayer'd so oft net.

Gawainlich won raya fall'd alla weil in Parryville, sins yusht so aeletzicha drubba os so hee un doh falla—net die ort raya os 'n raya-foss fill'd, un aw ken nutza is tzu da blumma un 'm graws weil die drubba tzu weit ousa nonner sin. Fer shure mocha os net ae drubba ferlora gait, nembt der Charlie ols 'n grossie g'sharwesh shissel, un shpring'd im hofe rum wie 'n wilder fer die drubba fonga—aenicha waig, so hen die fegelcher uns gapifa. Darta mit wesser'd er noh da Becky ihra blumma—uns hais'd da Becky ihra blumma un der hofe wear grawd so shae wie er wor wie sie ferlossa hut fer Kalifornia.

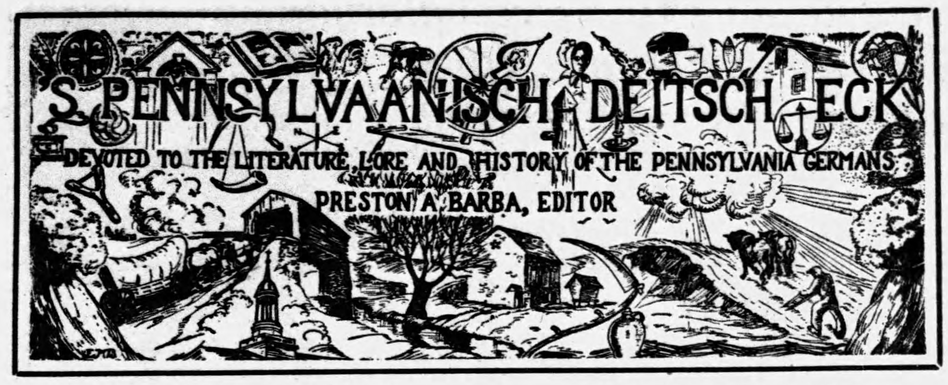
Shwertza fon raya drubba aeletzich falla, gamohnt uns onna erfohring os 'mr kotta hen in Lovelock Nevada. Weck fon paar wolka om himmel wors so hase un glore is sie hut kenna. Die gons londschoft wor golda gail ferbent fon da sun, uns wor yusht so hee un doh os m'r 'n greenie tzweig fon aenich ebbes g'sehna hut.

Wie m'r g'shtopt hen fer gas, hen m'r g'sehna os der yong kerl os kumma is uns ob worta, awenich long g'sichdich gaguck'd hut, un fer 'n blauder awfonga, hen m'r die gawainlich froke g'shteld, "And how are you today"

Mit ous so fiel os wie 's moul fertziega, hut er g'sawt, "I am sick and tired of this rain weather."

Wie m'r gawunnert hen woh don raya wear, hut er gawissa noch 'm hood fon unserra mashine, un g'sawt, "Look, there's another drop." Un shure ganunk wie m'r gaguck'd hen sin paar drubba raya so hee un doh g'falfa, ous da paar wolka om himmel, ow'r net ganunk fer uns so gore denka mocha on raya wedder. Sel sin all 'm noh fon da ort druppa woh der Charlie fong'd in Parryville.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'N ad im heits Call gebt die folla barichda fon unserra yairlicha train on boat trip da nagshda mohnet, un da ousicht noh alla weil hen m'r widder 'n load lagshd ebs tzeit is fer gae.



BOOK REVIEW

A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN GRAMMAR. Albert F. Buffington and Preston A. Barba, Schlechter's, Allentown, Pennsylvania, 1954. 167 pages with a preface, map, appendices and vocabularies.—$3.50.

"This book springs from a demand by teachers, laymen and scholars for a systematic and scholarly presentation of Pennsylvania German grammar . . . 1. It is designed to be used as a textbook in beginning classes in Pennsylvania German; 2. It is to serve as a reference grammar for the layman and the scholar."

With these two somewhat overlapping statements from Buffington's and Barba's Pennsylvania German Grammar I begin my discussion of their book, not only because a reviewer, in all fairness, must criticize from the point of view of the author's intentions, when the author is as honest as these my two friends and colleagues, but also because they give me a convenient point of departure for all the negative criticism which I wish to dispose of before I take up the more pleasant task of discussing the merits of the book as the best practical grammar and condensed reference book that has ever been written for an undeserving Pennsylvania German public.

In fact, all my negative criticism is directed toward this undeserving Pennsylvania German public. Such things as whether one can quickly find this or that in the grammatical exposition or whether this or that spelling is the better, is not a matter for a general review but for technical discussion with the authors if a new edition should be prepared.

Incidentally, I always did maintain that a Pennsylvania German spelling once accepted by enough people could start a movement toward standardization. I think this one might well be that spelling.

The percentage of teachers and laymen who clamor for a book like this is really only a small portion of the teachers and laymen in the Pennsylvania German region, I regret to say. In fact, I can go so far as to assert that only a small portion of those who can speak or understand Pennsylvania German want the book. They just are not proud of the language of their ancestors.

Of course, Pennsylvania Germans like to pat themselves on the back because their ancestors came over before the American Revolution, because they have been thrifty, law-abiding and God-fearing, because they are non-political (one of the most bare-faced lies they have ever sold themselves) and because they are "good average people," who in spite of being "good average people," have produced a large number of self-sacrificing public servants, modest scientists and honest soldiers.

But instead of thirsting for instruction in their own mother tongue or the German literary language, which Buffington hints the Pennsylvania German speakers can acquire **with proper teaching** more easily than other languages taught in our schools, they are complacently indifferent to both.

They will haul down Grandpa's and Grandma's old Sears-Roebuck bought clothes from the attic in a welter of pseudo-antique fervor for atteding folklore revivals. They will listen to any orator who will flatter them by extolling their virtues. I have seen petty grafters, tax-dodgers and beneficiaries of war-time black markets shed tears of emotion over such eulogizing.

But they will not further their own language to any positive degree. (I wonder how the Irish would behave in a like situation.)

To be sure, there may be some who out of a sense of form and respect for dignity shy away from any active support of their language only out of fear that they might be confounded by contact with the activity outlined above. Such a one was a farmer friend who, when asked to buy a ticket to one of the affairs, refused, saying, "Ich sett en Ticket kaafe fer Deitsch schwetze, wu ich alle Daag Deitsch schwetz!"

One cannot say, therefore, that the statement of the authors, "to be used as a textbook in beginning classes in Pennsylvania German," is quite suitable. "Beginning classes" imply that there are to be advanced classes. I think the statement should read, "For such few classes in Pennsylvania German as may be established." I hope that I am mistaken.

I admit cheerfully that the Pennsylvania Dutch have a right to live their linguistic lives to suit themselves. But I, myself, prefer the way of life of a definite discriminating minority among them, farmers, professional men and business men, who can send their sons to even the highest institutions of learning and still have as much pride in a well-turned "Dutch" phrase, spoken or written, as in a line of Keats, and who still read English, Pennsylvania German, and to a surprising degree, "High German." (Sometimes I think the best **"Dutch"** education can be acquired in American schools outside of the area.)

But now I must stop panning the undeserving Dutch and discuss the achievement of the deserving authors Buffington and Barba.

The intelligent layman can acquire a working knowledge of Pennsylvania German from this book. In addition he will have a pleasant smattering of that thing called "folklore," a bit of local history, and will be introduced to some choice selections from Pennsylvania German literature. It is a delightful introduction.

If he is at all intelligent he will receive an absorbing explanation of some of the problems that have confronted scholars in their study of Pennsylvania German. (By "scholars" I do not mean those who have sniffed at a **Taufschein** and had some of the paint come off on their noses.)

If he knows anything about the cantankerousness of countless alleged authorities in the field, he will be struck by the Christian tolerance with which Buffington and Barba have discussed the achievements of those differing from them in content and method and the reverence which they display for those older scholars whose work is now outmoded, and their carefully giving credit to others, a conduct quite different in this respect from that of some alleged Pennsylvania German authors who have "lifted" and taken credit, and even made a profit for themselves thereby.

If the layman has been subjected to the ordinary instruction in German he will be amazed at how Buffington not only points out the relation of "Dutch" to German, but insists it is German, and that, contrary to the contentions of several generations of school-marms, it is an asset in learning literary German. (Of course, the average **homo pennsylvanicus** will say anyway, "I don't want no foreign language, especially German," and his guidance counsellor, if **homo pennsylvanicus** is young, will back him up.)

If the layman is meeting with Pennsylvania German for the first time in printed form, he will be impressed with the wealth of expression and the easy flexibility of the language.

The scholar will be grateful for the systematic treatment of the language. This reviewer, particularly, who started with a form of American German that was similar to Pennsylvania German, is grateful for many tips where he can polish up certain typical Pennsylvania German usages, for instance, when to say "ge-" in the perfect participle and when to say "g-" (gelese, gfange.) If I have taken the trouble to learn the second language of this state, I do want to speak it idiomatically.

The honest historian of Pennsylvania German will be a bit depressed by the fact that the book must stress again what his kind have been trying to get across for a century in spite of adverse or distorted teaching in the schools. But if it has to be said again, then the best thing to do is to face it. Buffington writes (p. 131):

"During the past few years I have heard high school and college teachers of German describe Pennsylvania German as follow: " a form of debased German," "corrupt German," "a mixture of bad German and English," "a mixture of Dutch and English," "Low German," or "Low German with English words mixed in."

"Pennsylvania German does not fit any of these descriptions but is a respectable German dialect (with a small percentage of English loan words) which happens to resemble most closely the dialects spoken in the eastern half of the Rhenish Palatinate."

In conclusion I should like to restate my comments in the following words: The Pennsylvania Germans should have insisted on this type of book many years ago. That they did not is no credit to their Americanism, but is a sign of cultural weakness that they do not like to hear mentioned. May this book serve as a guide to that minority among the Pennsylvania Germans who realize that also their language is worth preserving. Should the language die out, may it serve as a reminder that part of the Pennsylvania Germans believed that pride in one's ancestors also means pride in the language which they bequeathed, and that two of them, Albert F. Buffington and Preston A. Barba, have not forfotten those words of Astor C. Wuchter:

S' iss draurich wammer driwwer denkt,
Yuscht waer iss, ass noch denke dutt?
Die Alte hen ihr Fehler ghatt—
Verleicht schteckt heit noch Deel im Blut.
Mag sei wie's will, s' iss ebbes letz,
Die Welt iss aryets gans verdreht,
Wann uff me alde Grabschtee mol
Ken Enkel weess, was g'schriwwe schteht.

—RALPH CHARLES WOOD

(It does not follow that the opinions expressed above are also those of the Editor of the ECK)

OUT OF THIS WILDERNESS

We Pennsylvania Germans are a gregarious people. We like crowds. We like County Agricultural Fairs, Grundsau Lodge Meetings, Folk Festivals and large-scale Family Reunions. Such gatherings entertain and amuse. They stimulate self-esteem, respect for our neighbors and appreciation of our Pennsylvania German countryside.

We note with special interest an attraction of a different sort, one that deserves the patronage of all who are more seriously interested in their pioneer ancestors and the part they have played in the building of our nation.

The players who last year presented an historical pageant on the occasion of the Selinsgrove Centennial celebration, have now become incorporated and are presenting every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evening through the summer months an original historical drama.

OUT OF THIS WILDERNESS is the only outdoor drama of the early Pennsylvania Germans. It is presented on stages in the Selinsgrove Fairground outdoor theatre located in sight of the Susquehanna Trail, U. S. 11 and 15, midway between Harrisburg and Williamsport and 7 miles south of Sunbury. It offers the life story of the German people who fled from the religious and political oppression of their native land into the Wilderness and "Out of This Wilderness" they built the towns and nation we have today.

In the course of this play you will meet Conrad Weiser, famous Indian mediator; Chief Shikellamy, a wise Indian friend; Count Zinzendorf, famous Moravian missionary; Chief Seneca George, a truly great Red Man; George Gabriel, trader and first settler; Anthony Selin, Revolutionary War hero; and Governor Simon Snyder, early Governor of Pennsylvania.

The following brief synopsis will denote the nature of the material offered:

SYNOPSIS

Prologue: In which Father Time opens the scroll 214 years back.

Act One

Scene 1—1740 — Weiser and Shikellamy Council—in which two wise and trusty friends of different races, held a council in the primeval forest, with startling results to both of them.

Scene 2—1754 — George Gabriel's Trading Post—in which some hardy frontiersmen complain bitterly, then celebrate wonderful news of peace, only to wind up fighting for their lives again.

Scene 3—1769—The Seneca George Murder —in which innocent blood is spilt, and disastrous war is averted only through a gracious nobility of spirit found in men, both Red and White.

Scene 4—1775—Recruiting for the Revolution—in which a very young nation struggles to be born; and a very young man goes off to the wars with the deathless cry of liberty upon his lips.

Scene 5—1781—in which some of the heroes return; tall tales are told; a charming lady dances with a gallant gentleman, to the strains of an original waltz, with important results for Selinsgrove.

Act Two

Scene 1—1808—Governor Snyder's Election Parade—in which a great man finally gets well-deserved recognition and indulges in a bit of prophecy.

Scene 2—1860—The Underground Railroad —in which a dark and brooding note is struck as the young Nation stands at the crossroads of its destiny, about to test "Whether any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

Scene 3—1865—Civil War Victory Celebration—in which all hearts are young and gay because the crisis has passed and a stronger Nation has been forged from the crucible of battle and the bath of blood. Old friends return; new appear; two more original songs take a bow, and with beards and bonnets the entire cast and the audience come "Out of This Widnerness" together in a tuneful and stirring outburst of music that will bring every real American to his feet rejoicing.

Here two centuries of history will pass before you in a single evening. You will share a people's mingled emotions and deeply religious convictions in heartwarming scenes of joy and triumph; heartbreaking scenes of sorrow and disappointment, sharp trading and heroic battles with the Indians and the Redcoats, tender love scenes, simple comedy and humor, and the happiness and glory they feel when the Nation they have made is preserved as their own United States. Hear them speak in their own authentic Pennsylvania German dialect and sing the old songs. See them dance the old fold-dances in this play, written, acted and produced by the descendants of these hardy people in the actual place where they made their settlement.

For further information (seat and hotel reservations) address The Centennial Players, Selinsgrove, Pa.

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Editorials

Welcome, Rainmaker!!

A score of the progressive farmers in the Fogelsville-Macungie area have hired a professional rainmaker to come here on Monday with his traps in an effort to coax rain from the heavens.

Unfortunately the effort could not be made immediately upon the farmers' decision to share expenses and employ the Massachusetts scientist. It will take him some time to make the journey to this community so that the operation cannot be begun until about Monday.

Furthermore the rain-making process cannot be undertaken unless there be moisture-laden clouds overhead. Just as you can't get blood out of a stone so you can't get rain from cloudless skies.

In light of this latter fact and axiom it is to be regretted that Dr. W. E. Howell and his smoke generators which shoot silver iodide into rain-clouds, were not here earlier in the week. On several occasions what appeared to be heavily laden skies darkened the sun and, at night, the usually brilliant stars. It should have been possible at those times to coax rain to fall. It may take days for favorable circumstances to develop and enable Dr. Howell to go to work with some assurances of success.

Certainly there will be widespread hope that not only will the potato farmers in an area of about 25 square miles get all the rain they need but that there will be enough left over in the clouds to wet down this entire area wherever abundance of rain is needed.

The local experiment undoubtedly was one that long has been discussed by those who now are going to finance it. Always there is difficulty in getting agreement by people on the kind of weather that is desirable at any given time. Repeatedly when rain-making enterprises have been conducted in the past there have been efforts to enjoin and prevent the operations. Amusement parks and other outdoor business ventures, which were perfectly satisfied with clear weather even tho it meant continuation of serious drought, sometimes objected. Now that the experiment is to be made locally it is to be hoped that it will be a complete success.

If it proves successful it well could prompt local groups to equip themselves with rainmaking apparatus so that henceforth valuable time will not be lost, such as was the case during the current week when raineclouds were overhead and still didn't precipitate their moisture upon the thirsty earth.

How About the Driver?

Plenty of reminders have been issued during recent months relative to the semi-annual compulsory inspection of motor cars in Pennsylvania. This period expires at midnight tonight and the 11th hour boys who have forgotten about this requirement or have procrastinated about going to an inspection station will find it difficult during the weekend and the general Saturday half-holiday to get attention from garage men anywhere.

Despite this fact the operation of the inspection law goes into effect at once. Beginning at midnight cars which do not bear new inspection stickers are outlaws upon the highways. It can prove quite costly to attempt to operate such cars.

Again it is pertinent to point out that Pennsylvania's compulsory inspection law is not an arbitrary piece of legislation, enacted in the interes of he garage operaors in particular and the motor car industry in general.

The law operates in the interest of the people, not alone those who drive in the cars which inspections declare are mechanically safe but in the interest of everybody who may be encountered upon the highways.

Mechanical difficulties as the cause of accidents upon highways in Pennsylvania largely have been eliminated by inspection. Brakes, lights, tires, windshield wipers and any units of a car whose defects are likely to cause accidents must be in good condition before an inspection station will apply a sticker.

Pennsylvania has been foremost in the country in this safety measure. Traffic authorities recognize its virtue and some States have followed Pennsylvania's lead in putting it into effect.

A lot has been done in Pennsylvania about the machine. Now if equal inspections could be made of the driver of that machine and if corrections could be made as are done with the brakes, lights and tires of a car our highways almost certainly would become virtually accident free.

Under Three Flags

"Under three flags" summarizes the career of the naval vessel which upon its launching on Lake Michigan during World War II received the name "Allentown" to the intense pride and satisfaction of our people.

Some day, it is to be hoped, its log or a copy thereof will find its way into this community's archives and be listed with the other records of the Lehigh County Historical Society.

It would be too much to expect that the ship's log under a second flag, that of Russia, ever will be seen by any American, despite the war-time generosity which prompted the United States to turn several hundred ships over to our wartime allies.

It did not please this community when it became known that efforts to have the ship returned were being given scanty attention by the Russian government. Satisfaction, when it finally was returned, was not complete for the report that Allentonians sent home was that the boat had been kept carelessly, that it was filthy and that it would take a lot of money to put it into condition once more.

That repair job evidently was done in Japan. Now the ship has been put under its third flag, that of the Flowery Kingdom.

While it now bears the title UME 12, Allentonians will hope that no amount of paint ever will be able to completely cover and eliminate the ship's first given name, the name under which it served well during World War II and proudly carried this nation's emblem, the Stars and Stripes.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Despite the fact that several happy-go-lucky players on the team had repeatedly broken training, a boisterous baseball team managed to win the pennant with a great last-month drive. The day the World Series ended (the team, having played the Yankees, was trimmed of course) the owner came into the clubhouse and said, "Boys, you went a lot further than I thought you would, anyhow. How about some whiskeys and soda?" "Guess we might as well," said one player. "No sense stopping now that the season is over.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HET 'M SHIER EI G'SHLOGA: Doh net long tzurick wie die Refamiert Kerricha eiweierrei wor in Fogelsville, hets 'm hinklemon un painter Warren Henninger in aim hoar ei g'shloga — un ol fer sei mashine onna shtella wohs g'sawt wor os ken mashina sei sotta. Der Warren is noch so gore uf 'm kerrichrawd, un hut selwar helfa blawna fer ol die mashina nuf ufs graws shtella — sie wotta gore ken mashina hunna ferda da kerrich howwa.

Der Ed un der Harold Mohr worra die mashina shteller, un hen ken druvel kot mit niemond, bis der Warren un sei Isabella kumma sin. Noh wotta m'r net sawga os der Warren druvel gamocht hut — hut yusht sei mashine braid unna onna g'shteld, un die fraw nunner noch da Ludderrisha kerrich ganumma fer supper, un woh sie essa garish'd hen kot.

Die weil os sie drin om dish worra, hut der Ed un der Harold mohl awenich rote K'halta wie aw tzu gae. Tzu all 'm guta glick hut der Warren ebbes gaduh os niemond ken tzeit duh sot — hut die shlissel in da mashine shtecka lossa. Der Ed hut 'm Harold noh g'sawt er sot die mashine nuf ufs graws in roy fohrra so os onnerra net aw dart unna parka dada.

Wies Warrens rous kumma sin fom essa, hut er net mohl evens net grawd g'sehna os sei mashine nimmy wor woh er sie shtae hut lossa. Glei hut er sie ow'r erblick'd, un da boova darta rum g'sawt, "Ei sehna mohl doh, darta shtaid yoh grawd 'n mashine wie meinie." Sie hens locha shier net halta kenna, ow'r kenner huts moul fertzoga os m'r 'n si barshd darrich tziega het kenna, bis der Warren awfonga hut gucka, fer sehna woh sei mashine wear.

Endlich hut er g'sehna os sel sei mashine wor, un der Ed un der Harold hen 'm glei tzu fershtae gewwa, os er net besser wear wie aw aenich ebber shunshd — hen 'm g'sawt er het selwar helfa blawna fe ol die mashine nuf ufs graws shtella, ow'r ols hut er fert gabrumm'ld. 'S wor net bis der Ed un der Harold gawunnert hen eb net aryads tzettle rum weara sie sie in da shtedt hetta, fer onmashina hanka os gapark'd weara woh sie ken bisnis hetta. Sel tzu hoerra wor der Warren glei ruich — hut g'farrich'd won er ferleicht noch fiel sawga dade, maich'd ebber in shtond sei un 'n tzettle mocha, un er graich'd 'n gute bloshder aw k'hank'd fer sei mashine howwa woh sie ken bisnis kotta hut tzu sei.

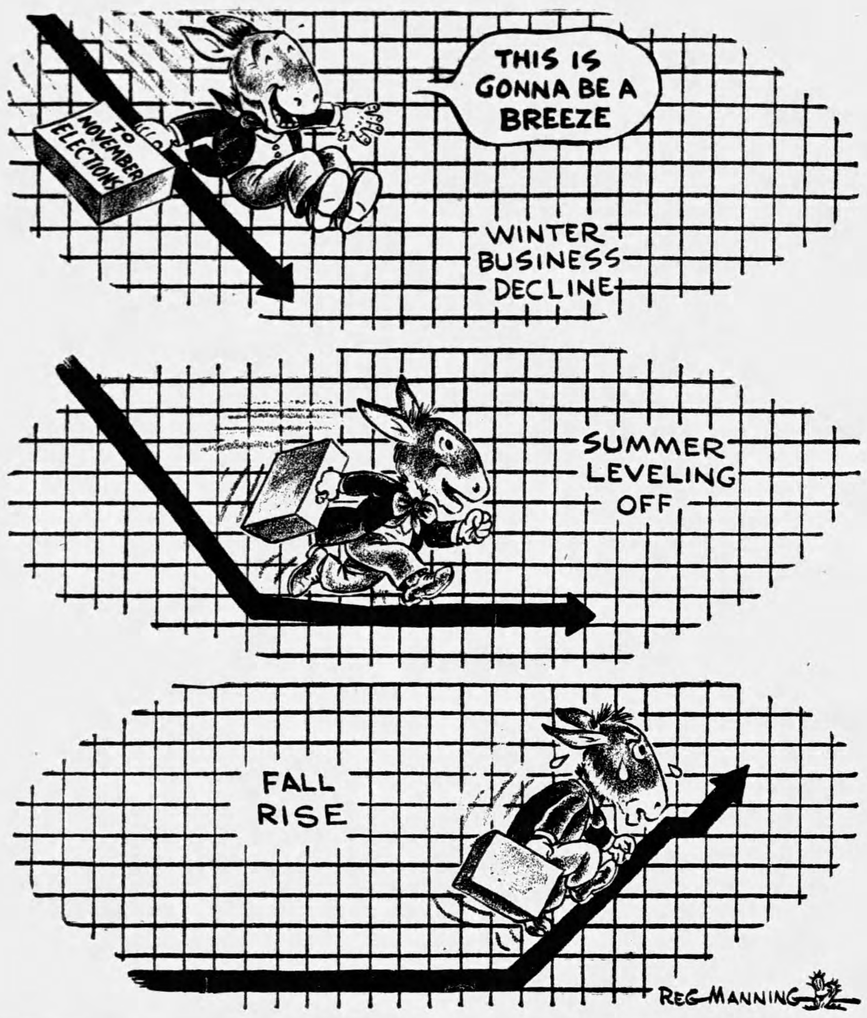
Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Warren die socha aw net house howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Allen Ruch fon Ruchsville, salesmon fer die Quaker City automobile shticker kumpany doh in da shtadt, gebt nix drum wos leit 'n haisa — so long os sie ruich sin fon ma pandy hawna.

Net long tzurick is 'n fraw kumma un hut 'n sel k'haisa, un der Allen kon ols noch net fershtae wos die obsicht wor.

According to the Charts



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Syngman Rhee of the Republic of Korea told a joint session of both Houses of Congress some unpalatable truths. But it is doubtful whether many members agreed with the implications of his formula, even though they may have considered his point of view natural and logical from his standpoint.

"Jet bombers," he said in describing the Communist threat, "lie within 10 minutes of our national assembly."

This tells the real reason for Mr. Rhee's uneasiness and his realistic appraisal of the situation confronting his countrymen. Communist airfields, he asserts, have been "newly constructed in defiance of armistice terms."

Everybody here knows these to be facts, because they have been officially reported. But, while such truth is glossed over and brushed aside as something folks here do not like to think about, Syngman Rhee nevertheless has to think about it. What he tried to do with his speech was to persuade the American Congress to think about it, too.

Red Plan—Destroy U. S.

Mr. Rhee adds that "death is scarcely closer to Seoul than it is to Washington, for the destruction of the United States is the prime objective of the conspirators in the Kremlin." He is confident that all the Soviets are doing is lulling Americans "into a sleep of death by talking peace until the Soviet Union possesses enough hydrogen bombs and intercontinental bombers to pulverize the airfields and productive centers of the United States by a sneak attack."

This could happen, and history may prove him right some day, for the western alliance undoubtedly will be taking a big gamble with fate if it ignores that possibility.

There are those who say President Rhee's speech is unfortunately worded, as it may give the Communist propaganda a chance to cry "warmonger." But that's precisely what the sturdy Korean executive wants to overcome — the tendency in America to consult the enemy about what to do about the enemy. His words were forthright and deliberately chosen because he thinks America is not sufficiently alert to the danger that faces the whole word in the explosive situation of Asia today.

Air Force, Navy Needed

Dr. Rhee wants the American Air Force and Navy to help but says no American foot soldiers will be necessary, as these will be furnished by Asian countries. It is significant that the Korean President does not talk any more about "going it alone" but urges an allied operation, which he has a right to do in the debate of the free world.

He thinks the troops of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa — he estimates them at 630,000 — would be useful in arousing the Chinese people when an attack is made and that most of the so-called Communist army will not remain loyal but will revolt at the first opportunity. He emphasizes, for example, that out of the soldiers of the Communist Army captured in Korea only 220 chose to go back to Red China, while 14,369 chose to join the nationalists on Formosa.

Does this add up to "preventive war"? Not as Dr. Rhee sees it. For he talks with the logic of a soldier. His country is at war already. Millions of his countrymen — innocent men, women, and children — have been killed and what he describes as an "unwise armistice" is being violated every day by the warlike moves of the other side. So to him it seems plain that to resist encroachment is not wrong and that, rather, the free world is wishfully disregarding its allies to show firmness and to be prepared to fight if necessary. With a grim suspicion that many of his audience might not agree with him, Dr. Rhee added:

"I am aware that this is hard doctrine. But the Communists have made this a hard world, a horrible world, in which to be soft is to become a slave."

There was no applause but a solemn silence as he touched on some delicate points. The Congress, however, cheered lustily at the outset and frequently during the course of the address, and at its conclusion gave the brave man from Korea a personal ovation seldom equaled in the chamber of the House. For in their hearts many members felt that, while Syngman Rhee's advice could not for reasons of expediency be adopted at this time, maybe history might prove him right in his forewarning of what happens when an unpalatable truth is ignored.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 10:13-14

Verse 13 says: 'On the lips of the intelligent, wisdom is found; but a rod is for the back of him who lacketh understanding.' Wisdom utters not that which will be injurious, but a fool says that which will be likely to provide a rod for him! Contrast the wise and understanding heart of Solomon with his son, Rehoboam, who trusted his own notion and the counsel of the companions of his youth, and 'found a rod' for his back in consequence (1 Kings 12:8-19), losing the northern ten tribes, who rebelled at his cruel treatment. Wise men (v. 14) are cautious in speech, for they know the power of words, so that, 'by not telling everything they know,' they avert misfortune, while fools, talking thoughtlessly, are constantly in danger of bringing destruction on people's heads, as by tale-bearing, revealing secrets, and the like. This thought may be derived from the expression: 'Wise men lay up knowledge,' in the sense of a prudent holding back of communications which might do more harm than good, if spoken. Recall the proverb: Reden ist Silber; Schweigen is Gold;' that is, To speak is like silver; to be silent is like gold.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of July 31, a Wednesday

Allentown's rapidly growing West End last night sent 1500 citizens to Greenleaf and Bayard streets, to witness the groundbreaking ceremonies for a new fire house being built there by the Keystone company for that section.

A four-alarm fire which raged for two hours wiped out completely the Newark, N. J. garage of the Mack International Motor Car Company.

Three additional gasoline, oil, and service stations will be added to the city's rapidly growing list, resolutions permitting their erection being passed.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

FREEDOM'S COST

Men have died without regret,
Men have even smiled at pain,
Fires of fury bravely met
So that freedom shall remain.

Men have laughed while facing fear,
Land and sea and in the sky,
This their solemn purpose clear:
Freedom for mankind to buy.

God above, to Thee I pray
That the day will never be
When in that heroic way
Men again must die for me.

(Copyright, 1954)

Horoscope

Hard work and busy enterprise should yield great progress for you in the next year. Today's child is likely to be forceful, assertive, ambitious and proud, with a vigorous mentality.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

What's wrong with Hollywood?

I don't mean the Hollywood of many thousands of normal business and professional people who happen to live in that lovely town, or shall I call it a district of Los Angeles?

I mean the cinema-Hollywood, which has given the real Hollywood a rather bad name and which is, in its way of living, not part of Hollywood at all.

If I were a citizen of Hollywood, I think I would start a movement renaming cinema-Hollywood and making it an entirely separate community, so that the Hollywood of bankers, businessmen, doctors, lawyers and candlestick makers who either commute to Los Angeles every day or make their living in the vicinity of Hollywood and Vine wouldn't always have to bear the brunt of the crazy antics of the movie people, those who have gone crazy with stardom and whose press agents have to think up taller stories every day to get their names into the newspapers.

Nothing is the matter with Hollywood, says Samuel Goldwyn, one of its top movie tycoons. "Hollywood finished?" he wrote in a recent article, "why we haven't really started yet."

And he gives as proof for the statement that he just paid a million dollars for the screen rights to "Guys and Dolls" and will spend an unheard of sum of money on its production.

On the other hand, another writer, John Ferris, says there is something the matter with Hollywood. There is no more "glamor and mystery" about it, he insists.

He takes as an example the case of Theda Bara.

Theda was born Theodosia Goodman in Cincinnati, Ohio.

But neither her name nor her birthplace would do in the Hollywood of 1915.

So she was given into the hands of the press agents of 40 years ago and these magicians of the typewriter converted her into a creature of magic and mystery.

They named her Theda Bara, Theda being an anagram of death and Bara, Arab spelled backwards.

They told the public that Theda Bara was born somewhere in the Sahara and made an incorrigible "vampire" out of her.

They described her as the daughter of a French actress, Theda de Coopet and an Italian painter and sculptor, Giuseppe Bara.

She was supposed to have had a Russian grandmother whose seductiveness had been known in every fashionable European salon. There was also another romantic ancestor, the gypsy smuggler of Cordova, out of whose colorful life Prosper Merimee had fashioned the story of Carmen.

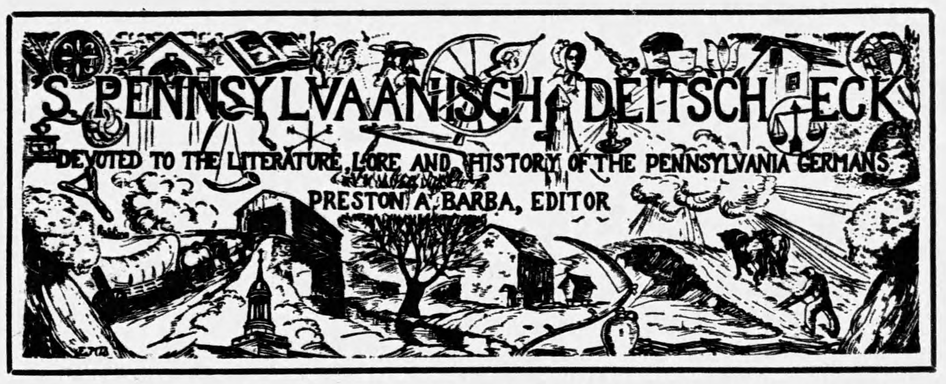
There were never any stories about seven or eight quick marriages and divorces for Theda Bara. She never fell into swimming pools or ran over children at 80 miles an hour.

All she did, according to the press agents, was to pursue her career of ruining men and driving them to drink. A newspaper reporter of that day wrote about her as "this Pantherine creature with smoldering eyes and luscious lips and tapered fingers that creep and twine. A snare to men. A terror to women who love and have homes. A beautiful — and damned. . ."

That's what is the matter with Hollywood. No more mystery. And, incidentally, that's also what is the matter with a good many housewives who complain that their husbands don't seem to be interested in them any longer.

Try a little of the Theda Bara stuff on them. Not too much, mind you — just enough to be interesting.

(Copyright 1954)



OUR ANCESTORS IN THEIR NATIVE RHINELAND
THEIR WAY OF LIFE, 1650 - 1850

By FREDERIC PABST

Part II

(17th Century and Post-War Times)

The Thirty-Years War

THE earliest known Espenchied family in the Palatinate, that of Thomas, lived in the village of Kriegsfeld. This was the startingplace of the Espenschieds, following the 30-Years War (1618-1648) during which the French Marshall Turenne had conquered the Rhineland from Coblenz to Mainz and the whole of the Palatinate.

In the peace of 1648 the Palatinate Elector received again his domain, and undertook the reconstruction of his destroyed land (for maps and certain historical events see "German Background of the Espenschied - Esbenshade Families" by Lloyd Espenschied, New York, 1938). Notes in the oldest Church Book of Siefersheim, then in the Palatinate and a second center of the Espenschieds, indicate his wise government. He ordered abatement of the taxes of those who cultivated the fields or built houses. He caused distributions of bread and wine to the poor, as he did on his sixtieth birthday. That was a good example, and in cases of death the survivors likewise distributed grain to the poor in the villages.

In the meantime some of the battles and casualties were remembered and transformed to ghost stories. These were told by our ancestors of Siefersheim, based on the thought that he who killed or was killed cannot entirely disappear in the grave, but must continue in some form as he was in at the moment of death. A few examples: At midnight a headless rider on horseback comes through a defile, where probably a horseman was slain in an engagement. A man without legs frightens people at the place where probably a soldier was killed and buried without legs. In another case, a man was murdered in the war-time, and the murderer must walk for punishment; upon meeting persons he stares, becomes smaller and smaller, and disappears; at night a dog, quite harmless, runs across the fields from one cellar to another. The field-cellars were hiding-places of valuable objects in war-time, and people were of the opinion that dogs watched these underground treasures.

During the 30 Years War Espenschieds had not as yet dwelt in Siefersheim, as is revealed by their absence from village lists of 1628 and 1658. The first record of an Espenschied in Siefersheim's parish register is the marriage of Gerhard or Gothard Espenschied (probably a son of Thomas Espenschied of Kriegsfeld) in the year 1674. Later two who are definitely recorded as sons of Thomas married in Siefersheim. These were turbulent times. Following the 30 Years War the French King Louis XIV three times undertook to extend France to the Rhine. In the 1670's, for the second time, French armies entered the Rhineland, now plundering villages and destroying castles on the Rhine. At this time the French under their Marshal Turenne encamped two miles north of Siefersheim, at Wollstein between "the upper and under entrenchment," for nine weeks. Although the villages were surrounded by elms and shrubbery, a defense against enemies, the hostile soldiers entered by force and plundered the houses. The situation was tragic, and all festivals or Kermesses (Kerb) were forbidden. But in 1678 once more the inhabtants of Siefersheim celebrated their Kerb in the old way with musicians and they danced around the cock, as they did in later times around a weather (ram).

War of The Palatinate Succession

The last of the three wars was that of the Palatinate Succession (1685-1697). Louis XIV sought to bring the Palatinate within his grasp by the pretext of inheritance through the former Palatinate princess, Elizabeth Charlotte, wife of his younger brother. His general, Melac, burned down the castle and town of the capital, Heidelberg, and many other towns and villages. Also the village of Siefersheim was burned, except the church and several houses, as the elders told. But in the peace of 1697 the old Palatinate was returned to the Elector. The soldiers of the 17th century were very superstitious and wore around their necks teeth of sharks found in our sandpits (remains of the former Tertiary Sea). These things called "Tongues of Vipers" were said to have a magic defense against being wounded in war.

Reconstruction

In the post-war period the Palatinate experienced an industrious and God-fearing life. The 48 families of Siefersheim worked hard and saved for a long time in order to pay their debts. The village lists of the years 1628 and 1658 mentioned above were registers of mortgages made on Siefersheim's debts of war. According to the notes of the church book, regular attendance at divine service and at Sunday School was ordered and visits to the inns were prohibited during these religious times. All misdeeds, quarrels and brawls were rigorously punished.

Encouraging was the reconstruction. The ground yielded the materials for the building of houses. Sand was dug in our sandpits, where still today we find oysterbeds and ribs of sea-cows (Halitherium), besides the teeth of sharks noted above. In primeval times the so-called Tertiary Sea flowed across our district. Sandstone of the quarries is a sediment of this sand, and loam is a sediment of sea-mud. Timber was taken from the woods.

That is what the Espenschieds of the first two Palatinate generations lived to see: war and post-war times, similar to our experience today.

First Mass Migration

The 18th century began with another war, that of the so-called "Spanish Succession," 1701-1714, and in 1707 southern Germany was ravaged by the French. There arose in the Palatinate a desire to emigrate as such movement was encouraged by Queen Anne of England. Her regime saw the opportunity of gaining for the English colonies in America good Protestant Germans who could be depended upon as against the Catholic French settlements. There followed a mass migration of Germans to England and thence to America. This movement started in 1708 with a party led by the Rev. Joshua Kocherthal of Landau. It resulted in the settlement of several thousand Palatines along the Hudson River Valley, New York, under conditions that were poorly prepared and that proved to be deplorable as the British crown changed. Espenschieds are not known to have been caught up in this first great migration.

Peaceful Times

Thereafter in the 18th century wars occurred but without reaching our region. It was, therefore, a long peaceful period for us.

Early in this century, in 1714, the allegiance of Siefersheim changed from the Palatinate to the Electorate of Mainz, by an exchange of territory. The latter electorate was Catholic, but the inhabitants remained Protestants. The medieval principle "Cuius regio, eius religio," i.e., the subjects must have the same faith as the princes, was relinquished, and everyone could have his own belief. Besides the Evangelical or Catholic belief, superstition played a great part for the population. At that time Nature was thought of as being under the reign of supernatural ghosts and subterranean goblins.

This superstition was, for the most part, a reflection of old German tradition. Thus, our forefathers of Siefersheim saw a great rider with a large billowing coat on the hills under the sky, the image of the German Chief God, Wotan, whose day is called Wednesday. They perceived hill-goblins and field-ghosts that hoppd about like will-o'-the-wisps on the misty meadows. Suddenly among these dancing figures a small fiery man appeared and asked to enter the hill - palace, and upon entering never came back. — At the midnight hour came the apparition of a three-legged dog, little and bla k, which upon meeting a man ran around him, changing size, and then suddenly disappeared, like the poodle, the concealed devil, in the Faust tragedy by Goethe. — Then, again, a black dog had been walled in an old house where its skeleton was fornd later. It was the Fiend; it was exorcised and could not bring evil to the horse. The superstition of the time was occupied also with magical remedies for illness, fire, vermn, etc. People thought demons were the causes, and combatted them by magic. For example, the demon of an illness was exorcised and put into a milkpot, and the pot was buried in the ground with incantations.

In those old times folk customs were faithfully kept, especially on holidays. On New Year's Day the youth wished a "good and happy year" to the neighbors and relatives. On Easter morning the small children sought Easter eggs in self-made nests of moss hidden in the garden, thinking the Easter rabbit laid them. In the eve before the first of May young fellows set Maypoles at the gates of their sweethearts, and on the first of May they danced around the great Maypoles in the marketplaces. On the harvest thankfeast, a harvest wreath was hung over the altar and there were joyful services and hymns. On Christmas Eve carols were sung, and the great and small gave presents to one another under the Christmas tree. On New Year's Eve the youths shot off old pistols for good luck.

A frolic festival was Shrove Tuesday, when fritters were baked in the households, and masked poor children sought them at the houses singing Shrovetide songs. Another frolic festival was Midsummer Night, when young pairs hopped over hilltop fires.

Emigrations

In the course of the 18th century emigrations, folks left our country by several routes: northward to the Mark Brandenburg where King Frederic the Great of Prussia settled Palatinates; eastward to Austria - Hungary, where Maria Theresa and in turn Emperor Joseph II encouraged German Catholic settlement in their border country; or they journeyed overseas westward to America. Members of the family Espenschied migrated to Austria-Hungary as well as to America.

TO THE READER

Few families of Pennsylvania German origin are fortunate enough to have been able to study more intimately the soil in which their family trees are rpoted. The sketch "Our Ancestors in Their Native Rhineland" is published in part in this issue of the ECK by Courtesy of Mr. Lloyd Espenschied, Kew Gardens, New York; It was read at the Reunion of the Espenschied-Espenshade - Esbenshade Families held on the Elizabethtown College Campus on August 3, 1952, and is supplementary to Part No. 1 (see ECK for Nov. 17, 1951). The latter was read at the Espenschied Reunion held at the same place on Aug. 19, 1951. Both sketches are valuable because they give vivid accounts of the ancestral backgrounds which are essentially the same for many thousands of Pennsylvania German families.

In his brief introduction Mr. Espenschied writes: "This sketch of the way our forefathers lived in the Rhineland has been written especially for us by a scholar who resides in the ancestral countryside and has made of its history a life study—Pastor Frederic Pabst, retired, of the Evangelical Church, of Siefersheim . . . It is the more remarkable for having come directly from our forefathers' countryside through one who knows the facts and who makes them available in our own tongue: a bridging of time, distance and language for which we of the American clan are duly thankful."

Emigration to Austria-Hungary: The first emigrant known to have gone eastward is Heinrich Espenschied, son of Frederic Espenschied, who was born 1699 at Siefersheim and had married a Catholic at Fuerfeld, a village near Siefersheim. Heinrich E. registered in Vienna in 1765 on his way eastward and settled down in Gross-St.-Nikolaus. This is near the town of Temesvar, in the Banat, formerly in southern Hungary but now in Romania. His brother Anton Espenschied, linen-weaver, registered in Vienna in 1770 and in 1771 settled down in the same place, where also their mother, Maria nee Ernst, emigrated from Fuerfeld, died 1779. Descendants, displaced, returned to the Palatinate after the second World War. An Anna Maria Espenschied of Fuerfeld, born 1703, registered in Vienna in 1766, died the same year, a widow at New Beschenowa, Banat, in Romania. Another Henry Espenschied, from Gaubickelheim, passed through Vienna in the year 1784 and became a colonist in Galicia, a province formerly in Austria, but today in Poland.

Emigration to America: Two groups of emigrants in the 18th century are known to us according to the corrected map of Lloyd Espenschied (Map of Espenschied Immigrant Settlers of U.S.A., 18th and 19th Centuries, 1951, by Lloyd Espenschied, New York City).

(1) The emigrant Jacob E. migrated 1764. He is possibly of Siefersheim, but this cannot be proven by the incomplete Siefersheim's parish register.

(2) The three brothers, Valentine, Peter, Daniel Espenschied who settled on farms near Lancaster and Harrisburg, Pa., came from Siefersheim.

Other Espenschieds spread out within Germany, into villages of the Palaitnate. Thus, members of the family married or removed from Siefersheim to Oberndorf, Marnheim, Orbis, Wonsheim, Fuerfeld, Volxheim, Kreuznach, and founded new branches of the family-tree. Later the Kreuznach branch extended to Bingen, Ruedesheim, Coblenz and other places of the Rhineland.

The motives for the emigrations were the burdens suffered by our ancestors. There were high taxes of money, many tenths of crops, duties of wine and brandy, and debts of the latest wars to be paid. A curious tribute was the hens required to be delivered to the government by every household on Shrovetide. Then there was a New Year's present and a Kerb-roast meat which had to be given to the officials. Also there were the bad harvests, as that of 1762; the epidemics, as the disentery of 1781 from which illness some Espenschieds died. Besides, the peasants were oppressed; they had to do enforced labor, and had to be beaters for the chase — for hunting was the privilege of princes, prohibited to peasants. Signboards with an illustration of a hatchet and a hand under it demonstrated the punishment to be given illegal hunters. Folks had to bake bread in official bakeries and grind grain in appointed mills. If the peasant drove to another mill, the prescribed miller could stop him with violence, he to retain the grain and the government to obtain the vehicle. In that time people were subjects and the sovereigns had all the rights. For instance under the reign of the Electorate of Mainz the inhabitants of Volxheim could not build a church and were obliged to hold divine service in a shed and later open-air service for fifty years, because the sovereign would not permit the building. Only in the 1790's could the Volxheimers consecrate their new Lord's house.

That was the life of our forefathers in the 18th century: peaceful but difficult.

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Editorials

Don't Blot Out Rainbow

A rainbow once again illumines the sky in the Panther Valley and is gladdening the hearts of thousands of people who wish to see anthracite mining operations renewed in that area.

The most practical of all ideas yet advanced to bring about resumption of operations is that by which a group of four men proposes to take over the Lansford colliery and mines known as Nos. 4 and 6 and Nesquehoning, and the breaker in Lansford. Here they propose to mine coal under a lease with the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co.

The high practicality of this idea stems largely from the fact that the four men in the arrangement are "old hands" in the coal mining business. W. Julian Parton, head of the group, is a mining engineer who rose to the presidency of Navigation Coal Co., a lucrative position which he resigned in the public interest as he firmly believes. With him are Joseph J. Crane, a miner for two score years who had been manager of the Lansford colliery, while the others are the Fauzio Brothers, openstrip miners of Nesquehoning. Thus it can be seen that not only do the promoters of the current plan know about coal mining in general but they know the Lansford operation in particular better perhaps than any one else.

It will have been noted from the stories in yesterday's papers that these four men do not intend to bite off more than they can chew. They are confident in their ability to mine coal. They are content for the time being, at least, to leave the problem of sales to others. Such sales program has been and continues to be operated by the Lehigh Navigation Coal Sales Co. and it is expected that, if the lease be taken on the Lansford mines, their output will be marketed thru the existing sales company.

Thi sales idea is another evidence of the practicality of the new plan for many an enterprise has proven high ability to produce but failed because it did not learn how to sell its product. A local example might be cited where, some years ago, workers took over a plant as a cooperative and produced excellent goods but, lacking a sales force and program, they soon were overwhelmed by their own product. Stored high upon the shelves of their warehouse, the product tied up their rather meager capital and depreciated day by day until the utopian scheme folded up completely.

So there is the beautiful view of the rainbow which currently spans the Panther Valley.

But there are clouds in the sky which can dim and destroy not only the rainbow but the promise of good which it brings. Already a fly has been tossed recklessly into the ointment to use another figure of speech.

Declaration has been made that threatens picketing of this new operation unless all the area mines be opened and unless all the former employes be put to work.

It was such threats, followed by action, that destroyed the last hopes of continuing operations by Lehigh Navigation Coal Co. only a few weeks ago. It is such a threat which can kill the current plan within a few days or even hours of its birth. Such a threat may in fact kill all ambition and hope on the part of the four public-spirited citizens who believe with the public of the Panther Valley that the mines should be reopened and that they are the logical persons to assume the leadership and shoulder the responsibilities.

Operation of the mines at Lansford under lease and subject to the vast amount of regulations and restrictions that grow out of labor laws, union contracts and safety regulations constitutes a china shop filled with delicate wares. The picket line is the bull that can smash that china shop into smithereens in a matter of hours or at most, days.

The threat of this rampaging bull must be allayed before responsible men will take a chance and invest their time, talents and money in an enterprise for the public welfare.

The people of the Panther Valley will have to make a decision whether to rule as a majority or to be ruled by a tiny minority. The majority recently was cowed by threats of violence and held in line by oldtime traditions as symbolized by the minority. It will be cowed again, according to recent threats, unless understandings speedily can be arrived at and there will be assurance that the understandings will be honored.

Certainly there can be no hope for opening all the mines if this initial venture be blocked. There can be hope however, for ultimate reopening of all the mines if this current venture be encouraged so that it will succeed and prompt one of two things: Expansion of operations by the lessees of the Lansford mines or encouragement to other syndicates to take over the other operations.

$1,000 Reward

The heart of this entire community was deeply touched yesterday by the story of the disappearance on Thursday evening of little 4-year-old Bruce Parker of Bethlehem who had been left asleep in his aunt's car while she and the child's mother entered a food store on Union Boulevard. More than 24 hours elapsed without the uncovering of a single clue to the whereabouts of the boy or the car which was stolen at the same time as the child disappeared.

The kidnaping motive seems to be out of the question. Theft of the car, whose ignition keys had been left conveniently in the switch, seems to have been the sole objective of the thieves.

Whatever the motive or motives a family is distressed and the community sympathizes with them in their sorrow.

Putting public opinion into tangible form the Call-Chronicle Newspapers have offered a reward of $1,000 to any party or parties whose information will bring about arrest and conviction of the parties guilty of stealing the car in which little Bruce Parker was the innocent, sleeping occupant.

There may be some person or persons who saw the black Pontiac sedan entered by some person or persons while it was parked, or they may have seen it being driven from the parking lot. Somebody may have seen the car somewhere upon the highways or at gas stations or roadside stands during Thursday night or during Friday and noted its license tag LD 84.

Somebody has the chance of earning a cool thousand dollars by turning in the name or names of the car thieves and kidnapers, (voluntary or involuntary), to the Call-Chronicle Newspapers.

May Parkland Succeed

Congratulations go out to the Board of the Parkland School District for its decision to institute a course in agriculture in the high school beginning next month.

This school is located in a beautiful agricultural community which has many progressive agriculturists in a variety of specialties as well as general farming. Therefore, this school should furnish opportunities for young people to equip themselves for farm life and success therein if they wish to remain upon the soil as did their sires and grandsires or if they be young people without a farm background who are attracted by the many charms and high values of rural life.

Manifestly this agricultural course at Parkland will stand or fall according to the caliber of the faculty, altho it can be affected by many another factor as experimentation with this kind of educational program in other schools in our area demonstrated.

Some agricultural courses succeeded beyond all expectations. Others had to be abandoned due to lack of interest. But certainly high schools in the rural areas should encourage such courses and should provide them if there be public demand for them.

We bespeak for Parkland high success and satisfactions in her newest course of study.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The son of one of Minnesota's hardy Swedish pioneers was visiting a friend out West. The Westerner began to brag about the wonderful echo in his valley. "If you stand and call 'John Smith,' " he declared, "you will hear no less than thirteen echoes of it."

"That's nothing at all," belittled the man from Minnesota. "Just outside of Minneapolis there's a high hill. If you climb to the summit and call 'Ole Oleson,' you'll immediately hear the echo, saying, 'Which one?' "

Taken by his mom to a Western Arizona art exhibit, little Jimmy yanked his mother's dress and pointed to a futuristic daub in a big, white frame. "What's that?" he demanded.

Ma studied the picture carefully, then explained, "It's supposed to be a cowboy and his horse."

Jimmy looked skeptical, and then asked, "Well, why ain't it?"

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of August 7, 1929, a Wednesday

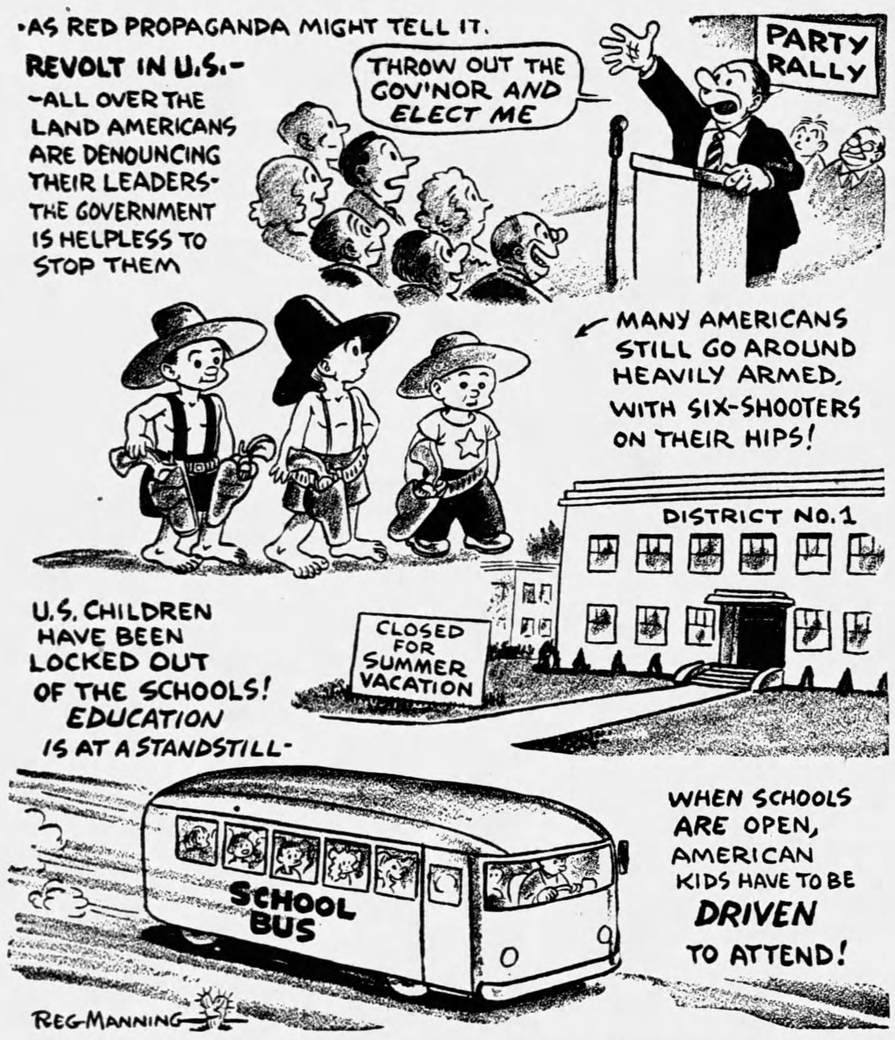
Enthusiasm marked the first meeting of the Allentown Allied Arts Extension chapter yesterday in Hotel Traylor when temporary organization was effected. Mrs. Emilie Reichard Mayer, past president of the Fine Arts Club, was temporary chairman.

With the knowledge that Hon. James W. Good, secretary of war, in President Hoover's Cabinet, will be in Allentown Sept. 7 with attendance at the rededication of Jordan Reformed Church, Sunday, Sept. 8, as his main objective, plans were begun yesterday to tender the secretary a testimonial dinner during his stay in the city. Col. C. J. Smith, commanding the 213th Regiment CAC, has consented to take the chairmanship of a committee.

Commander Hugo Eckener issued orders today calling on all passengers to board the mighty Graf Zeppelin before 10 o'clock tonight for her world-circling flight. The zeppelin will begin its flight two hours earlier than planned.

A flea the size of a man could jump one-half mile.

More American Scenes



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Some grave doubts are beginning to be expressed on Capitol Hill as to whether President Eisenhower isn't unwittingly helping to bring about the defeat of the Republican party in the coming congressional elections. That's the last thing in the world he wants to see happen — the election of a Democratic Congress — but it may come about as a direct result of the tactics of the White House itself.

The trouble arises by reason of the peculiar policy which the President has adopted with respect to being photographed with Republican members of Congress who have not supported his legislative program as enthusiastically as the Executive would have liked.

More than 100 Republican members of Congress have been photographed with the President, and the obvious purpose is to circulate each picture in the state or district as a sign that Mr. Eisenhower wants the particular candidate elected as against the Democratic nominee.

Few Refused

But in a few instances the White House staff to whom Mr. Eisenhower delegated the task of evaluating the records of congressmen and senators has refused to allow the photographing to be done, and this in turn has caused several other members to hesitate to ask for such an endorsement.

Why should the President refuse to endorse any member of the Republican party in either House who is up for election? Does he think he can accomplish the enactment of his legislative proposals if, because of the defeat of perhaps only one Republican representative and one Republican senator, the control of both Houses should pass to the Democratic party? Would Mr. Eisenhower prefer to come as a suppliant to the majority leader of the House and the majority leader of the Senate, when both are Democrats, and ask them to enact his program? Would he get sympathetic treatment when the Democratic party, looking forward to control of the White House in the presidential election two years later, would do everything it could to obstruct the program of the Republican administration? Would Mr. Eisenhower prefer to see the chairmanships of all committees now held by Republicans in both Houses pass into the hands of Democrats?

The President may be gambling that the few he is refusing to support will be offset by such big gains by Republican nominees at the polls that the loss of those who haven't gone along with him will not matter. But the principle is just the same. Either Mr. Eisenhower, as a Republican, recognizes each choice by the Republican party in its primaries or else he is willing to accept the loss of control by his party of both Houses of Congress in order to punish those Republicans who didn't go along with him on certain proposals.

Purge Plan a Loser

The "purge" issue was fought out under the administrations of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman, and usually the Executive lost. But in practically every case the fight was carried on in the party primary instead of in the final elections.

For the Eisenhower tactics, as they appear from what the President has told the correspondents in his press conferences, would withhold support from Republicans even when nominated in the party primaries. With the Senate almost a tie and the control likely to be decided by the result in one state and with the margin in the House so narrow that any one Republican seat could mean the difference between retaining or losing control, it is questionable whether Mr. Eisenhower ever thought the matter through to its logical result or whether any of his staff did, either.

For such facts do get out in the campaign. The Democratic nominee in each instance will say to the voters that the Republican isn't able to get the endorsement of the President and, while such a Democrat may promise to support some of the Eisenhower policies, he cannot, if elected, very well refuse to vote for the slate of committee chairmen which the Democrats will put up and for the Democraitc party leaders to be selected to carry on the business in both Houses.

It may be that Mr. Eisenhower, who is believed by some members of Congress to be well-intentioned but inexperienced, really doesn't care whether the Republican party controls Congress next time, but this doesn't square with the statements he has made to his press conferences in which he has expressed the hope that the Republicans would win the autumn elections.

So there's a lot of talk about whether Mr. Eisenhower really knows the score in relation to the coming congressional campaign. Some members already are asking whether he knows he would be stabbing his own party members in the back by a refusal to endorse Republicans duly nominated in the party primaries.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 10:26-27

The sluggard is an object of contempt throughout the book of Proverbs. It is interesting to note the proverbial expressions used in the first line of v.26, vinegar setting the teeth on edge, and the effect of smoke on the eyes, in order to indicate how irritating a sluggard or loiterer can be to one who has sent him on a mission. In 1 Samuel 21:8 we find the suggestion that 'the king's business required haste.' In Matthew 25:26 the wicked and slothful servant is severely punished. In Romans 12:11 Christians are advised not to be slothful, as also in Hebrews 6:12. There are not many passages in the Old Testament which speak of life after death, therefore the reward of a good life is often expressed in terms of long life in this world, v.27. Notice the familiar phrase in Exodus 20:12, 'that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' 'Life' in the Hebrew of the first line is 'days;' in the second, it is 'years.' Jesus brought life and immortality to light' through the experiences He passed through, having a direct relation to our future life.

Horoscope

Success should crown all your efforts, gain and joy coming in divers ways. Today's child may

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER FRIEDENS PICKNICK GRUND: 'M ledshda Sundawg wors unser blessier die Schnecka familia reunion ei im Friedens Fire kumpany picknick bush, un morya sin m'r aw darta won die Peters Familia sich fersomm'ld om sama blotz. Picknick bletz kumma un gaina—der Friedens buch is airsht paar yohr alt so weit so picknicks aw gait, un grawd so gute gaglicha ols 'n familia reunion blotz, os die gagend aw shae is. Sis nix hoch meedich — nix iwwer driwwa, grawd wies aw wor wie die airshda familia reunions in der gong kumma sin, im Grampap seim bungert, odder unnich paar shodda bame drunna im shwom.

Sis die Friedens Fire kumpany os der picknick bush in der gong grick'd hut, mit da hilf fon ra hardshofficha drup weibsleit, woh ken tzeit ongsht hen fer die armel nuf wickla wons is in da indressa fon da Fire kumpany. 'M ledshda Sundawg—so wohl wie aw morya, sin die weibsleit widder eiferich on da arwet essa rishda fer ol woh onna kumma die reunions ei nemma, un net bodderra wolla picknick essa mit bringa, feedra. Sie hen 'n grossie ess shtub un kich im kaller fom fire hall, un woh allas gait wie 'n uhrra warrick tzu eems tzeit.

Die Florence Kern is kicha miashder, un die Mabel Deibert is kicha dribbler. Die Grace Hunsicker gebt ocht uf der grout —tzalawdt, un die Lillie Handwerk, die' Lillie Druckenmiller, un die Daisy Olewine,shaila die grumbierra un bora die auga rous—die Florence Kern secht, doh wear nix ferdresslicher os wie won die gakochda grumbierra so wild uf 'm dish rum gucka dada. Die Helen Blose woh die "French Fries", mocht, secht sie dade aw hossa won die grumbierra sie so badirelich aw gucka dada, won sie sie ins hais fet kaimta.

Die William "Donuts" Owens un sie Ida gewwa ocht ufs flaish, un duhna ol die ferschneiderrei, un die Eva Olewein is der firemon—sehmt datzu os immer ganunk flom in da effa is, fers essa tzu rechdie tzeit gore howwa. Die Verna Zellner is die koffie liss, un koch'd koffa os ien tzeit sich shamma brouch fer tzu da tzut rous lawfa. Die Myra Knoll, un ihra dochter Virginia sin die dish ob worter, un fliega in da ess shtub rum wie won sie uf rollers weara.

Omma blotz wie sel—bardich won die ess bisnis shwear is wie sie maina os sie morya widder werra dade won die Peterra sich darta fersommla, tzu tzeita wie sel, gebts 'n lot dreckich g'shar fon alla orta, un woh immer sarwer gawesha sei mus. Selar chob hut der William Hunsicker, un der Guy Schmeck, un woh sie sawga os es g'shar so shtarrick wesha kenta, os der safa shaum na owwich da kep tzomma fliega dade. Won sie alsa mohl hinnerhandich kumma mit da wesherrei, helft der Victor Deibert rous fer 'n kartzie tzeit, ow'r er klaimt, er het mohl 'n hoar g'funna im shpiel wosser, un die gons tzeit dades g'shar wesha 'm aigla. Tzeita weiss hen sie aw shun der Wilmer Schmeck ei g'shpont kot fer g'shar wesha, ow'r er mus aw ocht gewwa uf die grouns—box, un sel halt 'n tzimlich bisy.

Net ol die hilf is ow'r glicklich ganunk fer drin om warma sei fer shoffa—dale missa aw hous im shtand sei fer ocht gewwa uf sellie bisnis. Der Harry Deibert huts ice kream in hond, der Walter Handwerk gebt ocht uf die buddla bisnis, un der Victor Deibert is der icemon un grickds ins gnick wons drinka warm is, uns ice kream lawft wie wosser. So wie m'r fershtaina, hut der Victor so weit ow'r noch 'n glorer reckord.

'S mawg sei os aw noch onnerra sin os helfa der Friedens Picknick bush om gae halta, un woh m'r fergessa maiga howwa tzu nanna. Wons so hut, wolla m'r hoffa fergewwa sie uns, weil unser hute is ob tzu ol os helfa so'n shainer reunion blotz om gae halta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

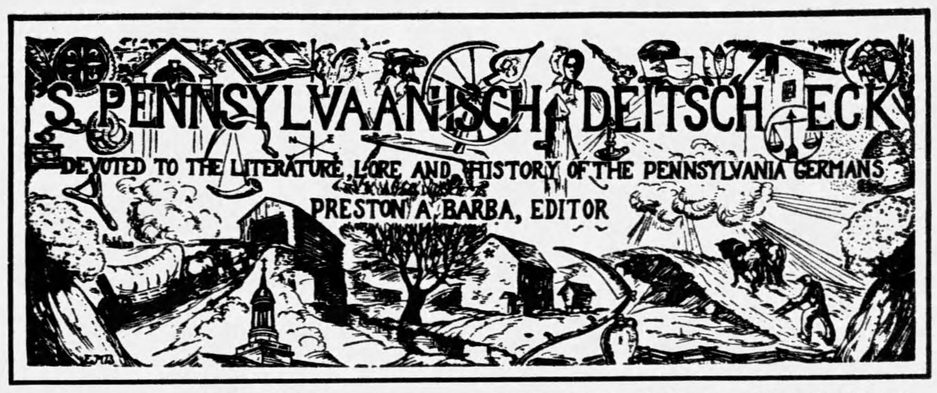
Soicha os tzaila fer morya 'n woch mit gae fer die train un boat ride, so wohl wie aw Playland sehna, besser halta sich on da deck un griega ihra tzettle in da nagshda paar dawg.

'N ad aryads im heits Call, gebt 'n lot fon da bleta woh tickets tzu griega sin.

Today's Birthdays

Success should crown all your efforts, gain and joy coming in divers ways. Today's child may be a flea the size of a man could jump one-half mile.

Commander Hugo Eckener issued orders today calling on all passengers to board the mighty Graf Zeppelin before 10 o'clock tonight for her world-circling flight. The zeppelin will begin its flight two hours earlier than planned.



EARLY PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN ARTS AND CRAFTS IN CANADA

By BARBARA F. COFFMAN

A Paper Read at the Second Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society of Ontario Held at Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario, October 17, 1953.

COMING from the Twenty, the earliest settlement of Pennsylvania German people in Canada, no doubt some of you will expect me to tell you about our new museum down there, largely a collection of Pennsylvania-Germaniana. I assure you, I do not want to disappoint you, but mention of the museum will be incidental to the subject I have chosen, "Some early industries at the Twenty."

In Vineland these days, we are feeling pretty smug. Vineland is one section of the Twenty community which at present is experiencing a period of rapid development. A few years ago our business section was composed of a general store, grocery store, post office, bank, feed store and several garages. But today we find that we can do most of our shopping right in our own little village, even to electric stoves and refrigerators. In fact, when it comes to electrical equipment we have several stores to chose from.

And so we feel we are growing up when we can say that we can get anything we need right at home. According to twentieth standards of civilization we have come a long way. But do you know that one hundred years ago the people at the Twenty could say practically the same thing? Just about everything they needed could also be purchased right in their own community. But they could go a step further and boast that anything they needed was manufactured there as well. We admit, of course, that needs in those days were not quite as numerous or complicated as the twentieth century variety.

If we could walk into an 1850 home this afternoon the good housewife would no doubt tell you that her beautiful walnut table was made by either Grobb or Moyer, also her fine corner cupboard, her beds, splint bottom chairs and the rest of the furniture except perhaps a few pieces brought from Pennsylvania or made by the man of the house. The tongs and andirons at the first place were quite probably made by Pete Zimmerman at Jordan or Grobb up near Beamsville; the carpets woven by Fred New; the beautiful coverlets on the beds made by Samuel Fry; the row of shiny tin milk tins and all the tin pails, cups and pans made by Henry Moyer, and the earthenware crocks and other vessels by the new potter starting up business near Campden, Daniel Orth. If the house were brick, she would like tell you that the bricks were made right down there in the flats of the Twenty. And out in the barn her husband would show you his fine new spring wagon made in a shop at Jordan, and the harness entirely of local manufacture.

Unquestionably the Twenty community was one of the busiest industrial centers of the province in the early part of the past century. And while Vineland was still overgrown with oats and corn, Campden, then called Moyers Corners, and Jordan were vying for the honour of becoming Ontario's leading industrial metropolis. Both of these places were well established little villages before St. Catharines was ever a speck on the map. But the building of the Great Western Railway brought a change in fortune to many localities and immediately stopped all growth in these particular centers. And so in Jordan we have a perfect specimen of a pioneer village, quite unspoiled by modernization, looking practically the same as eighty or one hundred years ago when it ceased to be a busy shipping center.

It is said that with every ship load of immigrants sailing from Europe to America in the old days, authorities made certain that among the group there was at least one joiner, one blacksmith and one tinsmith. With these skilled workmen in a community they figured, the people should be able to fend for themselves almost anywhere. It was taken for granted, of course, that any woman could spin and weave. Whether or not the Pennsylvanians tried to have craftsmen in each group coming to Ontario, at least we find that these industries soon began to flourish.

Among the first families to come into the Twenty district was that of Abraham Grobb. He and his wife Elizabeth and their two little daughters settled down on property west of Vineland. He may have known something about blacksmithing or have been a cabinet maker of sorts, but at least he saw to it that his sons learned trades. Of his five sons one became a good joiner or cabinet maker, one a blacksmith and the third a weaver.

John was the cabinet maker. When he grew up and married he lived on a farm adjoining his father's and here he had his cabinet-making shop. He was born in 1800, and so by the time he was ready for business no doubt the pioneer wives had grown tired of the crude, make-shift benches, tables and stools their husband had put together and were ready for some real furniture. It is thought that much of the old furniture still in use in some of the old Mennonite homes is of Grobb manufacture. Mr. A. L. Fry, a valued member of the executive committee of Niagara branch of the P.G.F.S. claims to have a number of splint-bottom chairs made by Grobb. And he vows that they are as good today as they ever were. According to him, a chair that squeaks or wiggles or falls to pieces when sat on is **not** an old chair, but comparatively modern. When those old joiners put a chair together they employed the neat device of thoroughly curing the wings, stretchers and bows and using very green wood for the rest of the chair. In that way the green wood would shrink on the dried pieces and so become perfectly tight. We have a number of old chairs at the museum but in most cases it is difficult to determine the maker. A child's chair loaned by Mr. Fry is definitely of Grobb make, and is about 125 years old.

Another early cabinet maker was Samuel Moyer, called Townline Sam in order to distinguish him from Fly Sam, Hog Sam or Prodigal Sam. Townline Sam, as his name implies, lived on the townline just north of Vineland, on the west side of the road. He did considerable cabinet making, and his grandson, J. E. Culp, president of the Niagara branch of the P.G.F.S. claims to have the last rocking chair made by him.

In speaking of Fly Sam (because he lived on the Fly Road on the hill near Campden) he too, was one of the enterprising pioneers whose family contributed much to the community. He had twelve children, and three of his sons and a son-in-law are listed in these early industries. The cabinet makers were Jacob Albright, his daughter Elizabeth's husband, and his son Tillman Moyer. Both of them lived in Campden and are reputed to have been excellent workmen. Mr. Alec Troup, father of W. E. Troup, a local collector, had deaings with one of these Campden cabinet makers. It is said that when he came across a specially fine curly maple or a good walnut in his lumber business, he would have the tree whipped up at Ball's mill and then trade the lumber for a fine piece of furniture already made up.

In those days most of the joiners did quite a business in coffin making. Tillman Moyer made a large number of coffins in his day and he finaly became the village undertaker. But in spite of his solemn duties he retained a keen sense of humour and was a practical joker of some repute. An entry in his ledger states that on one occasion he made a child's coffin for a man of small means at half price. Under the entry he remarked, "And then the man grumbled."

In Jordan one of the best known cabinet makers was Jacob Houser. He was a very careful workman and enjoyed ornamental work. A sample of his work in the museum is a model of the sloop, the "Flying Dutchman," about which you will hear more later. There was also a craftsman from Germany, Daniel Zimmerman who did fine work. He lived near Vineland.

To get back to the Grobbs, the third son of Abraham was David, the blacksmith. In those days a blacksmith was of vital importance in a community, not only to keep horses shod, but in making and repairing farm implements, and making all kinds of iron things needed about the house and farm. It is said that after their arrival in the district many of the settlers tore down their conestogas so that they could use the iron parts to make things needed more than those huge wagons now that they weren't going anywhere for a while. So the early blacksmiths were busy for some time fashioning fire tongs and pokers and numerous other articles out of conestoga iron. Some bog iron was found in the community which was used by the local smiths. This iron, being glacial, did not rust and was very pliable and was put to good use. Along with his blacksmithing, Grobb also did some wagon making. Although the settlers didn't need big wagons like the conestogas, they did need smaller ones and the wagon making industry became a very important one in this district.

I have a list of six blacksmiths and five wagons makers, divided fairly evenly between Campden and Jordan. An old shop is still standing in Jordan, now used as a garage. Camden's main shop has also become a garage. In Vineland we have several garages but we can also boast of a real blacksmith shop still in operation. The shop itself once stood in Jordan and was moved over by Richard Storms. Later it was operated by Fred Garr, and now by Harvey Keep.

At one time in Jordan, the west side of Front Street was lined with blacksmith and wagon making shops. About as numerous as her hotels. Although in those days folks didn't turn in their vehicles every year or so for a new model, there was apparently a good demand for wagons, carriages and top buggies. Peter Zimmerman, a German, owned the corner shop, used for general blacksmithing. Next to him was John Petty's wagon shop. Petty had a reputation for good wagons. He had five or six sons and had all of them in the business with him as body makers, smiths or painters. He was followed by Patterson and Clendennan, then Booth and Durkee and then Samuel Honsberger. The great Jordan fire of 1890 destroyed this shop along with twelve other buildings. But Honsberger set up business again and a few years later the Wismer brothers, A. K. and Morgan, took over, building quite a large establishment. Next to this shop was Charles Petty's shop, son of John. Seemingly there was enough demand for wagons and carriages to keep them all busy. In our museum we have a fine display of blacksmithing equipment, largely salvaged from the old Zimmerman shop which for over 50 years was operated by Billy Merrit. The bellows on display came from the Dick Storms shop. Isaac Moyer, son of Preacher Jacob Moyer, John Hipple, Elias Fry and Ben Crumb were some of the early smiths in the Campden area.

The fourth son of Abraham Grobb was Moses. He got into the weaving industry. I haven't been able to find out much about his work. Then there was Fred New in Jordan who wove carpets. This business was taken over by his daughter Katie, and now we have their old loom in the museum. We know considerable more about the work of Samuel Fry, a grandfather of A. L. Fry, also a member of the Niagara branch of the P.G.F.S. Samuel built a weaving shop south of the family residence on the hill above Vineland, and in 1836 he had notices printed, respectfully informing the public that he was prepared to weave all kinds of plain and fancy coverlets. We have his account book in the museum and can see that he did a thriving business. I doubt, however, whether he became very rich, for the book shows that for each coverlet he received the handsome sum of one dollar. The fancy, double ones, brought two dollars a piece. We also have many lovely coverlets in the museum, some of them of Fry make. One of the most treasured loans is his book of weaving patterns, containing dozens of beautiful designs, some said to be original.

While speaking of Samuel Fry, I must also mention another industry carried on at this busy place, an industry which brought us exhibit A in our museum. We call it our dinosaur for it is both rare and immense.. If any of you have visited the museum you will of course, remember the huge cider press in the old school, reaching almost from the front to the rear of the building. The 30-foot beam, the big frame that holds it, the immense screw and the enormous vat look very impressive. Apparently the action was also impressive, for it pressed out thousands of gallons of cider. Samuel Frey and his son, Samuel N, operated on a commercial scale, making cider for vinegar which they sold to retailers and also making cider for the entire district. They did not make apple butter commercially, but they had a number of copper kettles which they rented out to the public at a shilling a day for boiling apple butter. Good apple butter was always finished off in a copper kettle.

Joseph Moyer, called Genleman Joe or Vinegar Joe, bought great quantities of cider from the Frys for making vinegar. According to the Fry account book one year he purchased several hundred gallons. His vinegar factory is now Glassen's piggery.

To Be Concluded

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Editorials

Profit for Two Cities

It was keenly disappointing to this community when early in the week word came from Philadelphia that an order for some three hundred busses had been awarded to General Motors and that Mack Trucks of this city had lost out in the competitive bidding. The feeling of disappointment at loss of a contract which would have kept thousands of men at work in this city was not resentful. After all, business is business and no one company can scoop up all the contracts.

Now, however, there is a different local emotion for it is alleged (and has not been denied so far in Philadelphia) that Mack's bid was lower than General Motors. While Allentown cannot tell Philadelphia what to do when that city is spending its money, it can plead that as Pennsylvanians and as virtual neighbors, Allentonians ought to get more than ordinary consideration, especially so when it will cost Philadelphia nothing but rather will profit that city.

There is of course nothing to prevent any organization or individual as well from buying a more expensive article than something similar which is offered to it. But in the current matter, the company which is about to buy the three hundred busses has a considerably different status in its relationship to the public than that of most corporations and individuals. In this case, the Philadelphia Transit Corporation is concerned because it is the prospective purchaser. This company has not been making profits. It is in arrearages upon its rents to the City of Philadelphia whose surface and subways lines have been leased. It is seeking to escape payment of rental that is due, or to be granted rate increases by the Public Utility Commission. It is difficult to see why opportunity for considerable savings in the purchase of equipment such as the three hundred busses is not availed of under such conditions.

Of course this is the business of the people of Philadelphia. So it is to be hoped that in their interest a reconsideration of the bids will be made and no contract will be entered into immediately as seems to be the present intention.

It would seem that Allentown's interests and those of Philadelphia coincide. The people of Philadelphia will benefit by purchase of busses at the lower price offered by Mack Trucks. The people of Allentown will benefit if those busses are built by our men in the local shops.

A Non-Profit Bridge

It was a matter of no surprise when a few days ago announcement was made by the State regarding income from the 8th St. Bridge in this city and it was shown that not since the purchase of this structure has it produced any net earnings.

Motorists and others who use this structure know that the volume of traffic using it has been small ever since it was built. It never did pay for its operation, repairs and depreciation. Even with normal increase in traffic volume it is shown to be doing nothing to pay off its own cost and bring about freeing of the structure to all traffic.

Everything will now be a lot plainer to those Allentonians who, in the days of corporate ownership of this bridge and the corporation's annual reports to the City, could not understand why their nickels and dimes were not rapidly bringing about public ownership of the bridge, as provided for by City ordinance after profits had equalled the construction costs.

The bridge was not paid off and freed under corporation ownership because income was insufficient. It will not be paid off and freed under State ownership by reason of low present-day income. We shall have to hope that the bridges in Bethlehem, Harrisburg and other cities which were taken over by the State at the same time as our local bridge will bring in the shekels in such large volume that the total cost of all the bridges will be raised and all the bridges can be freed. Our own is a financial flop.

Boon for Teen-Agers

The complete success of Councilman Fenstermaker's experiment with an under-the-stars dance for teen-agers at Cedar Beach on Thursday night well may prompt him as head of the Department of Parks to repeat the treat for our young people as soon as possible and as often as possible during what remains of the summer season.

There is a great deal of talk about the problems of the teenagers. More advice than actual, practical help generally is offered. Councilman Fenstermacher however is providing help in giving several thousand young persons a place to meef and opportunity to do the things that they like to do in one another's company. And he has done it in an environment in which parents and other adults cannot only oversee all that is going on but also enjoy the spirit of the occasion.

The open-air dance at Cedar Crest was a tremendous success. It can be predicted with safety that, no matter on what park or playground Councilman Fenstermacher repeats such a teen-age party, it likewise will be a success.

Reds Found Guilty

Like the other trials of large groups of alleged Communists, the one which came closest home to us because it was held in Philadelphia dragged on for months. Like the lawyers in the other big trials, the lawyers for the Government and for the defendants on trial in Philadelphia devoloped all possible evidence for and against the defendants. And there was the customary effort to snarl and confuse the issues at stake.

As in the other big trials, a jury has found the Philadelphia group guilty. Heavy fines and sentences up to five years probably await the defendants who have been convicted of conspiracy to teach and advocate the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force.

It takes a long time and a lot of evidence to achieve these convictions, but the Government now has a pattern for prosecution and a body of law to back it that assures almost absolute conviction of the members of the Communist Party on charges and for deeds that come mighty close to treason.

Philippine-U. S. Day

For about forty years Americans in the Philippines celebrated today, Aug. 13, as "Occupation Day." It commemorated the establishment of formal American control in the Philippines. The celebration was dominated by Americans. Ardent Filipino nationalists, with good reason, didn't like it. It was an American holiday.

Philippine President Ramon Magsaysay, with graciousness and understanding has now changed the name and changed the character of the celebration. This year he has designated Aug. 13 as the usual holiday and has chosen to call it "Philippine-American Day." He has called upon all Filipinos and all Americans resident in the Philippines to celebrate it with ceremonies "designed to promote mutual understanding and helpfulness and to enhance the practical significance of the intimate association existing between Filipinos and Americans."

We want to believe that this is more than a courteous gesture. There exists between Filipinos and Americans a steadfast unity of purpose. There is a united devotion to freedom. We have pursued that ideal in our association with each other. We like to think that we have not betrayed it nor misunderstood it. "Philippine-American," instead of "Occupation" — that can be a shining symbol of the freer world to which we aspire. — N.Y. Times.

The High and the Mighty



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

ROME — One of the stories which burns your insides as it is documented in European capital after capital, is the appalling disclosure that hundreds of millions of American dollars spent on U. S. military orders have been bolstering our political enemies abroad.

We have spent nearly $1 billion in those plants across Europe whose workers are the very mainstay of political parties which want to destroy us.

At the same time we could have placed our orders in factories and installations employing union workers who jeopardize their skulls because they are pro-U. S. and anti-Communist.

There is, for example, a port in Tuscany called Livorno. It's the site of one of our biggest naval bases. Through this port goes vital equipment, secret weapons and telltale shipments to southern Europe and all of Italy. A detailed knowledge of the traffic through Livorno is the equivalent of having a desk inside the Pentagon. Yet, our military men have contracted with the worst Communist longshoremen's union elements to unload and handle our supply and troop ships.

Politically honest Italian labor leaders went to the U. S. military. They said there were other fine ports in Italy's west coast — ports in which they, our friends, could supply efficient, loyal and pro-American longshoremen.

Our military said no.

That's it. Just no. And we continued to deal with unions controlled by our enemies. Why would we not take an alternative port? Why would we continue to use members of enemy run unions at our main supply base? There is no answer!

This is just one case. There are others. There is a firm known as B. P. D., near Rome. It makes ammunition among other things. But because its future is always uncertain, it hires its people always on a three month basis. The employes, members of a union friendly to our country, are naturally unhappy. They never know if they'll be eating regularly after 90 days.

So some Italian labor leaders, who are friends of ours, went to the U. S. embassy officials and said there was a good chance to solidify the democratic unions here. All the B. P. D. plant owners needed was an American order for $7 million worth of needed ammunition which would guarantee its continued production for several years. The working staff could then be stabilized. Our friends could then go up and down Italy saying, see, we did it.

It would have been quite a victory. But our military turned down the friendly Italian labor leaders, the Embassyo officials and the AFL representative here.

Big Deal in Red Belt

All the military would allocate at B. P. D. was $3,300,000. At about the same time, however, our military executives did place an $18 million order with a tiny plant up near Milan — right in the Red belt. And for exactly the same kind of ammunition which could have been produced by the B. P. D. company! Result is that the small plant near Milan is expanding and hiring hundreds of Red unionists. We lost that battle, too!

Italy is as loaded with such cases as Venice is with gondolas. In all of these instances the cynical Italian industrialist works with the anti-American unions. The scarlet labor people go to the businessman and say in effect: "Don't worry about the American idiots, they'll place orders with you even if you deal with us — and we'll give you a better break on wages." So the industrialist signs with the enemy unions.

Some of our embassy people here — among the best we have anywhere — know this. They also know that if the U. S. could convince the Italian businessman that we frown on his dealing with Commie unions and that he'll be hit in his pocketbook, he will rush to sign up members of the pro-U. S. labor federation here, the C. I. S. L., which now has 1 million members and is growing.

So our embassy specialists, some time back, asked the Pentagon people to cancel a contract or two of the hundreds we placed in Communist run plants here over a year ago. It would have happened, too. That would have been enough to frighten the cynical industrialists here.

But the Pentagon lawyers put their great heads together. They said — No.

Because cancellation of these contracts would cost us money. Maybe a couple of million dollars in damages if the U. S. was sued.

So to save as little as $2 million out of hundreds of millions, we permit our own labor friends here to go down the big drain—and continue to support those who campaign and vote against us, including the very men I've seen rioting in the Italian Parliament to stop pro-American speeches.

We've spent millions of dollars in a dozen missions trying to win labor friends. Yet we bolster the enemy and refuse to help the friends we've gained. Current policy adds up to the most dangerous stupidity I've yet found in our operations abroad.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE MACUNGIE FELD DAWGA: Monicha leit maiga 's net wissa, ow'r Macungie is shtarrick uf 'm waig fer 'n Fair griega. Shun fer etlicha yohr hen sie wos sie "Feld Dawga," haisa, un woh so nagshd tzurick gaina so weit os bauerra aw gait, tzu da airshda yohrra fon da Allentown Fair. Sel wor tzurick in da 1850 rum, un woh sie geil gayus'd hen in blotz fon tracktors wie heit tzu dawg. Ow'r grawd wie aw in Macungie, sin sie sella mohl tzomma kumma mit geil un blig fer sehna war die beshd fuhr het, un war 's bsehd bluga kent.

'M Dunnershdawg nommy dawg sin m'r wenich tzu shpote kumma fer sie sehna bluga, ow'r die arwet woh sie g'shoft hen kot mit tracktors un blig, wor ols noch darta—dale gablug'd lond awenich shtrubbich, uns onner so glot wis wons g'shleck'd wear. Shtae huts gore kennie kot uf 'm Donald Lichtenwalner seinra baurrei woh die blugerrei k'halta is werra, ow'r die waitsa shtubbla sin em gonga bis on der libe, uns dick shtrow woh galaiga hut, hut da blugerrei ken pieca mit k'holfa.

Drous im park wor wos em gamohnt hut on die alta tzeita on da Allentown Fair—bauerra g'shar woh ever os m'r onna gaguck'd hut. Noh hen sie aw 'n gross tzelt mit alla hond socha drin fer die hamet un bauerrei, unna tzelt fol fon da aller shanshda Holshtae kee, un woh geshter nommy dawg gachug'd sin werra, un die beshda dafon gaina noch Harrisbarrick in 'n Show fon da gonsa shtawdt.

Die Macungie Grange, un der Memorial Park unnershtitza die "Feld" dawga, un woh heit un morya noch om gae sin. Heit is noch ol 's bauerra g'shar darta so wie m'r fershtaina, un morya hen sie ebbes fon kerricha dinsht, so wohl wie owets 'n alt frankishie singerrei.

Geshter hen sie aw 'n tracktor fohrerrei kot fer boova, un woh die obsicht wor, fer die boova larna tracktors fershtannich handla. So oft tzeita maina die boova 'n mashine odder tracktor wear gamocht fer drockdierra—fohrra allas os sie fohrra kenna, un des da mainer tzucht un yocht os sie mocha, des da liever is es na. Ow'r net so im geshters kontest. Darta hen sie fershtannich fohrra missa—hen so gore die tracktor inshein net grocha mocha darfa, — un won sie hen, hen sie 'n shwartzer marrick grick'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Morya is der gross dawg—der dawg woh m'r 'n lot fon unserra freind un alla dawgs laiser sehna uf 'm boat Peter Stuyvesant odder so gore ferleicht aw on Playland, garach'ld ains fon da shanshda parks tzu sei im gonsa lond.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 11:15

'He who gives security for a stranger will smart for it, but he who hates suretyship is secure.' To go surety for a stranger is always a risk, and thousands have learned this to their deep regret. But, as a prominent Bibie teacher once wrote, Jesus was willing to become surety for us when we were strangers and foreigners. 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' says Paul, 'that, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich' (2 Corinthians 8:9). Men frequently 'sign notes' for friends who they know can be trusted. But Jesus became surety for us when we were enemies and alienated from God in our minds and by wicked works.' He died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.' He willingly became answerable for the debt we owed as trespassers against God's moral law because of Adam's sin. He had to 'smart for it', too, on the cross, but in love 'He endured the cross, despising the shame.' That meant security for us who have received Him.

Horoscope

You should gain advancement by your industry and tact in the year ahead. A successful career is indicated for today's child.

25 Years Ago

During the height of the electric storm shortly after noon yesterday, a cold bolt of lightning struck the top of the 80-foot stack at the Lehigh County Court House, ripping bricks from the rim at the top of it.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Well, maybe, after all you shouldn't throw away your junk in the attic or in the basement. It may just be that there is gold in them thar hills.

I told you some time ago that we finally threw away all those shells my wife collected down on Captiva and Sanibel Islands in Florida last winter, since they only took up room and we didn't know what to do with them any longer. (Incidentally we still have a blow fish lying on our living room table. It originates from the same expedition and is one of the ugliest things I ever saw. But after you read the following, I am not going to throw it out.)

A man in New York has just paid $1,000 for a shell that doesn't look any more exciting than half of ours did, and he believes that its value is even more than that.

It's called the Conus gloriamaris and doesn't look like anything much, according to the new owner, although the name means 'glory of the sea.' It's five inches long, conical shaped, has the appearance of porcelain and is mottled in gold and brown, something like tortoise.

However, just as with human beings, looks aren't everything. What makes the shell so valuable is that it is virtuallly extinct, no other specimen having been seen in more than 100 years.

But that part of the story didn't satisfy my wife.

"You see," she sai, "I told you we shouldn't have thrown our shells out. How do we know whether we didn't have a Conus gloria-maris among the lot, or maybe someting even more valuable?

"What we should have done was to take the lot down to some reliable shell dealer and have him look through them. There might have been thousands in that collection of mine, and now you made me throw what would perhaps have been a fortune, away."

I don't know whether the above is correct grammar, but that is what she said and I stick by it.

At any rate I stood up for my rights.

"Why," I replied, "why don't we load all our other junk on a truck and visit all the antique dealers in Connecticut to see whether there might not be something valuable among it? You can never tell—there may be a Chippendale or a Duncan Phyfe or a Louis XIV among all the old chairs and cabinets and commodes we have been keeping for the last umpty years."

"Oh, don't be facetious," she said, probably because she didn't want to be reminded of a little incident that happened last year.

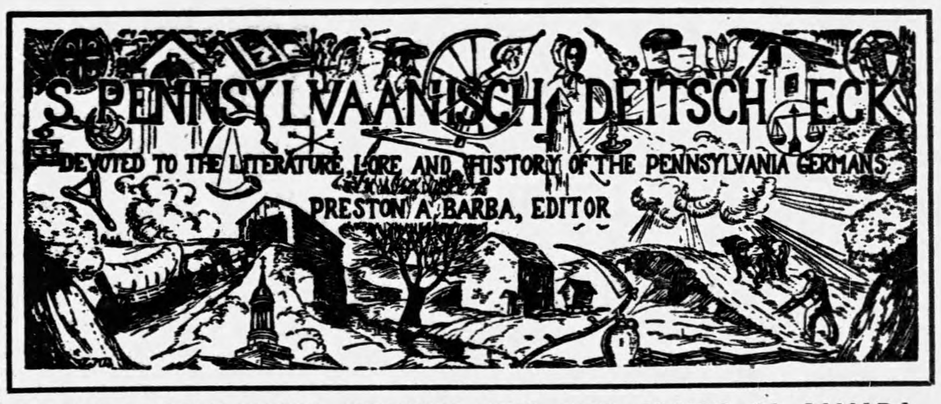
We have a magnificient table in our living room. It's black oak, with beautifully carved legs and gorgeous scrolls all over the thing.

Since it is an heirloom, my wife never wanted to part with it, particularly when a well-known antique dealer had told her (when we did not want to sell the table) that it was worth from $350 to $400. But, somehow, thet able is too large for our living room, and we wanted to get a smaller one. So the wife went to 10 or 15 antique places to see what they would pay for our priceless antique.

The best offer she could get was $10, but we would have to pay for the carting away which would also cost $10. The rest of them wouldn't have it for a gift "There's no demand for such big pieces any more," was the unanimous opinion.

So my advice to you is: You may have something that's worth a thousand dollars. But it's cheaper to throw it out.

(Copyright 1954)



EARLY PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN ARTS AND CRAFTS IN CANADA

By BARBARA F. COFFMAN

A Paper Read at the Second Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society of Ontario Held at Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario, October 17, 1953.

(Conclusion)

GOING back to Fly Sam Moyer's family, we come to the important industry of tinsmithing. Henry W. Moyer was a resident of Campden, but products from his busy little shop went far and wide through the entire area. Perhaps there were other tinsmiths, but I haven't been able to learn of them. It is said that he learned his trade from a Mr. Leith, but no more information has so far been available on Leith. Tin played an important role in the pre-aluminum and pre-enamel age. Cooking pots and frying pans were of course, iron or copper. But lighter vessels were either wood or tin. Tin wash basins, dishpans, dippers, milk pails, dinner pails, cups, etc., were all used plentifully and being tin, didn't last quite as long as the aluminum or enamel ware of today. No doubt Henry W. Moyer received large orders for milk pans which were used for separating milk and cream. According to A. L. Fry, about 100 of these would be in circulation at a time on their farm. Pity the poor Fry women, for a woman's reputation depended in those days on the sheen of her tinware.

Henry's brother, William W. Moyer, had two businesses, cigar making and apple drying. Since both products needed drying, perhaps he figured one shed would do for both. Part of that shed is still standing on the old place up along the Fly road. It is probable that he imported most of the tobacco for his cigars, although old timers tell us there was some grown locally before we went all out into the business of growing peaches and grapes.

Very prominent in the apple drying business was the Snure family. The apple, apparently was one of the earliest fruits grown in the district and it was found they could be marketed by drying them. The Snures were a loyalist family from Pennsylvania who went first to Pelham and then came to the Twenty. They became very prominent in the Jordan community and at one time owned the tract of land comprising the village of Jordan. The first store and post office were operated by Snures and the P.O. is still in the family. It was Clarke Snure and his son Eldridge who set up the drying plant in a building where the winery now stands. A water tower for the plant was erected just south of the building. We have several pieces of apple drying equipment in the museum, an apple peeler, an ingenious apple slicer and several drying racks. They say that quantities of apples were dried here and sold to retailers in Ontario towns. Many barrels were also shipped across to England. The elder Snure did considerable business overseas, since Jordan was at that time a busy shipping center. If someone wanted something that couldn't be obtained locally he sent off an order to England. About a year later the order would arrive.

Another Snure industry was tanning. The family had two tanneries along the Twenty, one in the flats directly below the village and one at the head of the pond. Hides were grown locally, tanned locally and leather made up locally. Traces have been found of an earlier tannery up along the Fifteen. The corner of an old building is still standing but no one seems to know anything about it. It's one of the mysteries of the area.

There were two saddlers or harness makers in the district that I learned about. One was George Eckhardt, who came from Alsace, married a Moyer, and settled down to the business of making harness in Jordan. The other was Dillman Moyer, a Mennonite preacher and Bishop. He built one of the first houses in Vineland, the old brick house near the corner, known locally as the McPherson house. Beside the house he built a shop for his leather work which was largely harness making, although he also made leather gloves. At the museum we have a few of his glove patterns and also two of his account books. Apparently the gentleman had a little difficulty with the English language as it was spoken by the Pennsylvania Germans. We find both German and English entries in the ledgers, but for the sake of his English patrons he bravely struggled with English phonetics as entries such as these show — To two blind brittles, $4; a set of sinkel harnice, $15; one sattle, $12; sondris, $7.03; four peses of traces; 2 shipskeens; 1 side of harnes latter; 7¾ lbs. solletter; 1 befshite. We also find several entries for deer hair. This, of course, was used for stuffing horse collars.

Another valuable account book in the museum belonged to Jacob Wismer, a broom maker. These books are valuable not only for telling us that a dozen brooms sold for $2.50, but because they furnish a splendid list of people living in the community at that time. The Moyer ledger is dated 1835-37, the Wismer, 1872-'81.

Wismer's broom factory was located in Vineland, first on the site of the old corner garage which disappeared this summer, and then it was moved to the back of the old General store. Wismer was raised and set up in business by Dillman Moyer and his wife who were childless.

Another broom maker was Samuel B. Moyer, second son of pioneer Samuel Moyer, the first school teacher at the Twenty settlement. Samuel B, who was probably called Sam'l's Sam, was born in 1805 and so was one of the early broom makers. One of the latest was Amos Moyer, born 1857 and passing away in 1948. In spite of the Fuller brush and vacuum cleaner salesmen, he continued to make brooms until he was quite old. I'm sure my mother used to think there was nothing quite so good as a home-made broom, and so we kept our home comparatively clean with Moyer's brooms as long as he made them. Now, however, we have had to resort to the vacuum cleaner.

We had a brush maker, too, in Vineland, a blind man, Christian Kratz. We hear much these days about rehabilitation for the handicapped, but I was greatly interested to learn that as long ago as 60 or 70 years not all blind men sat on street corners and begged. Mr. Kratz made a very fine job of his brush making. We used one of his clothes brushes at our home right up to the era of the Fuller salesmen. It is still in pretty good shape, ending its career in the museum.

The only potter in the community I could learn about was Daniel Orth, son of Henry Orth who settled on a farm along the Fly road in the early 1800's. Where he learned the trade I don't know, but he made a very valuable contribution to the community. Dishes were scarce in those days, glass jars had not yet been invented, and so clay pots and crocks were practically a necessity. Pickles, sausages, apple butter and many other things could be put down in crocks, and so crocks became his chief product. But of course, he made many other pottery objects and no doubt had numerous orders for spitoons, an essential piece of furniture in most homes. There were plates of various sizes, jugs, large and small, and a luxury line of pottery dogs. These brown and black speckled dogs held open many doors in the community on hot summer days. We have one of them in the museum, also some plates and a spitoon. It is said that he had a clay pit on his farm, and that he also secured some good clay for his work along the Twenty, just below Gleneyrie school and some on a corner of the Fry property.

As I have mentioned earlier, brick making was also an important industry for a time, bricks being made in the valley below Jordan and also on the farm of Jacob Moyer, "Tinker Jake," south west of Campden. Who operated this industry I was unable to discover.

One of the most important industries in the community has not yet been mentioned, the milling industry at Glen Elgin or Ball's Falls. At one time there was a regular little village at the Falls, centering around several industries undertaken by the enterprising Balls. There was the big grist mill, a saw mill, a cooper shop and a short distance upstream, a woolen factory, built at the foot of the Upper Falls. At one time, they say, surveyors were brought out to survey the settlement and plan a layout of streets for the small town which they thought would soon develop. However, like Campden and Jordan, reverses set in and very little is left of the busy community except the fine, large brick house built by George Peter Mann Ball, and the old grist mill which has stood quiet and empty for some time.

The Balls were U. E. Loyalists who served during the War of Independence with Butler's Rangers. Two sons, George and John were given a 1200 acre tract of land at the Twenty in 1807. They immediately set to work to erect the grist mill at the falls. This mill was welcomed by the farmers in the district who before this had to tote their grain twenty miles to Niagara to have it ground. It was in full operation during the War of 1812, and was considered of such vital importance that the 104th Regiment was stationed there to guard it. The regiment happened to be commanded by Captain Brock, nephew of Sir Isaac, and this coincidence leads to another prized object in our museum, General Brock's hat. It seems that the General had ordered a new outfit from England, some say it was for his wedding. But the outfit didn't arrive until after his death and so it was given over to his nephew. Because of the kindness of the Ball family to the soldiers stationed there, Captain Brock presented the General's new hat to them when the regiment was withdrawn. The Ball family has kindly loaned this memento to the museum.

The woollen mill, also built by George Ball, was well patronized. The women of the community must have been quite happy to be able to purchase some cloth instead of spinning and weaving all they needed. Apparently Ball must have secured some help to run the mill for in 1848 we find a notice printed by Ambridge and Brester notifying the community that in exchange for wool they could secure at the mill — light and heavy kerseys, black and other cassimeres, satinets, plain, fancy and striped winter and summer tweeds, white and various co'oured flannels. A notice in '49 was again signed by Ball: "All kinds of cloth, satinets, tweeds, flannels, etc., exchanged for wool in the fleece."

And then there was another industry at the Twenty which is rather surprising to the present generation. Seeing the Twenty Creek and the pond today, it is difficult to believe that boats were actually made along the pond bank, or that good sized vessels sailed up the creek to the bridge across No. 8 highway. But according to history, two boats were built on the west bank of the pond by Moses Overholt. One was named the Flying Dutchman and the other the Mayflower. The first was built before the erection of the railway bridge. When the Mayflower was completed it was necessary to float it under the bridge and mast it on the other side.

Imports in those days were probably quite varied, and no doubt the ships came in practically empty. But when they went out they carried tan bark, ashes and wheat. Ash carts, we are told, went around from house to house trading a cake of soap for a bushel of ashes to be used in making lye and soap in the city factories. Only hard wood was burned in those days when wood was plentiful. And so the ashes were considered a valuable export.

It might be of interest to present day fruit growers to know that one of the earliest industries in the district centered around the fruit trade. The Burtch family was another loyalist family receiving a crown grant. After building his home, the elder Burtch erected a good sized building which became known as the buttery. Here he made plum butter from the wild plums which grew profusely along the banks of the Sixteen. He had Indians bring in the fruit for him. It is said that after making the butter he pressed out the residue and made hooch to sell back to the Indians. Nothing was wasted in those good old days.

I might also mention the industry of bell making. The bell shop was located about half way between Beamsville and Vineland. But again I was unable to get definite information regarding the proprietors of this little business. We have quite a collection of cowbells and sheep bells in the museum, and it is quite probable that a number of them were turned out at this bell shop. Sheet metal was used in fashioning the bells, and they were, perhaps, more functional than beautiful.

Yes, and you women might be interested to know that there were a few tailors, even in those early days. Of course most good wives made the clothing for the entire family, including their husbands' Sunday suits and overcoats. But there must have been some fastidious husbands who preferred something a little smarter than the good wife could turn out. Anyway, we know that the first inhabitant of Campden was a tailor. And we may also assume that if he hadn't received some patronage he wouldn't long have been recognized as such. This man was Abraham Swartz. Another tailor that we know about was Caspar Miller, a resident of Jordan. His shop was in the row of blacksmiths and carriage shops, and since he lived during Jordan's period of greatest prosperity he no doubt did a very good business. When he had more than he could handle himself he was assisted by Mrs. Moses Moyer. Miller did the cutting and she did the sewing.

I realize that although I have taken considerable time, this has been a very brief look at a big subject. I realize too, that it may not have been of much interest to the Pennsylvania Germans of Waterloo County. But at least it may serve to prove that the busy, thrifty, ingenious inhabitants of Lincoln County were after all brothers under the skin to the Ebys, Martins, Webers, Shantz's etc. that made their way past the Twenty to the Grand River settlement.

Unser Mudderschproch

Wadde mit me scheene Glang,
Die heer'n sich lieblich aa;
In dem Gschpreech un im Gesang,
Do hot mer Freede draa.
Schemm dich net mit deinre Zung,
Un mach's der Welt bekannt
Mit deim Watt zu Alt un Yung!
Des iss yo gaar ken Schand.

Mir hen Wadde siess un zaart
Fer'n scheener Liewesgruss;
Schtreng un wiescht, en annri Aart
Waer'n Zann ausiewe muss.
Was mer sich ausdricke kann!
Mer macht yo alles glaar.
So en Schproch veracht ken Mann,
Sie iss yo wunderbaar.

Unser scheeni Mudderschproch
Iss Pennsilvaanisch Deitsch.
Heb du sie in Ehre hoch;
Me Schpott—dem geb die Beitsch.
Waer sei Mudderschproch veracht,
Der sott verschtoosse sei;
Iss er noch so dumm un lacht,
Macht sich en Rilps debei.

—LLOYD A. MOLL

LITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST

En gleeni rodi Amschel,
Die hockt sich uff en Riggel;
Sie wackelt mit em Kopp
Un weddelt mit de Fliggel.

PADDY MALONEY

Em Paddy Maloney
Sei scheckicher Pony
Waar blind ass en Pony kann sei;
Der Paddy hot gsaat,
Dem helfe mer graad
Mit Brille, noh sehnt er doch glei.

Pussy Cat Ate The Dumplings

Die Bussi esst die Schnitz un Gnepp,
Die Bussi esst die Gnepp;
Do kummt die Mammi graad dezu
Un saagt, "Was hoschte nau geduh?
Was fresscht du mir die Gnepp?"

A few nonsense rimes from JOHN BIRMELIN'S delightful MAMMI GANS BUCH.

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Editorials

Dutch and Proud of It

The hundreds of members of the Lehigh County Historical Society in particular mourn the passing in Youngstown, O., on Thursday of A. P. Steckel who, for almost two decades, was a leading and most helpful member of that organization and a lively participant in just about all its activities.

Our entire community also well may mourn his passing and speak deliver eulogy in his memory.

Mr. Steckle helped a great institution. And he benefitted a great community. Very properly this should be acknowledged even more widely upon his death than it was in the course of his life.

There is a very interesting lesson to be learned by many people in this community from the life and deeds of Mr. Steckel. Strangely enough there still are some people of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry and blood who are wont to deny that fact, probably because other ignorant people, who know neither the Dutch nor their history, have uttered deprecatory remarks and indicted an entire people. And another strange thing is that even in this community, in which Dr. Preston A. Barba thru his editorship of the Pennsyly fawnish Deutsch Eck in the Morning Call has demonstrated the dignity and value of the literature of the Pennsylvania Dutch, we have persons who are wont to turn up their noses at the local dialect and those who use it. These at times make a revealing slip by saying something about the "Dumb Dutch," a remark which contrarily reveals their own ignorance and often lack of culture.

Mr. Steckel was a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He was educated at Lehigh University and as an engineer with scientific bent rose high in the American steel industry. He got pretty far away, geographically, from his family tree. Spiritually however he never forgot that he was Dutch.

His pride in ancestry was challenged by careless and uninformed talk that he heard about the Pennsylvania Dutch. Supercilious and overweening ancestor - worshippers from other parts of the country nagged him into research into his own backgrounds when years of leisure became his.

Like a homing pigeon he returned to his ancestral seat. Here he spared neither time, effort nor money in uncovering and then restoring some of the monuments of his people. Thus he brought about the purchase and rebuilding of the Taylor House at Catasauqua and the Steckel manor house at Egypt. While these projects were under way he spent more time in this community than he did in his home. But he demonstrated for himself that there were historical objects about which the Pennsylvania Dutch could boast as well as the Quakers, Virginians, New Englanders and a few other societies who have not hidden their historical lights under bushels.

Mr. Steckel did a lot for this community in ways in which large sums of money were necessary.

He did more howeve for it in a way in which no money was needed. He said in effect to every Pennsylvania Dutchman: Be proud of the history and the accomplishments of your people. Regard them as a great heritage. Be modest about it, but do not depreciate your people's history, their contribution to American progress and to culture and their faithfulness to the high ideals of their forebears during almost three centures of American life.

Why Did They Do It?

Arrest in Brooklyn of four young men who have confessed the unprovoked beating and burning of aged men, generally vagrants or alcoholics, the horsewhipping of a couple of girls and the murder of at least two men has stirred public interest thruout the country in a measure quite out of line with general public reactions to crime in distant places.

Law enforcement authorities in New York are puzzled. They have no answer for the vicious practices of this youthful quartet who did not rob their victims and apparently had no sex motives. One of the youths has explained that he had a deep dislike for vagrants and bums. Another allowed he liked to use human beings as punching bags and demonstrate his striking power.

Generally such extreme crime reveals a criminal with a long record. But in this case the young men have no known record of law-breaking. Instead they had good reputations for the most part. They were of average to high intelligence according to their school records. They came from happy, apparently well-ordered families. They could not be said to be boys "who never had a chance," to quote the shabby defense that is so often brought up in juvenile delinquency cases.

People by the thousands, perhaps millions, are asking why did four boys torture absolutely harmless persons whom they had never known or even seen before? How did it happen that four youths, apparently of similar anti-social bent, grew up in the same general area and became pals in some of the most notorious crimes that ever have come to light?

The psychiatrists are trying to answer the questions. The newspapers are full of their deductions based upon the physical facts but with lots of hedging because they have not been able to make the deep study of the young men—(Their dreams when asleep, their attitudes to society when awake) — which is necessary to strip the soul of its mask.

People thruout the United States are concerned about this crime because there is natural wonder how and why young men, reared apparently in normal families and hitherto well behaved, suddenly go berserk and wound, torture and kill unoffending people hitherto unknown to them.

Parents naturally are concerned for they will not wish any such dire experience from their own flesh and blood.

What the verdict in the Brooklyn case will be cannot now be known. But two factors that could have saved and almost certainly would have saved these boys from their vicious selves appear to have been missing in their lives.

In the first place, they seem to have been given or took unusual liberties about their lives outside their homes. There appear to have been no family restrictions upon their comings and goings and upon their whereabouts thruout the night and their companions. There seems to have been no emphasis whatsoever in their lives upon religion. There appears to have been no sense of right and wrong in the quartet, no comprehension of even the simplest statement of religion: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself."

Parents who are deeply concerned about their youth may well heed the moral that seems to have been taught by the Brooklyn story, namely that there must be disciplines in the home which have been developed thru firm and consistent enforcement thruout the years of the child, beginning even in infancy. And, second, that religion should be brought early into the life of the child; that the boy and girl be taken, rather than be sent to Sunday school and church. Thereby strength will be given youth as it waxes to fight that old devil, of whom St. Peter wrote: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

The family and society cannot always shoulder all the blame for the misdeeds of its members. Personal responsibility has not been legislated out of existence. The power of choice between good and evil continues to be possessed by our youth, as well as our adults. If the good be chosen there is reason to commend youth for such choice. If the evil be chosen, why is everything else — family, society, the "wrong side of the track" etc. etc. — put to shame and blame instead of the free-willed and willful youth?

The correct disciplines of the home and the love for the belief in religion must however, be begun early. To begin it all in the teen ages is likely to be dangerous if not in fact, too late.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

QUATRAINS

VACATION CARDS

Vacation cards
Again appear
With "Best regards,
Wish you were here!"

LOST

Because he said too much they'd cost,
The fortune that he left behind
Was proof that while he lived he'd lost
Too many chances to be kind.

DAY'S END

So little time, so much to do!
And yet with every setting sun
We find, as we the day review,
There was much more we could have done.

MAN'S OPINION

I thought the bonnet on her head
Might be a bowl of fruit,
But all the smiling ladies said:
"My dear, your hat is cute."

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A famous singer had dined—and wined—too well when he encountered an old-fashioned organ grinder and his monkey. He listened enraptured to the wheezy tune, then confided to the organ grinder, "You're a genuine artist, my boy! You play like an angel. But for Pete's sake, even if that accompanist of yours is a relative, get rid of him!"

Horoscope

Take special care in all your dealings, and pay attention to minor business details for a successful year. Look for a clever, shrewd and ambitious personality as today's child grows up.

"Will You Love Me In November . . . ?"



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The Republican party is emerging as the liberal party of the nation, and President Eisenhower as the truly liberal leader.

This is because, under the acid test of what is or is not liberalism, the Republican party's leadership has taken the position that it will not punish its minority for dissenting views but will embrace within the fold the nominees of the Republican party as chosen by the people in their respective state primaries. Freedom of thought is the basic principle of liberalism.

All such things as "purges" of party nominees by the President are taboo. Mr. Eisenhower has adopting the Truman-Roosevelt view of party "leadership," which is really a form of dictatorship. That same view was adopted by Adlai Stevenson in the campaign of 1952 and has just been reiterated by him.

Mr. Eisenhower, on the other hand, feels that Republicans can differ conscientiously and that some of the men who did not vote for certain parts of his legislative program did so in the honest belief that they were voting as their constituents wanted them to vote.

Support of President

The support of President Eisenhower in the coming campaign for those of his party who differed with him not only is liberalism and tolerance at its best but it recognizes the very important liberal principle that the voters themselves, through their freedom of choice in the primaries, shall decide who is entitled to wear the party label in a campaign.

This has a direct bearing on the appearance just made by Mr. Eisenhower at the Illinois State fair, where he was on the same platform with Joseph Meek, the Republican senatorial nominee in Illinois who previously had expressed different views from the President on various national issues. From a practical political standpoint, it has always been argued that the party leader who helps a congressional nominee get elected has a better chance of winning his support in congressional votes next time than if the nominee wins the election despite the leader's open opposition.

But the fundamental principle involved is that the party nominees cannot justly be repudiated by a President and that, once the people have chosen the party nominees, the President is in duty bound to support them.

But what about the regular Republican voters? What is their responsibility? There's an interesting situation in New Jersey, for example, where former Rep. Clifford Case won the Republican senatorial nomination in the primaries. He is facing a rebellion of Republican voters because of his record in the House of Representatives, which it is charged resembled the New Deal. In addition to this, he made a foolish statement after his nomination this year about his intention, if elected, to vote against the selection of Sen. McCarthy for a committee chairmanship next January if the Republicans win control of the Senate. What he might have with propriety said was that he would vote against Sen. McCarthy in the Republican conference, where a slate of chairmen is usually prepared in advance of a formal vote by the Senate. Had he done so, he would have been expressing his convictions — and he has as much right to his views as any other Republican — but he would not then be saying, in effect, that he would cast a vote to put the Democrats in control of the Senate if by chance one vote would decide the issue of control.

Mr. Case still has an opportunity to clarify his position, as his original statement was vague on that point. Once he agrees to accept the obligations of a Republican nominee elected to the Senate — which includes voting for the slate chosen by a party majority for chairmanships — he is entitled to go before the voters as a Republican and to express his views on any issues that he wishes.

This does not mean that Mr. Case necessarily can win the election, because he is up against the problem of persuading Republican voters to cast their ballots for him, and no voter is bound by his party under the American system. He can change parties at will. But Mr. Case's chances of winning the support of regular Republicans will be improved if he indicates an intention to remain loyal to the Republican party and to accept the judgment of the party conference in the Senate on matters of committee control.

Morse Concept

Sen. Morse of Oregon, who classifies himself as an "independent" but who was nominated in the Republican primaries and elected in 1950, has a different concept of his responsibility to the Republican constituency which elected him. He feels that next year, if the Democrats win control, he can vote with them. This could mean that perhaps he does not intend to be a candidate in the Republican primaries again.

But the important point is that Mr. Eisenhower is taking the truly liberal position when he says that he will support all Republican nominees and will not try to impose any "thought control" or "conformity of thought" on the nominees of the Republican party. He would be obliged under this doctrine to support Mr. Morse if the latter were renominated by the Republican party next time.

It's really a liberal viewpoint, and it is unfortunate that the Democratic leadership under Mr. Stevenson is still sticking to the reactionary concept that a clique of men can disregard the choice of the voters for members of Congress in the Democratic party primaries.

:Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 11:27-28

Verse 27 may be paraphrased a bit, so as to make it a little clearer: 'He who seeks what is morally good will secure God's favor, while he who seeks what is morally bad, brings down on himself divine retribution.' Seeking after what is good may have a wide application, good for one's self or good for one's fellows. There is rich satisfaction following kindness done to others who are in need or in distress. A life lived in obedience to God's good and moral law brings no regrets. The mischief-maker, says Dr. Ironside, who rejoices in iniquity and desires the undoing of his neighbor, shall be undone himself. All of this illustrates God's retributive justice. Verse 28 again cautions us against putting our trust in uncertain riches. A wealthy man died some years ago, whereupon some one asked a friend of his how much he had left. The reply was prompt, namely, Everything! Genuine and abiding riches are not material but moral and spiritual. The first Psalm is a picture of the truly happy and prosperous man—he who delights in the Law of the Lord.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Aug. 21, 1929, a Wednesday

Tentative arrangements for the opening of the Tilghman St. Bridge are under way, the dedication exercises being set for Sept. 14.

Old Bill Gillis, 90, died yesterday in the Sierra Mountains of California. He had been a good friend of Mark Twain, and the two had once spent 10 months together mining gold in the California hills.

A resolution providing for the furnishing of a private room at Sacred Heart Hospital was adopted Tuesday night by Herbert Paul Lentz Post, American Legion. The room will be in the new wing now nearing completion.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WEST PENN FAIR BARICHDA: Ains fon da grossa froga os niemond recht wase tzu ontwerta wor, woh da Mildred Kresge ihra buccher messer 'm Midwoch onna kumma wear. Die Mildred denk'd fiel fon sel'm messer—huts shun fer ebbes wie 26 yohr, un wots fer ken gelt in da welt ferlierra. 'S wor die Alberta Gerber woh g'frok'd hut fers messer yusa fer welshkern ob schneida, un huts fer 'n kartzie weil uf 'n dish galaig'd. Wie die Alberta sich rum gadray'd hut fers messer griega wors fert, un hens yusht naryads finna kenna—so gore aw net in da welshkern krutza.

Sis noh leicht tzu denka os aeland wor im haichda grawd, un die Mildred is rum galoffa mit ma longa g'sicht, un die Alberta hut g'sawt sie dade net yusht fiela fer brilla, ow'r gaibt aenich ebber 'n dahler os es messer finna dade. Ol hen frish nei awfonga sucha, ow'r 's messer wor fershwunda — 's wor yusht naryads tzu finna.

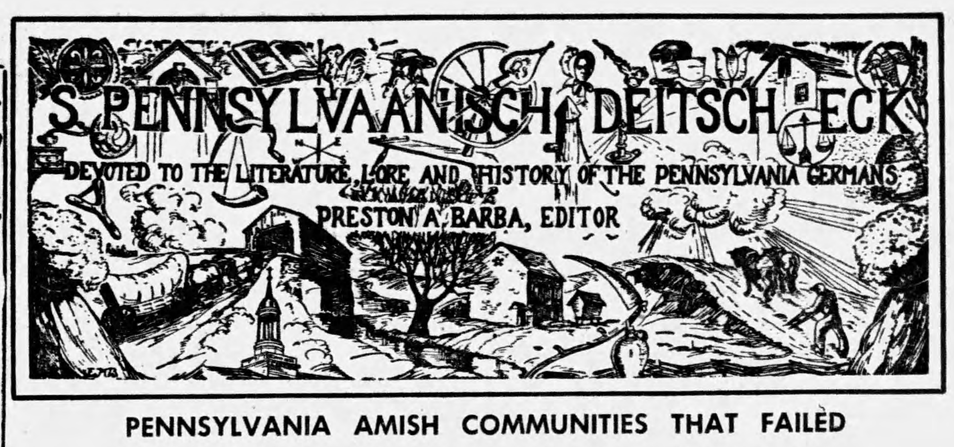
Owets so on da halver elfa rum wie die kicha maishder'n Carrie McLean nous wor sehna eb allas in arder wear fer da nagshda morya frish nei shtarta kocha un bocka, was sot sie sehna uf ma dish leia wie 'n butcher messer. Sie huts noh nei in die kich tzu da onnerra ganumma, un die Edith Steigerwalt fom Shtraussa Dahl, hut bletzlich g'sawt, "sel is, es, Sel is da Mildred ihra ferlora butcher messer." Wie die Alberta sel k'hoert hut, is sie g'shprunga un hut die Carrie ferdrick'd un ferbuss'd os da Carrie ihra folsha tzae bol hinna tzum gnick nous g'shtonna hen. Un die Alberta hut aw der dahler uf gablech'd, ow'r die Carrie hut 'n tzurick gewwa — ebbes os der Charlie Steigerwalt gore net gaboss'd hut. Der Charlie hut gamaint, won ers messer yusht g'funna het, noh het er aw afforda kenna fer sei Edith mit nemma fer die piano bonk hola.

HEN SICH FOHR G'SEHNA: Ains fon da grossa socha on da West Penn Fair is der program woh sie nommy dawgs un owets hen—ol socha fon dahame rum. Kinner sawga shticker, un singa, dale shpiela die piano, un onnerra die geik odder tzieg box. Drei maid, die Dorothy Miller, die Doris Zimmerman, un die Evelyn Miller hen shun long g'shoft fer ebbes gons arbadiches rous griega, un woh dada n'r denka os sie onna sin fer iwwer ihra socha gae? Ei im Oscar Miller sei kee shtol woh sie shure worra os niemond rum wear fer ob lauerra wos sie hetta fer gewwa on da Fair.

Der grainsh'd druvel os die maid hinna noh kotta hen, wor, fer gross ganunka, mons hussa finna fer aw duh won sie ihra socha gaibta. Die sawg is, sie weara gons West Penn ous g'shprunga bis sie allas bei nonner kotta hetta. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wolla die maid 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 Die Ruth Kistler fom Kistlers Dahl, un die Martha Kemp fon Lenhartsville sin die onner woch die gons welt ous gakess'ld fon Kutztown bis nunner noch Quakertown, gleicha glaider sucha fer 'm onnerra Sundawg mit da Pumpernickle's exkursion noch Playland gae.

Sie hen aw gleicha glaider grick'd — rote eckshtaenicha frock shteck, weiss blouse, un shwartza belter Ich sawg eich sie hen gaguck'd wie tzwilling, un sich wunnerbore blessiert.



PENNSYLVANIA AMISH COMMUNITIES THAT FAILED

By MAURICE A MOOK

Associated Professor of Anthropology, The Pennsylvania State University

IN an earlier essay in the ECK (June 26, 1954), in which the ten present Old Order Amish communities in Pennsylvania were identified and located, it was stated that "No one knows how many times the Amish have unsuccessfully attempted to establish new communities . . . in the history of the Commonwealth." Recent research at the Mennonite Publishing House Library at Scottdale has revealed evidence of more than a dozen former now-extinct Amish communities in the state. These unsuccessful attempts of the Amish to establish colonies in Pennsylvania range in time from the early eighteenth century to the present year.

There are records of five Amish attempts to establish sectarian community life in southeastern Pennsylvania during the earliest years of their settlement in America. Only one of these communities survives to the present day. One of their first colonies was the "Northkill" settlement, established in the late 1730's near the present town of Hamburg, in northern Berks County. This frontier community, located some distance north of other settlements in southeastern Pennsylvania, was near a gap in the Blue Mountain range. The geographical isolation of its location and its proximity to the break in the mountain barrier exposed it to the Indian raids of the frontier fringe during the French and Indian War. Also the non-resistant faith of its Amish inhabitants made it an easy victim of such attacks. Had it not been for the Indian raids it might be quite confidently assumed that the colony would have been a successful venture. It was the largest southeastern Pennsylvania Amish settlement at the time of the Indian Massacre of 1757, which is usually regarded as having softened its success and prepared it for ultimate failure as a living community. Some of the Northkill families surviving these depredations are known to have receded southward to locations nearer the older, less isolated, and less exposed English and German settlements in the southeastern corner of the state.

There were several other small Amish local geographical groups south of Northkill during the middle years of the eighteenth century. I call them "geographical groups," for there seems to be little evidence, other than tradition (unacceptable as historical evidence without corroborating proof) that two or three of these were ever organized as congregations, and it is uncertain as to whether these were sufficiently large or long-lasting to deserve the name "community." There were, however, during these early years, small groups of Amish families in the Oley area, in Tulpehocken Valley, and on Maiden Creek in Berks County. There was also a larger group, formally organized as a congregation, near present Malvern, in eastern Chester County. The members of this community have the distinction of being the first Amish in America to build a "meeting house" for worship services, and its members also in other respects accepted "English" (non-Amish) ways. Today the group would be known as "Church" Amish, or "New Order," to distinguish it from more conservative congregations now commonly referred to as "House" or "Old Order" Amish. Characteristic Amish surnames are still decipherable on old tombstones in a cemetery near Malvern, and the foundations of the meeting house were still discernible in the late 1930's.

In addition to these unsuccessful community ventures, in the middle years of the eighteenth century the Conestoga congregation was established on the edge of the area the Amish still occupy in this portion of the state. This group grew in size and strength and developed into the thriving present Lancaster County Amish community. From the time of its origin and throughout the history of the Commonwealth, it has been the largest, strongest, and most vital of all Pennsylvania Amish settlements. It is, indirectly at least, the "mother colony" of all other historic and present-day Amish communities in the state, and it has been, moreover, the source of settlement of many Amish communities in other states of the United States. It is no longer the largest Amish settlement in the United States, as many articles still claim, but it remains one of the three largest local groups, the other two being the community in Holmes County and vicinity in east-central Ohio, and the settlement centering in Elkart County, in northern Indiana.

Subsequent to the earliest southeastern settlements, the next congregations to be founded were three in present Somerset County, two of which are now extinct. The Amish joined the trans-Alleghenian westward movement, which resulted in a settlement in Somerset County which was started in 1767, and within approximately a decade three geographically distinct Amish communities were in existence in this area. These were the Conemaugh congregation in the northernmost section of the county, the "Glades" congregation farther south, and the Casselman River community still farther south, near the Pennsylvania-Maryland line. Of these three the latter group, now known as the "Meyersdale church," is the only one to survive. It is currently a single congregation of some 200 members, which would indicate a community of from 500 to 600 inhabitants. It is the second oldest and third largest Old Order community in the state at the present time.

All three of these early Somerset settlements generously contributed members to newly established Amish communities in Ohio and the Middle West. The northern Somerset community included an individual who is perhaps the only Amishman to have his name embodied in the cultural geography of Pennsylvania. The city of Johnstown was in a sense founded by Joseph Schantz (later Yahns, Jahns and Johns), an Amishman who owned land where a part of Johnstown now stands, and who deposited a charter with county officers in which a town was laid out with land donated by him for streets and public buildings. Thus a man belonging to a religious sect strictly committed to a rural way of life chose the site of and provided for and stimulated the early development of one of our state's larger cities.

Amish settlement in Mifflin County began in the early 1790's. This group grew steadily in size and also contributed heavily by emigration to Amish communities elsewhere. The pressure of population in this beautiful but limited valley led to the settlement of some Amish families on the Juniata River near present McVeytown, across Jacks Mountain marking the southern boundary of "Big (Kishacoquillas) Valley." The Amish congregation here was known as the "River Church." Though only a few miles distant from the main body of Amish people in Kishacoquillas Valley, the trip over the mountain with team and buggy or wagon was difficult and time-consuming. This impediment to inter-community communication and visitation must have contributed to the failure of the river group as a separate community. Its church had an estimated membership of 29 in 1850; it had 79 members in 1900, according to a local resident; but it is now extinct as an Old Order community. Meanwhile the Big Valley group has increased from one church to eight church districts, which have a total reported membership of 606 for the current year. It is now and for some years has been the second largest Amish community in the Commonwealth.

The date of origin of the nineteenth century Amish community in Juniata County is unknown to the writer, but it may have been as early as the first decade of the century. In 1850 there were two organized churches, one in Lost Creek Valley, and one in Tuscarora (Creek) Valley, respectively north and south of the Juniata River in the vicinity of Mifflintown. In an Amish census for 1850, taken in 1900 and based upon the memory of Amish old-timers who claimed ability to remember back to 1850, it was estimated that there were 85 members in these two churches at mid-century. In 1900 one member of the church was listed for Tuscarora Valley and none for Lost Creek Valley. In 1950 the writer found several former farmer-neighbors of the Amish who could vaguely remember this Amish colony which apparently was abandoned in the late 1880's or early 1890's. It became extinct by deaths and by the removal of Amish families to adjoining Mifflin County and elsewhere. Several small old cemeteries north and east of Mifflintown have many weathered tombstones on which characteristic Amish first names and surnames can be distinguished. Joseph W. Yoder has given us an interesting picture of Amish life in Lost Creek Valley during the later years of the community's existence (**Rosanna of the Amish**, chs. 3-6). It was the Lost Creek Valley community to which Rosanna and her mother moved from Halfmoon Valley in Centre County, and from which she and her parents later removed to Big Valley in Mifflin County.

Another Amish community that also failed in the late nineteenth century was the Buffalo Valley congregation, located in Union County a few miles northeast of Mifflinburg and northwest of Lewisburg. This congregation-community began in the 1830's and survived for some five decades, becoming extinct in the 1880's. Of all former but now extinct communities in the history of Amish settlement in the United States, this is the best documented one in the literature of Mennonitism. Its church history, as well as the life and customs of its inhabitants, have been discussed in detail by Prof. John Umble of Goshen College, Indiana (**Mennonite Quarterly Review**, Vol. VII, 1933, pp. 71-96 and 162-190). Professor Umble's forbears were members of this community.

Some sixty miles west of the Union County group and several decades earlier in time there existed during approximately the first forty years of the last century a small Amish community in Halfmoon Valley, twelve miles northwest of State College in Centre County. The Amish farms were near the present village of Stormstown. A small Amish cemetery (on the farm of Mr. Clarence Beck, R. D., Warriors Mark, Pa.) survives as one of the two material marks of the former community's existence. On Mr. Beck's farm there is also an old house with removable partitions between the rooms. It is reasonable to assume that it was occupied, and possibly built, by an Amish family, for this was an Amish practice by which the downstairs rooms of a house were connected with each other to facilitate worship services in the home. Dr. John A. Hostetler, himself of Amish derivation, has found well-known Amish surnames in the Centre County Court House records at Bellefonte which pertain to this group and which extend from 1804 to 1840. These dates of deeds, sales of property, etc., probably approximately limit the period of Amish occupancy of Halfmoon Valley. Readers of **Rosanna of the Amish** may recall that Rosanna was born in this valley and that she and her foster mother moved from it to Lost Creek Valley toward the middle years of the past century.

In still another area of the state memory of two other now-extinct Amish communities has been brought to light by recent field work among surviving non-Amish residents of the region. During the depression years of the 1930's an Old Order Amish community of from 20 to perhaps 30 or even 40 families was located near Spartansburg in northeastern Crawford County. The community began in the early 1930's by families migrating from Ohio, and it ended in the late 1930's by the families returning to their areas of origin. This community, according to present non-Amish residents of the area (visited by the writer in the summer of 1951), expired largely as a victim of the Depression. It is possible also that certain personality conflicts among its residents contributed to its failure as a functioning group (cf. **Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine**, March, 1954, pp. 33-46).

There was also during the same decade a short-lived small Amish community of five families and one adult, consisting of 24 persons in all, only 12 of whom were adult members of the church, located at Bear Lake in northwestern Warren County. All but one of the members of this community were relatives, which illustrates the kinship principle that has been so important as a factor in the genesis and growth of new Amish communities in the United States. A bishop interviewed by the writer in Mercer County in 1952) led this group, which was a worshiping congregation throughout the difficult months of its existence. The small group was troubled by physical illness, as well as lonesomeness and homesickness, and after two winters and an intervening summer they abandoned their farms and returned to Ohio from which they had come in the first place. It is probably one of the smallest and most temporary colonies in the 250 years of Amish settlement in America. In addition to the psychological factors, inability to market crops and to pay for their farms during and due to the Depression caused the failure of this venture. (I have reported on the Bear Lake colony as a case-study in Amish community failure in the July, 1953 issue of the **Mennonite Historical Bulletin**).

The final instance of failure to successfully maintain Amish community life known to the writer is a small group that abandoned its attempt in April of the present year. In August, 1949, a group of three families, two of whose heads were Old Order Amish church officials in the Enon Valley congregation in Lawrence County, moved to Brush Valley in Centre County, several miles northeast of Centre Hall. The colony never thrived and to my knowledge was never joined by additional families. Three families are not enough, of course, to successfully maintain congregational life. In April, 1954, two of these families left the area, thus terminating to date the historic series of unsuccessful attempts at new community colonization by the Amish people in Pennsylvania.

All recent attempts of the Amish to start new communities have not failed, however. Contrary to the experience of the recent Centre County group, two other Amish communities, started in the state within the past five years, are growing and seem to be firmly established, at least prospectively, as functioning groups. These are the Amish community in Snyder County, four miles west of Selinsgrove, and a new group which recently located in Juniata County, north of Mifflintown — in the very area where the nineteenth-century Lost Creek Valley community met defeat some 60 or 70 years ago.

Three of the ten Amish communities now in existence in Pennsylvania (those in Lancaster, Somerset and Mifflin counties) have had a continuous history from the eighteenth century. These three are the largest and most solidly established Amish communities in the Commonwealth at the present time. Two more were established in the nineteenth century (New Wilmington and Enon Valley, both in Lawrence County), one of which has been a steadily growing group. The remaining five have come into existence since 1924. Seven of the ten have been established since 1800, which would contradict the assertion found in a recent article that "Not many Amish communities have been established in Pennsylvania since 1800." Seven may not be "many," but it is more than half of the total surviving group.

It is thus seen that there are more extinct Amish communities in the history of the state than there are successfully surviving ones. The extinct ones were, with two exceptions, small groups which lasted less than half a century. We thus see that in Amish community life the larger the group and the longer it lasts, the stronger and less susceptible to failure it comes to be Size and age of the community present themselves as a kind of insurance against community decline and death. In Pennsylvania, at least, if an Amish community can survive its first half-century, it seems to develop a degree of immunity to failure. However, insurance is not assurance, of course, that a community may not ultimately fail.

In spite of the fourteen failures of the Amish to successfully colonize in Pennsylvania, one should resist entertaining an impression that the Amish type of sectarian Pennsylvania German culture is marked by debility and carries the germs of its own decay and death. As has been previously pointed out in the ECK (in the issue for June 26, 1954), there are more Amish communities, more Amish churches, and more individual members of Amish churches and communities now than ever before in the history of the sect in this state. The same is true of all other states in which the Amish are represented in appreciable numbers. The Old Order Amish way of life may be changing, perhaps with increasing rapidity, but their numbers are also steadily increasing, and there are currently certainly no signs of decrease in the rate of increase of the group.

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Editorials

Red Caps for Safety

Quite serious but not fatal injuries sustained recently by a resident of Topton from the blast of a shot gun fired by a young Allentonian who was hunting groundhogs in Weisenberg township calls attention anew to the dangers to which many persons are exposed as they walk around in the local groundhog country during the summer season.

It would be advisable on the part of persons who walk in the fields and along the hedgerows to wear red caps or display something red conspicuously.

The number of the hunters of groundhogs is large. Not all are over-cautious or even moderately careful. A lot are of the "eager-beaver" type who easily can become "trigger-happy" and blast away at anything and everything that moves within the range of their eyesight.

It is a situation and not a theory that confronts us. Groundhogs are abundant in this part of the country. A vast number of men and youths love to pit their wits against the wily little animal and test their skill with their weapons. Rank growth of farm crops, trees, shrubbery and weeds along hedgerows limits visibility for hunters. Many accidents, including some deaths, have occurred in this community in past years when hunters mistook men or boys for the object of their chase. Sometimes groundhog hunters have been shot by other groundhog hunters.

It behooves each and every hunter to be on the alert while engaged in his sport. It is better to be dead sure before the trigger is pulled. It will be better to be sure than to be sorry and to cause suffering and woe for innocent persons.

"The" Gang to Catch

State Police continue to pick up new sets of local thieves every few days and, when they put the boys thru lengthy questioning about their activities, the mystery about lots of thefts is cleared away. Because so many thieves when sentenced receive parallel terms in jail for confessed crimes, there is little good reason why the thieves should not make a complete breast of their careers. They may be able to take some personal pride in their perpetration of many jobs without detection and they can make confession of them without fear that it is going to harm them any more than if they continued denial of them.

However it can hardly have escaped notice that the thief or thieves who have been robbing homes in the western end of this city have not yet been uncovered. This is the prize gang for the State Police, or our Allentown Police to detect or to find accidentally thru the commission of some slight mistake on the part of the thieves.

All that is required in many criminal cases is just a little "break," as a little slip may turn out to be. A trifling bit of evidence which may be brought to the attention of the law enforcement authorities or may be discovered thru the detention and examination of suspects, parolees, reckless spenders and so on may furnish the illuminating break that serves to reveal a long career of crime. Such was the case of George T. Glisson who committed more than five hundred thefts before he was caught. His capture came about because a small boy carefully observed and jotted down the license number of the car in which Glisson drove away from the scene of one of his jobs.

Our West End thieves continue to be unknown and perhaps unsuspected. Our authorities are much disturbed because of their continued threat to the property and the peace of mind of our people. It may be noted, parenthetically, that any house entry and robbery is a highly disturbing emotional experience for the people who reside in such a home. This is particularly true of the women and children thereof.

The hope must be that, like Glisson, our local thieves will commit just one job too many and that the thief or thieves will be revealed to have been the ones responsible for all the many, lucrative jobs which have been performed in that section of the city.

Bypass a Blessing

It will be well for motorists to note that the Route 22 bypass from the Delaware River to Kuhnsville west of this city, which was to have been opened today for thru traffic, is going to be blockaded at some points and that not until early next week will it be opened for the vast traffic which is expected to flow over that road.

Of course much of the road is open, as it has been for months. But the section from Stokes Park, Bethlehem, to 25th St. in Palmer township outside of Easton will not be entirely ready until some day next week.

It will be a long-awaited day when the vast volume of thru traffic that cluttered Tilghman street thru this city and wound its way thru important residential and business sections of Bethlehem and Easton for many years will be diverted to the bypass.

It will be a novelty for thousands of motorists to make the trip from the Delaware to Kuhnsville "just for the ride" on the direct, easy grade, four-lane, high-speed highway that has nary an intersection.

Here is a modern highway in keeping with the best that Pennsylvania is building to handle the vast volume of local and interstate traffic that uses our highway system. It is going to be a joy not only for the motorist who uses it. It is going to be a joy for all local traffic in the three big cities for this local traffic will no longer have the rivalry of thru traffic upon the streets of the three cities. This is going to make for greater safety and speed not alone for the traffic upon the bypass but for the local traffic thru the cities and their suburbs.

Vanishing Laborer

An outstanding phenomenon in the American economy is the employment of mechanical horsepower upon a scale unprecedented in the world history. Labor-saving machinery in the United States is one of the modern wonders.

A natural result of industrialization's expansion by the use of oil, gas and electricity has been a vast change in the skill and makeup of the working population of the United States. Along with this decrease in the number of unskilled laborers and increase in the skilled have come far-reaching social and economic consequences.

The U. S. Department of Labor has compiled a lot of statistics on this subject. These show a dramatic change in the role of the unskilled laborer, once a familiar and highly important part in the American scene, in fact from the early days of the colonies, thru the building of the canals, railroads, highways and other major physical developments.

It is shown by the Dept. of Labor's figures that in 1910, or only a little over forty years ago, common laborers represented close to a fifth of the entire male nonfarm labor force and outnumbered the craftsmen, or skilled workers, by more than a million.

Since then the number of unskilled workers has fallen by nearly two million while the skilled groups have shown a big increase. As a result, unskilled laborers made up only one-twelfth of the male nonfarm labor force in 1950, and they were outnumbered by the craftsmen by a margin of more than two to one.

The number of skilled workers nearly doubled in the 1910-50 period, but the biggest gain has occurred in the semi-skilled group in which the typical machine operator is classified. There were some five million more semi-skilled male workers in 1950 than in 1910, and the group as a whole now makes up about 20 per cent of the male nonfarm working population as against 11 per cent in the early part of this century.

This growth in the skill of the work force has contributed much to the progress of the economy and to the well-being of millions of American workers and their families. Earnings of skilled and semi-skilled workers are naturally greater than those of common laborers, and this has been reflected in their standard of living and the great increase in their ownership of life insurance and other savings. Such workers are more productive as well, and this fact, combined with the vast investment in new plant and machinery over the years, has helped to make our production record possible.

The overall change in the composition of the labor force over the last four decades has been accompanied by some striking shifts within the groups themselves, notably among the skilled workers.

These changes have created new job opportunities. For example, the newer trades like airplane, auto and radio mechanics, tool and die makers, etc. have grown faster than the population as a whole. A number of the older trades also have benefited from modern living and the demand for the comforts and conveniences so characteristic of our society. Among these are electricians, plumbers and upholsterers.

By contrast, some trades with a long history seem to be gradually disappearing. There are now fewer than a fifth as many blacksmiths as there were in 1910, and less than half as many tailors. Both of these were in the top ten a generation ago.

The biggest single group of skilled workers is the carpenter. Whatever the effect of the "do-it-yourself" movement, carpenters still outnumber any of the other craftsmen, and have as far back as records go.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of August 28, 1929, a Wednesday

Robert A. Cooper, former governor of S. Carolina will be the main speaker at the Democratic county meeting Sept. 7 at Central Park.

A record crowd is expected at River Front Park tonight to observe events marking the close of the first annual river carnival. The program will include swimming and canoe races.

A celestial traveller paid a visit to Allentown last night as the Los Angeles, pride dirigible of the U. S. Navy, soared over Allentown at 9:55 p.m. Hundreds thought the huge airship was the Graf Zeppelin.

Death from natural causes is not understood by many tribes of Africa. Natives blame "natural" deaths on the magicians of **some hostile tribe.**

Closed Circuit



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

EDITORS NOTE: This is the second of two pieces by Victor Riesel dealing with the new legislation outlawing the Communist party. This column analyzes the bill's sections depriving the Communist - dominated unions of legal rights.

For two weeks, deep inside the Communist party, its leaders struggled to soothe the nerves of panicky comrades as their proletarian party was about to be sunk by the new laws outlawing its activity. Then President Eisenhower ripped what seemed to be the last lethal gaping hole in its side with the pen which signed the unprecedented and utterly confusing bills.

But the panic subsided inside the party. Its functionaries convinced their 25,000 disciplined members still left in the Comintern's revolutionary cadre in the U. S., that the law is just a political "tactic." No one will be hurt. No one will be arrested who would not have been jailed under the old anti - Communist laws, said the top tovarischi. Just wait and see.

And the comrades saw that the more the law changed the more things were the same. Pro-Communist unions, many of whose national leaders had refused to deny knowledge of espionage under congressional oath, were striking and crippling much of our copper supply and some military aircraft parts production, as well as the flow of some unmentionables for the Atomic Energy Commission and the guided missile program.

Certainly the New York edition of Moscow's Pravda — The Daily Worker — had developed no inferiority complex. Its front page boasted that "Copper Strikes Spread In U. S., Chile." Thus it bore out many charges made in this column that the pro - Communist Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union strikes were coordinated with strikes by pro - Soviet labor in Chile's copper mines. For the moment, we have ample copper supplies, but a deep slash in production, through the intricacies of modern industry, can affect a hundred other defense items including high octane aviation gas for our planes.

Legal Procedure

It could be said, though, that it will take time under the new law before the government can move against the bloc of pro-Communist unions in the heart of our defense production. First, the U. S. attorney general must get from the FBI sufficient documentation to warrant his deciding that a union is Communist infiltrated, controlled or directed or is giving aid to world communism, or is impairing the strength of or interfering with the armed forces of the U. S.

Then the attorney general must file a petition with the Subversive Activities Control Board (with a copy to the accused union) asking for action. If the nation's top law officer believes his demand is of utmost public importance, he can get the SACB to act on his petition almost immediately.

After long hearings, the SACB will decide whether the union is Communist infiltrated, dominated, conspiring, etc., etc. Then there is recourse to the courts. Finally, if the decision is against a union, such as Harry Bridges' long-time pro - Soviet West Coast longshoremen's outfit, such a union will simply be put out of business. It will be denied the right to appear before the National Labor Relations Board, to make complaints anywhere in the courts or to represent union members in any fashion in any area of collective bargaining or union organization.

Nor can any Communist, pro-Communist or Communist sympathizer, though politically inactive, hold a job, elective or appointed, in any union, even if that union is not Communist influenced. It should be pointed out that the word is "Communist," not just pro-Soviet. This would include Marshal Tito's Communist Yugoslavia.

Possible Loopholes

However, this law still doesn't seem to solve the basic question of Communist control. Each of the accused unions can cleanse itself by removing such men as Harry Bridges or the UE's Jim Matles and come back to the SACB and the attorney general with affidavits stating that they are no longer infiltrated by pro-Communists.

It's a reasonable clause, but it means that the Sovieteers can quit and with a flip of the wrist put their friends in office. Then go argue with a union that comes out for "peace" or recognition of Red China, etc., etc. Does that make it Communist dominated? The debates will rage forever.

But most of the pro-Communist unions will try to get back into the CIO and AFL. This new law says that any union in a national labor federation which has been opposed to the domestic and world Communist movements automatically is "prima facie" not a "Communist-infiltrated organization."

This means the left wing unions will be running for this kind of cover. They'll dump some of their obviously Communist leaders, behave themselves for a while, and then pop up again.

The more things change, the more they'll be the same — conspirators.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 12:17-22

The verses cited for today strongly denounce anything or anyone antagonistic to truth. The false witness in v. 17, the lying tongue in v. 18, and lying lips in v. 22, are all under the ban, for they are deceitful and an abomination unto the Lord. Satan has been a liar from the beginning, so evident these days in Communist propaganda, in spite of the fact that the principal newspaper in Russia is named Pravda, the Russian word for truth. The persons of the Holy Trinity are in the Bible associated with truth. In Isaiah 65:16 we read of the God of truth (Hebrew, the God of the Amen). Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life (John 14:6), and when He introduces a particularly serious statement, He says: 'Amen, Amen, I say unto you,' translated, 'Verily, Verily, I say unto you,' meaning, of course, 'In truth I say unto you.' The Holy Spirit is called the Spirit of truth in John 15:26 and 16:13, Whose work in this age, according to the last verse cited, is to guide us into all truth. If men would allow themselves to be guided by Him, there would be fewer false cults in the land. Paul advises us, as Christians, to put away lying (Eph. 4:25).

Horoscope

All your affairs should prosper in your next year; so forge ahead. Intellectual, ambitious and energetic describes the type of child likely to be born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Searsport, Maine,
da 25d Augusht, 1954.

My Lieva Laiser:

Wel, doh sin m'r 316 meil weiter os wie geshtrovet wie m'r g'schriva hen fon Brooklyn, Rhode Island. 'S airsht damorya sin m'r darrich Providence, R.I., un hen mohl 'n guter bagriff grick'd fon da neia waiga fer shttfonsa bana. 'S worra shtrossa, owwa, unna, nave, un sin in nonner nei gonga wie frish gakochda noodla. Un mit mashina wors so on da halver ochta rum—die tzeit woh die leit noch da arwet sin. Doch so fol os es wor, un frem die waiga, hut m'r gore ken druvel kot fer sei waig finna. Der druvel hut g'shtart wie m'r fon route 6 uf route 1's sin, fer nuf noch Boston gae. M'r sin ow'r ol recht darrich kumma mit ous ma kritzer—sei levdawg hen m'r ken fuhrleit sehna in nonner rum fohrra wie die Rhode Islanner duhna.

Die weil os m'r nix ferlora hen kot in Boston, Mass., un aw net tzeit kot hen fer ol die bletz sehna os m'r gleicha dada tzu sehna, hen m'r route 128 ganumma 'n shtick drous fon da shtadt, un sin um die shtadt rum g'fohrra, wie m'r dut mit Allentown un Bedlahame, won der nei route 22 fartich is. Route 128 is 'n fier shtross waig, mit da arickshda glae bladder ob waiga, un naryads nix fer em uf halta. Bletz weiss is all eck 'n kop, un ol fohrra 10-15 mile iwwer der limit. On Wakefield hen m'r route 1's aw gadroffa, un sin fer ebbes wie 50 mile g'fohrra, uf ma turnpike woh m'r drei mohl batzawlt hen—'s airsht mohl 20 cent, noh 10 cent, uns nagshd mohl fer 42 mile fohrra, drei fartel dahler. Wons net gawest wear fer sellie waiga woh der limit 60 mile die shtun is, un ol fohrra 70 un noch mainer, weara m'r net so weit doh howwa wie m'r sin. Der turnpike gait bis shier noch Portland, Maine.

Wie leit 'n lava mocha uf da bauerreia kon m'r net fershtae. Die felder shtecka fol shtae, un wohs ken wosser lecher hut is bol allas tzu gawoxa mit bish un hecka. Die heiser un sheirra sin on nonner gabout so os die leit winders net nous breicha wons shnae'd. Darrich Rhode Island un Massachusetts ruf, sin factories fon alla orta, ow'r des da weita ruf os m'r kumt in Maine, des da wenicher sehnt m'r fon sella socha. Die mashina sin aw nimmy gons so dick uf da waiga wie sie worra weiter drunna, un denk da weiter nuf of m'r gait, des da wenicher sehnt m'r. Die shtawdt Maine hut noch grossa blocka sawga sie uns, yusht paar hunnerd mile owwa nous, woh sie lava noch ken weissa leit rum worra.

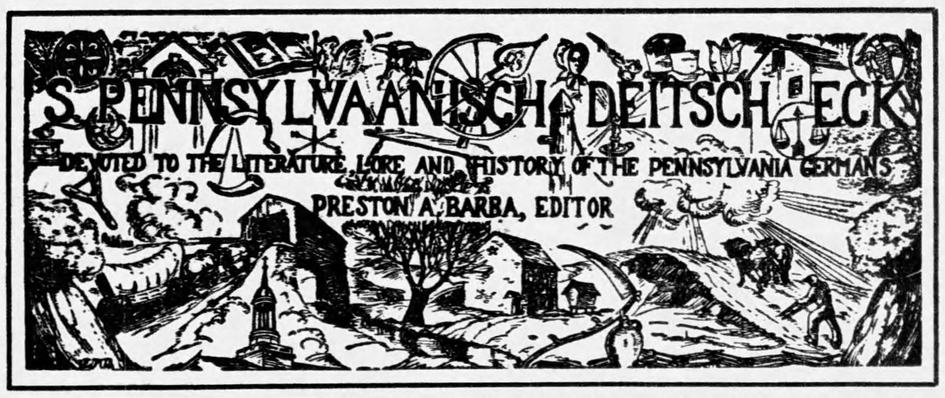
M'r hen die nocht uf g'shteld in wos sie Greenfinch Cabins haisa. Mier hen 'n aeletzich gabei—yusht aw shtub mit leckrick hitz won m'r sie brouch, un hase un kalt wosser, un tzwae bedder fer finf dahler die nocht —odder ewwa wie sie sawga, "two and a half a head." Die airshda bletz woh m'r worra, wor ra fol—ol bletz woh sie ungfare $8 die nocht froga, un kon ken pieca besser shlofa.

Fer tzwae hunnerd mile unna ruf hut m'r so tzu sawga naryards nix g'sehna fon bletz woh sie socha ferkaufa. On aim blotz sin m'r ferbei woh sie ladderna shlippers mocha nava om waig, ae karrab mocher hen m'r aw gadroffa, un aw ae mon os hiltzna shissla mocht gross un glae. Trading Posts huts blenty — nix wie shep oft tzeita mit da sama socha drin tzu ferkaufa wie m'r aw fin'd dahame rum—un shtander sehnt on da Fairra. M'r hen ob g'shtopt on aim blotz woh sie nix tzu ferkaufa hen wie ladderna socha. Noh huts aw alta relick bletz bei da hilly un filly—maint so gore sie mista die hameta bol lore gadrawga howwa. m'r hen on etlicha fon sella bletz g'shtopt, un die prica sin net gons iwwel—fiela welfler wie fon da sana socha ferkaufa on fendua dahame rum.

'S essa is gute un recht im price—so weit hen m'r noch ken lobster gaarder'd, ow'r tzaila fer morya hinnich ainer gae. Die Katerinah secht, so ebbes dade sie net essa—dada tzu hesslich gucka. Der Studie shpring'd wie 'n uhrra warrick, un hen so weit wenich iwwer 20 mile tzu da gol gas gamocht. Os m'r yusht draw denka, wunnerts, uns eb Maine drucka is—hen so weit noch net ae shnops shop aw gadroffa.

Sis halver nina, tzeit fer ins neshd gae, so os m'r morya free tzeitlich ferlossa kenna, ols noch weiter 's lond owwa nous fohrra.

Der Pumpernickle.



BOOK NOTES

MENNONITE LIFE. By John A. Hostetler. — Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pennsylvania, 1954. Pp. 31. — 50 cents.

For many outsiders the "plain people," the Amish and the Mennonites, are Exhibit A in our national racial display. For them these people constitute the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch. They do not bother to know that most Pennsylvania Germans are not "plain people." At the same time many Pennsylvania Germans themselves only vaguely know who the Amish and the Mennonites really are.

Did you know that there are 21 different branches of Mennonites? Some dress plain while others wear gay clothes. The Amish offshoot from the Mennonite body bans autos radios and neckties. They adhere to bonnets, braids and beards. Then again there are Mennonite groups that are quite liberal, who wear jewelry and use make-up, who go to the movies and wear their hair short, if they so wish. But these are only surface differences, which do not let us grasp the real character of the Mennonites.

Mr. Hostetler's handbook, like the author's "Amish Life" reviewed in the ECK for May 2, 1953, will within its small framework give the busy reader a very good introduction to this interesting people living in our midst. The reader will learn about their Old World history, their early sufferings and martyrdom, their emigrations to Pennsylvania, their support of higher education and establishment of colleges, and their ways of life. Especially interesting is the chapter on the "Social Conscience" of the Mennonites. They are nonresistants. They are conscientious objectors and will not participate in actual warfare. As the author points out, they contend for a religion that among other things will make men so decent that they will refrain from doing violence to any man. But in lieu of fighting they perform public service. Their achievements in foreign relief during and since the Second World War have roused the admiration of the civilized world. The headquarters for Mennonite relief are in the little town of Akron, Pennsylvania. More than 18 million dollars' worth of cash and goods has been received and dispersed during the ten-year span ending in 1952. Mennonites representing but one-tenth of one per cent of Americans were sending 50 per cent of the relief goods of all combined private agencies to Germany during the peak of greatest need and dispersing them to all the needy regardless of race or religion. Hats off!

SUNNEREEN. Ernstes und Heiteres in Donaupfaelzer Mundart. Johann Petri. Verlag des Suedostdeutschen Kulturwerks Munich 1953. — 220 pages.

It is unthinkable that any historical event should cause some 600,000 Pennsylvania Germans to be uprooted by ruthless forces and banished from the homes they and their descendants had established during two centuries. And yet that is what has happened to thousands of Germans, descendants of those Palatines who in the 18th century emigrated to southeastern Europe under the invitation of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. There they colonized in the tributary valleys of the Danubian basin, known as the Banat and the Batschka. There they tilled the soil, built villages, followed their trades and continued their cultural life and their dialect, much as we have done here in Pennsylvania. Their Palatine ancestors were kith and kin of our own Palatine ancestors. The iron curtain descended and they were expelled. They joined the many thousands of other displaced persons from eastern Europe. Their villages and well-tilled acres are now in part Romanian, Hungarian and Yugoslavian territory. Many perished, some found their back to their ancestral homes in the Palatinate.

Johann Petri, one of these displaced Palatines, found asylum in the Austrian province of Styria. There he gathered his poems and his prose and published them under the title of SUNNEREEN — SUN-RAIN (A term also used here in Pennsylvania), here with the poetic connotation of life's sunshine and darkness, of joy and sorrow.

This book contains much to intrigue the student of our own Pennsylvania German cultural life. The dialect the author uses differs somewhat from our own, having been influenced by that of the Westrich (the western Palatinate), whereas ours stems mainly from that of the Vorderpfalz (the eastern part of the Palatinate). But it is amazing how very much it resembles our own. The lyrics speak to the heart with the same folksy tenderness and pathos of some of our own earlier dialect poets. And the prose exhibits the same lust of story-telling and the same direct and bold humor characteristic of our own.

The reader will have no difficulty in reading the following, in which the form and spelling of the author have been retained:

Here a few verses of religious sentiment:

Glaab fescht! Du derffscht net wacklich sin
Im Glaawe on dei Gott!
Lebscht du so recht im Glaawe drin,
No finscht de eerscht de tiefe Sinn,
Dee, was dei Leewe hot.

And this bit of humorous verse:

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHURCH SERVICES

A notable expression of the revival of interest in our dialect is the following, which has come to our desk by courtesy of the Rev. Benjamin Lotz, Susquehanna University:

The Rev. Eugene O. Steigerwalt, pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Selinsgrove, has been selected to be the preacher at the all Pennsylvania German service for Snyder County, September 5th, at 2 p.m. The services will be held in the grove of Botschaft (Grubb's) Church and will be under the auspices of that congregation.

The service will be conducted entirely in Pennsylvania German and will be in charge of Harvey Gaugler, the lay vice-president of the congregation. He will be assisted by Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, who has a wide reputation for his work in the Pennsylvania German dialect. Pastor Steigerwalt is a native of Lehighton, Carbon County, a graduate of Muhlenberg College and the Philadelphia Lutheran Seminary.

Grubb's Church is one of the oldest churches in the county. It was founded in 1776 and is a daughter of St. Peter's Church, Freeburg. Some time later it was given the name Btoschaft, which means message.

It is to be hoped that other churches in eastern Pennsylvania will emulate the First Lutheran Church in Selinsgrove and establish the custom of having an annual church service in the dialect of our forefathers for the pleasure and the edification of their bilingual posterity.

The following hymn, which was translated by Prof. Russell W. Gilbert, Susquehanna University, will be sung at the all-Pennsylvania German Service on Sept. 5, 1954, at 2 p. m. in the grove of Grubb's Church.

Ya, mir hen en Freind im Jesus,
Daer uns alle Druwwel draagt.
Schee iss es zu Gott zu bede
Un Ihm bringe, was mer glaagt.
Fried ferliere mir aa alle,
Schmaze hen mir efders schwer,
Yuscht weil mir net uff Gott rufe;
Un Gebet sin mir oft leer.

Hen mir Kummer un fiel Saerrye?
Hengt noch Druwwel aeryets do?
Gebb net uff in selle Schtunne,
Nemm's zu Gott un bet recht froh!
Wu schteht uns en Freind so lieblich,
Daer uns alle Druwwel draagt?
Jesus weess was mir net kenne:
Finn doch aus, was Aer uns saagt.
Sin mir schwach un schwer ersindicht?
Hen mir Saerrye gross un breet?
Liewer Jesus, Du bischt Meeschder.
Nemm doch yeders ins Gebet!
Wann dei Freinde dich ferlosse,
Draag dei Druwwel himmel hoch!
Gott will helfe dir un deine,
Aer ferschteht dich un dei Schproch.

This is an invitation to the readers of the ECK and their friends to attend the Pennsylvania German services which will be held in the grove of Grubb's Church, which is located south of Mt. Pleasant Mills and west of Port Treverton, Pennsylvania.

DIE GROSSE OHRE

"So gross gewachs, wie deini sin.
Han ich noch khee zwee Ohre gsiehn!"
So saat de Danjel zu em Fritz,
Der antwart ihm gleich wie e Blitz:
"Mei Ohre sin mit ehrem Moss
Ganz sicher far e Mensch zu gross.
Doch deini sin, so wie ich meen,
Far dich, du Esl, viel zu kleen!"

Some of the poems in this book are readily transliterated into our own dialect. Compare "Mei Mudderschproch" printed elsewhere in this ECK.

It is interesting to note how many words are identical with our own, although the spelling may differ slightly: **schpautze, Schlickser, knotsche, Krottebalzer** (peppermint balsam), **Ochtum, Krumbeereschtambes** (mashed potatoes) **Frucht** (wheat), **Halsros** (hollyhock) **Schtaenner, Zaunschipperche, Elpetritschje.**

Then again we come upon words that make us feel how much our own vocabulary has lost in the course of time and with the intrusion of English loanwords. We could well use such words as: **Suttlwetter** (sloppy weather), **vezwazzere** (to go to pieces with impatience), **Herzblumme** (the tears of a sorrowing heart), **Laaftapper** (the 'runners'), **Rapplkaschte** (a scolding woman).

We Pennsylvania Germans like to think we are progressive. In house and barn, in fields and orchards, we make use of the mechanical and scientific wonders of the age. But despite the amazing advances that have been made in the medical science, there are still many who when ailing continue to be attracted to all sorts of non-approved cures: who still resort to that mild form of sorcery, known to the professional folklorist as white magic, known in our dialect as "Braucherei." They still like to refer to the "lost books of Moses" or to that old household powwow book of John George Hohman, in the thought that there is some mysterious power in the ancient healing lore, for after all, they will say, "der Dokter weess net alles."

If you wish to know why people in this day of advanced scientific research and progress behave this way, you will find a very thoughtful treatment of this subject in an article "Healing Arts and Cures" by John A. Hostetler in the August issue of that lively new monthly "Christian Living. A Magazine for Home and Community," published by the Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa. The author explains why civilized people still hold on to cures of nature, magic and eccentric revelation. P.A.B.

MEI MUDDERSCHPROCH

Mei Mudderschproch halt ich in Ehr,
Sie iss mer lieb un waert.
Sie waar, sie iss un bleibt aa mer
Die liebscht uff daere Aerd.

Mei Mudder hot sie mich gelernt,
Wie sie an meinre Wieg,
Mich liebgedrickt hot un gewermt
Uff ihrem Schooss un Knie.

Wann ich zu Gott im Himmel hoch,
Als bede will, enoh
Duh ich 's in meinre Mudderschproch,
Weil Gott iss mit re froh.

Verzeehl ich als gans unverschproch
En Witz, so frisch un gsund,
Noh schwetz ich in der Mudderschproch,
Ich bring en ehnder rund.

Es Letschte hen sie mer aa noch
Genumm' un mich verdriwwe,
Mei Glaawe un mei Mudderschproch,
Die sin mer doch gebliwwe.

Lee' ich mich mol zu Schtarwe hin,
Noh wott ich gaerne datt
Am Dodebett noch heere in
Der Mudderschproch en Watt.

Noh wisst ich, es iss ebber do,
Wann ich bin in der Ruh,
Der schtill un sachde hinnenoh,
Mer drickt die Aagge zu.

Adapted from "Mei Mutterschproch" in Johann Petri's SUNNEREEN, reviewed elsewhere in this issue of the ECK.

A Truthful Description of Benedictus Oil or Balsam

Apropos of John A. Hostetler's article "Healing Arts and Cures" reviewed under Book Notes, the editor has translated the following from an old German broadside printed in York, Pa. (date unknown), lent to him by Mr. Titus C. Geesey.

In the first place this oil is very good for gout and ulcers of the lungs, for shortness of breath, coughs, ruined stomachs, gall bladder trouble and for fever, if one takes 15 to 20 drops of this oil in the morning and in the evening for 14 successive days.

2.—For constipation, for colic, female pains and stomach ache, take from 30 to 40 drops of this oil.

3.—This oil purifies, warms and helps chilled and congested blood, eliminates mucous and cleanses the urine, to be found in the night chamber pot, if one takes 25 drops for 20 to 24 days on retiring in the evening; yes, if a woman, in the last three months of her pregnancy takes 7 drops every evening in a glass of brandy, until her time comes, she will give birth easily, and the child will remain free from scaldhead; it is also useful to women, who suffer after effects of confinement, if on retiring they will take 9 to 12 drops of this oil with a spoonful of anise. Whoever takes 15 to 20 drops of this oil every day, or every other day, will attain an uncommon old age, because it opens up the bronchial tubes, strengthens the stomach, refreshes the entire bowels, and guards the person against any unwholesome air and contagious diseases. It invigorates the limbs and the nerves, and gives the person a healthy color and must be taken with liquor, but with warm milk for colic and female pains, and for a cough, either with cold water or tea.

4.—Children, who have pain in their bowels, convulsions or bedwetting, take as many drops as the number of years of their age, both morning and evening, but new-born babes get only two drops.

5.—For toothache moisten cotton with this oil and place it between the teeth and the cheek. Lame limbs are rubbed with this oil, and when rubbed in under considerable heat, it cures all sorts of wounds, even burns and when scalded by boiling water, especially if one takes a plantain leaf and moistens it with the oil, and ties it on the wound as well as over inflamed eyes.

6.—A horse suffering with iliac passion and urinal difficulties is given 80 to 90 drops. A horse rubbed sore by saddle or hame, or has worms, in short, whatever wounds, is rubbed with this oil. If suffering with a nail in hoof, draw out the nail, pour 2 or 3 drops into the hole and stop it up with a sponge, so that it does not become infected.

7.—A cow with inflamation or that has eaten poisonous food is given a thimbleful of this oil. If the milk veins are congested through swelling, so that they give but little milk and this milk yields only white butter, the cow must be given 50 to 80 drops of oil for 8 or 9 days. This oil is given to cattle mixed with brandy or vinegar.

Whoever has some ailment, and does not know what is wrong, may take this oil without danger, as announced above, and will be returned to health with amazement.

I warn each and every one, in order that he may not be deceived, that the genuine Benedictus oil is made by no one else and can only be gotten from me.

HEINRICH RAHA, YORK, PA.

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Editorials

Gains Without Loss

A new contract, under which workers will receive wage increases as well as valuable fringe benefits, has been approved by the close to a thousand production and maintenance workers at the Dixie Cup Co.'s plant in Easton and all is well again in that important industry.

The new contract was achieved without a display of force such as a strike. However the decision of the employes to continue production while negotiations were in progress was marred on the last day thru an unauthorized walkout by one group of employes. The great majority preferred to keep on earning and trust to their negotiators to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. This, it appears, has been accomplished.

Easton can be happy at having escaped the effects of what could have been a highly costly strike for when a thousand hands are idle the economic impact upon a community is serious. Each individual employe can be happy likewise for earnings have not been lost, better relationships in the business have been gained and greater benefits from their labor will be reaped in the shape of a 3 cents per hour wage increase, a company-paid pension plan, a union shop and some increase in the differentials of shifts.

The employes kept their heads and remained at their benches. It was the reasonable, (and as it has turned out), the profitable way of arriving at a new contract.

Happy Holiday!

Another long weekend holiday began last evening for a very large segment of the American people and out of this community, and out of ten thousand other American communities, caravans of motor cars began to form for journey to all points of the compass and to as many parts of this country and Canada as three to four days of travel permit.

With the highways jammed at many places, and with many impatient or even reckless drivers trying to attain their destinations without regard for their own and other persons's safety, there is almost absolute assurance that there will be increase in vehicular accidents over normal weekend travel.

Highway safety engineers always dread the long weekend holidays. This year there has been an unusual number of them because Washington's Birthday fell upon a Monday while Memorial Day and the Fourth of July fell upon Sundays. With all their power and with all their influence upon public opinion thru all media of communication, the engineers have urged caution upon American motorists.

Again this warning goes forth. Motorists are urged to be careful upon their own account and that of their passengers, as well as in the interest of all persons whom they are going to encounter during their weekend travel.

Everybody wishes to get back home early next week and not by way of a hospital detour.

The last holiday of the summer is at hand. Let's hope it will be a happy one for all.

Reds Have No Pets

It will be comforting to all our candidates, whether Democrats or Republicans, to know that Russia is absolutely neutral concerning the coming national elections at which all of the lower house and a third of the upper house of Congress will be elected.

According to a radio message broadcast from Moscow last week, the Kremlin does not care which party wins because the Reds, according to the broadcast, regard both Democrats and Republicans as "reactionary."

Both the Democratic and the Republican Party can be truly thankful that Russia has not given them a Judas kiss. The wonder is that the Reds did not try to pay back some old score by taking sides. That would put the party which got the Red nod seriously upon the defensive. In the minds of some it might have condemned the party thus hypocritically favored.

The Reds are against all of us which makes all of us of both major parties quite well satisfied.

Senators Mean Business

On Monday the special committee of the Senate which examined into charges against Senator McCarthy met in executive session and decided upon its program. During the next three days in sessions open to the press only testimony was taken concerning all the categories of charges for which Senator Flanders has asked censure. By Thursday night all the testimony was in hand and the committee members were able to recess for the holiday.

Three days of receiving testimony stands in sharp contrast with the weeks which were spent in the Army - McCarthy hearings early in the summer.

Defense by Senator McCarthy against the charges will be begun next week. It is to be expected that the junior senator for Wisconsin will not be rushed but it is certain that there will be a lot more speed than there was back in June and July. The speed will be accomplished not by hurrying over essentials but thru avoidance of the days of irrelevant palaver such as characterized the hearings in which McCarthy, Stevens, Schine and Cohn were the controversial figures.

It already has been indicated that Senator McCarthy is a difficult horse to hold in the traces. But it also has been demonstrated that the Senate committee is a group of judicially - minded men who are sticklers for form and order. They will insist that Senator McCarthy play the game according to the rule book and not according to his own generally irregular methods.

'Care' Still at Work

In his recent address of the World Council of Churches Assembly, President Eisenhower ably expressed the spirit that since the end of the war has led the American people to extend a strong helping hand to their neighbor peoples of the world. It is interesting to note that when he sought a single word that would instantly evoke this spirit, the first he chose was the name of "CARE."

For, as he said, "the war was scarcely over, until American hearts were digging cash out of American pockets to help restore devastated regions, to relive suffering. The great system of CARE started CARE packages going everywhere in the world, to feed the hungry, to bring a moment of cheer and of good feeling to millions who were in despair."

That outpouring has never ceased, and as CARE approaches the ninth anniversary of its work it is amazing to learn that the total of its efforts has reached fifteen million packages delivered in Europe, Asia, Latin America and Africa and that Americans have contributed $165,000,000 to make this record possible. No longer confined to food and clothing textiles, the CARE program now offers more permanent aid in the form of Self-Help plows and tools, books, medical and scientific equipment. Nor should it be overlooked that the U. S. Government itself has shown its confidence in CARE by turning over to it millions of pounds of agricultural surplus foods for distribution in needy areas abroad.

CARE merited this tribute by the President, and it continues to merit the support of the American people.

Industry Standby

Mr. Arthur S. Flemming, director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, inaugurated Wednesday a program designed to keep vital defense industries tooled up on a stand-by basis for any emergency. It should keep rust from developing in the machinery of industrial mobilization and be good for the economy at large as well. The Administration wisely views expenditures for the program as a sound investment which will save far more money and precious time in the event that total mobilization for defense again becomes necessary.

The program is a logical follow-up to Mr. Flemming's order of October, 1953, implementing industrial mobilization preparations and establishing a permanent supply base. A Defense Facilities Maintenance Board, to include representatives from the Defense and Commerce Departments, the Atomic Energy Commission and the armed services, will supervise its operation. At the outset, priority is to be given to maintenance of machinery for manufacture of about 1,000 essential military items. Included in this "mobilization base" will be goods calling for extensive retooling or new production techniques, such as guided missiles; those not now being produced or whose production would have to be greatly accelerated in an emergency, and those requiring long and intricate assembly processes, like new lines of airplanes or tanks.

Government can keep such industries in a number of ways. Government-owned plants, for example, can be maintained at pilot production levels by small contracts. Where private firms use government-owned tools, plant managements can arrange to keep a small but skilled reserve of technicians and supervisory personnel on hand. In many cases such cadres could do experimental and research work when not engaged in large-scale production.

The important thing is that assembly lines are ready to roll when they are needed. This is why industry can match the government's vision by lending its whole-hearted support to the program.—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 13:10-12

Pride causes only strife, because haughty self-confidence is likely to bring one into conflict with others. The unassuming are willing to take good advice, and thus give evidence of wisdom. In v.11, the expression 'by vanity' may be better rendered as 'easily' or as 'in haste,' as the Greek and the Latin Bibles have it. It may refer to the idea of striving to get rich by fair means or foul, as quickly as possible, in which case wealth thus obtained may be easily squandered, according to the proverb, 'Easy come, easy go,' whereas he who works steadily and honestly is likely to amass a substantial estate, as he saves wisely the fruit of his labor. We learn from v.12 that 'we live by hope.' It is usually disheartening to wait too long for that which we desperately hope for. Patience is a virtue. The Christian hope is in Christ, for Whose coming we wait. 'Ye have need of patience,' says Hebrews 10:36, 'that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise, for yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.' This will be the fullness of our joy.

Horoscope

You and your associates win success though your combined efforts, it is indicated. Push all business affairs. Look for a clever, original, inventive and independent individual in today's child.

Labor Day



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

To prevent hunger in the midst of plenty, the government is opening bulging surplus food warehouses and is quietly distributing millions of dollars worth of free provisions to unemployed and partly employed workers in half the states of our land.

This "Operation Bread - Basket" is designed to tide thousands of families over a recession in the coal fields, remodeling layoffs in the auto industry and the summer slump in steel.

The distribution of part of the 457 million pounds of government surplus butter and millions of tins of beef and gravy, cheese, shortening and assorted types of beans is aimed at picking up the lag in hard hit areas which the government expects to revive economically with multi - billion dollar military and road construction expenditures.

Based on Agricultural Department records, Pittsburgh is the nation's worst hit city and the recipient of the largest amount of surplus food.

Because of the coal field slump —soon to be partially eased by federal spending of over $200 million on the purchase and distribution of the black fuel—Pennsylvania leads all states in distribution of free surplus food. Pennsylvania labor and state sources report that some 600,000 persons have been aided by the free food program. And right behind the coal and steel state, according to the Agricultural Department, which supervises the surplus food warehouses, are West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Oklahoma.

This breakdown is determined by the department on the basis of food shipped—and doesn't necessarily reflect joblessness in these states. Pennsylvania, however, does have more distressed labor market areas than most other states.

The shipment and distribution of food is aimed at more than just passing a handout to workers caught for the moment in the nation's shifting of economic gears. This free food is distributed to help not only the jobless but also the partially employed and those large families hit by the high cost of living. The food is no dole.

It is there for the asking—in any area where state and county officials are convinced by union and civic organizations to request it from the Department of Agriculture. It has been available for years—but the current distribution began after labor learned of the availability of the food when tons of it were distributed during last year's droughts.

Eligibility Limit

In some parts of Pennsylvania, for example, authorities distribute the food to single men and women with incomes up to $32.50 a week. The eligiblity limit for families runs to a weekly income of $112.50—if there are nine dependents.

The food is shipped into central depots in carload lots—prepaid—by the government, which scoops the surplus out of its nearest warehouse. The provisions are then reshipped to the proper distribution agencies. Many times, regular grocery stores offer their facilities to make the free food more easily available in their neighborhoods.

It's all done on a basis of coupons—with the slips having a trade-in value based on the number of people involved. The coupons usually call for two cans of beef and gravy and a pound each of every other commodity per person. The amounts are not uniform throughout the nation, but the coupon principle is. Then, after the first allotment is exhausted and replenished, new coupons are recognized or issued.

The CIO's National Community Services committee, directed by Leo Perlis, has developed a technique for request and wide distribution of the free surplus foods. It is urging its state and regional councils to create agencies to handle the government surplus foods.

It seeks the launching of citizens' committees, to set up policy on certfication and eligibility and especially distribution. There already are such groups in some areas made up of merchants, truckers, wholesalers and labor people to arrange for the unloading of freight cars, providing of storage space, food trucking and the refrigeration of perishables—as well as the final distribution from privately owned stores.

Out of all this is evolving a spirit of community wide cooperation—and a series of "Operation Boostrap" in many cities on which I will soon report—which will help carry many working families and their communities as well over the hump. With 62 million persons working, the 3 million to 4 million jobless will get a helping hand and food, too, while they wait for a break.

(Copyright 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DeLux Motel
6 Mile Unnich Elmira
da 29d Augusht, 1954.

My Lieva Laiser:

Taum ledshda sin m'r ous Konadaw, un weck fon da 4 per cent exchange won m'r yusht fon unser'm gelt hut. Wos m'r duh sot, wear unser gelt ous shwabba won m'r noch Konadaw kumt fer ihra gelt, un m'r kaimt weck fon selra 4 per cent bisnis. Unser gelt hut 4 per cent mainer wert wie ihra gelt — ungfare wolla sawga m'r shpend $2, un batzawlts in Konadaw gelt, don gebt m'r $2. Ow'r won m'r batzawlt mit unser'm gelt, batzawlt m'r $2.08 fer die sama socha. In onnerra werta, won m'r finf dahler nei dray'd fer Konadaw gelt, grick'd m'r yusht $4.80, ow'r won m'r $4.80 fon ihr'm gelt nei dray'd on ra bank, grick'd m'r finf dahler dafor.

Da morya wors so wiest un rayerrich os noch aenicher dawg, un hen der Tee Pee Hotel ferlossa om 8 uhr — grawd noch wos sie uns g'sawt hen wear 'n shtun noch 'm arrickshda raya gawest os sie shun long kotta hen. M'r hen kusht 'n kartz shtick waigs tzu gae kot fer uf der gross nei fier waiga pike kumma, un woh ol so 60-70 mile fohrra — so gore won der waig noss is. Lake Ontario wor so linx driwwa, un sin endlich noch da grossa shtadt Toronto kumma woh die waiga wenich riwwer un niver gaina, un alsa mohl so kartz um die ecka rum os m'r arrick ochtsome sei mus fer uf da rechda shpoor bleiva.

N'r sin om grossa Toronto Fair grund ferbei, un woh die Fair om gae wor — ow'r net Sundawgs. Wons in da woch gawest wear, het ken mensch uns darta ferbei griega kenna unna ob shtoppa. So ow'r hen m'r der blotz yusht iwwer guck'd fon outside nei, in da hoffning os m'r mohl ae tzeit odder die onner selar shpeckdawgle ei nemma maiga.

'S bauer lond wert ols besser, un g'shwishich Toronto un Niagra Falls sehnt m'r die graishda obsht shtander navich 'm waig os m'r noch aenich aryads g'sehna hen — so gore in Kalifornia. Ebbel, parshing un drauva sin drump, mit allas shunshd os wox'd uf ra bauerrei. Der gross fier waiga waig hut uns grawd noch Niagra Falls ganumma, un woh m'r mohl 's airsht gaguck'd hen, sehna wos fer 'n annering os wear on Prospect Point. Uns sis aw 'n annering—sel gons waisa woh m'r ols druf nous galoffa is fer die Canadian Falls sehna is weck, uns wosser dreft noch fiel fon da grossa shtae, un flieg'd in die hae so weiss wie shnae.

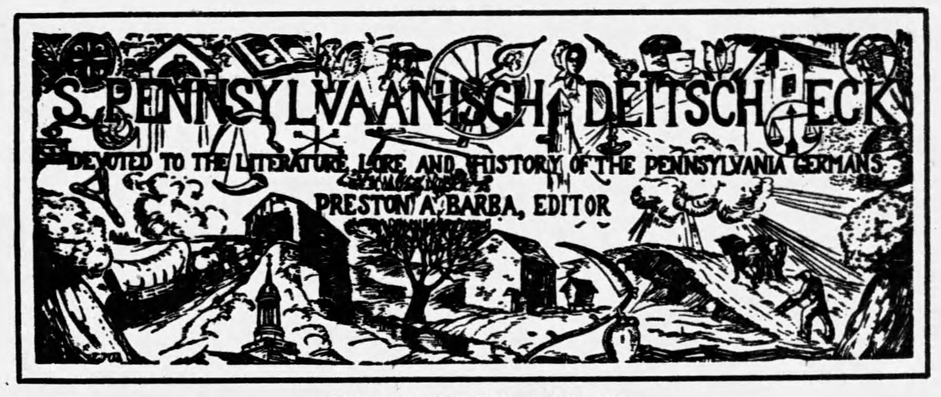
Uf unserra side hen m'r naryads ken blotz finna kenna fer der Studie shtella, un sin yusht ferbei g'fohrra woh ols Prospect Point wor, ow'r leit om bus station woh m'r ob g'shtopt hen fer der Sandy Morton sehna, hen g'sawt m'r kent die Falls now fiela besser sehna os dafor wis Prospect Point noch darta wor. M'r hen gore ken druvel kot fer darrich Customs kumma, un wie m'r middawg ganumma hen kot im Louis seim grossa ess blotz, hen m'r ferlossa fer Buffalo, ow'r sin ousawenich da shtadt rum g'fohrra, un sin darrich Batavia noch Avon mit ra maining fer nunner noch Corning gae die glaws works sehna Mondawgs. Unner waigs hen m'r ow'r ous g'funna os Corning net uf hut Mondawgs, un sin ob gadray'd on Savona fer niver noch Watkins Glen gae.

M'r hen ken lushda kot fer Watkins Glen sehna — werra dafor shun darta, ow'r eb m'r dahame fert sin hut 'n freind garufa, sawga won m'r in sellie gagend kaimta, sotta m'r unna fail net fergessa fer 'n grosser neier blotz sehna os yusht uf famocht wear werra, "Old Irelandville."

Wel, m'r worra darta, un 'n ferlumpter, gott ferlossner blotz wie sel ainer is, hen m'r naryads g'sehna uf da gonsa trip—so gore net im hinnershda eck fon Maine, odder der ferlumpshda bletz os m'r g'sehna hen in Konadaw. 'S sin etlicha gabeier darta — ains 'n glaenie kerrich os imma feld shtaid, — 'n gabei woh sie 'n shire haisa, un fol gadrash shtaid bis nous uf die shtross. Noh is noch 'n gabei woh sie 'n alter shtore haisa, uns main gabei woh sie alta relicka ferkaufa won der blotz uf is. Sie hen uf fon moryets 8, bie owets 5, un mier sin onna kumma so uhra sexa wie naryads ken mensch rum wor. 'S kosh'd 'n halva dahler fer darrich gae, un mitous m'r hen net ol iwwer 's ungrout un graws so hoch wie 'n mon sehna kenna, galwwa m'r net os m'r aenich ebbes freseim'd hen fer net ob shtoppa on Old Irelandville. Leit in Watkins Glen hen yusht galocht won m'r ebbes g'sawt hut fom blotz, un wos ainer g'sawt hut fom mon os es run'd, wotta m'r net weissa in shwartz un weiss.

In Elmira hen m'r uns ferfohrra uf route 14, der Tom Sawyer Motel sucha. Dadarrich sin m'r noch letz nei kumma mit ma policemon woh uns g'shtopt hut fer der Studie net gons shtoppa wie m'r darrich 'n rote blinker licht g'fohrra sin — ochtsome, ow'r hen net g'shtopt. Ol darrich Nei Yarrick hen sie sellie rota blinker lichter, un woh der kop uns noh endlich ous galaig'd hut wie er sich ob g'shossa hut kot, dada maina fer die mashine dote shtoppa, grawd wie omma shtop sign. Er hut uns noh gae galust, un g'sawt wie tzu fohrra fer der Tom Sawyer finna. Un m'r hen 'n aw g'funna, ow'r die shtubba worra ol fert, un der manager hut noh die DeLux Motels garufa sex mile unnich Elmira, un woh m'r now sin, des shtick schteiva owets om halver tzaea. In da nagshda shtub heil'd 'n bavy. ow'r so is es an shainer ruicher blotz fer $6 die nocht.

Der Pumpernickle



EM PARRE SEI CHOICE

Wie der nei Breddicher die Eselschteddler Congregation uffgebaut hot un wie er en gudi Fraa grickt hot.

VERZEEHLT VUM JIM BRENASEL

Jim Brenasel, pseudonym for John Wesley von Nieda, 1853-1939, was one of our most prolific writers of dialect fiction. Most of his writings have been slumbering for more than half a century in old newspapers . The following story first appeared in the Schuylkill Haven Call for May 19 and 26, 1900. It was discovered there by Mr. Guy F. Reinert.—ED.

CHAPTER I

ICH waar noch so en zimmlicher gleener Rotzer, wie's mol announced warre iss in unserer Kaerrich in Eselschteddel, ass der nei Breddicher die neegscht Woch kumme deet, un ass er sei introductory Breddich duh deet der neegscht Sunndaag.

Die announcement hot of course meh odder wennicher excitement create in der congregation, un in partickler unnich de yunge Meed, wu gaun Menner ghatt hedde.

Der letscht Breddicher, wu mer ghatt hen, waar en guder alder Mann, awwer somehow die congregation iss als glenner un glenner warre unnich seinere administration, un wie er mol ee Daag gschtarrewe iss, dann waare nimmi members genunk for dei backstanding salary uff zu mache, un sei executors hedde in eem Haahr die congregation gsuut un die Kaerrich verkaaft darrich der Schrief. Awwer die alt Betzy Shwong hot der claim selwer bezaahlt un hot der congregation die humiliation gseeft.

Die alt Betzy waar reich, un hot des Ding of course gut affordе kenne. Sie hot gaar ken neeche Freind ghatt, un hot gans allee gewuhnt in ihrem scheene, groosse Haus.

Die Eselschteddler Kaerrich waar in ihre ganse lange history net so gekraut, ass wie sie waar seller Sunndaag Marye, wu der Rev. Thomas Pepper, der nei Breddicher, sei aerschti appearance gemacht hot. In fact, es alt Gebei waar fairly gepaeckt, un es waar de trustees dod angscht der Bodde kennt noochgewwe un ass es en wiescht accident gewwe kennt.

Un was waar drum en buzz vun excitement in sellere congregation, wie die Leit Blatz gemacht hen un der nei Breddicher iss nei zu martsche kumme. Er waar en groosser, gut-g'schaepter, fei-guckicher yunger Mann, un mer hot graad sehne kenne, ass die Leit all bletzlich favorably impresst waare mit seinere appearance.

Die yunge Meed hen somehow ausgfunne ghatt, ass der nei Breddicher noch leddich iss, un dihr hett yuscht sehne selle, wie sie sich seller Sunndaag uffgfixt hen ghatt. Es hot alles gebodde, ass ich noch gsehne hab ghatt. Ich glaab actually ass alle yung Meedel en neier Hut grickt hot ghatt especially fer die occasion. Un schwetz vun Feddere un Blumme un perfume un bustles! Ich glaab actually, ass bustles datt waare, ass mer net in en Barlfass forse hett kenne!

Un was hen die Meed drum ihre Kepp so schee ghowe un hen ihre Meiler so schee zammegepetzt!

Awwer dihr hett sie dnoh heere selle singe, wie der yung Breddicher in ere scheene Schtimme es aersche Lied announced hot ghatt. Yeder Meedel hot browiert es lautscht zu singe un selle Weeg em yunge Breddicher sei attention zu 'attract'e. Ich hab noochderhand Leit heere saagge, ass sie in ihrem Lewe ken so powerful singe gheert hen ghatt.

Es eensich Meedel, ass ich genotist hab, ass sich net specially conspicuous gemacht hot, waar die Lizzie Maranville, en arrig aarem awwer schee un schmaert Meedel, ass die Kaerrich un Sunndaagschul regler getent hot. Die Lizzie waar arrig modest un hot sich nie net gebaddert wee-ich de Buwe.

Der Rev. Pepper hot en wunderbaari gudi Breddich geduh un hot die Sinder in der audience nau yuscht about gedrillt.

Un was hen die Leit ihn drum ge-'congratulate' un bewillkummt, wie die Breddich ferbei waar! So en hand-shaking hawwich in meim Lewe net gsehne ghatt. Un was hen die Meed un die yunge un alde Wittweiwer drum em Breddicher sei Hand so lang un so affectionately gedrickt! Ich glaab verhafdich, ass deel vun ihne ihn graad datt gebosst hedde, wann net so viel Leit um der Weeg gewest waere.

Der yung Breddicher iss of course graad arrig popular warre, un in ere kaze Zeit iss die membership vun der Kaerrich nuff geschtumpt vun dreissich zu neinzich. Es waar awwer en peculiar Ding, ass die neie members all yunge Meed un Wittweiwer waare. Ich hab an der Zeit so e wennich scientifically iwwer den peculiar feature gschtoddit, awwer ich waar noch zu dumm fer's Ding recht zu begreife. Es iss mir awwer noochderhand so deidlich warre, ass wie die grooss Naas uff meim Gsicht.

Der Breddicher hot graad viel invitations grickt fer an de members ihre Heiser zu borde, un er hot finally decide fer bei der Grenny Meachem zu borde.

Die Grenny hot oft declared, ass sie net es Gleiches experienced hot, wie die Leit uff eemol so liberal sin warre, graad wie sie ihre neier boarder grickt hot. Sie hot die helft Zeit nix koche breiche, un es hot sie un der Breddicher busy ghalde fer's gut Sach aus em Weeg zu schaffe, wu die Leit alle Daag gebrocht hen. Die Meed un Wittweiwer hen vun de graendschte Kuche gebacke fer der Breddicher — Kuche mit gleene Engel, Hazer un alle Sadde mottoes druff, ass arrig suggestive waare. Mol ee Middaag hot der Breddicher in en Schtick Kuche gebisse, un waar yuscht about surprised, wie er en Schtick Babbier-gfunne hot, wu druff gschriwwe waar:

"Wann du mich liebscht, liew ich dich aa;

O kumm un nemm mich fer dei Fraa."

Geroschde Welchhaahne, Hinkel, Gens, Brodwascht un allerhand anner gut Sach iss regler an der Grenny ihre Haus kumme un hot of course gesse sei misse. Die Grenny waar als arrig maagger—der result vun curtailed diet, wie unser Dokter ihre ailment explained hot — awwer sie hot uff eemol aafange uff zupicke, un iss so fett warre, ass sie ihre regler Gleeder nimmi waere hot kenne, un hot en ganser neier outfit griegge misse.

Der Breddicher hot als en arriggi Zeit ghatt fer de Meed un Wittweiwer auszureisse; yeders hot hawwe welle, er sett sie heem nemme vun der Kaerrich odder annere Bletz, wu sie als gemiet hen. Es hot nix ausgemacht, wu er hie gange iss — es waare immer en Latt Meed reddi fer sei Kumpni. Die Meed hen ihn es letscht so arrig gebaddert, ass er sich really gfarricht hot fer aus em Haus zu geh.

Dnoh hot er mol e wennich so scientifically aafange iwwer des Ding zu schtoddi-e, un de meh ass er gschtoddit hot, desdo meh waar er convinced, ass er ebbes duh muss fer denne Meed un Wittweiwer ihre attentions los zu warre.

Awwer was soll er duh?

Der Breddicher waar so en ordlicher verschtennicher Mann, un wie en verschtennicher Mann ewwe sett, er iss endlich zu der conclusion kumme, ass er ken Ruh in Eselschteddel hawwe kann, unless er grickt sich en Fraa.

Awwer well Meedel waer suitable fer en Breddichers Fraa?

"Sell finn ich aus uff en gans neier, original plan," saagt der Breddicher, wie er zu sich selwer gschmeilt hot.

Un sei plan waar awwer aa original, un waar's Gschwetz vun de Esselschteddler gossippers fer en gans Yaahr.

CHAPTER II

Die Leit wunnere of course, wie der yung Breddicher ahead gange iss fer en Fraa 'select'e unnich all de yunge Meed un Wittweiwer, wu ihn gaun ghatt hedde in Eselschteddel.

Well, mol ee kalder Marye im December, en paar Daag ver Grischdaag, iss so en ordlicher zottlicher Dremp hinne an der Grenny Meachem ihre Lott naus gschniekt un iss so langsam die alley nuff geloffe. Der Dremp waar en zimmlicher groosser, gutguckicher Kall, awwer sei eender Aarem waar in er e sling un er iss aa wenich laahm gange in eem Bee. Der Dremp hot lange groоe Haahr ghatt uff em Kopp, un sei Gsicht waar schier ge'covered' mit em e groosse grooe, buschicher Baart un moustache.

Es waar so about nein Uhr, wie der Dremp am ewwere End vum Schteddel raus uff die main Eselschteddeler Schtrooss gedreht iss un hot glei hinne an der Kichedier geglobbt amme scheene groosse Haus.

"Was witt du do?" greischt en glee, schtaut Weibsmensch, wie sie die Dier uffgerisse hot.

"Ebbes zu esse," saagt der Dremp, wie er es Weibsmensch mit em e critical Aaag gans iwwer examined hot.

"Mir hen nix do fer Dremps! Datt, mach dich yuscht fatt so schtarrig ass du geh kannscht!" greischt's Weibsmensch.

"Bischt du verleicht en Grischt — en member vun ere Kaerrich?" froogt der Dremp.

"Sell iss ken's vun deinere Bissniss! Kumm, Wasser! Wasser! Beiss den Lodel!"

Un's neegscht Ding ass der Dremp gewisst hot, dann hot en groosser Hund en Tschump gemacht fer ihn. Awwer der Dremp hot der Hund hinne am Hals gegraeppt mit der eende Hand un hot en iwwer die Fens niwwer in der Gaarde gschmisse.

Es Weibsmensch waar farrichterlich bees, un hot really so ordlich wiescht gflucht.

"Die Wittfraa Bossem deet of course net yuscht so en arriggi suitable Fraa mache fer en Breddicher," saagt der Dremp wie er zu sich selwer gschmeilt hot un iss ab.

Der Dremp hot's neegscht am Deacon Omshle seinere Kichedier geglobbt.

Der Deacon waar en Wittmann, un sei Dochter, die Annie, hot ihm Haus ghalde.

"Kennscht du mir verleicht e wennich ebbes zu esse gewwe?" froogt der Dremp, wie der Deacon die Dier uffgemacht hot.

"Ich deet dir gewiss gaun ebbes gewwe, wann ebber do waer fer dir ebbes Waaremes zu rischte; awwer mei Dochter iss noch im Bett, un ich hab really selwer noch net zu-marye gesse," saagt der Deacon.

Der Dremp hot dnoh yuscht fatt geh welle, awwer der Deacon hot ihn neikumme mache, un hot graad Brod un Budder un en generous supply kalde Brotwascht un Fleesch uff der Disch geduh.

Bei so kalt Wedder sett mer ewwe absolutt heess Esse un guder heesser Kaffi hawwe," saagt der Deacon.

"O, des dutt's first rate," saagt der Dremp, wie er hazhafdich aafange hot zu esse.

"Was duscht du mit dem schtinkiche Dremp do hin?" greischt eber, wie en Dier uffgange iss.

Der Dremp hot rumgeguckt, un datt hot er em Deacon sei Dochter sehne schteh — schtruwwelich, mit dicke verschlofene Aaagge, imme dreckiche wrapper, un in alde Schuh, ass noch net gegnibbt waare.

"Des iss en aaremer, vergrippelter Mann, un mir kenne ihm gans easy e wennich ebbes schpaere zu esse. Verleicht deetscht du ihm e wennich guder, heesser Kaffi mache, Annie," saagt der Deacon.

"Phew! not much!" greischt die Annie, wie sie naus iss un hot die Dier gschlemmt, ass es gans Haus gschiddelt hot.

Der Dremp iss dnoh ab, un wie er so langsam die Schtross nunner geloffe iss, dann saagt er zu sich selwer:

"Die Annie iss en arrig winsome, amiable Meedel, wann mer sie in der Kaerrich un schunscht in public sehnt, awwer deheem iss sie en gans differenter Mensch. Sie deet of course ken gudi Breddichers Fraa mache, fer all des ass sie arrig anxious iss fer en Breddicher zu heiere. O, was iss mer doch bedroogge in de Leit!"

Der Dremp hot an viel Heiser application gemacht fer ebbes zu esse, un waar yuscht about surprised, wie er so mean gedriet iss warre, un especially vun viel vun de yunge Meed un Wittweiwer. Es hot ihm dnoh recht leed geduh, wie er bei der alde Wittfraa Maranville es gate uffgemacht hot un hot glei an der Kichedier geglobbt.

Der alde Fraa ihre Dochter, die Lizzie, iss an die Dier kumme, un der Dremp hot sie graad gfroogt fer ebbes zu esse.

"Mir sin aa aarem, un hen net viel; awwer mir losse niemand hungerich fatt geh, un especially bei so wiescht kalt Wedder. Kumm rei un waarem dich, bis ich dir ebbes reddi grick," saagt die Lizzie, wie sie vanne haer gange iss un hot dem "Dremp" en Schtuhl newe am Offe gewwe.

Die Lizzie waar glei bissi am Esse mache, un in er e kaze Zeit hot sie guder heesser Kaffi, en gebacke Oi, Brod un Budder un en scheener Kuche uff em Disch ghatt. Es waar en schee weiss Dischduch uff em Disch, un alles hot nau yuscht about schee, neat un sauwer geguckt. Die Lizzie waar simply awwer neat un sauwer gedresst, un hot yuscht about schee geguckt, wie sie dnoh mit em e blessierliche Gsicht der Dremp heesse hot esse.

"Wei, du aaremer Dropp, du hoscht dei Aarem in ere sling, un kannscht dir net gut selwer helfe; do, loss mich dir zu Hilf kumme," saagt die Lizzie, wie sie em stranger sei Schtick Fleesch gschnidde hot un hot sei Brod gschmiert mit Budder.

"Der arrem Dropp! Geb em noch meh Kaffi," saagt der Lizzie ihre Memm.

Die Dreene sin em Dremp in die Aagge kumme, wie er denne aareme Leit ihre sympathy compared hot mit de annere, wu er selle Daag bsucht hot, un er iss zu der conclusion kumme, ass die Wittfraa Maranville un ihre Dochter fer schur gude Leit sin.

Un was hot er die Lizzie drum admired! Un es waar awwer aa yuscht about schee!

Die Weil ass die Lizzie un ihre Memm fer en paar Minudde aus der Kich gange waare, dann hot der Dremp zwee scheene neie fimf Daaler Note unnich sei Deller gschlippt, un wie sie dnoh widder neikumme sin, dann hot er sich arrig bedankt fer sei Esse un iss ab.

Der same Dremp iss widder hinne an der Grenny Meachem ihre Lott nei gschniekt. Die Leit wisse of course bei daere Zeit, ass seller Dremp der yung Breddicher waar in disguise.

Was hen die yunge Meed un Wittweiwer ihre Zeeh drum zammegebisse un hen so falsche Aagge gschmisse, wie sie gsehne hen, ass der yung Breddicher die Lizzie Maranville regler vun de Kaerrich un annere Bletz heemgenumme hot. Awwer sie hen sich die Haahr bei de Hendvoll rausgerisse un deel hen die Gichtere grickt, wie's dnoh mol gheesse hot, ass der yung Breddicher un die Lizzie glei heiere deede.

"Die falsch, schniekich glee Grott!" hen deel gsaat im Zann.

"Phew, ich wett so en grosser, schlappicher Ding, wie seller Breddicher ennihau net hawwe!" hen annere gsaat. Un sell waar of course "sour grapes."

Der Breddicher un die Lizzie hen of course gheiert, un wie der Breddicher sei scheeni yungi Fraa in sei Aarem genumme hot, hot sie gebosst un hot sie gfroogt, eb sie nau g'satisfied' waer fer der Dremp regler am Disch zu hawwe, wu selli fimf Daaler Note unnich der Deller geduh hot, dann kann mer denke, ass sie yuscht about surprised waar.

Die Schtori vum yunge Breddicher seim original plan fer en Fraa zu 'select'e iss somehow rauskumme un waar's Gschwetz vun de Eselschteddler gossipers fer en gans Yaahr.

Die alt Betzy Shwong waar so gepliest wie sie's gheert hot, ass sie graad der yung Breddicher ihre principal un sole heir gemacht hot imme neie Wile. Sie iss en Yaahr noochderhand gschtarrewe — about die same Zeit, wie's Breddicher Peppers positively es schenscht liebscht, siesscht glee Bobbeli grickt hen, ass noch in Eselschteddel gsehne iss warre.

Un was hen die Meed un Wittweiwer drum so falsch geguckt un hen sich in private Hendvoll Haahr rausgerisse, wie der yung Breddicher, sei liewi yungi Fraa un sell siess glee Bobeli ins grand Haus gezogge sin, wu der Breddicher geaerrebt hot vun der Betzy Shwong!

ES END

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Editorials

An Old Foe Kicks Up

Two generations of our people have heard so little about the disease typhoid fever that all the excitement out around Fogelsville at this time probably is surprising all but the eldest of our citizens.

From that village have come two cases of the disease. These have been treated successfully in the Allentown Hospital. One of the little victims has been able to return home and the other should be discharged shortly. Other cases may develop but, whether or no, a host of state and local health authorities, nurses and technicians have converged upon Fogelsville just as State Police would converge upon the scene of a particularly atrocious crime.

Just as the police look for a criminal, so the State health authorities want to find the source of the disease that laid two little children low and may affect others. It might be added that, because public health authorities have been ever alert and aggressive during the past half century in tracking down quickly sources of infection, the incidence of typhoid fever has been reduced almost to the vanishing point.

There are physicians of today who go thru a life of general practice and never see a case of typhoid. Physicians in olden times often had to fight not a few cases but epidemics. Some even succumbed to the disease.

It is a matter of information and not of experience for virtually all our people today that typhoid was a serious disease in the past, that many lives were lost in epidemics and that the epidemics were not gotten under control until the source of the disease was discovered and isolated from any further contact with human beings.

The authorities are aroused not so much because there are two cases of the disease at Fogelsville but because many may develop. Until the source has been located and destroyed there can be no assurance against epidemic. Happily this is most unlikely.

While our general public today knows little and has experienced less about typhoid fever, there always is serious threat until the source of any case or cases of the disease has been discovered and eradicated.

Because the disease is caused by a bacillus that is carried by bodily excreta, including the sputum, it is communicable thru water supplies, sometimes by unpasteurized milk and sometimes thru human "carriers," immune persons who prepare and serve food or in some other way communicate with their fellow-men and infect them.

Science has developed a pattern of search for sources of this disease. The public health sleuths can be expected to learn how the two little Fogelsville children were infected. And the public health authorities of the State and County can be expected to wipe out the source, as soon as it is discovered.

It takes an incident occasionally like the one in Fogelsville to inform current generations how far scientific and medical knowledge has been advanced even in the span of a comparatively few years and how much happier mankind is for this knowledge and the swift and determined application of that knowledge in the public interest.

Water for So. Lehigh

No person who ever has lived in rural surroundings and has relied upon springs, wells and cisterns for water need be told how serious it is for human comfort to have their sources of water supply dry up. City dwellers who have been cut off from water supply thru breaks in mains, floods and other accident can appreciate the plight of their country cousins to a degree. But it is only a small degree since the city home almost certainly is going to be supplied again in a matter of a few hours or at most a day or so. Deprivation of water in a rural area may go on for months if a drought be the major cause for the water scarcity. Deprivation of water such as the people in the Saucon Valley are experiencing at the present time will not come to an end even if this area were to experience tropical rains for days and days.

So there is wide sympathy thruout this entire area for the people of the Saucon Valley whose wells and springs have gone dry because pumping operations at the New Jersey Zinc Co. plant in Friedensville have lowered the water table.

Even sadder than the drying up of the springs of water is the souring of the milk of human kindness as citizen is arrayed against citizen and family against family in the acrimonious discussions that are going on at public meetings in Southern Lehigh like that one on Thursday night, as well as in every store and other gathering place and just about every place that any citizen of the Saucon Valley meets another citizen, neighbor, relative or friend.

Ultimately the people of that area are going to get water. But it is questionable whether the wounds from the castigations and insults, the intemperate language and other manifestations of ill will against public officials and others because of difference of opinion, will ever heal. At least they cannot help but leave scars upon the community or many members thereof. It will be fortunate indeed if serious feuds will not persist for many years to come. The community will be very unhappy with a heritage of hate.

It would appear that the time is at hand for a cool and calm survey of the situation and an ending to the name-calling that is retarding, not advancing the particular subject in hand. This is the provision of a source of water supply for the $2,300,000 junior-senior high school building that is to be constructed in the Southern Lehigh school area. Supply of water not alone for those dwellings and places of business that relied upon springs and wells but also for those who have relied upon the precarious supplies of cisterns cannot be overlooked either.

The School Authority, which is the financial agency of the School District, has come up with an answer for the school's problem. It proposes to deal with the Upper Saucon Water Authority which is getting water from Bethlehem's supply and expects to be able also to supply the needs of the thousand or so children who will use the school beginning about a year hence.

The School Authority has offered a practical plan to provide water for the school without large capital outlay. It has explored all other proposed plans and has given apparently good reasons for rejecting them. It would seem that the two enterprises — supply of water for the school and supply for the entire community — are not inextricably linked with each other. The school project should be judged strictly upon its merits as they appear from the extended and comprehensive report of the School Authority which was given to the public, thru the press, on Friday.

Segregation Goes On

The opening of another school year has brought a lot of hard, factual news on how the Supreme Court's declaration against racial segregation is being accepted in practice. Of course, it should be remembered that the court has still to decide how and when this tremendous change is to be effected. But nevertheless a good deal of voluntary compliance is already under way, and also a considerable amount of bluster.

As might be expected, the best news comes from the border states. This fits in with what the experts have been saying — that racial integration proceeds according to the population makeup. Where Negroes are in a small minority, one may ordinarily expect little or no problem. In Mississippi, however, where school enrollment is evenly divided, it is hardly astounding that a proposition to abolish public education is being taken seriously. About that one, the local statesmen are likely to encounter heavy going in law and economics.

Still, there is one very welcome contradiction to the general rule about population ratio and size of problem. The District of Columbia may be a special case, but here the Negro pupils are 57 per cent of the enrollment. Integration is going right ahead; gradually, it is true, but fast enough to be complete by another year. This seems to be proof of the values of not rushing into an instant change-over. Certainly it shows what can be done by determination and good faith.

The example of the nation's capital should provide valuable guidance when the Supreme Court decides before much longer on the best procedures for gaining sincere compliance with its ruling. — N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Some people's minds soar to very high and lofty levels and float on clouds of derring-do and all that sort of thing.

My mind, unfortunately, is contented to stay right on the ground and occupy itself with such unimportant things. So much so that one of my readers wrote his paper that I must have a terrible inferiority complex.

It isn't that. It is simply that I am so loaded down with the things of the day that I don't seem to be able to worry much about what's going on beyond the clouds. In other words, I don't have a Page One mind.

I am afraid that when I pass from this vale of tears my obituary will be stuck away among the market reports or, if in season, somewhere among the little league baseball results.

Currently, for instance, there are all sorts of important news breaking. The front pages are full of big events, each one of which should inspire a columnist to do his very loudist and best.

But to me a little article on the pangolin, a newcomer from West Africa, is much more interesting.

The pangolin, in case you don't know, is a species of ant eater, except that he does not eat ants but termite eggs.

It just so happens that I discovered some "ants" in the woodwork of my basement the other day. I took them to our county agents, who put them under a magnifying glass and said, "These are termites."

If you live in an apartment, termites are probably an unknown quantity to you and a pangolin wouldn't be of the slightest interest.

But if you live in the country the word "termites" is almost like a fire alarm. One of my friends had termites in his house and it cost him $2,000 to have them eliminated. So when the county agent told me I had termites (or rather that my house had 'termites) I almost fainted. It just so happens that I haven't any $2,000 handy right now. However, he added that since our house is very old, it is likely that the termites have been there so long that they have probably done all the harm they will ever do and not to worry too much about them. He gave me a series of treatments that won't cost any $2,000 but will probably cause an awful stink.

But this pangolin was just brought from West Africa by a couple of Princeton students who will put him in a New Jersey Zoo, together with the acouchy, the bassaricyon and the philander.

The pangolin has a 14-inch tongue and, whenever he can get them, eats all the termite eggs he can get hold of. I am thinking very seriously of trying to hire him from the two students and letting him loose in my house. Except that he is such an awful looking thing that my wife almost fainted when I showed her his picture. (She just told me that this pangolin is not a he but a she. You will excuse the mistake.)

The boys have named her Feema, and until they can get enough termite eggs they will feed her rice, chopped meat and raw eggs.

Just in case you agree that it is a shame that a grown up columnist should bother about little things like termites, you may now turn back to Page 1.

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Bandit's Viewpoint



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

At the very moment when we are depriving many of our own craftsmen of vitally needed jobs by placing multi-million dollar orders in Japan, the same Japanese workers whom we decided to help are turning on us in an attempt to discredit our nation and drive us from our life-and-death military bases in Japan.

I refer especially to the Foreign Operations Administration order for locomotives, for which the U. S. Government will pay Nipponese machine plants many millions of dollars.

Let me first make clear that nothing said here should be construed as opposing aid to our allies by building their economy. That must be done.

But there must be reason — not treason — on the other side. Help must be mutual. The street must go two ways. It is not so at the moment.

Last week, for example, our government's overseas operation agency split up an order for locomotives.

This was the famous "Locomotive Decision." Instead of ordering 100 of the train-pullers from Japanese manufacturers, FOA chief Harold Stassen was prevailed upon to place contracts for 50 with American firms. Thereby he put bread and butter on the tables of many Pennsylvania families — and those in other states as well — wherever there are feeder plants.

Profit for Pro-Reds

The other 50 mobile power houses Stassen ordered in Japan. There the machinists union will profit. Its members, and the members of allied trades unions, will work for a long time on our millions. Which is good, too. Good, that is, if these Japanese workers were our friends. They are not. They are members of pro-Communist unions. They are affiliated with the notoriously pro-Soviet, anti-U. S. Japanese labor federation called "Sohyo."

To publish the Sohyo's anti-American record would take a full newspaper. It hates the U.S. Its local unions agitate constantly against our bases. Its leaders are opposed to Japanese remilitarization against possible Soviet aggression. Its officials load the airwaves with vicious, lewd and insulting denunciations of our country.

There is, for exmaple, a Sohyo union whose members are employes of the U. S. armed forces and work in our garrisons there.

Oppose Our Military

They are always protesting against our military. If we increase our bases, they scream we're taking over Japan. If we decrease our forces, they come around protesting we're slashing their wages and jobs.

Even as I write, this union has ordered a 48-hour strike of our bases and arsenals there. Why are they paralyzing us? For an 80 per cent increase in severance pay because we're eliminating some 20,000 civilian jobs on our depots. But that's exactly what the Japanese unions wanted — less evidence of American military presence.

Much worse, however, is the still unreported deal the Sohyo has just made with the European Communist labor apparatus. The Sohyo will send 35 of its leaders on a European tour — as the guests of the Communist-run French CGT (Confederation of Labor) and the Italian CGIL (also Confederation of Labor).

Obviously the scores of thousands of dollars it will take to transport these 35 Japanese from Asia to Europe and then tour them across the continent come o of Communist treasuries. Obviously the 35 Japanese will be briefed by the Sovieteers in Europe. Obviously the 35 tourists will return to Japan as ideological "advance paratroopers" for Soviet propaganda forces.

They will say, I predict, that the U. S. is taking over Europe as its forward base for the war on the Soviet Union, etc., etc.

Demoralization Attempts

And it should be remembered that the Soviets always try to demoralize a home front before they move militarily. Japanese officials, as long ago as Feb. 21, told newsmen that they are convinced that "native Communists will try to paralyze Japan in case of a national emergency." They expressed special concern over industry.

Asked what might happen in case of such an emergency, Hisao Yamaguchi, chief of the National Police Security Division, predicted: "First . . . there would be a general strike . . . a suspension of communications and transportation . . . Communist saboteurs would strike at the important power stations . . . They would try to take over radio . . . newspaper . . ."

The pro-Communist Sohyo is obviously not our friend. If we're going to place orders, let's place them where they won't build Sohyo. And why should the 35 "tourists" be given Japanese passports?

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA LEHIGHTON FAIR: Yar bei jupps won m'r 'm Dunnersh dawg nommy dawg net die Lehighton Fair ei ganumma hen fer 'n kartzie tzeit. Ow'r sis wies Clarence Locha fon Nei Schnidtsville gamaint hen un woh m'r aw gadroffa hen der midway drowwa — sis heit tzu dawgs wenich om aw gae on ra glaina londs Fair im dawg — leit kumma yusht may owets rous. Un noh kumma sin net druppa weiss rous in Lehighton wie sie sin onnerra yohrra — tzu fiel leit sin our arwet, uns gelt in gnobs.

So weit os die Fair aw gait, is allas shae in arder, uns sis ershtounlich wie arrick os sel dale fon da Fair om woxa is woh sie's obsht, gorda socha, frucht, un da granges ihra socha weissa. Net monicha yohr tzurick wor selar blotz bol lare, un now is alla tzol uf ganumma, un da Granges ihra exhibits sin bardich shae, un woh die Mahoning Grange rei kumma is in airshader blotz.

'S gross Fair gabei om onnerra end fom grund is aw shae in arder, ow'r 's wor nix om aw gae uf 'm racetrack un grandshtand wie mier darta worra. Socha worra aw ruich on ol da shtander — so gore sellie bletz woh sie welshkern kerna uf nummerra laiga, worra bol lare. Wen sotta m'r darta awdreffa — un shure worra froh 'n tzu sehna, os wie der Jack Weiss, 'm gross hartzicher Bennie Weiss sei boo. Der Bennie kumt shun fer 35 yohr dart on die Fair, un hut widder 'n welshkern kerna un nummerra game, woh leit gleicha sich hee tzu hucka ruga un shpiela, won sie mead werra.

'M Jack sei Pap der Bennie wor ow'r net darta, ow'r die sawg wor, er kaimt geshter un heit onna, un wear aw on da Reading Fair, un kaimt noch Allentown. M'r maichda sawga os der Jack, 'n graduate fron da University of Miami, Florida, socha shae in hond kotta hut om Bennie seim shtand, un hen aw weil k'huck'd ruga. Un so weit os sel aw gait, hen die welshkern kerna sich aw tzwae mohl in roy galaig'd hen eb m'r weck sin fer wos m'r howwa hut wolla fom shtand, un paar mohl hen m'r aw freia games grick'd. Fair wear net Fair won m'r sellie socha net abissel dade.

NIAGARA FALLS: Heit aryads in da tzeiting is 'n ad fon selra train trip wos m'r tzaila tzu mocha da 9d Ocktober, noch Niagara Falls. Die gons trip alla weil hank'd omma gons glaina band'l — won ganunk leit sawga os sie mit gaina gain m'r, onnishder met. 'N lot hen shun ihra bobierra rei g'shick'd, ow'r 's nembt ols noch 'n lot may. Fiel sawga sie gaina mit, ow'r wos m'r wolla, is sellie socha howwa uf shwartz un weiss, un fersel, hen m'r 's ad im heit um morya Call un Chronicle, sel weiss'd uns, wie der wind bloast.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Albert Funk doh fon da shtadt hut shun fiel grundsi g'shossa in seinra tzeit, ow'r 's wor net bis doh gons kartzlich os er 'm shwartzei g'shossa hut — kessel shwartz on sel'm.

Today's Text

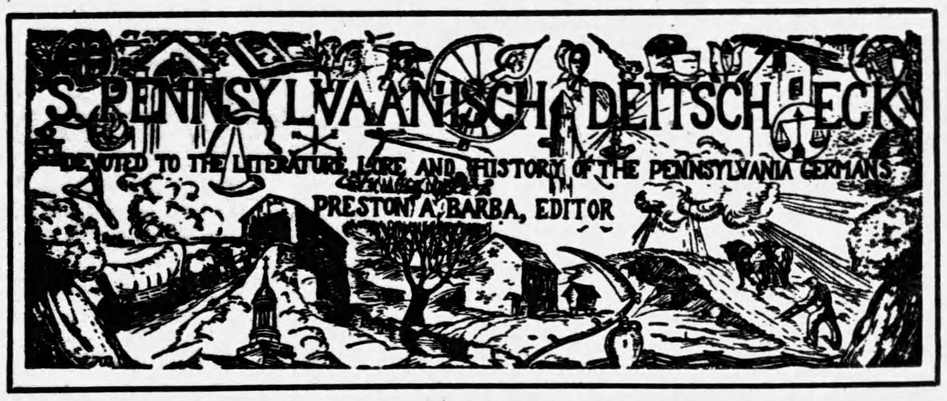
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 14:5-6

Christians are called upon to be witnesses for Christ (Acts 1:8). Their testimony must be based upon the truth of God's Word. We are to add nothing to it, nor to detract anything from it (Rev. 22:19). It is remarkable how much of human speculation, tradition, and false doctrine has been tacked on in some quarters to the simple Gospel. The Christian is called upon to be a follower of Him Who is pre-eminently 'the faithful and true witness' (Rev. 1:5). The verse for today may well have a wider application than what has been just suggested, for Malachi 2:6 speaks of one in whose mouth was the law of truth. In the case of such a one his speech will always be 'full of grace and truth.' The theme of the book of Proverbs appears again in v. 6, as does the theme of a symphony, constantly recurring so as not to allow the listener to forget it. 'A scorner seeketh wisdom but findeth it not; but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth.' The scorner is evidently not a sincere seeker after truth and wisdom, therefore finds none; perhaps the one of whom Paul speaks in 2 Tim.3:7. 'Ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth.'

Horoscope

Excellent prospects are indicated for you in your next year. Affability, and loyalty may be looked for in the child born today, as well as good business ability.



DAS ALT SCHULHAUS AN DER KRICK

Boys and girls are streaming back to school after their summer vacation, many of them to new luxurious consolidated township schools with all modern equipments and comforts. The little red schoolhouses that dotted our landscape have one after the other yielded to a more progressive age and only a few remain. One wonders, perhaps futilely, what sentiments these modern schools and the days spent therein will evoke in the minds and hearts of those boys and girls twenty years hence. — We reprint here Henry Harbaugh's Old Schoolhouse at the Creek, first published in the **Guardian** in August 1861 and later included in his collected poems, known as **Die Harfe**, and published in 1870. It was the favorite dialect poem of our grandparents. If the reader of today can no longer read it with the same nostalgic pleasure the earlier generation experienced, he cannot help noting with interest the changes the passing years have wrought. We reprint here the first three stanzas in the dialect and the rest of the poem in Harbaugh's own English translation. —ED.

Heit is 's 'xactly zwansig Johr,
Dass ich bin owwe naus;
Nau bin ich widder lewig z'rick
Un schteh am Schulhaus an d'r Krick,
Juscht neekscht an's Dady's Haus.

Ich bin in hunnert Heiser g'west,
Vun Maerbelstee un Brick,
Un alles was sie hen, die Leit,
Dhet ich verschwappe eenig Zeit
For's Schulhaus an Der Krick.

Wer mied deheem is, un will fort,
So loss ihn nummc geh—
Ich sag ihm awwer vorne naus
Es is all Humbuk owwer draus,
Un er werd's selwert seh!

I've travelled long and travelled far,
Till weary, worn and sick;
How joyless all that I have found,
Compared with scenes that lie around
This schoolhouse at the creek.

How homelike is this spot to me!
I stand, and think, and gaze!
The buried past unlocks its graves,
While memory o'er my spirit waves
The wand of other days.

The little creek still idles by,
With bright and playful flow;
And little fish still sport and glide,
Where yon low elder shades the tide,
As they did long ago.

The white-oak stands before the door,
And shades the roof at noon;
The grape-vine, too, is fresh and green;
The robin's nest!—Ah, hark!—I ween
That is the same old tune!

The swallows skip across the mead —
The foremost one is best!
And, look ye at the gable there,
A house of stubble, mud and hair—
That is the swallow's nest!

The young are very still just now—
They all are sleeping sound;
Wait till the old with worms appear,
Then you the hungry cry shall hear
From mouths that lie around!

These scenes are as they were of yore,
Though void of former glee:
But I have changed! — From yonder brook
The boy's reflected rosky look,
No more smiles out on me!

I stand, like Ossian in his vale,
And watch the shadowy train!
Now joy, now sadness me beguile,
And tears will course o'er every smile,
And bring their pleasing pain!

'Twas here I first attended school,
When I was very small:
There was the Master on his stool,
There was his whip and there his rule—
I seem to see it all.

The long desks ranged along the walls,
With books and inkstands crowned;
Here on this side the large girls sat,
And there the tricky boys on that—
See! how they peep around!

The Master eyes them closely now,
They'd better have a care;
The one that writes a billet-doux—
The one that plays his antics, too—
And that chap laughing there!

For all the scholars, large and small,
Are under equal rule;
Which is quite right — whoever breaks
The Master's rules, a whipping takes,
Or leaves at once the school.

Around the cosy stove, in rows,
The little tribe appears;
What hummings make those busy bees—
They better like their A,B,C's,
Than boxing at their ears!

Those benches are by far too high—
Their feet don't reach the floor!
Full many a weary back gets sick,
In that old schoolhouse at the creek,
And feels most woeful sore!

Poor innocents! behold them sit,
In miseries and woes!
It is no wonder, I declare,
If they should learn but little there,
On benches such as those!

With all these drawbacks, that was still
A well conducted school;
For Master such, in vain you look,
Who cyphers through the Ainsworth book,
And never skips a rule!

That he was cross, I must confess:
He whipped us through and through:
But still most wholesome rules observed;
Who felt the rod, the rod deserved—
According to his view!

This duty he with zest performed,
Though charmless to us all!
'Tis strange, our nature never could
Delight in what is for our good—
'Tis owing to the Fall!

When a new Master took the school,
Around the question ran:
"Oh, is he Irish? Is he cross?"
How much our gain, how much our loss,
Depended on that man!

Then when the autumn school began,
We eyed the Master shy!
His rules, his whip, told very quick,
That he to former rules would stick,
And ancient methods ply.

Still was there little of complaint;
We had our pleasures too:
This world does not just always dish
Our fare as sweet as we could wish,
Yet sweeter than is due!

At noon-day, when the school left out,
We had of sport our fill;
Some play the race, some houses wall,
Some love a stirring game of ball,
Some choose the soldier drill.

The large girls sweep; the larger boys—
What mischief they are at!
They tease, they laugh, they hang about,
Until the Master turns them out—
The rules were strict in that!

The little girls, of "ring" most fond,
Their giggling circle drew:
When larger girls joined in the ring—
Now is it not a curious thing?—
The larger boys did it too!

The large ones always tagged the large—
The small ones always missed!
Then for the prize began the race;
The one that's caught, has now to face
The music, and be kissed!

Old Christmas brought a glorious time—
Its mem'ry still is sweet!
We barred the Master firmly out,
With bolts, and nails, and timbers stout—
The blockade was complete!

Then came the struggle fierce and long!
The fun was very fine!
And whilst he tumped and pried about,
We thrust the terms of treaty out,
Demanding him to sign!

The treaty signed — the conflict o'er,
Once Master now were we!
Then chestnuts, apples and such store,
Were spread our joyous eyes before—
We shared the feast with glee!

Oh, where are now the schoolmates, who
Here studied long ago?
Some scattered o'er the world's wide waste!
By fortune hither, thither chased!
Some, in the churchyard low!

My muse has struck a tender vein!
And asks a soothing flow:
O Time! what changes thou hast made,
Since I around this schoolhouse played,
Just twenty years ago!

Good bye! Old schoolhouse! Echo sad,
"Good bye! Good bye! replies;
I leave you yet a friendly tear!
Fond mem'ry bids me drop it here,
'Mid scenes that gave it rise!

Ye, who shall live when I am dead—
Write down my wishes quick—
Protect it, love it, let it stand,
A way-mark in this changing land—
That schoolhouse at the creek.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS AND ONION TOPS

In the Farm Editor's Report (Morning Call, Wed., Sept. 1) from our former County Farm Agent, A. L. Hacker, there was reference to the question of bending down onion tops to hasten maturity and to provide better storing. Mr. Hacker pointed out that there were two schools of thought: one, that Mother Nature takes the matter in hand and turns the onions down when ready; the other, that Mother Nature needs some assistance in turning them down.

Now we Pennsylvania Germans like an orderly and regulated way of life (so long as we can do the regulating ourselves). Our older generation had a special day on which to bend down their onions. It was the day dedicated to the Seven Sleepers, namely June 27. But Mr. Hacker could find no one to inform him about the Seven Sleepers. Although we have not been able to throw light into all the dark corners of the subject, we submit the following:

First let us turn to Edwin M. Fogel's valuable Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans, Philadelphia, 1915. There we find the following items:

Der Buchweeze saet mer uff der Siwweschlaefer (sow buckwheat on Seven Sleepers Day, June 27).

Die Siwweschlaefer legt mer die Zwiwwle um, noh warre sie dicker (bend over the tops of onions on Seven Sleepers, to make them grow large).

Wann's reggert uff de Siwweschlaefer gebt's ken Keschte (rain on Sevel Sleepers means a poor chestnut crop).

Another popular belief still prevalent in Germany today (although we have never heard it here in Pennsylvania) is that if it rains on Seven Sleepers it will rain daily for seven consecutive weeks.

But who were the Seven Sleepers? — Although we have long known of the calendar day of that name, we only became acquainted with these seven saints on a visit to ancient Ephesus in Turkey two years ago. The Seven Sleepers are the heroes in one of the many legends that were spun about some historic incident in the early centuries of the Christian Church. There are several versions, the earliest of the fifth century. According to Gregory of Tours (d.593 A.D.) there were seven brothers, all Christians, living in Ephesus, that outpost of early Christianity, who, during the persecutions under the Emperor Decius in 250 A.D., sought refuge in a cave where they fell asleep and slept there for 200 years, a sort of ancient Rip van Winkle legend. When they awoke they thought they had slept only a night through, but were astonished when they found that the money they had with them was no longer current, and everybody around them had become Christians. They were conducted triumphantly through the city in a procession, after which they all died at the same time.

Another version which seems to us to make more sense is as follows. The seven Christian brothers, in order to escape persecutions under Decius in 250 A.D., took refuge in a cave, but in it they were literally immured and suffered martyrdom. Two centuries later, under the Emperor Theodosius (408-450) a subversive doctrine arose, which contested the resurrection of the dead. The seven brothers left their tombs and, coming forth, thus confirmed the resurrection of the dead. Subsequently the site of the tombs of the seven martyred brothers became a favored burial place on the part of early Christians. In the Middle Ages it was looked upon as a holy place visited by pilgrims from Italy, France and Spain, and even Holland.

The Seven Sleepers are honored as saints both by the Roman and the Eastern Churches. The Hagerstown and the Lancaster almanacs continue to list June 27 as the Seven Sleepers Day.

But how the Seven Sleepers who slept away two centuries in Ephesus in Turkey came to be associated with onion tops in Pennsylvania still remains a mystery.

In the same report on the part of the Farm Editor, Mr. Hacker mentions the custom of cutting weeds on a certain date but also states that the farmers say the date has been lost.

Again we turn to Dr. Fogel's valuable work on the Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans, Philadelphia, 1915. Item 1339 reads: **Uff der Abdans Daag soll mer die Danne maehe un die Fense butze** (Briars and brambles should be cut and fences cleaned on Abdon's Day). The calendar day for St. Abdon is July 30, and we still find it thus listed in Baer's Lancaster Almanac for 1954. If some of our farmers say the date is lost it may be due to the fact that sometimes July 29th is also called Abdon's Day. In the older calendars July 30 is dedicated to both St. Abdon and St. Sennen and so July 29, Beatrix Day, came to be looked upon as Abdon's Day.

But why should briars, brambles and weeds be cut on this day? It is no doubt an associative idea in popular etymology. In our dialect **Abdon** is pronounced **Abdann,** the **a** like the **o** in English **hot.** Now **Dann,** plural **Danne,** is the word for thorns, briars and brambles, and the prefix **ab,** off or away, in other words, away with the thorns and brambles and briars.

Perhaps someone can inform us who St. Abdon was. Presumably one of the minor saints named for Abdon, one of the judges of Israel. In Judges 12: 12-15 we read: And Elon the Zebulonite died, and was buried in Aijalon in the country of Zebulun. And after him Abdon the son of Hillel, a Pirathonite, judged Israel. And he had forty sons and thirty nephews, that rode on threescore and ten ass colts: and he judged Israel eight years. And Abdon the son of Hillel the Pirathonite died, and was buried in Pirathon in the land of Ephraim, in the mount of the Amalekites.

But St. Abdon seems to be also kindly disposed in other directions. In Lebanon, Lancaster and Monroe Counties some people hang out and air their clothes on Abdon's Day. And it is also said: **"Uff der Abdanns Daag kehrt mer's Haus hinnerschich aus, sell verdreibt's Ungeziffer** (Sweep your house backwards on Abdon's Day, and that will exterminate vermin).

—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Breath of Fresh Air

The American people repeatedly have been shocked in recent years at the expose not only of alien-born but of native citizens who as spies sold out their country for a paltry thirty pieces of silver. It has been unbelievable to them that so many ingrates exist in the country. There is inevitable conclusion that a great number of others have remained undetected so far.

In sharp contrast to these despicable traitors — natives and aliens — is the story of a pair of German immigrants who died recently and left their hard-earned estate to the Government of the United States.

The man, Julius Lehmann, came to this country from Germany fifty years ago. He already was 42 years of age, virtually penniless, was handicapped by language differences and certainly was not possessed of the ambition and vigor of men half his age. But he diligently went to work. He lived a thrifty life. He married a splendid young woman who became his valuable helpmeet and they lived happily together for about forty years. Three years ago Mrs. Lehmann died. Three months ago Mr. Lehmann followed. During recent weeks his will was probated. It showed that he and his wife had accumulated about $70,000. Of this he provided $1,000 for the care of the graves of his parents in Munich. The balance, to quote the words of his will, goes "To the Government of the United States of America, to which my wife and I are so much indebted for the blessings we have enjoyed as citizens of this country."

A story like this comes like a breath of fresh air. It leaves a pleasant taste after all the bitterness produced by the stories of native and alien-born racketeers, bootleggers, narcotics pushers, and especially spies and agents of enemies who would not only destroy our system of government but take over this country and reduce our entire people to slavery under a totalitarian system of government.

The "Bridge-Builders"

The current board of County Commissioners seems well on the way to earning a title for their place in enduring local history. It is that of "Bridge-builders." And it can be noted that no prouder physical achievements can be attained by men in government than the easing of means of transportation and communication for the people whom they serve.

Already the Commissioners have made commitments to join Allentown's City Council in construction of a bridge on South 15th street. It also has been determined to widen the ancient but stout Union Street bridge across the Jordan Creek.

Most recently we have been informed that the North 4th street bridge across the Jordan is to be replaced with a shorter span and that the disadvantages in the present bridge for movement of traffic are to be eliminated by the new construction.

In addition to all this bridge work for the immediate benefit of the people of Allentown and, of course for the people of the county, there are included in the program plans for repairs of the two Hamilton street bridges across the Jordan and the Lehigh.

By no means have the Commissioners overlooked rural Lehigh County. Already a big job, the replacement of the Keck's bridge over the Little Lehigh south of Emmaus is well under way. In addition new bridges are to be built at Egypt, Weida's mill on the Little Lehigh and at New Tripoli. The iron bridge across the Little Lehigh near the Allentown Police Home also is to be repaired extensively.

It is pretty safe to say that never has such an extensive program been outlined by any similar body of local public officials. There have been programs with larger total expenditure involved but there has been nothing that touched so many areas and promised improved communications for so many people as the current program.

The Vanishing Bull

The tragic death of an aged Northampton County farmer who was gored by a bull in a barnyard yesterday illustrates a disappearing phase of those rural activities that are surrounded by high risks for farmers, the members of their families and their employes.

The life and limb of the farmer always has been surrounded by extraordinary hazards. Strong, spirited animals which have been difficult to control have brought injury and death to many in the past. Labor of all sorts in the field, the barn, the sheds and even in the home has been surrounded by dangers unknown to urban dwellers and to those employed in business and industry.

Fractious horses are virtually a thing of the past. Tractors and other machinery have taken their place and while many accidents occur in the use of mechanical equipment their number is probably fewer than the runaways, trampings and other accidents experienced by farmers with horses in olden days.

The breeding bull has almost passed from the rural scene as well as the draft horse. Thirty thousand cows will have freshened in this area during this year on dairy farms that possess not a single bull of any breed. Artificial insemination has brought economy as well as safety to farmers who have dairy and beef herds.

Only a few of these naturally vicious animals remain on farms in this area. It required an accident like that on Friday in Plainfield township to bring out the fact that the program for getting along without bulls on the farm has been nearly but not entirely completed.

The End of EDC

There is tragic irony in the fact that France, the country that gave birth to the idea of the European Defense Community, should be the country which dealt that plan for European unity its death blow.

One cannot escape a sense of history repeating itself. In the aftermath of World War I, it was France especially, although the other allies were not guiltless that failed to give adequate support to those elements in Germany who sought to lead that warlike nation along the paths of peaceful cooperation with its neighbors.

When the rising tide of German nationalism under Hitler brought with it the German Wehrmacht and the remilitarization of the Rhineland, neither France nor any other nation was prepared to intervene. Now a majority of the French Chamber of Deputies, to the great joy of the Kremlin, has dealt a grievous blow to Chancellor Adenauer and to all of those elements in Western Germany who want to channel Germany's reviving strength and energies toward European unity, and to link Germany's inevitable rearmament into a common European defense effort.

Not without reason did the Communist members of the Chamber of Deputies, who were allowed to decide the vote, shout and stamp and sing the Internationale. They have won a many-headed victory, over the United States, over the cause of European unity, and over the democratic forces in Germany.

German rearmament cannot be stopped. One has only to witness the explosive rebirth of German industrial strength, and to sense the tremendous drive and energy that exists today in Western Germany to understand this.

The time will come when Western Germany will rearm, whether encouraged by the United States or not, and once again neither France nor any other Western country will mobilize a single soldier to stop her.

The issue upon which the French Chamber held its disorderly vote was not whether Germany should rearm; it was whether a German army should take its place as a part of a joint European Defense force sponsored by nations united in their desire to defend freedom against the threat of Communist aggression. Whether or not they understood it, the French deputies were voting to let German rearmament take place under the sponsorship of resurgent German nationalism. They were voting to create a situation in which Western Germany will have practical reasons for making a deal with Soviet Russia. Russia can now hold out to Western Germany the prize of unification with Eastern Germany. Having been rebuffed in their willingness to join forces with their ancient antagonits, the French, in a common front against communism, the Germans will have an alibi for looking for cooperation in the opposite direction.

Things have not yet reached this pass in Germany. But they well might unless France, on second thought, looks to its true interests and works with the United States, Britain, and West Germany to salvage as much as possible from the wreckage of EDC.

Business Week.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

At the recent meeting of the World Council of Churches, held in Evanstown, Ill., a French delegate, Mlle. Madeleine Barrot, expressed the desire that more women ought to be let into church affairs and permitted to take an active part in matters of religion and Christianity.

By "affairs" she did not mean church excursions, Sunday school picnics or dinners in the church basements. She meant that women should take more active part in bringing religion to life and making Christianity something by which to live.

At the Council convention, where 163 denominations (yes 163!) were represented, only 15 out of the more than 600 delegates were women.

Yet, isn't it the natural tendency of women to bring about peace and harmony and the one great thing for which the Council convened—unity?

I believe that women would make ideal ministers and preachers of the gospel.

Your mother and mine are women. Haven't we always, when we thought of peacemakers and solacers, thought of women rather than men?

Someone, when I brought up the subject, remarked that women don't have good voices for preaching. They are too strident, he said. Their voices break too easily. That, in my opinion, is a very small matter. Voices can be trained and, after all, the voice is only the carrier of a thought, of an idea and of an an ideal.

"Women seem to have an even more intense desire for unity," Mlle. Barrot said, "than men. They want unity and Christian fellowship with all their hearts. But this desire cannot be satisfied with the limited participation allowed them.

"Why are women not used to a greater extent?" she asked. "Why are women not allowed to be members of the session, the vestry, the official board?"

And now another point which I am sure will bring me a flood of letters pro and con, such as I always get when I talk about religion.

Why is it necessary to have 163 different denominations in the Protestant church? Why is it so terribly difficult to bring about unity, and why must so many futile meetings be held in order to come to a common understanding?

Does it really make so much difference by what method you approach God as long as you do approach him?

I saw a cartoon in my newspaper the other day. A man was very sick, but his doctor couldn't make up his mind just what it was that ailed him. So he called in a flock of the best doctors in town for consultation. While they were all standing there, huddled around the man's bedside, the patient quietly passed out. The caption of the cartoon said simply: "Too many doctors."

Isn't it a little that way with those 163 denominations?

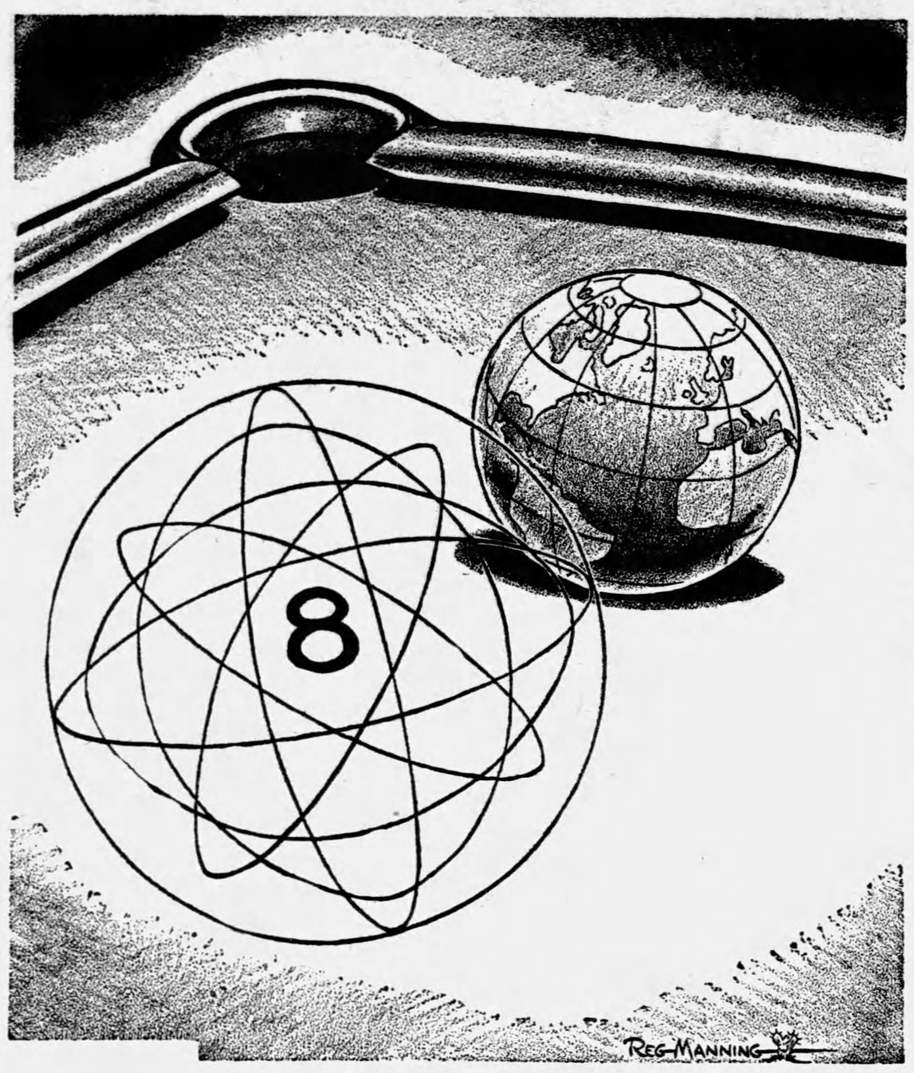
The world is on fire. There isn't an awful lot of time left to put it out. One of the greatest of all fire extinguishers is religion.

Why take the time to decide which brand of extinguisher to use when there is one hanging on the wall right next to you?

Horoscope

Your own intuitions pay off in business affairs today. A child born today will be exceptionally gifted, especially in the arts.

Anothr Type of Atom 'Pool'



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Leaders of the union men who build the push-button instruments for war and peace have developed push-button techniques for a coast-to-coast unionizing campaign in the brand new civilian atomic power field as well as the fabulously expanding and almost magical electrical and electronic industry.

Certainly magic is the word for a field in which men soon will be working on cameras which can be used for underwater television, now being developen by the Navy. Or on gadgets for sky platforms—ask General Electric. Or on missiles which can be shot into the air where they will be suspended until released by a ground "trigger" to bombard distant cities.

The union I write of is the AFL International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, which seldom breaks into the news—although its members wire everything from beach bungalows to skyscrapers to the U.N. building, and do such widely varied tasks as putting together our atomic sub, the Nautilus, and turning musical recording for disk jockeys in radio stations.

This 63-year-old union of 625,000 members who daily handle the nation's electrical nerves, has new national leaders — as different from the old-line men who led the union in past years as TV is from a nickelodeon flicker. The new officers are J. Scott Milne, president, and Joe Keenan, secretary.

They and their colleagues made news at their national convention in Chicago the other week by publicly refusing to increase the members' dues to set up a million-dollar strike fund which would pay strikers 75 per cent of lost wages. This was rejected on the grounds that "strike funds encourage the number of strikes." The union also declared itself for private industry development of atomic energy.

But behind the scenes they prepared to make even bigger news with their latest organizing stratagem for the future. One of the national headquarters' first moves will be to send its representatives through a kind of "reprocessing school" in Washington. Organizers will be drilled in college-prepared programs to train them for activity in this atomic age. Every technique of modern teaching will be applied—and no one will be excused.

Then these men will be used in a new type of "blitz" unionizing which will utilize modern techniques, including the radio-telephone to keep headquarters in touch with the men in the field and at plant gates.

For example, special maps of the U.S. and Canada will be prepared—to show where the electrical and atomic industries are located. When a non-union plant is spotted and pin-pointed, a special headquartes staff will be created. Manpower for this division will be drawn from the best men in the national and regional offices. No organizing drive for the thousands of new workers in this industry will fall automatically to a local vice-president just because he's been there longer than the local volunteer fire department.

Program of Knowledge

These special organizers will then be briefed on every conceivable problem of the plant and the community. They will study the labor contracts in surrounding territories. They will go into the religious and regional traits and beliefs of the area. Perhaps the plant is manned by Mennonites or Mormons. Perhaps its work force is in an area where Socialists or "Wobblies" once were strong. In those cases special appeals will be made.

Then, as the organization drive is about to be launched, one union officer will be assigned to contact business organizations and the newspapers. He will say in effect, "Come and look us over. Here is a picture of our national headquarters. Here is the record of our participation in community drives. We have not had a strike in our construction division—the 'strikeless industry'—for 34 years."

At this point a communications trailer will be moved into the area—to be connected by radio telephone across country with all the union's headquarters. Automobiles of organizers will have radio telephone systems to be used for constant communication with, and for constant check by, national and regional headquarters.

There is also a plan to use the radio telephone at plant gate meetings. If a question is asked which the local union speaker can't answer, one of his aides will radio-telephone headquarters, put the questioner on the phone and let him get his answer from a central research division or a far off union official.

There are more details, but you have the general idea of this union's plans for the atomic era. President Milne believes that, although "We are only on the border of the atomic age. . . the effect of the atom in industry, defense and medicine is a going concern. . ." And, says he, the atom has given the electrical industry the brightest future of all.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LEBDAWG ALLERAELAND NOCHA MOHL: Doh die onner woch wie die Edna doh rum wor, huts mohl shure net gabush'ld mit fish wie sellie drup Pleasant Korner un Germansviller boova noch Brielle worra fisha. Der waigmocher Charlie Mantz wor ow'r der ketzer wohs gons waisa in die shoe galairt hut grick'd fer tzu shpote fert kumma—sei truck wor ous fix, un der garagemon woh 'n fixa hut wolla, is all'm noh uf 'n shtrike gonga.

Der Allen Metzger hut die drup tzomma grick'd, un der Charlie Mantz hut sei truck mit nemma wolla fer die fish hame nemma. Die boova hen nochts nous uf der sae gawolt, un ebber hut 'm Charlie g'sawt, die fish dada nochts beissa wie net recht g'sheind. 'S wor yusht ae failer —der truck wor awenich ous arder, un der Charlie hut 'n nous noch Schnecksville ganumma fer die fan aw tziega, un die wosser bumb fixa os sie net rinna dade.

'S wor fershprocha der truck wear fartich bis nommy dawgs ae uhr, un ferleicht wor er aw fartich sel kenna m'r net sawga. So fiel is ow'r rous kumma, wie der Charlie tzurick noch Schnecksville kumma is fer der truck hola wenich fer da ains, wor die garage g'shlossa, un naryads neimond rum. Wie er tzu long net hame kumma is fer die onnerra boova lawda, is der Allen Metzger kumma un hut 'n hame k'hol'd un der Orrin Fink, woh aw mit is fisha, hut ferwillich'd fer aw noch fohrra.

Onnerra dabei worra, wor der Reuben Geiger, der Stanley Hill, der Clayton Smith, un der Elmer Handwerk. 'M Stanley Hill sei fraw die Edna hut 'm 'n gons beck pill gewwa fer mit nemma, fer 'n halta fon saegronk werra. Die sawg is, er het pilla ganumma fon dahame bis nunner, un ol fer ewwa fiel. Mit dem os der Charlie sei truck net griega hut kenna, sin sie 'n shtun shpote noch Brielle kumma un ken Kaptain hut sie may nous ganumma sel tzeit im dawg fer nochts fisha.

Die weil os sie die trip gamocht hen kot, hen sie ous gamocht fer bleiva iwwer nocht, ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, da nagshda morya wohrhoft hen sie net nous gadarft warich da Edna—net 'm Stanley sei Edna, ow'r so gore die windwarvel Edna woh 'n hefticher uf ruhr om mocha wor. In paar werta, sie sin hame kumma mit ous ma shwentz'l fish, un ol darrich der Charlie Mantz woh onnerra tzeita immer fer tzeit is, un shun moryets die glaider ready laig'd won er owets shpotzierra gae wil.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Niagara Falls trip da 9d October gebts all'm noh kenna.

Ferol os 'n lot leit rei g'shick'd hen sawga sie gangda mit, sins net nagshd ganunk fer 'n special train griega, un missa die trip ob rufa.

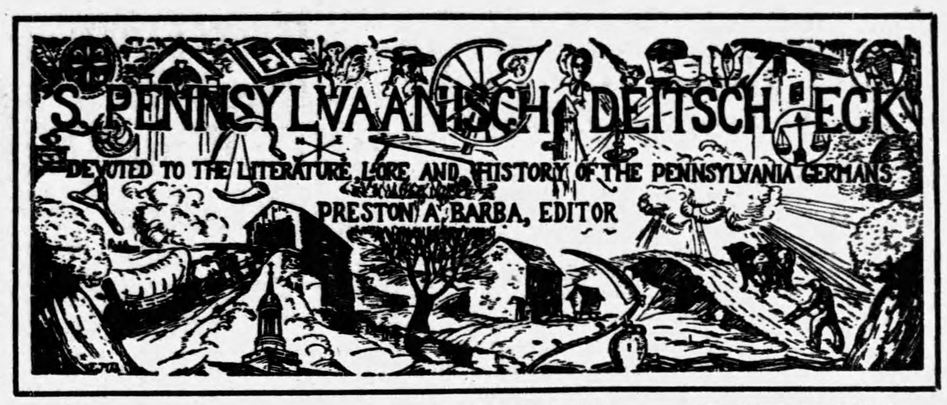
'N lot leit hen uns g'sawt, sie gangda garn ganunk mit, ow'r die arwet wear net wos sie sei sot fer dies tzeit fom yohr denka fers gelt ousgewwa so'n trip tzu nemma.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 14:24-26

The meaning of this verse may be expressed thus: 'While riches are so employed by the wise as to become an ornament to them, high rank bestowed on a fool, instead of serving to honor him, only manifests more conspicuously his folly. It sets him up as a mark of observation and contempt.' It is true that the wealth which the wise acquire, instead of being foolishly squandered, is used in such a way as to be an ornament to them. In v. 25 we read of lives which are endangered by false accusations as being saved by faithful witnesses, whereas he who utters falsehoods is treacherous to the cause of truth and justice. A traitor is he who for selfish reasons utters lies in court against a person who is on trial. Perjury is a particularly heinous crime. See verse 5 of this chapter. 'The fear of the Lord' is true wisdom and inspires strong confidence, v. 26. The second line implies that piety is a ground of confidence for one's self and the children.



FENCES IN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN LAND

By RAYMOND E. KIEBACH

"GOOD fences make good neighbors of us all," so ran the proverb, and the importance of the fence in Pennsylvania German economy is attested to by the many laws concerning fences, and law suits involving them were no novelty in our courts.

The purpose of these fences was three-fold: First, farmers wishing to keep their own cattle in and the cattle of others out; second, to subdivide the farm into convenient portions or fields to facilitate the rotation of crops; third, to form boundary lines between neighbors.

Early photographs of our rural scenes show many rods of sturdy zig-zag fences, known as "worm" fences, usually well kept. Even as late as 1925 these fences were a prominent feature of the landscape.

The word "fence" was absorbed into the dialect from the English without a change as we have no word of our own for it. The German word **Zaun** for enclosure actually means a hedge.

At the time the immigrant Germans left their homes in the Rhine country much of the land in Europe was still under feudal tenure. Under this arrangement large holdings were the rule, and there was little need of enclosing small portions, except in a temporary way. This may be the reason the German language has no distinct name for the fence as we know it.

The pioneer settlers did not construct many or substantial fences. This was due to their limited man power, and their hand tools, often of crude construction. Their first task grew out of the grim necessity of getting enough land cleared to grow food for their families and stock. The inclement weather made it necessary to have substantial buildings for their own shelter and for their cattle. With few neighbors, and these usually scattered, there also was less need for good fences.

The first fences were make-shift affairs of material taken from the land that was being prepared for cultivation like the **Heckefens** and **Schteerolle.**

The **Heckefens** was of upright stakes and brush similar to that used by the Indians to enclose their fields of maize. Its main purpose was to keep the forest animals from devouring or damaging too much of the crop. The **Schteerolle** was simply a dump of stones that had to be disposed of when the land was cleared and it is quite possible that some of these are still lying where they were left at that time of the fence building.

The more substantial and picturesque fences like the **Staakefens, Poschtefens** and **Schteemauer** were to come at a later period, when both animal power and man power were more abundant, when tools were more plentiful and better made, when the hungry years were behind them, and they were beginning to "tidy up" the farm or as we would say, "es wennich schee gucke mache."

After our virgin forests had largely fallen before the charcoal burner's axe and the bark stripper of the tanneries, the spaces left vacant were filled by the rapid growing native chestnut, of which there were several species. This plentiful wood, easily worked and very durable, was used almost entirely in the making of the rail fences **(Riggelfens)** known also as **Schtaakefens** and **Poschtefens.** The supply of this excellent wood has become entirely exhausted through the ravages of the chestnut blight that starting in 1904 has not yet run its course.

Today it is hardly possible to find a single sound specimen of this useful tree remaining on our hillsides or in our fields and with its passing so have our sturdy and well-kept fences passed away.

The **Schtaakefens,** also known as the worm fence according to the locality you are in, is an American heritage from the Indians. The tools required to prepare the materials for this fence are an axe and a saw; should the saw be lacking it could still be prepared using the axe only. To erect the fence the main tool needed is the mattock or grubbing hoe.

This fence is a zig-zag in its course, six or seven rails high, and where two lengths meet they are laid on top of one another, alternately, after using a stone or piece of log as a base, and then bound together with two shorter rails, used as posts in the form of an X. When it was desired to make this fence tight enough to keep small animals, like sheep and pigs, inside it was started closer to the ground.

The rails themselves are twelve feet in length, and the posts or **Schtaake** are a little more than half as long. When these posts are set in the ground they must not protrude too far at the bottom else they may be caught by the plowshare, and if they are too long, so that they protrude too far at the top, the loaded wagon with hay or grain may catch on them.

The post fence or **Poschtefens** required more labor in the preparation of the posts and rails, as well as in the erection. The rails twelve feet in length were split from chestnut logs and sharpened at both ends. The posts were cut to lengths of six feet, then cut or sawed into required width and thickness. Cutting fence posts into shape was done with a broadaxe or **Breitbeil.** Then a two-inch auger was used to bore the holes, a series of four of two holes each. The wood between these auger holes was then cut out with a smaller axe or large chisel. These were the openings where the rails were inserted.

The posts and rails were prepared during the fall and winter months. The erection took place at any time of the year when holes could be dug in the ground for the insertion of the posts. This was usually done in the spring, but "es Fensemache" was not permitted to interfere with the regular farm work. It was an in-between job.

This erection was hard physical labor and tedious. It was necessary first of all to dig the post holes, about two feet deep, through hard soil often rocky, again in wet ground, brush and vines had to be removed, and woe to the person that was not immune to ivy poison. Then the posts had to be securely wedged in the holes with stones, the voids filled in with ground, the rails fitted, and the entire fence kept lined up, keeping on over hills and hollows until completed.

The stone wall or **Schteefens,** also called **Schteemauer,** is the most picturesque as well and they lend an attractiveness to the landscape that would be sadly missed.

The stone used in the building of these fences was usually taken from the land nearby, from which it had been cleared so that it could be cultivated. These fences were dry-built, that is, laid without any mortar. The kind of stone used varied according to the locality, and we find these fences built of granites, potsdam, limestone, sandstone, conglomerates and others — **Eiseschtee, Hockelbeereschtee, Kallickschtee, Sandschtee, Allsattschtee.**

There were two rows of stone laid parallel, with the largest stones on the bottom; some of these so large that two men could not lift them, and the openings filled with smaller stones, so that some of them are almost solid. The stones were so laid and arranged, that they bound themselves together or interlocked. The size of these stone walls varies from a height of two feet to six and seven feet. The width or base also ranges from two to six or seven feet and more. The proportions had to be such that they did not become top heavy. Sometimes a rail fence was set on top when the desired height was not reached with the wall alone. Most of the stone fences now in existence were built many years ago. There were two masons, William Bingaman and Benneville Adams, living in Exeter Township in Berks who were still building them (or setting them up) in the late 1880's.

Solid and substantial as these stone fences were they are gradually disappearing. This is due to the gradual deterioration through action of the elements and the high costs of repairs or rebuilding leads to replacement of many of them with wire fences. The widening of highways or enlargement of fields may also be the cause of their removal; again, where they are easy of access they may be taken for building purposes or road construction as the owner usually is willing to give them to any one who will remove them "just for the taking away."

These stone fences at some places serve the purpose of a retaining wall, thus helping to prevent erosion in addition to serving as a boundary line.

Stonewalls enclosing cemeteries frequently had a board roof on the top for the purpose of shedding water from the rains and melting snow, thus retarding deterioration.

Along rail and stone fences were found trees that bore delicious fruit. How welcome their shade to man and animals when they paused for a few moments while working in the fields during the long, hot days of summer. Here also were found wild cherries, sugar berries, blackberries, raspberries and weeds. This was food for the birds and helped to keep them from damaging the marketable crops. The stone wall was both a refuge and a home for small game and animals.

The "living fence" or hedge was also used. These often serve the purpose of windbreak or **Schtarremfens.** These were usually cedars and other evergreens. Later we find the nursery-grown privet appearing on the scene. The osage orange, or **wilde Oransche,** was popular for a time. This made a fence that neither man nor beast could get through when planted closely due to the large thorns on trunk and limb. It is a rank grower, almost like a weed, and must be kept in bounds with yearly pruning. There are still a few decrepit specimens of this fence to be found.

A fence that was used to enclose the yard and garden has almost disappeared from the scene. This was known as the pale or **Klappbordfens.** The wooden pickets were in the rough, just as they came from the sawmill. The pickets were nailed at top and bottom to 2 by 4 rails. The completed part from post to post was called a panel or **facht.** These fences were whitewashed, using slacked lime for the purpose, in the spring and made a pretty picture when viewed against a dark background.

Then we find another fence, a bit more pretentious than any of the foregoing. This fence was made of boards, the **Bordfens,** both planed and in the rough, four to six inches wide and four to five boards high, with spaces between. These fences were used around the buildings, and for short distances along the street. They also were whitewashed annually.

The most pretentious of all was the ornamental wrought iron fence. This was used to enclose the house premises. They are not particularly rare, due to their durability, but still it is a delight to find one of these in good repair and well kept.

The steel wire fences, of many different kinds, have been in use for a long time. They started to come into use as the rail fences started to go out. Some of these are of plain wire strands, others have their wire barbs, that is, set with sharp points. The stock fence, so called because the purpose of it is to keep the livestock in, can be had in different widths and size of mesh.

The chief objection to the wire fences is their cost. To buy and install them at this time throughout the entire farm may amount to more than the original cost of the farm.

There were other fences that did not come into general use as the **Bockfens, Schwaartefens, Schpeitfens, Briggelfens, Notefens, Schtumpefens** and various patented fences of wire and metal.

There are few good fences to be found any longer. One can motor for miles only to find the fields lying wide open along the highways and such fences as can be seen are usually in a state of disrepair and overgrown with brush and ivy.

The present day methods of keeping cattle in the barn at all times, and the use of tractors in place of horses and mules has largely taken away the need for fences.

Reprinted here by courtesy of The Historical Review of Berks County from the October number, 1948.

DIE SCHTEE FENS

Ihr alde Kalls, denk 'nihr noch zrick,
Wie schteif un weh waar unser Rick
Vun aus de Felder Schtee zu lese—
Gasch, was waar des als en Wese!

Waan's gheesse hot, ihr schpannen's Hutsch
Zum Schimmel in die alt Schtee Rutsch,
Fangt yeders aa Ausrett zu mache—
Des macht unser Daadi lache.

Uff der hoch Buchweeze Hiwwel
Gehn mir in de alde Schtiwwel;
Un wie Schtee hen sich gewisse,
Scheint's datt waer'n Schteesaeck verrisse.

En ganser Daag datt in der Hitz,
Du ye, was gebt des als en Gschwitz!
Bis die Schtee gelese waare
Un naus an die Fensroi gfaahre.

Noh gewehrt sie graad zu leegge—
'S guckt net krumm un alle Weegge;
Die groosse schee uff nanner gsetzt,
Un Daume oftmol aa gepetzt.

's waar net yuscht fer Fens zu mache
Schtatts Riggel, Weier un so Sache;
Die Meening waar, un's waar aa recht,
Ass der Buchweeze watzle mecht.

Datt an der Fens iss Gift gerankt,
Un oftmol hen mir neigelangt;
Noh waar fer Woche alles letz
Mit dem beissich Gifte-gretz.

'S waar'n mancher mieder Buckel als,
Un wehe Hend un schteifer Hals;
Un yeders waar gaar mechtich froh,
Wann mol die Wacke lossen noh.

Sie machen heit so scheene Mauere—
Duhn uns alde Kalls bedauere;
Sie lachen an die Schtee Fens alt,
Wu iwwerdem mol zammefallt.

1934 RALPH S. FUNK

Der Kaschbar Verzeehlt

BALWIERE

Die vun uns, wu net so gut waare am Deitsch schwetze, hen als die englische Wadde verdeitscht. Wann en Mann die Haahr aus seim Gsicht genumme hot, hen mir als gsaat, "Er scheeft sich," vum englische Watt "to shave."

Nau der Hochdeitsch hot als gsaat, er deet sich rasiere mit em Rasiermesser. Mir Deitsche dehinne am Blooe Barrig hen als gsaat, mir deede uns balwiere mit em Balwiermesser. Nau wisst dihr, was Balwiere meent.

Es iss moll en Mann in en klee Schteddel kumme un der waar haahrich im Gsicht. Er hot geguckt wie en Keschtiggel. Er hot sich net selwer balwiere kenne. Un es waar ken Barber im Schteddel. Ya, der Mann waar imme iwwele Zuschtand.

Endlich hot eener gsaat zu ihm, "Am ewwerschte Haus im Schteddel wuhnt en Mann un der kann dich balwiere" Der haahrich Mann iss graad nuff zu ihm "Kannscht du mich balwiere?" hot er ihn gfroogt "Gewiss," hot der anner gsaat. "Wu iss dei Schtuhl?" hot der haahrich Mann gfroogt. "Ich hab kenner," hot der Balwiermann gsaat "Leg dich yuscht uff die Holskischt." In rekaze Zeit waar der Haahrich gans glatt gebalwiert. Er hot's net verschteh kenne, ferwas er sich hieleegge hot sell. Schpeeder hot er ausgfunne, ass der Kall die Dode als balwiert fer die Dodeversaryer.

In Somerset Kaundi waar en Lawyer. Sei Naame waar Biesecker. Er waar Schtaats-lawyer. Ee Daag hot er en Mann acht Yaahr in die Penitentiary grickt. About zehe Yaahr schpeeder iss der Biesecker amme fremme Schteddel in der Barberschapp. Der Barber hot ihn aagseeft, noh hot er 'n Balwiermesser gschtraeppt.

Iwwerdem hot der Barber gsaat, "Wie geht's, Mr Biesecker?" — "Wie iss es, ass du mich kennscht?" froogt der Biesecker. "Darrich dich bin ich acht Yaahr in die Pen kumme," hot der Barber gsaat. Der Biesecker waar aardlich zidderich un waar arrig froh, wie's Balwiere verbei waar.

En Barber hot sich bekehrt. Er hot ausgemacht, er deet nau selwer browiere Leit zu bekehre. Wie er sei Mann im Schtuhl gut aagseeft ghatt hot, langt er naus un grickt's Balwiermesser un saagt, "Bischt du reddi fer deim Gott ins Gsicht gucke?"

Der vergelschtert Kall im Schtuhl hot en heller Grisch ausgschtoosse, iss aus em Schtuhl getschumpt, un zu der Dier nausgschprunge. Er iss aa sei Lewe nimmi datt hie.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Autumn Has Arrived

Unless there be extreme change in the weather no sign of the departure of summer and the arrival of autumn is quite so potent for folks in this age as the return to standard time on the last Sunday of September.

So, whether the weather be cold or warm, whether the skies be blue or clouded, that setting back of the hands of the clocks early tomorrow morning and the effects which the apparent time lag will apparently create will tell all that the autumnal and winter seasons are ahead of us and that lots of bad weather can be expected from this time on.

But there will be a silver lining to any cloud of dislikes for the melancholy days of autumn and winter. Autumn generally brings far more pleasures thru its weather than inconveniences and discomforts. It is generally a wonderful season for lovers of the outdoors, for the artists and the hikers and of course for the sports fans who revel in the football games which for the most part are played in this and in only this season.

Astronomically autumn arrived on Thursday. Horologically it will begin at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. Turn the old clocks back and recover that hour which was lost last spring, and enjoy an extra sixty minutes of sleep before church on Sunday morning.

Moving Without Trucks

The town of Westfield, N. J., has come up with one of the most unique ideas in the matter of solving a lot of the problems that generally develop in movings of domestic, business or social institutions.

In that town, the municipal library has secured a new building and expects to occupy it on or about October 11. Since moving many thousands of books is a highly laborious and even a dusty operation, the librarian conceived the idea of getting community assistance.

Appeal has gone out to Westfield's entire populace to make large borrowings within the next few days. It has been specifically suggested that each person take out at least eight books. These are to be held by the citizen - borrowers until October 11, or thereabouts, and then brought to the library's new home.

It is quite an idea and might be availed of by householders on occasion. Neighbors who have been wont to borrow a cup of sugar, a quart of milk, some of the latest magazines and books could be encouraged to borrow not only these customary small articles but other heavier and more unwieldy ones, as well as increase their take of butter and eggs, sugar and flour, and other contents of the larder and refrigerator.

Record Series "Take"

Much as the fame which attends membership in a championship baseball team is deeply desired by the players, the large purses which are distributed at the ending of a World's Series are perhaps even more keenly coveted.

Likewise there is tremendous public interest annually in the amounts which winners and losers and their closest competitors in the big league races are going to receive.

This year it is quite likely that all records in this respect are going to be broken. New records which may stand for many years seem likely inasmuch as the games will be played in two of the largest stadia in the country. The potential attendance therefore runs into record breaking figures. If the Series goes the full length of seven games, the figures for 1947 when, Yankees and Dodgers met in what was better known as "another of the many subway series," may be exceeded. That total for full seven games was 389,763.

With the first two games to be played in New York, beginning on Wednesday next, it will be possible to have an attendance of 110,000 for 55,000 is New York's seating capacity. In Cleveland higher figures are possible for the next two or three games to be played in huge Municipal Stadium, capacity 73,000. Attendance in that city may add more than 200,000 if three games be played. It may go to quarter of a million if the fans crowd the stadium as they have done in some of the crucial games for the American League Pennant. And if the teams return to New York for one or two final games of the series, another hundred thousand or so fans will make the turnstiles click merrily to produce the greatest purse ever distributed to the winners of a World Series.

Czar for "Comics"

The nationwide furore of parents, teachers and guardians of children about the so - called "comic" books (they really produce few laughs) has had a reaction from the publishers of this stuff in that they have announced a decision to "clean their own house."

This is of course the correct thing to do if the publishers be sincere in their avowed desire to print nothing that will be harmful to youth which pores over the pictures and balloons that carry the narratives.

As an initial step they have appointed Charles F. Murphy, a New York magistrate, as czar of the industry. Since he has been known as a critic of the comics his appointment is expected to create public confidence that a conscientious job is going to be performed.

By their fruits ye shall know them, is a sound Biblical adage. We shall learn the effects of Mr. Murphy's dictatorship of policies and enforcement thereof only when the new issues come from the presses.

A Halfback Walks

The first day of school saw a boy walk 10 blocks to school at Rolla. He had already proved to be a "good fast halfback" in preschool football practice and his teammates welcomed him.

Last year this same boy had to ride 65 miles at community expense to a Jefferson City school, because he was a Negro.

The contrast indicates several things. One is, of course, that boys appreciate a good halfback. Another is that youngsters generally often seem more ready than their parents to accept one another for what they are and without prejudice. And the difference between a short walk and a long ride to school is just one more small measure of the plain injustice of the old "separate but equal" theory of racial education, now ruled out by the United States Supreme Court.

Similar experiences are occurring throughout Missouri as integration proceeds at a gradual pace. In Little Dixie, 52 Negroes enrolled for high school at Fulton. In the heart of the Bootheel cotton country, 20 attended classes at formerly white schools in Sikeston.

Could there by an healthier indication that Missouri is ready to give all its children the same educational opportunities, and no doubt provide these even more quickly than it is doing?

But if the work seems slow in progress, Missouri can be proud of its accomplishment by comparison with some other states.

Time is running out on race discrimination in this America.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

According to Cholly Knickerbocker, Geraldine Farrar, the famous opera singer of another age, has decided to donate all her love letters, correspondence and diaries to the Library of Congress.

He says that Farrar was once the "epitome of all opera singers, gifted with one of the world's greatest voices, to go with her breathtaking beauty and regal bearing. She had proposals from princelings, dukes, barons and earls, not to mention countless will-you-marry me's from assorted millionaires both here and in Europe."

She has kept all her love letters and, had she published them, could have made a fortune. But she did not—and now the Library of Congress, if it will accept the gifts, is going to get it.

According to public records, Geraldine Farrar is now 72. Consequently, many of those princelings and millionaires, who wrote her passionate letters 40 to 50 years ago, have probably gone to their ancestors by now.

But those who are still alive, probably have long since outlived their impetuousness, long settled for much less glamorous women than the Geraldine Farrar of the very early part of this century — and, perhaps, have been much the happier for it.

Geraldine was once one of my favorites. If she had been 20 years younger when I was a 24 or 25, I would probably have proposed to her myself.

And just imagine—one of my writings might now go into the Library of Congress, which one of my columns never will.

It may not be quite apropos in connection with so exalted a subject as the previous one, to mention the fact that three eminent psychologists, at the opening session of the annual convention of the American Psychological Assn., reported to the 6,000 members assembled that the peak of man's intellectual growth is reached between the ages of 20 and 24.

At the latter age he begins to decline and his mind to deteriorate—the deterioration speeding up with every additional year.

The scientists based their facts on the study of about 6,000 persons, mostly prisoners. They found that the less education a man has the greater the decline.

(They also found that there really isn't any more sickness among 90-year-olds than among 60-year-olds and that probably the oldest working age group in this country is the farmer.)

I checked with my doctor on this "deterioration after 24." He confirmed it. He told me that both mental and physical decline begins at about that age, but there is a redeeming feature about this whole discouraging business.

While both the mind and the body reach their zenith at about 24, the mind keeps on developing, while not growing, and experience and wisdom take the place of virile youth.

Thus while, perhaps, those fellows who wrote love letters to Geraldine Farrar at 40 or 50 or 60, might have been pretty far advanced in mental deterioration, they nevertheless might have been pretty darn important and useful members of society.

Pretty complicated, isn't it?

(Copyright, 1954)

Public Opinion

To The Editor:

Read in the Allentown Morning Call dated Sept. 21, 1954, on Page 12 under Editorials an article by a Native Citizen that Allentown is the first city in Pennsylvania to install walk signals.

The City of Easton, has had walk signals at the Monument, 3rd and Northampton streets, for quite some time now and the people of the city seem to be well satisfied with them. We also have a Monument in the center of the square and don't hear anyone complaining about the traffic jams.

I agree with Native Citizen on his suggestions and would like to see them put into effect. As I work in Allentown and commute every day back and forth to Easton I find that by leaving in plenty of time I am able to avoid the traffic jams.

Sincerely Yours,
A Native Citizen
Easton, Pa.

Horoscope

Success and happiness in domestic affairs are forecast for today.

Volume production of gas ranges in the United States started in 1898.

Dumbell Exercises



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Those who favor free trade have many arguments which sound logical but they have to answer the fact that a number of marginal industries in the United States cannot compete in the American market against imported goods produced by low wages, often with a government subsidy, sometimes out of funds given to such a government by the American taxpayer. If there is to be free trade, there should be no subsidies, no dumping and no wage differentials.

I have heard it said that if American goods cannot be made so that they can compete with goods from European and Asiatic countries, we ought not to make that particular commodity. We ought to abandon that industry. Paul Hoffman once wrote a book supporting some such concept. But how are we to absorb the labor involved in such abandoned industries? Those laborers are American citizens who desire to earn a living the same as automobile and steel workers. They do not want to be on relief. They do not choose to be unemployed so that some Europeans can work.

Going Broke

Now the bicycle industry is adding its voice to the watch, the ceramic and the electrical equipment industries. The bicycle industry says that it is going broke in competition with European bicycles which are flooding the American market. They show that in 1949, foreign bicycles sold in this market amounted to 15,757 and that for the first six months of 1954, these sales have increased to 291,314. In 1953, 593,659 foreign-made bicycles were imported into the United States. In 1953, the sales amounted to about 23 per cent of the total American market; in 1954, it shows 40 per cent during the first six months.

The Bicycle Institute of America, obviously a public relations organization, says in its pamphlet:

In the record-breaking year of 1948, 2,761,437 American bikes were sold in this country. Despite a heavy demand for anything on wheels, it is worth noting that only 16,874 foreign lightweight bikes were sold. . .

"Suddenly, however, import sales jumped to 66,289 in 1950—and since then have not stopped their upward trend. Why did this change occur? For no other reason than that duty rates on imported bikes were cut drastically to as low as 7½ per cent in 1948, followed by the British devaluation of their currency in 1949, resulting in the equivalent of another 30 per cent duty cut.

"As a result, the prices of foreign bikes dropped sharply. It was these prices, beyond our control, that broke down sales resistance in many quarters."

Idleness Can Grow

These statements should not be discounted because they are self-serving. Our nation consists of a large number of groups of self-interest, each of which is important because it employs workers, uses raw materials, pays taxes and keeps the economic wheels turning. If enough of these groups have to shut down their plants, unemployment can grow to disastrous dimensons.

One of the answers to this is that unless we let in large quantities of foreign-made goods, it will be impossible for us to export our production. This is true and therefore we face a plaguing problem for which no rule-of-thumb answer will suffice. Charles P. Taft, who is doing public relations work for the free-traders, adopts a strictly doctrinaire position: Free trade is sound in theoretic economics; therefore free trade should be pursued.

This formula does not solve our problem of maintaining existing industries in this country or full employment. The bicycle industry in the United States is 77 years old, has survived wars and depressions but is now in real peril. The European bicycle industry, employing cheaper labor and often getting government subsidies, can produce exactly the same bike as an American manufacturer can produce but at a cheaper price, in our country, than an American bike can be sold for. Why buy an American bike?

What the free-traders fail to realize is that if limitless imports produce unemployment in this country, the politicians will move in to speak for their constituencies. Unemployment was a factor in the Maine election. The politicians could go to the other extreme of producing a wholly uneconomic tariff on the high side.

In a word, the pursuit of doctrinaire free trade, without regard to actual conditions of employment in the United States, is a very grave danger at this time.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FEGELCHER ON DA FAIR: Golly reich nocha mohl, wos die Fegelcher net gapifa hen on da Fair. Hen net yusht gapifa, ow'r hen aw fershprocha fer fon tzeit tzu tzeit uns wissa lossa wos aw gait in ihra gagenda. In blotz fon heit fiel fertzaila wos g'shaina is on da Fair, missa m'r etlicha socha rous lossa os uns yoh awbafohla is werra fer fertzaila eb die woch rum wear.

Doh tzum bei shpiel, is 'm Earl Shupp fon Mech...icsville sei aryie mashina erfohring on Dorney Park net long tzurick. So weit os sel aw gait, 's Fegelchie os uns die barichda gapifa hut, hut g'sawt 's dade numma net hoffa os der Earl aw so'n erfohring het on da Fair. Ow'r des is wos g'shaina wor. Der Earl hut der Norman Peters un der Wayne Miller fon Ironton bei sich kot fer kumpany, un sin gonga fer die races ei nemma. Allas wor ol recht bis die races feriwwer worra, uns wor tzeit fer hame gae.

Dousanda fon leit kumma ols bei fer die Dorney Park races sehna, uns gons ewwer feld is fol mashina. Noh wos hut der Earl gaduh, os wie hut fergessa woh os er sei mashine shtae hut lossa —un der Norman un der Wayne worra aw ken hilf. Ol wissa wie fergelshter'n os hinkle werra won ebbes hinnich na is—ihra gadonga gaina grawd fert, un shpringa ol iwwer wedder. Wel, os der Earl net aw die koniptions shier grick'd hut wor allas. Endlich hut er ow'r paar park Kops grick'd un na ous galaig'd woh er maina dade os er die mashine ferlossa het—un shure ganunk won sie net noch grawd g'shtonan hut won os er gamaint hut os sie wear—yusht er un die onnerra beim hen sie net finna kenna.

Noh denk ich he...n'r ol sel shae bild g'sehna doh im Call fom Bob Shelly fon Dillingers Station, om brovierra fer in der Fair grund kumma mit ma 1874 tzettle. Wel, wos darta ebber gamaint hut, wor, 's dade net hoffa os der Bob widder die same erfohring kotta het wie er owets laenich ...ame kumma wear, os wie er kotta hut doh weil tzurick wie sei maud, die Vita McGready noch Fildefly wor. Der Bob wor sella owet laenich noch da kerrich, un alls wor ol recht bis er hame kumma is, un der shlissel is 'm g'falla wie er die kicha dier uf shleasa hut wolla.

Fon ol da socha os ferlora gaina, sin wenich dabei so mainer druvel un bodder mocha kenna os wie dierra shlissel. 'S won naryads ken fenshter uf os er nei grodala hut kenna, un die kaller dierra worra aw ol g'shlossa, un licht hut er kens kot fer der shlissel sucha. Endlich is der Bob noch ma nochbers hous fer 'n flash licht laina, ow'r 's wor net dawert—der shlissel wor yusht net tzu finna.

Nagshd on da dier is ebbes fon ma riss uf 'm porcha floor on nunner in der kaller gait, un der Bob hut net onnishder gadenk'd, os wie der shlissel wear nunner in der kaller g'falla. Nohn is er widder tzurick noch 'm nochbers hous, wunnerra eb sie net ferleicht 'n shlissel howwa maichda os uf shleasa dade—un sie hen 'm 'n gonsie hond fol gewwa. Dabei wor ainer os sei kicha dier shluss gaboss'd hut, un wor glei drin im hous. Noh is er in der kaller un hut allas ous g'such'd, ow'r der shlissel wor yusht naryads tzu finna. Iwwel odder wohl is er nuf in sei bed shtub, un wie er sich ous duh hut wolla hut ebbes garobb'ld uf 'm budda—gagling'ld sot m'r sawga. Wie gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei wons net sei ferlorner shlissel wor—hut 'n ol die weil im kuff fon seina hussa kot, uns net gawist.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Heit is es widder "farawell" tzu da grossa Allentown Fair, un wohs im awfong g'sheind hut 's maich'd 'n raya woch gewwa.

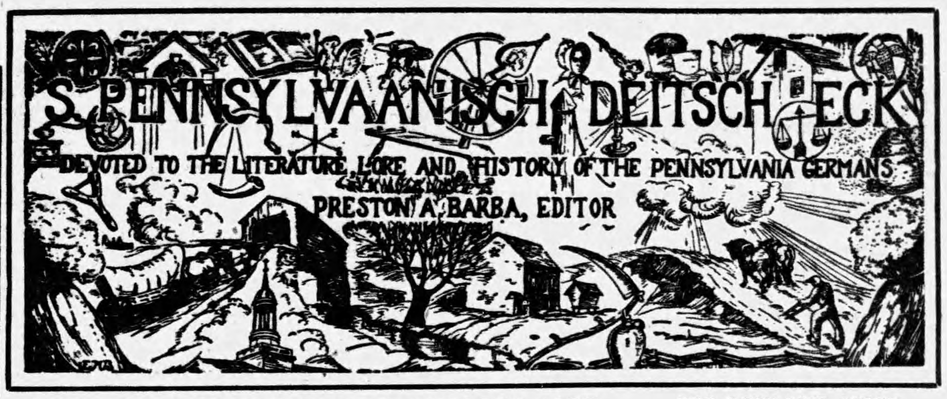
Der weddermon hut da Fair ow'r widder gute bei g'shtonna fom Midwoch ob, un ol woh net hin worra, wissa net wos fer 'n shaenie Fair os sie fersim'd hen.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 15:1-2

'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger.' If one should wish an illustration of 'the soft answer' instead of a harsh retort, it can be found in Judges 8:1-3. The situation was tense, but Gideon knew how to placate the feelings of the Ephraimites who 'had it in for him.' But when he told them that their exploits were greater than his, 'their anger was abated toward him, when he had said that.' An illustration of 'the harsh word' we can find in 1 Samuel 25:10-11, where Nabal (whose name in Hebrew means 'fool') refuses a reasonable request from David for food for himself and his men in these words: 'Who is David?' and 'Who is the son of Jesse?' There be many servants nowadays, that break away from their masters. Shall I take my bread and give it unto men whom I know no?" He suffered grievously for what he said. These two illustrations prove the truth of v.2, in that the words of wise men will naturally display wisdom — those of fools reveal their folly.



WIE DER STOFFEL SEI GELD VERLORE HOT

HINNER am Blooe Baerrig im Staat Pennsylveeni, wu die Hasch un die Haase nanner Gutnacht saagge, hen fufzich Yaahr zerick der Stoffel Fell un sei Molly uff ere groosse Bauerei glicklich beinanner gelebt. Der Stoffel hot die alt Heemet vun seim Vadder geaerbt, un weil er fleissich un schpaarsam waar, un die Molly ewe so, hen sie alles schee un gut uffgeduh. Der Schtack, vun de Geil bis nunner zu de Hinkel, waar vum beschte. 'S Land iss gut gschafft warre, un hot viel un gudi Frucht gebrocht. An allerlee Obscht waar ken Mangel. Iss ee Satt net gerode, waar doch die anner an der Hand. Vun Schulde hot der Stoffel yaahrelang nix gewisst, un hot noch alle Yaahr en schee Simmche in die Easton Benk gedraagge.

Der Stoffel un sei Molly waare gude Kaerricheleit — sin alle Sunndaag in die Kaerrich, except sie hedde Bsuch grickt, oder waere selwer uff Bsuch gange. Sie hen ei deitlich genunk gsehne, dass es schlecht bezaahlt, Bsuch zu nemme, wann mer net zerick bezaahlt watt. Sie hen aa immer die Kaerrich gut unnerschtitzt un graad so bezaahlt wie annere aa.

Uff em Stoffel seim Land, net weit vun der Scheier, waar en gudi groossi Schpring, un um die Schpring rum viel un allerlee groosse Schaddebeem. Der gans Schtack, besonders im Summer, waar gaun im kiehle Schadde um die Schpring. Am neemliche Blatz hot sich aa en Drupp Gypsies alle Summer geegge Schpotyaahr eigstellt. Die Menner hen Geil ghandelt — hen sie net verkaafe kenne, so waare sie noch reddi zum Schwappe. Die Weiwer hen ihre schmutziche Kleeder datt gewesche, un an Schmutz hot's nie gfehlt. Unner de Weiwer waar eeni, die hot sich uffs Waahretsaagge gelegt, un hot's so gut verschtanne wie die Bescht. Ihre kleene schwaze Schlangeaagge hot sie net fer nix ghatt! Hot sie en Handel vun weidem gsehne, hen ihre Aagge schunn geglenst wie die schenschte Schwazskasche. Selli Hex hot ihr Aagge uff der Stoffel gericht, un en Plan ausgestudiert, mit ihm "Bissniss" zu duh. Awwer denkt sie: "Mer muss wisse, wie mer der Stoffel nemmt un wie mer mit em umgeht."

Sie schleicht um ihm rum bei yeder Geleeggeheet un lobt em sei Geil un Kieh un Schof un so weider. Der Stoffel schmunselt — dann lobt sie sei Reichtum iwweraus, un der Stoffel schmunselt mit em ganse Gsicht. Dann secht sie (halwer gepischpert), wie wann niemand 's heere sott: "Stoffel, wann du awwer wisscht, was ich weess, du waerscht der reichscht un der glicklichscht Mann im Caunty." Sie guckt en widder aa, un er waar verschrocke. — Sell, denkt sie, iss genunk eigewwe fer eemol — ich glaab die Dos schafft!

Der Stoffel hot schunn lang haer en Meening ghatt, es waere reiche Schetze net weit ab, awwer niemand wisst die Bletz, sie rauszuhewe. Die Wadde, "Wann du wisscht, was ich weess," sin em Daag un Nacht im Kopp rungange un hen en endlich nimmi schlofe losse. Der Molly hot er nix saagge wolle, weil sie die Gypsies net gegliche hot. "Stoffel," hot sie mol gsaat, "ich deet die schtinkiche un lausiche Gypsies net en hunnert Rude neegscht an unser Schpring kumme losse — wann's Wanne net badde deet, deet ich die alt Schrotflint mit Sals un Peffer laade!"

Die Gypsiefraa hot ihr Angel gstellt ghatt, un hot doch aa gucke misse, eb sie ebbes gfange hett. Der Stoffel waar graad so begierich, sie weider zu heere, ass sie waar, der Stoffel zu heere. Ball drefft der Stoffel sie aa un secht: "Du aldi Hex, was weesscht du dann?" Dann glensle die Aagge, un sie macht ihr Speech: "Lange Yaahr zerick hen die Insching do gelebt un hen gfischt un besonners geyaagt. Allerlee feine Bels vun wilde Diere hen sie noch Easton un hen schwer Geld zerick gebrocht. Sie selwer hen gans wennich Geld gebraucht. Ihr Boogge hen sie in de Hecke gschnidde un die Peilschpitze aus Feierschtee gepickt. Ihr Blei hen sie mit de Tomahacks an gewisse Bletz in denne Blooe Baerriye rausghackt. Sell hot mer oft gheert, yuscht dass mer die Bletz noch net gfunne hot. Stoffel, ich weess, wu uff eierem Grund un Bodde en Klumbe begraawe iss, den du noch hawwe sottscht — datt wu er iss, batt ner nix!" Wie sie des gsaat hot, schringt sie ab un secht: "Ich muss gewiss geh — goodbye!"

Der Stoffel hot dann sei gans Haz voll zum Verschpringe. Die neemlich Nacht (dann schlofe hot er net kenne) schitt er sei Haz der Molly aus, so gut un deitlich ass meeglich. Die Molly secht: "Ach, Stoffel, ich drau dem Stoff net, un deet mer der Kopp net verdrehe losse. Will mer bei de Lausiche schlofe, grickt mer aa Leis — un hot mer Leis, so muss mer kratze — des wisse yo Hund un Katze." Des waar awwer dem Stoffel schlechter Droscht!

Nau waar er faddich mit seinere Hex zu schwetze. Bei der aerschte Geleeggeheet (die sich ball gfunne hot) frogt er: "Wie kennt mer dann an seller 'Klumbe' kumme, wu du dervun gsaat hoscht? Wieviel deet's dann aa koschte?" — "Ya," secht sie mit me anschte Gsicht, " 's iss net's Rausgraawe, sunscht hedde mer Gypsies schunn lang faddichi Aerwet gemacht. Uff dem Klumbe leit en groosser Bann — wer so Geld vergraabt, wu's niemand nix batt, der legt's em Deiwel in die Hend — odder in sei Klooe. Dann gebt der Deiwel 's de beese Geischter es gut zu hiede. Die Geischter ricke so Schetze oft weit weg. Will mer sie hawwe, so muss mer en Geegge-Schatz aabiede. Datt sitzt der Haas im Peffer fer uns Gypsies — weil mer zu aarm sin!" Der Stoffel saagt: "Ich verschteh dich net— was waer dann, so en Geeggeder Deiwel 's hett!" Die Molly secht: "So brauchscht du nimmi zu winsche — ich denk, der Deiwel hot's schunn!" — "O! O!" macht der Stoffel zum dridde Mol, un secht noch: "Un er hot's sauwer! Do fiehlt mer, ass wie wann mer sich uffhenke misst!" klaagt der Stoffel. Die Molly awwer secht: "Ach nee! Dann misst mer mit zum Deiwel faahre!" — "Des sin mer scheene Waahretsaagger!" seifzt der Stoffel — "Verluchte Liegner sin sie, un net waut, ass die Sunn sie ascheint!" Die Molly secht noch: "Mer wolle nix saagge un nix klaagge — mer lewe doch un wolle noch dankbaar sei, fer des, was mer noch iwwrich hen. Mer hen bezaahle misse fer unser Lanning — un erbarremlich deier — hen's awwer selwer geduh, un warre die Lesson ewich net vergesse!"

Der Stoffel hot dann die gans Geschicht verschtanne, wie die schlau Gypsie die Sach gemenetscht, sei Pack Geld weggeschlippt un ihr noochgemachter eigeschmuggelt. Sei groossi Baueerei hot er schneeder verkaaft un iss uff en Lott gezogge, wu wennicher Aerwet un aa wennicher Sarye waare. Er un aa die Molly hen nix vun denne Sache verzeehlt — 's waar aa net needich, dann en Yedes uff weit un breet hot's schunn gewisst. An der groosse Schpring un in der ganse Geggend hot mer awwer vun der Zeit aa nix meh vun de Gypsies gesehne. Hen die wunnerfitziche, dumme Leit sich Liege wolle gsaagt hawwe, so hen sie noch Stroudsburg odder nunner noch Easton geh misse.

—ELI KELLER

DIE SCHLAUE MEED

Datt driwwe, datt drowwe,
Datt drunne, datt drauss;
Datt gucke scheene Meed
Zum Schlisselloch naus.

Datt drowwe, datt driwwe,
Datt drauss, datt drunne;
Datt hen all die Buwe
Die Meed glei gfunne.

Vun Owed, vun Marye,
Vun Middaag, vum Baerrick ;
Nau duhne die Meed sich
Glei uff der Maerrick.

Die groosse, die kleene,
Die dicke, die dinne
Meed—die duhne nau all
Sich glei Menner finne.

Die scheene, die wieschte,
Die wilde, die zaahme
Buwe — farrichte sich
Un schpringe wie laahme.

Bei Daag odder bei Nacht,
Darrich Schnee un Schtaab;
Duhn die Meed sie fange,
Sell iss was ich glaab.

Du Liewer, du Beeser,
Du Ye un du Yammer!
Wie oft kumme die Meed
Un Buwe zusammer!

Hurraah un Hallelujah!
Saagt Dank un lebt wohl!
So muss es geh immer,
So geht's allemol.

Schunscht gebt's ken Familye,
O was en Elend!
Des Land deet ausschtarrewe
Un keemt zu seim End.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News.

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

September 19, 1954

To the Editor of the ECK:

I read with interest your comments on the "Seven Sleepers" in the Eck for Sept. 11 and your request for information about St. Abdon.

St. Abdon was a Christian martyr who was put to death by the Roman emperor Diocletian in the year 250 A.D., supposedly on July 30th. An old German encyclopedia, which I have, which mentions all these old saints, does not say much about this particular saint who was "von Geburt ein Perser aus vornehmer Familie" (who was by birth a Persian of aristocratic family). There is no mention of anything that would associate him with the cutting of thorns. Probably your explanation is the correct one. (St. Abdon's Day on July 30th was the day on which our Pennsylvania German forefathers cut the weeds, briars and brambles along their walls and fences. ED.)

Regarding many of these Saint Days and the observances of certain farm customs, there is a particular reason, although not because of anything done by the particular saint. Just like church bells date back to the time when people had no clocks in their homes and had to depend on the ringing of bells to tell them it was time to go to worship, so the Saint Days served as a timepiece as to the days of the month when people had no calendars or almanacs in the home. The ordinary peasant home, of course, had no almanac long after printing was invented. The Saint Days were carefully observed in the church and so peasants came to associate the performance of certain farm duties with some particular Saint Day. The climate of various parts of continental Europe varies considerably and that accounts for various dates and different saints associated with certain crops, like for instance the sowing of turnip seed. In America, especially in Pennsylvania, the climate generally is not at great variance with that of Germany, so the old customs could be followed as a rule. Regarding the laying over of the onion tops on Seven Sleepers Day, June 27th, the old agricultural books that I have say it was to prevent them from going to seed. In the old days it seems that the variety of onions cultivated had a much greater tendency to go to seed.

RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH
Royersford, Pa.

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Editorials

Indians' Slim Chance

A goodly part of the population of our community is stirred by the achievements or hope for achievements by the members of their favorite baseball club in the current World Series. The proclivity for hero-worship that is strong in most of us is having opportunity for fullest expression. Thus there is hope and a good deal of expectation on the part of New York Giant fans that the World Series will be concluded today by a fourth straight win by the Coogan's Bluff boys. There is corresponding hope, with not too much confidence, on the part of followers of Cleveland's American league pennant winners that today, at long last, a game can be picked up.

In the course of fifty World Series there have been about a dozen times in which the competition was continued to full seven games. ut there has been no Series in which a team won the world championship after losing the first three games.

Accordingly, the chances of the Indians for this year's championship are slim and sad. To wrest the next four games from opponents as the formidable as the Giants have shown themselves will be a titanic task.

Happily however all hope need not be lost. There is an old saying that a baseball game is not won until the last man is out. The world championship will not be achieved until four games have been won.

It is the job of the Cleveland team to delay that achievement by their competitors as long as possible. The hope of their fans is that they will drive the Series to its limit—seven games. At this moment this appears next to impossible.

Tribute to Our Champs

While our community almost to the last man, woman and child is interested in the champions of our national pastime and their present, supreme competition, the time is nearing for Allentown's recognition of her own champions in every phase of sport.

Instituted some years ago, the annual Banquet of Champions is to be held under the auspices of the Allentown Recreation Commission. This event will strive to honor every local champion in every field of sport ranging from marbles to baseball, football and other major and minor sports.

It is an occasion when, annually, about four hundred young people who have distinguished themselves by their strength and skill and their ambitious application to some sport, and have become the recognized champions in those areas of sport are honored.

On this one night and upon this gala occasion four hundred individuals receive the accolades so sweet to human ears and satisfying to the ego.

There is no question that this event has done much to promote local sports. It can be expected that the 1954 event will do much to stir interest in sports thruout the winter and during all the seasons of 1955.

To take care of the hundreds of young people who are the honored guests at this occasion a considerable amount of money is needed. This has to be forth coming from the friends of sport and from those many good citizens who believe that clean, wholesome competition makes for good citizenship and should be encouraged among our youth. The Recreation Commission is hoping that these friends will speedily assure the complete success of this year's event as they have done in the past.

Newspaperboy Day

It is significant of the sentiment that attaches in newspaperdom to the carrier boy that, next to the opening yesterday of National Newspaper week and its emphasis upon the newspaper as Freedom's Forum, comes the observance today of Newspaperboy's Day.

The newspaperboy thruout the entire history of the press in this country has been an important tie between the reader and the staff of a newspaper. Readers by the millions do not know a single person upon a newspaper staff. But they do know the boy who brings the paper to their doors with regularity despite the weather and who, as a young businessman, makes his collections systematically and responds to suggestions that may make for a better understanding between the customer and the paper.

It is a matter of high importance that a newspaper be delivered with complete satisfaction to the customer. It must be on time and it must be placed where it is convenient for the customer and where it will not be harmed or spoiled by weather or any other conditions The newspaperboy is the last person in the host of women and men whose work is the creation of a newspaper for the American people.

In the newspaper office there is high admiration for the little fellow who shoulders a great bundle of papers and proceeds upon his rounds. The fact is that almost every man in every newspaper office in the country himself was a carrier years back. This natural interest in and sympathy for the newspaperboy extends even more widely for just about every American who has arisen to fame and consequence has a chapter of newspaperboy work in his Liography.

The Alumni group of any newspaper, if it could be organized, would be a large and impressive body.

If the Morning Call were to get all its former newsboys together at one time and in one place a surprise at its size would be furnished not only for the public but for the former carriers themselves. It would be good for our carriers of this day to see the notable men who were their predecessors. And they would be pleased to hear how proud their predecessors are of those youthful days when they were learning important lessons for their future years and careers.

It always was mighty interesting to be a newspaperboy. It is good today to have an association with such an important local institution as a newspaper. It is a great training in business for a boy and it is a character-builder. Parents well may urge their boys to get a newspaper route. It will do a lot to make good men of their sons.

First Atomic Sub

At Groton, Conn., yesterday the Nautilus, first submarine equippped with an atomic powerplant, was commissioned and became a unit in the U. S. Navy.

As far as is known, this is the first ship of any kind that is so equipped. However the world has not yet heard anything from tight-lipped Russia which usually claims "firsts" years and years after any one is disposed to argue the point.

With an atomic power plant it is going to be possible, theoretically, for the sub to remain at sea indefinitely and to remain submerged, if necessary, as long as human endurance will permit.

Even while this ship has been a-building, advances have been made in the building of reactors so rapidly that the Nautilus already is said to be obsolete. Other subs are to be built quickly with atomic power equipment.

They too may be virtually obsolete before their trial runs. But the race for the maintenance of a lead in naval power must be continued. There is no knowing how strong and how threatening the power of our enemies may be. They may have gotten to work on America's advanced plans for subs and atomic power ahead of our own engineers for their spy system has enabled them to make many short cuts.

While the United States was spending billions on nuclear research, Russia seems to have been able to get the results of our scientists' work for the payment of petty sums to an incredibly effective spy system.

Hard Words, Hard Facts

The Secretary of Labor has scored as a public official because of his courage and candor. James P. Mitchell defied a custom established by more pusillanimous men when he told the AFL to its face that its partisanship made it indulge in unfair criticism of the Administration. The AFL's attitude in refusing to acknowledge any of the Administration's achievements, Mitchell declared, could only force him to conclude that it was departing from Samuel Gomper's nonpartisan philosophy of rewarding friends and opposing enemies.

Shocked by such frankness from a speaker it expected would confine himself to the usual fatuous felicitations, the AFL meeting gave Mitchell a frigid response. After he left, AFL President George Meany declared that the Federation's hospitality had been abused.

The text of Mitchell's speech reveals that he did not single the AFL out but was speaking up about all those groups, some business organizations included, that measure the Administration's achievements by special interest standards. The AFL has certainly been one of them. But, in language familiar in labor circles, it can dish it out but can't take it.

Some comments on Mitchell's speech suggest that it was poor politics to affront powerful labor leaders. This is nonsense. The people who resented what he said were and remain opponents of the Eisenhower Administration. Neutrals cannot help but react favorably. Courage and candor are rare and precious qualities in public life.—Business Week.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Oct. 2, 1929, a Wednesday.

The city of Allentown will be host to the annual convention of the State Fireman's Assn. for their golden anniversary celebration in 1930, it was learned today.

Thirty-five thousand paraded at the Louisville convention of the American Legion in what Legion officers declared to be the greatest patriotic display ever to take place in this country.

William Aruland, who left his home in Erie 17 years ago to wander to all corners of the world, returned today to find a $10,000 bequest left by his father awaiting him.

Old Dog, New Tricks



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Former President Truman now may have to be called before the Senate Committee on Rules — which is studying congressional committee methods —to explain why he refused to honor a subpoena from the Committee on un-American Activities of the House of Representatives in connection with the alleged treason of the late Harry Dexter White.

Associate Justice Tom C. Clark of the Supreme Court of the United States may have to be summoned before the same committee to explain why he declined an invitation to discuss acts that occurred during the 12 years he was in the Department of Justice, four of them as attorney general. He refused the invitation of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives last year when it was investigating scandals in the Department of Justice. He also refused a subpoena by the House Committee on un-American Activities last year.

Can Messrs. Truman and Clark "obstruct legislative processes" and be immune from contempt proceedings while Sen. McCarthy is to be censured not for declining to honor a subpoena but merely for refusing an "invitation" to testify?

The testimony originally sought from Justice Clark had no relationship to any cases or proceedings before the Supreme Court, and he still is as much subject to a summons by the legislative branch of the government to explain past acts as he is by the executive branch if, for instance, anything is ever found to be wrong about his income taxes.

Former Executives Exempt?

Is a former President and is a former attorney general to be regarded as exempt from cross-examination by a congressional committee while, as in the case of Sen. McCarthy, a member of the Senate has to submit to interrogation on acts that occurred either before he came to the Senate or prior to his current term?

One can almost hear some counterpart of the Watkins committee writing about the refusals to testify by Messrs. Truman and Clark:

"This is a continuing government . . . The mere reading of the testimony by J. Edgar Hoover in the case of Harry Dexter White and by other witnesses before the House committee investigating tax scandals makes it clear that the conduct of these officials who were the responsible officers in charge are under inquiry. These men owe it to Congress to testify if the dignity, honor and authority of the Congress are to be maintained. When persons in high places fail to set and meet high standards by refusing to give their own government information needed to prevent recurrences of wrongdoing, the people lose faith, and if our people lose faith, our government cannot long endure."

What also shall be done now with the case of Sen. William Langer, of North Dakota, who is chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee? If the Watkins committee report is logically to be followed when it says it has the power to punish a senator for any act committed whether in this term or prior thereto, then the Senate may have before it for reconsideration the case described recently in the congressional record as follows:

"Langer was elected senator Nov. 5, 1940. On Jan. 3, 1941, he was permitted to take his seat 'without prejudice' either to himself or the Senate. His credentials were later turned over to the committee on privileges and elections, which considered the case for over a year. On Jan. 29, 1942, the committee reported, with the majority recommending that inasmuch as the charge of 'moral turpitude had been proven beyond all reasonable doubt,' the 'integrity of the United States Senate be upheld by denying William Langer the right to be a United States senator from the state of North Dakota' . . . Two alleged acts of corruption apparently involving Langer particularly disturbed the committee: (1) A lawyer for the Great Northern Railway, it was charged, paid Langer $25,000 for stock in some Mexican lands (already expropriated) after the railway's taxes were cut $150,000 a year; (2) Atty. Gregory Brunk, after profiting handsomely in North Dakota county bonds, paid Langer, the committee asserted, $56,800 for dust bowl lands the former had never seen."

Langer Upheld

The Senate ignored its committee's advice and, by a vote of 52 to 30, upheld Sen. Langer's right to his seat. One of the moving considerations was that what happened, whether right or wrong, occurred before the senator was elected to the Senate for his then current term. Sen. McCarthy's right to his seat could have been challenged on Jan. 2, 1953, at the opening of the present Congress, if the charges about his income taxes had then been brought forth for inquiry. But they were not, though the same senators who are making the censure charges now were present in the Senate.

In the case of Sen. James F. Simmons of Rhode Island, a resolution of expulsion was submitted charging that he had used his official influence for private monetary gain. On July 14, 1862, a Senate committee reported that his conduct was "highly improper." But the Senate refused to act on the ground that "such punishment would be liable to that objection to which all post facto laws are justly subject — Congress had not passed a law making illegal conduct such as that of Simmons until after that senator's offensive actions had occurred."

Thus, never before has the refusal of a senator to testify before a congressional committee been deemed an offense subject to censure. Likewise, never have inquiries into personal transactions of a member of Congress occurring before the current term of a member been subject to censure. Nor has there ever been a case where a senator has been censured, as in the instance of Mr. McCarthy, when, in a public statement by the Department of Justice, he has been cleared of any law violation. It is known also that the Internal Revenue Service, under the preceding Democratic and the present Republican administration, has not found anything fraudulent in connection with his income taxes or the receipts of funds for his fight against communism. But there is a persistent effort nevertheless to smear the Wisconsin senator by a censure motion based primarily on his refusal to accept an invitation to testify before a committee whose validity he questioned. He did state repeatedly that he would honor a subpoena but it was never issued.

If precedents mean anything, the legal case against the Wisconsin senator stands on flimsy ground. Chairman Watkins, however, arbitrarily refused to permit the McCarthy lawyer to introduce such precedents, and the committee rendered its adverse verdict just the same.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ALLEN! ALLEN! HILF! HILF! Now os es iwwer dem widder fol licht is, kents gore hefticha g'shpichta gewwa ons Allen Folka, g'shwishich Guths Station un Guthsville. 'M ledshd mohnet huts gahairich gamocht —un die widdering wor aw so shae warm wie grawd now.

'S Allens' wie fiel leit wissa, hen 'n aryie shaenie neiie hamet, un woh die Mabel nix besser gleich'd os wie drous im hofe rum lawfa. Owets lawft sie gawainlich hinnershich un farshich, un dawgs hut sie 'n basem in da hand, un is om walks ob kairra g'shwishich 'm machina shub un 'm hous. Mohl ae dowg hut der Allen g'sehna os so kritzer uf 'm walk sin, un ferhoftich sei won die Mabel net der eisa gord racha ferwish'd hut kot in blotz fom basem, un hut darta mit ob kairra wolla.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzu da fol lichter erfohring 'm ledshda mohnet—sel wor gute. Ferleicht mawgs sei os es warm wedder, un der shae fol mond sie denka hut mocha on die tzeita wie der Allen ols kumma is fer sie karrasierra—aenicha waig, sie wor laenich drous im hofe, un uf ae mohl hut sie marderlich awfonga greisha, "Allen! Allen! "Hilf! Hilf!"

Der Allen wor drin in da kich on da tzeit, un is grawd gonga fer die shrote flint—'m yohla noh hut er gawist os ebbes aryads letz sei mist. Er is nous hinnichd er mashina shub, uno ls hut die Mabel fert gagrisha. Iwwel odder wohl hut er der kup hinnich 'm mashina shubba eck rous g'shtrack'd, un gawunnert wos letz wear.

Die Mabel hut noh hinnich sich gawisa, un g'sawt, "Ei darta," 's kumt m'r ebber noh."

Mit sel'm is der Allen noh nous in der hofe galoffa, un hut g'sawt, "Now kum Mabel, lawf mohl nava har un guck tzurick —noh sin tzwae hinnich d'r."

Un shure ganunk wie sie gaguck'd hut, won net tzwae hinna draw worrs—'m Allen sei shodda, un ihra shodda, uns wor ol die weil ihra aigner shodda woh sie sich g'farrich'd hut kot dawaiga.

Now os m'r iwwer dem widder fol licht hen, sots uns ken pieca wunnerra ebs net widder dumhata gewwa maich'd ins Folka hofe. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Mabel die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns—un wons dade, dada m'r aenicha dawg drei cent wetta, os der Russell Benfer 's in die shoe grick'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Leit in Weisenbarrick township locha alla weil noch iwwer 'm Albert Dinky un Alfred Danner ihra, shwom gamay longa yohr tzurick.

Der Dinky hut sich tzu fei gading'd fer shoffa, un der Danne kartz im dick, kot fer shwom maya.

Der Dinky is hinna noh galoffa un hut g'sawt, "Alfred, may nidderer."

Der shwom wor weit fon uf gabutzt wie er sei het solla, un der Danner hut g'sawt, "Wie gabutzt, so gamay'd."

"Yar," hut der Dinky g'sawt, "Un wie gamay'd, so batzawlt."

Today's Text

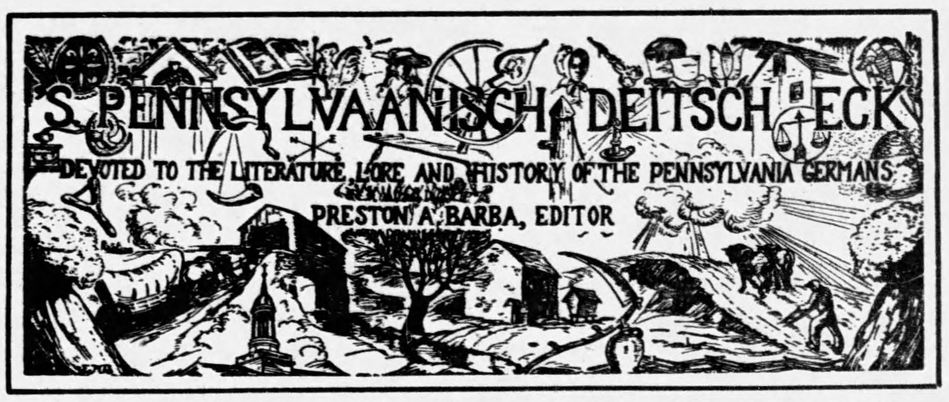
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 15:17

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." This verse continues the thought of v. 17, a further development of the trouble which wealth may occasion. "If he who can feed on stalled oxen is exposed to hatred and envy because of his wealth, then his neighbor, who feeds on herbs in quietude and without molestation or envy, is much the happier man." 'the one who has found his joy in the Lord can well understand the dear old saint who spread upon his humble board a bit of bread, an onion, and a glass of water, and then joyfully thanked God for 'all this and Jesus.' Better, far better is it to have little on earth, and to know Him and abide in His fear, than to have great treasures and varied luxuries, coupled with trouble and hatred.' daniel, whose name means God is my Judge, did not offend his God by taking part in the feasting of the court of the heathen king (Daniel 1).

Horoscope

Steady work and a bit of luck stand you in good stead today. A child born today will be industrious and good hearted.



UNNICH EM ABBELBAAM

Grach! do waar der Nascht gebroche!
Bums! do waar's geduh!!
Die Ebbel sin vum Baam gerollt
Un der Bu dezu.
"Haerriyarrum!" greischt die Mudder,
"Bring gschwind der Dokder haer!
Wann yuscht der Bu ken Schaade hott—
Wann yuscht kee Baam meh waer!
Es maag graad koschte was es will,
Er muss ihm ebbes gewwe—
Wann der Bu mer schtarwe sett,
Do mecht ich nimmi lewe!"—
Der Dokder kummt herbei geyaagt
Un visidiert der Schaade—
"Der Bu hot en verblotzti Naas
Un zwee vergratzte Waade.
Schunscht fehlt ihm awwer weider nix,
Du kannscht gans ruhich sei —
Mei Schmier, die bringt ihn ball in Fix
Un macht ihn graad wie nei!"

—CHARLES C. MORE

PENNSYLVANIA TRAVEL NOTES

Frederick von Raumer, in his day a famous professor of history at the University of Berlin, records in his America and the American People (tr. by William W T.urner), New York, 1846, the following for August 28, 1844:

. . .we returned to Reading; took, under the guidance of a German preacher and his sexton, a look at the lovely country from the top of a steeple; and in the evening reached Harrisburg. In the German hotel, a bootjack and slippers were offered us for the first time; and a pair of snuffers lay on the candlestick. But the German was of a very mixed description, as: **Morgen ist ein offentliches Vendu! — Wo werden Sie hinaus travellen? — Wo stoppen Sie?** and the like.

* * *

Charles Lyell, in his Travels in North America, New York, 1845, enters in his journal for October 7, 1841, the following:

We found the German language chiefly spoken in this mountainous region, and preached in most of the churches, as at Reading. It is fast degenerating into a patois, and it is amusing to see many Germanized English words introduced even into the newspapers, such as **turnpeik** for turnpike, **fense** for fence, **flauer** for flour, or others, such as **jail**, which have been adopted without alteration.

GRUMBIERE

Es gebt en Satt Koscht, ass die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche all wunnerbaar gleiche. Sie saagge, sie deede die Grumbiere gleiche "Alle Weg." Ya, gewiss! Sie sin arrig gut in Schmalz gebrode. Mir Schtedter kenne 's Schmalz nimmi verdraagge, darum brode mir sie in annerer Schmutz, ass mer kaaft in Schtor. Oier uff die gebrodne Grumbiere gschlagge, verdarrewe sie aa net.

Ich gleich sie zugerischt mit ihre Jackets aa. Mer wescht sie gut, kocht sie odder backt sie, un noh esst mer sie sammte Schaal. Sell butzt em der Leib gut aus. Mir macht's nix aus wie die Grumbiere zugerischt sin. Ich kann immer en Latt zu mir schaffe.

Fer was saagt mer "Grumbiere?" Weil sie net graad sin? Nee, mir welle saagge "Grundbiere" — weil sie im Grund waxe, awwer wie mir ewwe do schwetze, saagge mir "Grumbiere."

Die Deitsche vum alde Land saage "Kartoffeln." Es hot en Mann gemeent er kennt Deitsch schwetze. Er waar mol bei Leit am Disch un hot gsaat, "Geb mir vun selle Knoedeln." Sell hot awwer Gschpass gewwe.

Ya, Grumbiere wachse unnich em Grund. En Mann iss mol ee Nacht schpot heemkumme. Er hot an der Fens gschtanne un hot der schee Mond beguckt. Dann hot er ebbes heere schwetze. Allegebott hot ebber gsaat, "Niwwer mit dir un geb mir meh Blatz." Was war dann des? Ei, die Grumbiere waare so schtarrig am Wachse, ass sie net genunk Blatz ghatt hen.

Der Bill Bixler hot verzeehlt er waer am Grumbiere Ausmache gewest letscht Summer. Sie hen ihn gfroogt, "Waare die Grumbiere grooss?" — Grooss?" hot der Bill gsaat. "Ei, sie waare so grooss, sie sin net in der Karreb gange. Mer hot sie nei duh misse! Sell muss mer, denk ich, aa duh mit de kleene Grumbiere.

Ich hab gemeent des Schtick waer am End, awwer nau iss mir noch en gudi Schtori ins Gemiedli kumme. Es waar, denk ich, en Eirischer ass des geduh hot. Es waar en arriyer druckner Summer. Die Leit hen schier gaar ken Grumbiere grickt. Der Eirisch hot en Latt grickt un die waare aa grooss. "Was hoscht du geduh?" hen sie ihn gfroogt. Des waar sei Andwatt. "Ich hab als ee Roi Grumbiere geblanst, noh widder en Roi Zwiwwele. Un die Zwiwwele hen de Grumbiere die Aagge wessere mache, noh hen sie genunk Wasser ghatt fer grooss waxe." Was en Schdori! Heb mich odder ich warr ummechdich.

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

To the Editor:

RE: The Seven Sleepers and Onion Tops in the Eck for Sept. 11th.

My first knowledge of the Seven Sleepers was as a barefoot boy, when Grandmother Kiebach gave me the task (a pleasant one at the time) to tread down the onion tops "uff der Siebeschlaefer Daag."

It is only during the last few years that I found out what the "Siebeschlaefer Daag" was. The way she pronounced "schlaefer" I always thought it was the Pennsylvania German word for "to drag." My inquiries from older persons failed to answer my question till one day while paging through a German almanac I came across June 27 with its name. I always thought that this day to tread down the onion tops came later in the year, maybe that is why I did not arrive at the answer sooner.

Now on June 27 the onions are still growing quite vigorously, and have a good month or six weeks of growth ahead of them before reaching maturity, when the stems will start to droop and wilt.

Grandmother always claimed by treading them down, it made the bulb grow larger. The strength would go into the onion itself, and not into the stalk. Whether or not this theory is correct, I do not know, but I have given up the practice of treading them down, and let Mother Nature take her course. The tops will die down of themselves, and when practically all of them have wilted and dried it is time to dig them.

RAYMOND E. KIEBACH

ES WELSCHKANN SCHTICK

Es kummt mir oft noch widder zrick
Wie mir als drauss im Welschkann Schtick
Hen schaffe misse, ei du ye!
Bis Hend un Buckel waar'n gans weh.
Im Friehyaahr kummt moll's Bluugge bei,
Un Schtee, die missen gelese sei;
Un dann ge-eegt, un noh die Wals
Schnatt em als rum, brecht schier der Hals.

Un dann 's Ausfarrichte kummt noh,
Un 's Blanse, ewwe yuscht graad so—
Drei Kanner, eens ass waxe dutt,
Eens fer die Krabbe, eens kaput.

Karrebse Saame, allegebott —
Des guckt net wann's ken Karrebse hot;
Noh zugedeckt, ihr wissen's schur,
Wie schwer die Hack bis um fimf Uhr.

Nadierlich missen aa als bei
Paar Butzemann fer Krappe-schei;
Kaanscht zeehle druff, sie badden nix
Fer Krabbe, liewer laad die Bix.

Graas waxt aa so unverschtennich,
Losst mer's watzle yuscht klee wennich:
Un glei verdilcht warre Welschkann Schteck,
Halt mer 's Unkraut net eweck.

Zwische de Roie schafft mer flinks,
Awwer in de Roie, ach, bei Tschinks!
Datt waar's es schlimscht, mer gebt aa acht
Ass datt mer net viel Dummheit macht.

Un hackt die Schteck ab, schunscht gebt's Schtreit,
Ihr wissen's aa gewiss noch heit:
'S waar mancher Schtock schee graad uffgschtellt,
Wu ewich nimmi Watzel hellt.

Un waar im Sommer 's Wedder recht,
Wann's blendi Sunn un Regge drecht;
Was doch Plessier, was will mer meh,
Wann schteht es Welschkann schtrack un schee.

Bloost awwer 'n Windschtarrem
Schmeisst's Welschkann alle Wegge krumm,
Iss nix zu duh, losst's sei wie's fallt,
'S iss iwwer Widdrung ken Gewalt.

Glei schiessen Faahne owwe naus,
Un Seide vun de Kolwe raus;
Sell gebt uns Wanning, 's iss net weit
Vun Schpotyaahr un de Baschting Zeit.

Waar mol mit Reif der Baschtard weiss—
Wann Badderiesel peifen leis,
Gebt's Frolick schur, noh waar's abghackt,
Un aa in scheene Roie gschackt.

Un wann mer aryets newe schteht,
Guckt driwwer naus, macht's Hazefreed;
Do gucken Schacks, fer all die Welt,
Wie'n Feil Soldaade iwwers Feld.

Un waar's mol ghackt, eb arrig lang
Waar's Baschte aa so glei im Gang;
Yuscht guck die Kolwe grooss un klee
Datt ver de Schacks, guckt sell net schee?

Schier verfrore sin die Finger,
Ich weess noch gut, wie so'n Schpringer
Wann ich grex, noh brecht's als los,
"Kelt macht Mannsleit schtark un grooss."

Un waar die Kripp mol voll zum Dopp,
Es Laab gschockt hinnich'm Waggeschopp,
Noh waar die Aerwet ball geduh
Un gut verdient paar Monet Ruh.

Un ich erinnere immerfatt,
Wie in der alde Heemet datt
Waar viel gezatt, gegrummelt gaar,
Bis Moschmehl als gemahle waar.

Noh muss der eise Kessel bei
Un Moscht gekocht — 'n lieblich Brei;
Mosch un Millich, was en Koscht,
Die bescht ass du noch gesse hoscht!

Die Aerwet waar ken siesser Draam,
Die Hend waar'n rau, der Buckel laahm;
Ich waer aa heit noch besser ab,
Hett ich mei alter Bauers Tschabb.

'S waer vleicht net gans so viel im Sack,
Misst ich noch schaffe mit der Hack;
Awwer net allee es Geld uff Hand
Macht's Lewe siess in Schtadt un Land.

En schtarker Kerper, Gsundheit aa,
Die hetzen em an Aerwet draa;
Un Friede noh, im Sinn un Haz,
Macht em sei Lewe all zu kaz.

—RALPH S. FUNK

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By HEINZ KLOSS

The Pennsylvania German language has been blessed with a number of names. Personally I have never felt the question regarding their respective merits to be of more than secondary or even tertiary importance. But that does not mean that it is without any importance at all.

Between 1900 and 1940 it seemed that in written usage the term "Pennsylvania German" won out over "Pennsylvania Dutch," which however in recent years seems to have staged a partial come-back. Quite possibly however if we could bring back into life and interrogate Pennsylvania Germans from the period between, let us say, 1800 and 1860 a great many would call their language, in their mother tongue, neither "Dutch" nor "Deutsch" nor "Deitsch," but "Pennsylvanisch."

The mental attitude underlying this name was that of a people comprising the majority of the state's inhabitants, furnishing most of the governors as well as of their defeated adversaries, being aware of being the economic as well as the political backbone of the state, and being inclined to identify themselves and their tongue with the state which they inhabited and, in name at least, dominated.

J. G. Kohl, renowned German geographer, when traveling through the German counties in Pennsylvania in the 1850's, reports (in his **Reisen in Canada und durch die Staaten von New York und Pennsylvanien**, 1856, p. 358) that the Germans he met invariably termed their language "Pennsilfonisch (Kohl's **o** corresponds to English **aw**). While this is our **locus classicus** for our guess that the name "Pennsylfawnisch" at one time was rather widely spread, there are testimonies on hand which betray a much later use.

In 1870 Samuel Ernst in his "Waffenloser Waechter" used for his mother tongue the name "Pennsylvanic" (see Ralph Wood: **The Pennsylvania Germans**, 1942, p. 156) which probably was but a would-be learned adaptation from the popular PG "Pennsylfawnish."

In 1873 E. H. Rauch, in the bilingual prospectus printed on the last cover-page of Nos. 1-3 of his "Pennsylvania Dutchman" speaks of "unser obsicht unser freind tsu treata mit a liberal supply vun neie articles, shtories, breefa, poetry, etc., in der pure Pennsylvanish schproch," while in the English version he says, "the pure Pennsylvania language."

In 1875 (or perhaps 1874, the year is not quite certain), Emund D. Leisenring, in an open letter to A. R. Horne, declares: "Nau die Palzer Sprooch un die Pennsylvanisch Sprooch sauwer g'schwetzt sin eens," and again "Do sin kerls, die meene, wann sie recht schlecht Hoch Deutsch schreiwe un ferchterlich viel Englische worte drunner dhaete, sell waer Pennsylvanisch."

Here the use of "Pennsylvanisch" may in part be elliptical in order to avoid the too frequent occurrence of "Pennsylvanisch Deutsch," the term Leisenring uses most often (compare H. H. Reichard: **PG Dialect Writings**, 1918, pp. 124-125).

Shortly before World War I, Otto Lohr, foremost expert on the pre-1700 history of the German American stock, overheard a man on a street in Reading, Pa. saying something he did not quite get and upon inquiry learned that the man had talked "Pennsylfawnish."

In 1939 I broke a lance for "Pennsylvanish" in the Eck (May 7), but in the following year the term "Pennsilfaanisch" occurs through my book **Volksgruppenrecht in den Vereinigten Staaten** (Vol. I, 1940).

In 1944 Arthur D. Graeff writes in the Eck (Sept. 9): "As early as the middle of the 18th century Conrad Weiser recorded that he and Count von Zinzendorf had talked "Pennsylvanish." Our dialect is not Dutch, it is not German, it is "Pennsylvanish."

In 1952 Ralph C. Wood published a chapter on "Pennsylfaanisch" in **Deutsche Philologie im Aufriss** (W. Stammler, Editor). My book **Die Entwicklung neuer Germanischer Kultursprachen** also has a chapter on "Pennsilfaanisch."

These are just accidental findings. I did not search systematically for instances where the name occurs. Today the name seems fairly well established in High German scientific terminology, a fact which is not directly linked with English and with dialect usage. Since no particular brand of English is peculiar to the people of Pennsylvania at large, the term "Pennsylvaanisch" is still available and may be resumed by dialect speakers any time they want.

As to how the term should be spelled, and consequently pronounced in an English context, I originally favored the form "Pennsylvanish" shifting later on to "Pennsylfawnish" which corresponds to the now established High German term "Pennsilfaanisch" and is in consonance with Kohl's Pennsilfonisch." But since Dr. Barba choose to change the first part of the Eck's name from "Pennsylfawnisch" to "Pennsylvaanisch (beginning Jan. 27, 1951) one might better follow suit in order to avoid endless confusion about a term which is definitely of less than first-rate urgency and significance.—

The Editor might add that there is no good reason for changing the y to i in syl; and since it is contrary to scholarly usage in German to change a Latinic **v** to **f** and since we believe that **aa** better represents this distinctive dialect vowel that the mongrel English **aw** and since **sch** is the German for **sh** we have come to give preference to "Pennsylvaanisch."

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Editorials

It's the Truth They Want

Pennsylvania voters are indeed a fortunate lot.

Not only will they be able to elect a new governor, a lieutenant governor and a few other assorted state officials when they go to the polls next month, but for the next three weeks, at least, they'll be able to determine which of the candidates are telling the truth.

They have the promise of both the Republican and Democratic organizations that Truth Caravans will roam the Keystone State following closely on the heels of the candidates to make certain that they tell voters the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

The broad inference, of course, is that in the early weeks of the campaign some tall stories have been bandied about in the meeting halls of the Commonwealth. Guardians of the Truth would put an end to all this. They would make certain that the voters get unadulterated facts on which to base the decisions they will register behind the closed curtains of the voting booths.

Results may be interesting and perhaps will add zest to an already interesting campaign.

The amazing thing about this ostensibly new campaign technique is that political leaders themselves believe it is necessary — and both parties have expressed themselves in that direction.

If candidates can't be relied upon to use facts and truths in the highest offices in the Commonwealth, can they be expected to be any more truthful and honest after they have been elected?

It will redound to the credit of all candidates — Republicans and Democrats alike — if the Truth Caravans can make their rounds of the state without correcting any serious errors.

Lifelong Opportunities

Next week's special events spotlight is focused on nurses — that increasingly large group of specially - trained and in most cases dedicated women who in the various areas of their endeavor contribute immeasurably to the health and happiness of the nation.

Pinpointed with the women in white are thousands of high school students who, with their parents, are giving serious thought to careers ahead.

To those with the qualifications and the aptitudes, there are many who would say: Select nursing. It's a career that will serve you well — as you yourself serve — throughout your life.

Although the number of graduate nurses increases annually, roughly in proportion to population increases, the term "shortage" has become synonomous with nursing, indicating ever more pressing demands for the professional nurse.

In 1947 the President's Commission on Higher Education predicted that more than a half-million active nurses would be needed by 1960. Most recent figures show that 100,000 more are needed to reach that objective.

Increasing complexity of nursing and medical care, growth of hospitalization insurance and new areas for professional services dictate the demands for more and more nurses—demands that never are even close to being met.

In hospitals, where nearly 60 per cent of the active graduate nurses are employed, an average of 37 are available for every 100 patients. That number is a sharp increase with the 15 that were on duty for every 100 patients two decades ago. In the same years, however, the work week of the average nurse has been reduced from 56 to 43 hours and more exacting and specific techniques have required more care for practically every hospitalized patient.

There is scarecly a hospital in the country that is not ready and willing to add more graduate nurses to its staff.

Nurses are finding increased opportunities, too, in medical offices, in the broadening fields of public health, in the health services provided by industries, in nursing education and in school health programs. Only in the area of private duty nursing has there been any reduction in the demand.

Opportunities for challenging and remunerative professional careers after three to five years of comparatively low cost nursing education are almost limitless. And for those whose ultimate careers are in the home, a nursing education offers practical values that will find almost daily applications.

Certainly, for young women seeking a higher education and a profession, here is one that offers a bright and promising and interesting future through the years. Little wonder it has oftimes been called "The noblest profession of them all."

After Ten Years

Ten years ago today, on Oct. 8, 1944, Wendell Willkie died. He seems out of a rather distant time — not because the vividness of his personality has become obscured but because the atmosphere of affairs has so profoundly changed. All over the globe his vision of "one world" was known. Yet this generation lives in a world starkly divided.

With his love of liberty, his instictive hatred of oppression in all forms, one can imagine how Mr. Willkie would have turned indignantly against the course of post-war Russia. He died, however, before the new pattern of things was defined, and his name remains connected with a hope deferred rather than an actuality.

In how many respects he was utterly right! And how much, during a short career in politics, he contributed to the enduring American tradition! He reaffirmed, what had almost been forgotten and amid novel theories, the basic value of production — the making of things in abundance not as a material factor only but as the foundation stone of this country's freedom.

At a moment when the United States was taking on unprecedented responsibilities as a world power, he laid the groundwork for bi-partisanship in foreign affairs. He established in this country the standard of the "loyal opposition." He taught the need for allies. His concept of the "reservoir of good will," the world-wide accumulation of respect and affection for America which stood in danger of being drained away by shortsighted policies, helped make us all aware of how complex and subtle was the American post-war task.

For his party, Mr. Willkie revived the sense of forward-looking, progressive Republicanism, with the defense of civil rights at its core.

These are large achievements. And where his vision now seems to have been denied fulfillment, Mr. Willkie in the long view may prove to have been vindicated. The dream of "one world" can't entirely disappear, even through such a period of history as the present. It is too closely related to the technological and scientific developments of the age; it conforms too precisely to what men in all countries want to see.

The years after his death Mr. Willkie stands a rather lonely prophet. But ten years is a short time in the history of the world; and the next hundred years may well be far better than they would have been had men not known the example of his faith. —New York Herald Tribune.

Steel Merger Veto

Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr.'s unusual action in offering a lengthy public explanation of his department's disapproval of the proposed Bethlehem Steel - Youngstown Sheet and Tube Corporation merger has served a double purpose. First, it has provided the public at large with a reminder of the decades-old economic philosophy that has seen in great mergers a threat to the vigor of competition. Second, it has given extraordinarily effective advance publicity to a forthcoming administrative - sponsored report on the anti - trust laws. In accomplishing these two rather different things, Mr. Brownell succeeded in accomplishing something else, too. He conveyed the impression that, so long as the old philosophy continued to be implicit in anti-trust legislation, he would enforce that legislation, but that as soon as a basic reappraisal could be completed, legislation with a new emphasis would be offered to Congress.

Bethlehem and Youngstown had asked for an advisory opinion on a proposed merger. Mr. Brownell has encouraged such requests more than his predecessors did. The business community, of course, welcomes advance judgments on the applicability of the subtly interpreted anti - trust laws to particular cases. Bethlehem and Youngstown argued that their merger would serve to expand production, provide a more balanced product offering that would stabilize operations, and would increase competition with the industry's largest firm, United States Steel, as well as with others. The Justice Department was more impressed, clearly, with the increase in concentration of economic power that would result from the merger of the second and sixth largest firms in the industry. Since it found both firms to be in good financial condition, it had at least one good reason for distinguishing between this case and other merger cases—in the automobile industry, for example.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Oct. 6, 1929, a Sunday.

Liquor agent Ward and his "Flying Squad" went through Lehigh, Northampton and Schuylkill counties today, leaving court summons to many for the sale or possession of intoxicants.

Clarence Reinert, well known Allentown baritone, was to appear with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company.

Allentown's Metropolitan stars, Louise Lerch and Dorothea Flexer, were to go in rehearsal the following week in New York City.

Horoscope

Prosperity in business is in order for today. Unfailing willingness to help others will bring happiness to today's child.

Why Is Congress Control So Important?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The evidence of loose security among the governments allied with the United States during the Korean War points now suspiciously to the grave possibility that American lives indeed were sacrificed in that conflict by the transmission of important military information to the enemy.

Gen. Van Fleet, 8th Army commander, and Gen. Willoughby, who was in charge of the intelligence operations of the Far Eastern command, and in fact General MacArthur himself now say that the Communist Chinese must have known that they would not be bombed or their planes pursued if they attacked United Nations forces in Korea.

The testimony of Dean Acheson, who was secretary of state during the fateful period when American military strategy was being developed in consultation with the allies, did not seem as significant when given as it is today in view of the revelations of a spy ring in Paris and the treachery of MacLean and Burgess in the British foreign office disclosed since 1951.

Task for U. S. Shown

For the story told on June 1, 1951, by Mr. Acheson — who, of course, had no suspicion of any looseness in the security situation among our allies — appears in the light of what has happened since to show how difficult, if not impossible, was the role of the United States, as military agent of the United Nations, in Korea.

Sen. Russell (D-Ga.) — who was chairman of the Senate Armed Services committee at the time of the MacArthur hearings, asked Mr. Acheson about "the details of the so-called hot pursuit finding by the members of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff where they recommended that our planes be permitted to pursue the planes of the Communist aggressors over the Manchurian border." Here is what Mr. Acheson said in reply:

"Some days prior to the 13th of November 1950, there were discussions between the Department of Defense and the Department of State, as the result of which the Department of State transmitted to our embassies in certain countries a message saying that at an early date we might permit United States aircraft to defend themselves in the airspace over the Yalu River, to the extent of permitting hot pursuit of enemy aircraft up to 2 or 3 minutes flying time over enemy territory. . .

"Those telegrams resulted in our embassies taking up with the governments of those countries, this question. We did not ask them to get any expression of views, but informed them that they might, in a short time, have to ask these governments about this matter.

"They discussed the question with those governments, and in all cases they got strongly negative responses from the governments, saying they thought it was dangerous, and not desirable. . .

"Shortly after that some of these governments in their turn came to our embassies and again stated that if we were thinking about this, they wanted to register their view that it was unwise and undesirable. I transmitted the views of these governments to the secretary of defense in a letter, one letter dated Nov. 23, 1950, and in another letter which I believe was dated Nov. 24, 1950.

"After considering these responses, it was determined between the Department of State and the Department of Defense that it was not desirable to go further with this suggestion."

Sen. Bridges asked: "What was the date when the Chinese Communists came in?"

"They actually attacked, I believe," said Mr. Acheson, "on the 26th of November. They had been known to be in Korea, I think, since perhaps the 24th of October, certainly in the early days of November, we began to get reports from the commander-in-chief, Far East, that units were in North Korea."

Then Attack Is Made

So it appears that the decision to attack on a large scale was made after its allies in the U.N. told the United States emphatically that our forces could not reconnoiter by air to see what the Chinese Communist troops were doing and could not fight back by air to bomb the supply lines in Manchuria from which the Communist Chinese troops were being supported.

The importance from a security standpoint of the military decisions of those autumn days of 1950 is emphasized in the following passage from the same tertimony:

"Chairman Russell: You stated you took it up with six countries. I will not ask which they were. But I had understood there were some 13 nations who had contributed troops to the United Nations forces in Korea. Why was it confined to six nations rather than to consult with all of them?

"Secretary Acheson: I have tried to refresh my memory on that and I do not know. The six countries which were picked out were prominent and representative, and I think it was probably a view of not spreading the security too widely. . .

"Chairman Russell: In other words, it had a highly secret security rating at that time?

"Secretary Acheson: Yes, sir; this would be a military operation which you would not wish to inform the enemy about."

But Gen. MacArthur, Gen. Van Fleet and Gen. Willoughby insist that the enemy did learn somehow, presumably from an embassy source abroad, and shaped its policy — a general attack — because it knew the United Nations forces would not use airpower as a military weapon to make a proper and normal military defense of the area.

Thousands Suffer, Die

The result? More than 140,000 American casualties. And still the Europeans and not a few Americans continue to pooh-pooh the espionage menace and talk about the insignificant number of enrolled Communists in this country. It took only one Klaus Fuchs to transmit the facts about the atomic bomb. It doubtless took only one spy in the French or British foreign office to tell the Communists they were safe in risking their big army on the Korean peninsula, with the long supply line into Manchuria immune from attack. What a tragic way to conduct a war! And what a warning to America that her sons may face in the next war operation, big or little, the same hazards of treachery among our allies because they are not as security conscious as they should be.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

EBBES LETZ GONGA: Der Howard Merkle fon Macungie kon alla weil noch net fershtae wos es die ledshd woch gewwa hut mit 'm paint kessel wie er un der Ollie Henrich, un der Lloyd Long drous worra shtrossa signs awshtreicha. Sie hen aryads in da Shimerville gagend ob g'shtopt —woh kon ich ferhoftich sei nimmy sawga, ow'r glei danoh wie sie darta fert sin, hen sie 's axident kot.

Tzitter os paint gamocht wert, is paint fershit gonga, un grawd so wors doh. Die socha hetta ferleicht net g'shaina solla, ow'r mit ous paint hen die boova net shoffa kenna, un hen ous gamocht des da wenicher os ihra boss, Charlie Lascoski wist dafon, des da besser. Un so weit os sel aw gait, wolla m'r net hoffa os der Charlie gait blauderra mit 'm Howard seinra fraw da Perma—die Perma hut 'n tzimlichie sharfie naus, un hut bletzlich garucha woh der haas-impeffer wor wie der Howard hame kumma is.

"Duh reech'd awenich loud," hut die Perma g'sawt wie dier Howard hame kumma is.

"Yar wel," hut der Howard g'sawt, "Sel mawg ol so sie, m'r hen 'n glae axident kot-der paint kessel is um g'fálla, odder ich wear noch on da arwet."

"Paint?" hut die Perma g'sawt, "Yar bei jupps Howard ich glawb duh bish'd recht, ich wil hoffa 's hut sich neimond wae gaduh."

SEI AIGA LOCH GAGRAWWA: Won sei lebdawg ebber sie aiga loch gagrawwa hut fer nei falla, don wors der "Fritz" Smoyer fon Laurys. Der Fritz wor ebbes om ferannerra on seinra shaina neia hamet, un hut 'n loch hinna in der hofa gagrawwa, nagshd om hous. 'S loch fartich, hut er ous gamocht 's dade nix shodda won er sei weedicher Ford wesha dade, un hut 'n hinna in der hofe g'fohrra—nagshd woh ers loch gagrawwa hut kot.

Die mashine gawesha, is er nei ins hous un hut sich rum g'shtript fer sie fraw die Blanch, un glae boo nous nemma fohrra. 'S wor noh darta os der "Fritz," sei loch im hofe gons un gore fergessa hut, un woh ava fol wosser wor fom mashine wesha. In blotz fon hinnershich backa wie er g'sol'd het, is er farshich fert, un pull-foot tzum loch nei mit ma fedderra rawd os er nimmy gawist hut rous tzu kumma.

'S wor grisslich hase on da tzeit—'s wedder glawsa hut wenich owwich da 80 g'shtonna, un der glae boo hut gabrill'd os gross ordich wor—hut gamaint der Pap kent die mashine nimmy ous 'm loch griega, un sie kenta net shpotzierra gae. Ow'r der "Fritz," is ken kerl fer glei uf gewwa, un hut mohl der maschina jack rous, un die mashine in die hae g'shnept. Sel wear ol recht gawest won der jack net noh gewwa het—ow'r der jack is tzomma gabrocha, un die mashine is flotch owwa runner tzum wosser loch nei, un noh hets nix g'shod won der "Fritz," 'n reiniching kotta het.

Der "Fritz," hut gablauder'd in siva unnershittlicha shprocha, un wor numma tzu froh os die dochter Dian nex gawist hut fon seim aeland on da Cedar Crest kollege. Mit ons so fiel os wie die Blanch froga fer helfa sheeva, hut er der Ford uf g'shtart, un is ous 'm loch g'fohrra so glot wie won er yusht iwwer 'n shpeck shwort nous wear. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der "Fritz" 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 Mit 'm airshda reifa hinnich uns, un der winder fer da dier, kon m'r net helfa os wie tzu winscha m'r wear 'n fogel, un kent fert noch ma warma lond fliega bis die shaina free yohrs dawga widder kainta.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 15:30

'The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart, and a good report maketh the bones fat,' also translated 'Pleasant news maketh the heart glad; good tidings maket he bones fat.' 'Pleasant news' is literally 'the light ort he shining of the eyes,' that is, the light which shines in the eyes of the bringer of good news, the good report or good tidings of the second line of the verse. The Gospel of the glory of the blessed God is such a 'good report,' and the Hebrew word for Gospel as 'good tidings' is, strange to say, the same as the word for the skin, the flesh, or meat. The idea is that good news brightens the eyes and the face, just as sad news results in depression of spirit, revealed in the face. 'Fat bones' is a strange expression, but it refers to the marrow in the bones, whence come the red corpuscles which give the face a ruddy and cheerful appearance when hearing good news. The Christian has a right, not only to feel happy, but also to look happy, for he knows by experience the best news in the world (Luke 2(10).

Golconda is a fortress near Hyderabad, which gained a reputation for fabulous wealth because of the diamonds cut there.



ES SCHPOTYAAHR

Die Summerhitz iss nau verbei,
Geht geegge'm Schpotyaahr zu;
Un all 's Gewex im Blansereich,
Des geht nau in die Ruh.

Die Bledder falle vun de Beem,
Es Schpotyaahr kummt wie immer;
Der Wind braust in de Weidenescht,
Nau heert mer des Gweimmer.

Es Graas iss aa schunn ball all dod
Im Feld un aa im Schwamm;
Em Fresch sei Melodie iss schtill
Am alde Wasserdamm.

Die Veggel sin ins waarmer Land
In Druppe grooss un dick;
Wann Kelt un Schnee vergange iss,
Noh kumme sie zerick.

Der Glans un Farreb uffem Laab,
Des watt gemolt in Summerduft;
Laab schwinkt sich wie der Wind sich dreht,
Un ennert sich in Schpotyaahrs Luft.

Laab iss ass wie en Fleck am Baam,
Brau, geel un rot, schee wie en Blumm;
Net mit me Schtrich vum "artist brush" —
Des molt yo all die Sunn.

Nau iss yuscht meh en kazi Zeit
Bis Kelt iss iwwer eem;
Mer fiehlt der Froscht nau in der Luft,
Un Schnee iss uff de Beem.

So warr'n die Sache darrichs Yaahr,
Nadur hot alles schee geduh;
's alt Yaahr iss fatt, es nei iss do,
Nau schreiwe mir noch eens dezu.

Friehyaahr, Summer, Schpotyaahr, Winder!
En yeders iss en scheeni season;
Fer do zu saagge well iss bescht,
Do iss ken Reim, ken reason.

Yeders hot sei gudi Zeit,
Ich sehn ken Fehler, all sin schee;
Macht mir nix aus, ich gleich sie all,
Do iss ken Waahl, so losst' mer's geh!

Allentown, Pa. D. GEO. KNECHT

WAS GEHAEPPENT ISS

Unner unserm Volk warre viele Sache verzeehlt, die gehaeppent sin. Viel devun sin zu gut, dass mer sie vergesse geh losst. Mer welle do en Deel in unser Buch drucke, so dass sie uffbewaahrt bleiwe.

In viel Landkaerriche hen sie vor en Deel Yaahre Aryelschpieler ghatt, die en wennich hinner der Zeit waare. Sie waare net arrig groosse Musikante un mer hot es aa net eckschpeckte kenne vun ihne. Sie hen net viel Loh grickt. In der Regel hen sie uffem Kaerricheland gewohnt un in der Woch gebauert un Sunndaags die Aryel gschpielt un vorgesunge. Ihr Schpiele iss oft en wennich holbrich gange. Nadierlich waare die Aryele aa net vun de beschte. Die mennschte Aryelschpieler hen yuscht en kleeni Lischt vun Lieder ghatt, die sie hen schpiele kenne. In ere gewisse Kaerrich in Ost Pennsylvania hot der Parre en Lied ausgewwe, awwer der Aryelschpieler hot es net schpiele kenne, do ruft er vun der Bordkaerrich nunner: "Parre, sell kenne mer net geh." Die Antwatt waar: "All recht, mer nemme ebbes anners."

Die Aryelschpieler waare aa in der Regel Vorsinger, un sie hen aa an de Leichte vorsinge misse. Bei ere gewisse Leicht hot es en gesch passicher mistake gewwe. Die Leit hen des Graab zu klee gemacht ghatt un die Laad iss net nei gange. Do saagt der Parre: "Es iss zu klein; er geht nicht nein." Der Vorsinger hot gemeent, sell waer die aerscht Lein vum Lied un fangt aa sell zu singe. Der Parre ruft: "Nein, so hab ich's net gemeint. Die Sach hat sich nur so gereimt." Do fangt der Vorsinger widder aa un singt sell.

En gewisser Parre hot noch Mannhiem in Lengeschder Caunty geh wolle. Unnerwegs hot er en Bu aagedroffe un den hot er der Weeg noch sellem Schtedtel gfrogt. Der Bu hot ihm gsaat: "Du gehscht nunner bis ans Schwenke Miehl, noh drehscht rechts un gehscht g r a a d fatt, dernoh kummscht noch Manheim." Der Parre hot gsaat: "Ich denk, du weesscht net wer ich bin. Ich bin en Parre. Du sottscht net "du" zu mir saagge." Dem Bu sei Antwatt waar: "Es macht mir nix aus eb du en Parre odder der Deiwel bischt; wann du noch Manheim witt, musscht du ans Schwenke Miehl verbei geh." Der Parre iss seller Weeg gange.

Es haeppent oft, dass wann ebber gschtarrewe iss, die Leit wunnere wie reich er waar. En gewisser Mann, der net extraa gscheit waar, iss zum Parre gschickt warre fer ihn zu beschtelle fer die Leicht zu halte fer en gewisser Mann. Der Parre iss aa en Mensch, un er waar en wennich wunnerfitzich zu wisse wie reich der verschtarrewne Mann waar. Do hot folgendes Geschpraech stattgfunne:

Parre: "Der Mister — waar gut ab."

John: "Er waar net aarm un net reich."

Parre: "Er hot awwer doch viel hinnrlosse, hot er net?"

John: "O ya, er hot alles hinnerlosse, was er ghatt hot."

Alleweil warre die yunge Schtudente fer Dokder scharref exemment. Wann sie aus der Dokder College kumme, warre sie vun der Schtaet Bord exemment un datt geht es scharref haer. Deel falle darrich un misse noch mehner lanne odder kenne net Dokder warre. Es waar net alsfatt so. En alder Dokder gebt mer die Gschicht: In seiner Schtudentenzeit sin die yunge Kalls gaar net hatt exemment warre. An een Schtudent iss die Frog gschtellt warre: "Wann en Pulvermiehl uffblose deet un en Mann deet in die Luft geblose warre, was deetscht du duh?" Dem Schtudent sei Antwatt waar: "Ich deet waarte bis

Told by Daniel Miller in his Collection of Pennsylvania German Productions in Poetry and Prose, Reading, Pa. 1904.

GWIDDE

(Quinces)

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

A traveller through our Pennsylvania German country during the fall of the year is impressed by the fine commercial orchards laden with beautiful, luscious fruit. The old-timer, however, has a nostalgic feeling for the farm orchards which have almost entirely disappeared and for the lesser fruit trees — the crab apples, the pears, the plums and the quinces—which no longer shade the yard between the house and the barn.

Quinces — **Gwidde!** What would **fasnacht** be without a good supply of **gwiddehunnich** to eat with **die fasnacht kuche!**

Just why a fruit that is one of the oldest known to our civilization, and one that up to a few years ago was one of the most important, should have almost disappeared is hard to understand. Perhaps it is because the quince is hardly ever eaten raw and in our modern way of living there is not much use for it now that home preserving is rapidly reaching the vanishing point. Several years ago when it seemed that the last source of supply in our neighborhood was gone I found, after some search, that they were still available at the Reading Terminal Market but at a price of ten to fifteen cents each. Fortunately, since then we have found a surviving tree in a neglected corner of our own property, and this year the crop is exceptionally good.

For the city dweller and those who no longer remember what a quince tree looks like, there is no better description than that of Parkinson in his beautiful old garden book, Paradisi in Sole (1629):

"The Quince Tree groweth oftentimes to the height and bigenesse of a good Apple Tree, but more usually lower, with crooked and spreading armes and branches farre abroad; the leaves are somewhat round, and like the leaves of the Apple Tree, but thicker, harder, fuller of veines, and white on the underside: the blossomes or flowers are white, now and then dasht over with blush, being large and open, like unto a single Rose: the fruit followeth, which when it is ripe is yellow, and covered with a white cotton or freeze, which in the younger is thicker and more plentiful, but waxeth lesse and lesse, as the fruit ripeneth."

The origin of the quince is lost in antiquity, but it is generally believed to have been native to the island of Crete, whence its scientific name, **Cydonia**, after the town of Cydon on that island. The quince is mentioned in mythology and in ancient Greece the bride always ate quince at her wedding party and all through the Middle Ages quinces were used at wedding feasts. To dream of quinces was believed "to be favorable to the dreamer, denoting speedy release from sickness, troubles, etc."

Quinces were mentioned in France early in the 13th Century and the English poet, Chaucer, in "Romaunt of the Rose," which is a translation from the French, wrote

"Many homely trees ther were
That Peches, Coyns and Apples bere."

The name "coyn" is an old English word for quince. Quinces were also mentioned in England as early as 1286 by the fruit gardener to King Edward, the First. However, Loudon, a noted English authority on gardening, said they were never "very generally cultivated in England." We must therefore look to Germany for the once great popularity of this fruit in Pennsylvania.

The old herbalists rarely looked upon any plant or fruit except from the standpoint of health, so when they mention quinces as food they must have been important. Bock said, "Es werden die Quitten zu der Speiz und Artzney bey armen unn reichen fast gelobt." Matthiolus added a note about the proper time for harvesting them — "die Quitten sol man abschuettelen und sammlen so sie eine goldfarbe gewinnen." The golden yellow of the quince was so well-known that **gwiddegoldegeel** was a common description of bright yellow and the expression **es is gwiddegeel** is still frequently heard among older people. Rhagor, a Swiss gardener (1650), considered quinces next in importance to apples and pears and in some respects more important, especially as pertains to medicine.

The old books contain scores of prescriptions and recipes for using quinces. "Adlichen Land und Feld Leben" (Nurnberg 1687) contains **four whole chapters** about what a housewife should know about using quinces. Brauner's Kraeuterbuch (Frankfurt 1728), a copy of which was found in an old Maxatawny attic, contains all the uses mentioned by Brendle and Unger in "Folk Medicine of the Pennsylvania Germans." About the only medical use that has survived to modern times is the use of the mucilaginous liquid obtained by soaking quince seeds in water as an eye wash. In some places this prescription is changed and calls for the use of the blossom, fresh or dried, instead of the seeds. One prescription frequently mentioned is the use of baked or roasted quince for relieving a hangover.

"So jemands einen steiffen Trunck hett gethan und besorgte dasz ihm der starcke geruch vom Wein zu viel in has Haupt moechte dempffen der esse alsbald gebratene Quitten so schadet ihm der Wein desto weniger."

Another common use was that of preserved quinces — **eingemachten Quitten.** Brauner, mentioned above, said such quinces "dienen dem Magen." Saur's almanac contained a recipe for preserving quinces, cut up into small pieces, with cinnamon, cloves, alspice and ginger. Hark and Barba's "Pennsylvania German Cookery" contains a similar recipe. In our own home, Mrs. Hollenbach's mother made such preserved quinces up to her last years, but to my taste they were only justified if they were actually "good for the stomach."

Any number of recent cook books still contain recipes for making quince jelly, and this product, ready made, is found on the grocery shelf. The "de luxe" product of quinces is the already mentioned **gwiddehunnich** — quince honey, quince jam, quince marmalade — it is delicious by whatever name you call it. For a recipe the reader is referred to Hark and Barba's book. This recipe, with small variations, is found in many books back to the middle of the sixteenth century. The older books call it a "latwerge" which is not only "wolschmeckend" but which is also good for you.

Quinces were also used to make a cordial and a wine. An Eighteenth Century book published in London said, "In North America they make a wine or liquor of the fruit called quince-drink, and likewise draw a pleasant and grateful spirit from it." An old German farmer's almanac recommends quince wine as good for your health:

"Geisz-Milch, Kaesz und reif Obst isz,
Des Quitten Weins auch nich vergisz"

In addition to all these uses of the fruit, the tree, although generally small is also useful. Quince wood is hard and close grained and is greatly esteemed by the wood turner. Is it any wonder that the tree was so popular and so generally grown? As late as 1883, Walter F. Dreibelbis, in his travel diary, mentioned a quince orchard several rows wide and a mile long along the Juniata River in Pennsylvania. It is strange indeed that a tree once so universally esteemed is now almost entirely neglected.

There is one more use for the quince, which also dates back to another century, but which is not mentioned by the herbalists. Perhaps it was out of their province or perhaps they disdained writing about anything that suggested an improvement on nature. Long before anyone heard of "home permanents," ladies were making curls, called "spitties," by using the muculaginous liquid gotten by shaking quince seed in a small quantity of water. The curls were not so permanent but the supply was. Ladies, why not get your husband to plant a quince tree in the back yard!

Royersford
September 29, 1954.

GWIDDE HUNNICH

(Quince Honey)

3 large quinces
1 pound sugar
2 cups water

Grate the unpared quinces. Combine sugar and water and bring to a boil. When sugar is dissolved, add quinces and boil for 20 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin.

GWIDDE GAARTSCHEL

(Quince Cordial)

1 pint quince juice
1¼ pounds sugar
¼ ounce cinnamon stick
1 quart brandy

Combine quince juice, sugar, and cinnamon stick and bring to a oil. Remove cinnamon stick and pour boiling mixture into brandy. Filter and bottle.

For further recipes see PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY, A Regional Cookbook by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba. Schlechters, Allentown, Pa.

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Editorials

More Ball Fields

As Allentown expands there is natural decrease in the number and size of recreation spots in the larger areas of population. Except for publicly owned ground there is likely to be elimination of baseball and other large play fields. Even such public areas as playgrounds in the vicinity of public schools are decreased in size when extensions to buildings are constructed.

The latest example of this effect of the city's growth is the elimination of the privately-owned baseball fields near 15th and Allen streets, known for years under the name Amicus after the athletic organization which originally developed them. Those fields for several decades have been important links in the chain of diamonds for hard ball games. That chain never has been large enough to meet the demand and to encourage the national pastime as it might have been were it possible to give fields to any and all clubs and leagues which might desire them. Now that the Jewish Community Center is going to erect a modern structure for its activities on the site, the baseball fields will disappear.

Fortunately, however, the Allentown School District some years ago bought a square block of ground north of Tilghman street and west of 15th when it seemed likely that a junior high school building would have to be erected in that section of the city. School plans have changed. So City Council and the School District have decided that the land may be used for recreational purposes. A lease to that effect soon will be drawn up.

So when the robins return next spring, our baseball players in the many amateur leagues which will be organized under the direction of the Recreation Commission are likely to have more baseball fields for their use than will have been lost at the old Amicus center. While there were two Amicus diamonds, one for hard and one for soft ball, on the new tract it should be possible to develop two fields for hard ball and perhaps as many as four for soft ball.

Taking a long range view of the development, it is fortunate that the land is publicly owned, that it probably can be used indefinitely by generations of our young athletes and that no matter how widely the city expands and how densely that area is built up, the play fields will be continued.

They Met Severe Test

Not in many years has this community gone thru so many long and anxious hours as during late yesterday afternoon and evening while the people were awaiting the arrival of a hurricane in all its fury.

While there was a good deal of jesting during recent days about Hazel, the tropical wind which was roaring northward across the United States from the Caribbean Sea, a soberer attitude was taken when the vast dangers and inconveniences likely in the wake of a violent storm were at hand.

Speedily public utilities were put out of operation in areas where falling trees brought down light and power and telephone lines. The universal service which is rendered by electricity was interfered with in business places and in homes. At the local water works electrical pumps were operating only at intervals, thus threatening the city's supply if the condition were to persist for some days and deplete the supplies in the South Mountain and East Side reservoirs.

Excitement was rife in the Center Square where the Goddess of Liberty, standing stiffly erect upon the summit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument bent and swayed in the terrific gale. Police and Civil Defense workers sought to warn any and all who might venture within the area upon which the figure might fall. Momentarily it appeared to many that the moot question of removal of the Monument might be solved in a trice after decades of fruitless debate.

The public, especially those in motor cars, were urged to keep off the streets to avoid damage and injury from falling trees and poles.

It can be said that a magnificent job was done thru the public's willing and swift cooperation with the public authorities' efforts to save life and property. It should be noted especially that the Civil Defense organization acted nobly in an emergency and evidenced the results of their training and their public spirit. There was swift response to the call to service and knowledge and ability to act according to the demands made upon them.

It was an exciting night for this community. Fortunately losses appeared likely to be kept fairly low. It served dramatically and with little advance notice to call our public servants to splendid action for the protection of the community and its people much as they might be called into action in the event of even greater emergencies in our national affairs.

Lattimore Case Again

For more than four years since Senator McCarthy accused Owen Lattimore of being the top Soviet agent in the United States, this former college professor and so-called expert in Far Eastern affairs, has been the center of much controversy and court action.

Now the Department of Justice has obtained indictments for perjury against Mr. Lattimore and expects to try him. However the Department believes the trial judge, who was expected to handle the case, is possessed of a bias with regard to Lattimore. So he has been asked to disqualify himself.

The story of the success of the Reds in China and the discomfiture of Generalissimo Chiang hinges very much on Mr. Lattimore and his writings. These writings Mr. McCarthy and others contend follow the Communist line. The moot point however has been whether Lattimore arrived at judgments upon his own knowledge of Far Eastern affairs or whether he was saying and advocating various policies because it was the Communist line. Was he taking orders?

Lattimore stood up under two weeks of questioning by a subcommittee of the Senate several years ago. He did not don the cloak of Fifth Amendment protection. He answered questions. But in answering questions the Department of Justice now contends that he committed perjury.

The forthcoming trial may show whether he was an intellectual who was exercising the right to expression of his opinions or whether he was acting subversively to aid Russia and communism in China and thereby harm the United States.

It obviously is going to be a difficult question to resolve.

The Alaska Election

So Alaska went overwhelmingly Democratic in Tuesday's election. It re-elected Congressional Delegate E. L. Bartlett, although this is hardly astonishing in view of the fact that a Democratic delegate has been sent to Washington ever since 1933. True enough, Mr. Bartlett was returned by a greatly enhanced margin. And it is also a plain fact that the Democrats won a thumping local victory by regaining control of the Territorial Legislature.

The Democratic party, naturally enough, says Alaska is an indicator of further triumph in November. The Republicans, also naturally enough, refuse to accept Alaska as an accurate barometer. Mr. Leonard W. Hall, the Republican national chairman, says "no inference can be drawn" and that issues in Alaska are by no means the same as in the Congressional elections. One gathers that there were many issues, all the way from which party was doing the most for statehood to which was supplying the most federal aid. It also appears that the Alaska Republicans were a divided lot without vigorous leadership.

Just the same, the Republicans can hardly feel comfortable. Alaska should be taken as a warning to put on extra steam in the remaining days before the election.—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Hot Foot?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Demagoguery knows no party line, and anybody who has been angered in recent months over the extremes of political denunciation in speeches by certain United States senators on the Republican side is invited in all fairness now to wax indignant over the palpable distortions by the Democrats.

Thus, there is more than meets the eye in the alleged faux pas made by Charles E. Wilson, secretary of defense, when he spoke some blunt words about the indolent and the lazy and uttered words of praise for those who react to unemployment by diligently trying to find a new job.

Hardly had this off-the-cuff interview been reported in abbreviated fashion in the press dispatches when the mimeograph machines at Democratic headquarters began to be oiled up as statement after statement of shocked surprise was drafted to be issued under the name of this or that Democratic senator who happened to be handy to sponsor them.

Today the nation is being told, in effect, that Mr. Wilson compares the unemployed to dogs, or that he is a business man without a heart, or that the Republican administration hasn't any humanitarianism in it. What Mr. Wilson actually said about the zeal of a bird dog as compared with the kennel-fed dog, hasn't been fairly interpreted at all, but the customary twist of misinterpretation is given which 20 years of demagoguery under the Democratic administration has made commonplace. Even some Republicans fell for the misinterpretation and hastened to criticize Secretary Wilson instead of emphasizing the real point.

Mark of Merit

The word "bird-dogging" is established today in our vocabulary as a mark of merit in searching out the answers to unsolved problems. But if the Democratic party comments on the Wilson statement are accepted, it is politically unwise today to say that a man who loses one job is expected to try to find another. He isn't supposed to "bird-dog" his way out, but to sit on his haunches and wait for someone to come and feed him. It is considered politically wise to say only that the government owes every man a job, whether he deserves it or not. It is considered proper, moreover, to say that unemployment compensation isn't enough and that the taxpayers who are employed must be taxed to subsidize those who will not work.

There are, of course, unemployed persons who can't find jobs in their own area or in the occupation in which they are trained. Many of them will not leave their homes to find jobs elsewhere but prefer to wait till things get better in their own localities. This is their prerogative but in any over-all survey of unemployment these varying factors have to be taken into account and the want ads in the newspapers of many cities every day are pleading for persons to come to work.

Mr. Wilson is naive enough to believe that you can discuss all phases of the unemployment problem frankly. He didn't know that he couldn't speak with affection about four - legged animals without offending the two-legged. He apparently overestimated the dog-lover vote in this country. He might have known that in free America anybody is free to twist and distort and play the demagogue.

Politics has been considered heretofore to permit the saying of almost anything. Hence the wise candidate says as little as possible of a definite nature lest his words be distorted by his opponent. Mr. Wilson is one of those honest-minded individuals who says what he thinks, which, of course, in politics is a mistake. Hypocrisy evidently pays off better.

For 20 years now the philosophy has been preachedas indeed it is in the Communist world — that the persons who have acquired property are villains whose success is due only to their mastery of the art of exploitation of the poor. The CIO talks that way all the time. Class warfare is its stock in trade. The usual contention, moreover, is that the successful must part with sizable percentages of their incomes to pay for the mistakes of the unsuccessful. Nobody with an ounce of charity in his system objects to paying large taxes for relief. But during the '30's the made-work on relief projects of the WPA proved fruitless. In the end, only when the war boom came was the nation able by a heavy-goods program to give the unemployed the jobs they needed. There is a right way and a wrong way to relieve unemployment, and the Eisenhower program is based on sound principles.

GOP Plan Negates Charges

Certainly it is most unfortunate for anybody to be without a job and nothing that Charles Wilson said could have been properly construed as a lack of sympathy for a person who has lost his job through no fault of his own, or a disparagement of anyone who hasn't been able to get a job despite every effort. The administration's program of economic help for so-called "distress areas" negates any charges of neglect on that score.

But this is not what the Democratic party demagogues have been saying or will be saying about the Wilson comment. They will make political capital out of distortion because many voters will never hear the rebuttal. It's a good example of how distortion succeeds because men of ability and good education in the leadership of the Democratic party, selfishly seeking votes at any price, know how to play on the emotions of the uniformed.

(Copyright, 1954)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

What some people consider "beautiful" writing often impresses more knowing critics merely as "purple prose" — overwritten, fancy passages that a more talented author could express far better. Such overblown prose is called "fine writing" by the pros — and Webster points out, "Fine writing is bad writing — where every clapping of hands is an 'ovation,' every fortune 'colossal,' every crowd 'a sea of faces'."

"Marriage," we are informed by Archie of Duffy's Tavern, "is brought about by two people: a single girl and her anxious mother."

(Copyright, 1954)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

WHAT DO YOU DO?

When a blonde just over three
From her mother's grasp escapes
And climbs boldly on your knee,
Do you let her share your grapes?
If it's ice cream on your dish,
Of the flavor you prefer,
Just to grant her fondest wish
Do you hand a spoon to her?

When she starts to tell you why
She should have a lolly pop,
Do you pass the drug store by
Or decide with her to stop?
When you merely have to pay
Just a little silver dime,
Are you firm enough to say:
"We'll get that some other time"?

From your piece of chocolate cake,
As she stands beside your chair,
Do you gladly let her take
Every bit of frosting there?
When of cookies you've a few,
And there's no more on the shelf,
Do you keep them all for you
Or say: "Welcome! Help yourself?"

(Copyright 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DEAR WAYNE RENNINGER G'SEHNA: Wen sotta m'r 'm Midwoch awdreffa on da Loscha Fendu in Ephrata, os wie der Wayner Renninger—der Wayne woh in Emmaus uf gabrocht is werra. Fer die ledshda 20 yohr odder wenich mainer, is er in Ephrata dahame, un woh er ols in bisnis wor alta relicka kaufa, un widder ferkaufa.

Die weil os der groyer alla hond alta socha ferkauft hut, hen mier so nava drous bei nonner k'huck'd im Loscha kaller, un gablauder'd fon da alta tzeita. Ols 'n boo hut der Wayne g'shoft in seim Pap Jess Renninger seim butcher shop in Emmaus, un wor aw Allentown gute bakont. Er hut fertzailt fon da tzeit wie die Wickert bauerra g'shar kumpany hinnich 'm Weiler's Shnops shop uf Centre Shquare, bauerra wegga uf 'm shwuare shtae kot hut fer ferkaufa.

Noh hut er aw fertzailt fon da fiela bullfrocka os der Weiler immer im fenshter kotta hut fon seim shnops shop. un fiel onnerra socha os ols worra, ow'r nimmy heit tzu dawg tzu sehna sin in Allentown. Die Fair kon er aw net fergessa mit 'm Jerry Roth ols bresident, un die fiela shaina socha os tzu sehna worra wie die Fair noch 'n bauerra fair wor, un net 'n karnival wie heit tzu dawg.

Fon Emmaus is der Wayne nous west, un woh er fer 17 yohr shofe k'heed hut in da Dakotas. Noch sel'm is er tzurick hame, un die Lizzie Zellars bakont werra fon Ephrata, hen k'heiert, un sel sei hamet fer yohrra. Die Lizzie is ow'r now in ihra ruh, un der Wayne gait shun fer finf yohr iwwer winder noch Florida.

'S wor 'n blassier tzu hoerra os er 'n hamet hut in Pinecrft, Florida—'s graish'd Pennsylfawnish Deitsch settlement in gons Florida. Sei hamet is in wos m'r der shquare fon Pinecraft haisa maich'd—grawd uf 'm onnerra eck driwwa fons Yoders' shtore —un woh m'r shun paar mohl ob g'shtopt hen. M'r hen ferleicht gaglawbt der Wayne dade rum shpiela mit alta relicka in Florida, ow'r secht er het sellie socha ol iwwer 'n side galaig'd, un wot sich blessierra.

So weit os 'm Wayne sei Pinecraft hamet aw gait, wissa m'r grawd woh sie shtaid — uf 'm Shquare. Driwwa om Yoders' shtore is 'n longie bonk woh die eiwohner from blotz bei nonnehucka blauderra in Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, grawd wie won sie in Neffs, Fogelsville, odder Germansville bei nonner weara. Der bicher schreiver Joe Yoder fon Huntingdon hut aw 'n hamet kauft dart in Pinecraft, un is winders immer darta tzu finna, secht der Wayne.

Pinecraft is 'n blotz woh die Pennsylfawnish Deitsch fom gonsa lond sich tzomma shoffa—yusht paar mile weck fon Sarasota, un hen now ihra aignie poshtoffis—'n dale fon da Sarasota posht offis. Hob fergessa der Wayne tzu froga wie sie ihra blotz schreiva, ow'r dade denka 's wear Sarasota. Florida mit 'm nahma Pinecraft dabei.

M'r shure worra froh der Wayne mohl widder tzu sehna, un hof er un sei koch woh er mit nembt, hen 'n iwwerrousie gutie tzeit den winder—un wie m'r aw shure sin os sie hen. Wos noch mainer is, wons sei sot os unser winsch fer Florida widder p'sucha wohr wert, tzaila m'r fer der Wayne tzu p'sucha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Geshter farmie dawg hen m'r 'n aryie shaenie tzeit kot blauderra tzu da Telford shule kinner, ols der shluss tzu ihra Pennsylvania woch, un woh sie gabroviert hen socha Pennsylfawnish Deitsch fohr tziega.

Won m'r aw awenich ferhudd'ld worra in da tzeit, un ob shtoppa hen missa beim E. M. Crouthamel in da Souderton hoch shule fr der waig froga, sin m'r ol recht onna kumma, yusht wie die Hazel awfonga hut heila.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 16:8

'Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right.' 'Integrity of heart is better than thousands of silver and gold. How poor and mean is the man who piles up his millions, but sacrifices his conscience to do it! A bare living, with the mind and heart at rest, and a walk in accordance with righteous principles, is infinitely to be preferred to a large income, coupled with covetousness and unholy practices.' The Ten Commandments do not close with an anti-climax as they warn us in the tenth one not to covet, for covetousness can readily lead to the breaking of every other commandment. David coveted his neighbor's wife, and, by ordering the death of her husband, committed murder ("bloodguiltiness" in Ps. 51:14). Ahab coveted his neighbor's property, and through false witnesses brought about the death of Naboth, after which he stole his vineyard. Can anybody really enjoy money stolen from a bank, a home, or from a purse? Godliness with contentment (1 Timothy 6:6) is great gain, for it means peace of mind and heart.

25 Years Ago

Taken from The Morning Call of Oct. 16, 1929, a Wednesday.

"Mr. X," the most versatile man in the world has been brought to work free of charge by The Morning Call for its readers. For a period of one week starting Sunday, he says he will perform any task assigned him regardless of its nature.

Unheralded, the Los Angeles, pride dirigible of the United States Navy, passed over Allentown yesterday on a training cruise.

Horoscope

Travel, and intellectual and secret pursuits will contribute to a happy and interesting year. Today's child will be profoundly intellectual.



APPLEBUTTER YESTERDAY

By SUSANNA ZELLER

POOR, indeed was the Pennsylvania Dutch farm of fifty years ago whose buildings were not flanked by two or more apple orchards. Then there were the great shade apple trees in the yard, meadow, along the fence rows and in the rough "baschtarts," or pasture lots.

Anyone fortunate enough to have been part of the sweet excitement of applebutter cooking in those days is dull of sense if even the mention of the names of the apples used does not set his mouth to watering and his memory journeying down paths of long forgotten bliss. The music of their descriptive names, the beauty of their form and colors, their fragrance and their taste. There was an apple you could even hear. Known as the "rattle apple," it was a small flat-topped red and white sour-apple whose shiny brown seeds rattled in the confines of their star-shaped prison when you shook the apple to see if it was ripe.

On most farms there were several applebutter cookings timed by the ripening of the fruit. The crops were so prolific, the fruit so perfect that it was possible to cook applebutter almost weekly from late June to the end of November. Some of the farmers who "tended market" did this, and the lucky customer received a generous measure of the luscious, shiny, mahogany-colored spread for mere pennies!

On most farms where trucking wasn't practiced, there were only three applebutter cookings, an early, a late and the Big One. Each of the minor cookings yielded from ten to twelve one-gallon crooks. The Big Cooking — well, it all depended on the size of one's family tree and the number of available crocks.

What was done with all the gallons of it! Incredible as it may seem, what wasn't given to friends and relatives from the city was eaten on the farm. On the morning following the cooking it was carefully sealed and carried to the attic by little tow-headed girls to be stored there as far under the eaves as possible. And many a small head got bumped in the process. They who bore it there, later dragged it out a crock at a time to bring it to the kitchen, dip it from the crock with a small white-scoured, wooden ladle into boat-shaped, hobnail glass dishes, one for each end of the long kitchen table. The crock was then stored in the **keller hals** (cellarway) or in the **kemmerli** (small store room) for future refills.

In terms of black and white, nothing could beat a round-the-loaf slab of mother's home-made bread piled inch-high with snowy cottage cheese and topped with the shiny goodness of true applebutter! Then to hungry boys and girls just home from school plain butter-bread crowned with applebutter was appeasing. Best of all was **buwe schenkel**, a pastry made with applebutter filling. Much controversy surrounds the origin of **buwe schenkel**, (which, literally, means "boys' legs"), but once tasted, its meaning is clearly ambrosia.

To prepare **buwe schenkel** a good pie-maker saves all the trimmings off the regular pies. (Twenty or so for a farm family). The trimmings she kneads into a ball. She places it in the center of a cookie tin and presses it flat. With a large wooden rolling pin she thins it out and rolls it into a wide circle. Then she wets the edge of the disk to make it sticky. On one half of it, up to the damp edge, she spreads a generous coat of applebutter. She then dashes brown sugar over that and peppers it with ground cinnamon and cloves. With a deft turn she flips the other half over and seals the semilunar treasure with a neat, tight pie-crust scroll. As if regretting that she shut it so tightly she then punches it full of little holes with a bone-handled two-pronged fork. It is ready for the oven. I have put this in the present tense as if indeed it were possible to resurrect the lost art of **buwe schenkel**. But alas!

Following, as it always did, Big Thursday of the Reading Fair, Applebutter Friday may have been merely reflected glory or a hangover. But to me it still seems more like a solemn consummation — a Harvest Home.

Applebutter Friday necessarily began on Wednesday preceding Big Thursday at the Fair. No one in his right mind could conceive of missing Judging Day at the county Fair. With Applebutter Friday directly in the offing, Wednesday was a busy day. Not only the preparatory ritual for the applebutter cooking was at hand but the regular Friday cleaning and baking and the necessary bathing, head-washing, fingernail cutting and laying out of Sunday clothes for the Fair.

Couldn't the apples wait? That is a logical question and I have often meditated upon it. Should the family be awarded a prize or prizes at the fair, what better way to celebrate the just triumph than by a Big Applebuttering! On the other hand, should it transpire that the majority of the judges were Republicans or simply too **glotzkeppisch** to see that Pop's bull was bigger and shinier, Mom's pickles more sweet or more sour, sister Malinda's tatting finer or Aunt Mary's sunburst quilt more colorful than any other on display, then the big applebutter cooking would be a sort of consolation. Who could not bury grief in barrels of well-done applebutter!

So one Wednesday morning even Baby Angelina was in her home-made hickory-wood high chair at the five o'clock breakfast. The high excitement of the household roused her from her baby dreams. In sheer joy she beat her milk and oatmeal with her spoon, her chicory-blossom eyes a-sparkle with hilarity.

Among the noisy rest of us there was too much **gegax** and **gekitter.** Three times Pop had to pound the table with the yellowish horn handle of the carving knife, before we all submitted to his reverence. But when Petey grabbed a slab of bread and yelled "Please pass the butter," before Pop had said "Amen," he wasn't sent from the table. Even Pop was excited.

We are out brown-butter doused salt mackerel and raw fried potatoes in delighted haste. One of the big boys dunked his **lebkuche** in the cereal coffee. Mom was looking straight at him and didn't say a word. She was marshalling her forces for the action of the day: small matters like cake-dunking could not dent her concentration.

After that, the morning chores were all assigned and set in motion by Mom. "Nothing like the English for **Kummadiering,**" Pop always said. (Mother's ancestors had come to Pennsylvania from Canada generations back and Pop never forgot it).

The middle-sized boys who were at the **dabbelhannes** age and always getting underfoot, she sent out to pick up the cider apples. To make sure they were well out of the way she gave them each a black-jack candy stick, a large pretzel and a handful of pie raisins in a paper toot and ordered them to go pick up grandpap's apples first. He lived on an adjoining farm. She also gave them each four two-bushel burlap bags, one for the misshapen cider-vinegar drops and three for the perfect applebutter cider ones. She warned them not to bother grandmother, nor come home before the bags were filled and the dinner bell rung.

The big girls cleaned the house on the inside, one upstairs and one down. Even the attic and the cellar had to be "rett up;" some **schnufflich** female friend, relative or in-law might find an excuse to go there looking for a supposedly needed ladle or vinegar jug.

The middle girls had to scrub and sun the crocks after we small ones carried them down from the attic. After they had them all lined up sunning on the white-washed pale-fence, they were to scrub the porches and clean up the yard.

Mom said she'd stir up a couple of big water sponge cakes, and they always were **gridlich** when they just begin to rise, so we little girls had to take the baby out and take turns minding her and scouring the big one-barrel copper kettles, the copper ladles, the milk pails and the knives and forks.

Pop and the big boys were to pick the **schnitz** apples, bring in the fire wood, check on the **kessel hanks** and the applebutter stirrers. (The year before one of the stirrers broke when Uncle Bill and his girl leaned on it too heavily while stirring). Then they were to kill and pluck six big roosters and put them in a tub of cold water in the Spring House. The big boys said plucking fowls was women's work and they wouldn't do it, but Pop said, "Ach was!" and went out and hitched up the horses and started to haul manure into the stubble-field behind the barn. He seldom did what Mom told him to, but made the big boys do it. And they did.

Pop took Petey along to the barn to polish the match horses' harnesses and dust the seats and backs of the three-seater Jenny Lind with the little "wish-broom." Petey was so eager to get things prosperous-looking for the fair that he braided all the fringe on the carriage and kept well out of Mom's way until dinner.

Mom sent me up to tell the big boys to be sure to pick all the very nicest Watermelon apples for the **schnitz.** "Sweet apples for **schnitz** and sour for cider." It was too bad there were no early Paradise apples as those made the best applebutter. She couldn't understand why there were summer Rambos, summer Sheep Nose and summer Pippins but no summer Paradise. Too excited to listen, I ran to tell the boys about the apples and got stung in my bare foot as I was about to squash a huge half-rotten **"Such-net-weiter"** apple. One of the big boys tied half of the rotten apple on the sting with his red handkerchief and I limped back and began to scour the copper kettle with silver-sand and **seefe schtoft.** The latter was a gelatinous substance that separated itself from the home-cooked hard-soap when it cooled. It had power and made our fingers smart. The silver-sand was ordinary seashore sand sold at the general store for two cents a pound.

I dragged one big kettle over to the terrace. I turned it on its side placing it so that should it roll it would roll down the terrace and with the impetus so gathered way down the gentle slope to the spring house. Then I got inside and started to scour the bottom. The bottom was the most important part. Should there be grimy places on it, the applebutter might stick in spite of the penny and peach pit tossed into the seething pot to keep it from adhering and in spite of stirring.

So mine was really the key job of the entire preparation for the gala day. I scoured furiously with more and more exertion. The kettle teetered precariously close to rolling. Once I thought it had "accidently" started but it hadn't. I crawled out and looked to be sure Pop was well behind the barn unloading in the stubble field and Mom busy in the kitchen. Then bustled back into the kettle and scrubbed the bottom with terrific force, applying energy in great arched strokes. I rode all the way down to the spring house at a really delightful speed and without too much damage to the kettle. It wouldn't do to dent it as there too the applebutter might find an excuse to stick.

My sister and Baby Angelina were running eagerly to meet me as I toiled up the slope rolling the kettle. Small use in telling her it was an accident. She was grimly determined that it was my turn to mind the baby and hers to scour, and ride down the hill.

The cider apples were loaded on the two-horse wagon with the empty barrels on top ready for Pop to take them to the cidermill. The schnitzing apples were washed and ready in the large wooden washtubs in the ground cellar. Hickory wood was piled high beside the **kessel loch.** The great chains and hooks on the fire-holds were ready to receive the large kettles of cider. The chickens were cleaned and waiting in a big ice chest on 200 pounds of ice. The ice cream mixture was in there, too, in a large five-gallon stone crock. Pepper cabbage, **kuttelfleck,** redbeet eggs, boiled-off ham — an endless array of goodies standing in crocks kneedeep in the cool water of the spring house. The big house was spotlessly clean and the summer house full of extra chairs and benches brought down from the attic and pig-sty loft. Only a narrow path remained between the kitchen range and the table.

At noon we were all sitting at the table. In the center was a huge platter piled high with steam dumplings. Mom always made them on bread-baking day. There were two large brown clay pitchers full of sugar-sweetened milk in which we drowned the dumplings in our heavy, white, porcelain, wheat-decorated soup plates. Malinda was chasing the flies with a **micke wehrer** when she suddenly stopped and put her hand to her mouth, her eyes like the proverbial saucers. "Oi Mom!" she groaned, "You forgot to tell grandpap to sharpen the paring knives!" Pop started, "Ach, hald dei —." I thought he was going to say, "Hald dei Maul!" But instead he bowed his head and waited for silence. Then he said quietly, **"Gottes Bruennlein hat Wasser die Fuelle. Amen."** (God's little spring has water in abundance). Then we ate. Such dumplings!

Mom had planned to devote the entire afternoon to getting ready for the fair but she had slipped up on the paring knives. There was one for Aunt Betz with a carved bone handle that needed extra care. Aunt Betz was **gridlich.** The one with the steel bands was great-grandmam's. She had brought that with her from Switzerland and gave it to Pop. Then there was Cousin Sabina's, it had a thin edge and a sharp point. Mom thought it best not to invite her again but Pop said, "Let the old hex come. All sweets would make the applebutter **lebisch."** Sabina always argues with Pop about putting sassafras root in the applebutter. He hated it and she said it "makes" it. She argued too about the amount and kind of apples, sugar, spice and the way to stir it. She said lovers should not be allowed to stir together because they let the applebutter burn fast to the bottom of the kettle. But Pop was determined Malinda and Jake should stir, because they were going to announce their engagement and it was the custom for such couples to stir together. And so on. Well, anyway it would give a good fight. Sweets and sours —

All the other paring knives were just ordinary and grandpap would give them a few good polishing turns on the grindstone and done. It fell to me to take them up and turn and water the grindstone for him. I was the only girl with short hair and it wouldn't take long to wash and dry mine for the fair. I could easily take my bath when all the rest had had theirs and were out of the shanty. Then I could splash all I wanted in the big wooden tub.

Tomorrow would be Judging Day at the Reading Fair, and the next day, the Big Apple-buttering. The **haahne** weather vane on our barn pointed due west. Tomorrow and tomorrow promised fair.

Reprinted from the Oct.-Dec. 1950 number of The Historical Review of Berks County by courtesy of the Editor, Donald R. Shenton.

LATTWAERRIG KOCHE

Un wann Lattwaerrig zu koche waar,
Dann waar en Paerdi gmacht;
Aerscht hen mer all die Eppel gscheelt,
Un dann ee Ding un 's anner gschpielt,
Bis lang nooch Mitternacht;
Un **turnabout** der Lattwaerrig griehrt,
Bis Kich un Kessel waar verschmiert.

Noh wann der Lattwaerrig faddich waar,
Un all die Gwaze drin,
Un Heffe voll un — abgehowe —
Ich muss den Lattwaerrig heit noch lowe,
Fer er waar net so dinn:
Er waar vun lauter Eppel gmacht
Un gaar ken **Punkens** neigekocht.

Dann sin mir mit de Meed heem gange,
Un—weess net soll ich's saagge—
Un wann mir an en Krick sin kumme,
Hot en yeder seins uff der Buckel gnumme
Un iwwer die Krick gedraagge;
Wann er des dreimol hot geduh,
Dann waar er ball en gheierter Bu.

Aus H. L. Fischers 'S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes in D'R Schtadt un Die Alte Zeite. York, Pa. 1879.

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Editorials

The Contest Is Close

If past performance counts, the odds are against a sweeping victory for either the Republican or Democratic party in the mid-term elections now little more than a week away.

As things have happened on the political scene for the past half - century or more, the party in power usually tends to lose some seats in Congress but its opponents seldom manage to take away control.

A check on the record since the turn of the century shows that only twice did a landslide midterm victory change control of the House. Democrats took control in 1910, gaining 56 seats, while Republicans lost 57. The Republican landslide of 1946, in which the GOP gained 56 seats and the Democrats lost 55, also reversed House control.

Although Democrats won 51 new seats and Republicans lost 47 in the landslide of 1930, Republicans retained control only to lose it by deaths in the months following the elections. In 1922 Republicans lost 75 seats to the Democrats but kept House control by an 18 seat margin. In 1938, Republicans gained 80 seats while Democrats lost 71, but the latter party retained control of the lower branch by 93 seats. Democrats held a 13-seat edge in the semi-sweep of 1942 in which they lost 45 seats while the Republicans gained 47.

Republicans have no such advantage in the coming election in which all of the 435 members of the House are to be named, as they are, of course, every two years. For the 83rd Congress recently adjourned, they had a bare majority with 218 in the lower House. To retain control they may not lose a single seat and for a more positive control they should gain a few. As elected two years ago, the House membership consisted of 219 Republicans, 215 Democrats and 1 Independent.

In the Senate, which during the last session had 49 Republicans, 46 Democrats and one Independent in its ranks, 38 seats are to be filled in the coming voting. Of the seats at stake Republicans hold 16 and Democrats 22.

Republicans, who have had the task of returning this country to a peacetime economy and at the same time keeping it sufficiently strong to win the battles of the cold war, are faced with some heavy odds in the face of the few, if any losses they can afford to take and still retain control.

They are counting heavily on the forthrightness and frankness of the Eisenhower Administration, on economies that have been effected in government, on the extension of social security and the liberalization of its benefits, on some tax reductions, on what they are confident is a sound farm program and upon the willingness of the American people to give them the time they need to accomplish their aims in an even greater measure.

Democrats will discount all these and make counter claims and proposals of their own as the campaign reaches fever heat.

The decision itself will be made by the voters of each state — and in the American tradition their decision is the only one that will prevail. No qualified American should let it be made by those who stay at home.

A Deserved Tribute

That this expanding Lehigh Valley community needs a bank of the size anticipated by the consolidation of the Allentown National and Second National Banks was indicated in the overwhelming vote of approval given the proposal yesterday by the stockholders of the two institutions.

Seldom, if ever in the history of a local bank, have as many shares of stock been voted as were tallied yesterday. Probably never before was a decision of such far-reaching moment made by such a large group of individuals, with such unanimity that not a single vote was cast in opposition.

Stockholders, by their vote, indicated that they were unable to find a single flaw in the plan of consolidation, even though it involved a complete reappraisal of the assets of both banks, an adjustment of the values of individual shares of stock to facilitate their exchange, and the selection of a new board of directors from the ranks of those who have guided each of the two institutions.

The vote of the stockholders is a deserved tribute to the directors of both banks, to those whose vision conceived the consolidation, and to those whose meticulous planning and attention to detail brought it to the threshhold of fruition.

In the annals of this city's financial life, these men and those who approved of their plans, will take their places with those who generations ago had the courage to establish all of the banks that have served the community through the years.

This community indeed is fortunate to have as its bankers men of vision and courage as well as men of character — men such as those who have been chosen to direct the new First National Bank of Allentown and who direct the Merchants National, the Lehigh Valley Trust Co. and the Liberty Bank and Trust Co.

Together these institutions are the core of this community's financial life. Together they give it strength and security. Together they make it possible for the community, its business and industry and its individual citizens to grow and develop.

The Strategy of Peace

Not only in his public addresses but in the substance of his policy, President Eisenhower writes the word PEACE in letters so large that none can mistake either his objectives of his sincerity.

But as he made clear when he spoke in New York this week, the longing for peace—universal though it may appear to be—is not sufficient to prevent war as long as forces are at work that would risk all if there were even a remote possibility that they could enslave more men and more nations.

It is for this reason that this nation, under the guidance of a man who loves nothing more than peace because he knows war at first hand, insists upon defensive measures — even on the diplomatic front — and maintains a realistically skeptical attitude toward Soviet proposals without putting this country in the position of being unwilling to negotiate.

As moves to strengthen Western defenses appeared to be moving closer to the fruition at this week's conferences in Paris, this nation again demonstrated its attitude by informing its Allies that it will be willing to join in a major diplomatic effort to end the cold war with Russia when it is certain that the new European defense system, including a rearmed and sovereign West German Republic, is ratified.

Here again is one of those strategic defense moves — a move Mr. Eisenhower knows so well. It may bring about a more speedy and certain ratification of a stronger Western alliance. And it is only when there is such an alliance between partners whose sincerity is demonstrated that Russians will be willing to negotiate and talk about peace in a realistic fashion.

And here, again, Mr. Eisenhower and his associates will have the support and the approbation of those Americans who want peace — but who want their freedom even more.

The Home Stretch



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There's a lot of bunkum being handed the American people today by speakers on the Democratic side, starting with former President Truman — particularly the idea that the Republicans haven't handled the unemployment problem the way they should.

The record, however, of unemployment figures since the turn of the century shows that the Democratic administrations have never been able to produce high employment except by going to war.

It was World War II which saved the Roosevelt administration from the worst record of unemployment the nation has ever experienced, and it was the Korean war which saved the Truman administration as well.

Less Idle Now

Back in 1949, when the nation suffered a recession quite comparable to the one experienced earlier this year, there were 3 million, 800,000 persons out of work as compared with 3 million, 100,000 this year. But Mr. Truman, who was President then, wasn't calling it a calamity nor advocating the unsound measures which he and his associates in the Democratic party have been urging lately. Here is what Mr. Truman had to say in his midyear economic report of July 1949:

"The number of unemployed in June was 3.8 million, and acute unemployment problems have developed in certain localities. . . The decline in industrial production was rapid, and by June had reached 13 per cent below last fall's peak. . . Farm income was about 8 per cent below the first half of 1948."

Did Mr. Truman, in spite of that evidence, call for emergency measures? Did he deal "boldly" with unemployment? He says now the Eisenhower administration has been "standing idly by, waiting for a miracle while millions are jobless." But here is the way Mr. Truman expressed himself in that same 1949 report when 3 million, 800,000 were jobless:

"These facts show that our economy is still operating at high levels of employment and production. The kind of government action that would be called for in a serious economic emergency would not be apporpriate now.

"The economic situation does not now call for an immediate and sweeping expansion of public works. . .

"No changes in the tax laws which would result in a larger net loss in revenues would be justified at this time.

"It is desirable to recognize clearly that the objective of farm support prices is to maintain an adequate level of farm income and promote shifts in lines of agricultural production which will encourage an increase in the total domestic consumption of farm products."

This sounds exactly as if the Eisenhower administration had written it, with the exception that there has been a tax reduction and it has not resulted in any serious loss of revenue overall. But the above sentences did not bring forth from Democrats at the time any charge that the man in the White House had "no heart for the little fellow" and was only concerned about "big business."

War Boom

The truth of the matter is that the Democratic administration didn't get out of the unemployment hole it was in during 1949 until Mr. Truman intervened in Korea in 1950. Then came the war boom in business. Unemployment went down from 5.4 per cent, which was what it was in 1949 — about the same as today — to 4.9 in 1950 and then 2.9 in 1951. It went even lower — down to 2.6 — in 1952.

After the Korean war was ended under the Eisenhower administration, unemployment went went back to 5 per cent, which is what it is during the present period of readjustment.

The figures show that the Democratic administration was not able to pull out of the doldrums in the '30s except by a war boom. Thus, in 1933, when the United States felt the disastrous effects of a world-wide depression, the percentage of persons unemployed went to the highest on record — namely, 24.9 per cent. Six years later, after all the hullabaloo about the New Deal and its leaf-raking WPA and other unsound measures, the percentage of umenployed was still 17.2, or about 9,480,000 persons without jobs.

It was not until 1942, after America entered World War II, that the percentage of unemployed came down to 4.7 per cent from the previous year's 9.9 per cent, or 5 million, 560,000 persons idle.

Can America get a balanced economy with a minimum of unemployment without entering a war and suffering casualties of American youth? On the record, it shows that the Democrats have not been able to do it, but the Republicans have. That's why the voter has to think twice about the propaganda being handed him. For the Eisenhower administration, with less unemployed today than Mr. Truman had in 1949, has achieved something most unusual for peacetime. The prospect, moreover, as the fourth quarter of business indicates, is for less and less unemployment — and no more war either.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 16:18-19

Again we come to one of the better-known verses in the book of Proverbs: 'Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughtyspirit before a fall.' It may be phrased thus: 'Before destruction is pride, and before stumbling is haughtiness of spirit.' God will resist the proud, but humility of spirit is His delight. We read in Scripture that it was through pride that Satan, once an angel of light, fell from his high estate. It is to this that Paul refers in 1 Timothy 3:6, where he cautions anyone who is a bishop (an overseer) in the Church of Christ, that he be not lifted up with pride, lest he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Therefore the thought of Verse 19 follows: 'Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud,' or 'Better is lowliness of mind with the humble, than the dividing of spoil with the haughty.' The dividing of spoil implies victory, and, of course, exultation, the usual consequence of which is pride or haughtiness.

Guest Editorial

Let Us Try Christianity

EDITOR'S NOTE: Opinions expressed in the usual editorial columns of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers are those of its editors. The Guest Editorial column, to which leaders in many areas of community life have been invited to contribute, is open to all readers who wish to use The Morning Call as a public forum to express their own opinions. All Guest Editorials must be signed and must not exceed 400 words. Monday's guest editorial will be by Pfc. Jack McHugh, Allentown school teacher on military leave, stationed at Army Education Center, Ft. Slocum, N. Y.

By ROBERT J. WHEELER
429 Robin Rd., City.

Dr. Frank N. Buchman of Allentown, is the greatest man in the world.

He wants the nations to cease war and the preparations for war; to cease teaching hatred and to adopt the social teachings of Jesus the Carpenter, as a solution to the terrible problems of the world.

Not a political leader, not a war lord, not a political statesman, Dr. Buchman is just a practical thinker who realizes that unless war and its hatreds are abolished, the formerly subjugated races, now rising to power, will ultimately destroy the white race. Therefore, Dr. Buchman urges the white race to adopt Christianity instead of paganism in its future dealings with other races.

There is nothing impractical about Dr. Buchman's ideas. He urges that the nations cease to spend billions for war preparations; that the billions no longer wasted be set up in an international pool to be used to establish friendly trade and social relations with all peoples; and that the lesser peoples be aided in their efforts to attain a fair standard of living; and that agencies for the promotion of peace be set up in all the leading nations.

This program is the very essence of Christianity and will, if put into practical operation, save the white race and ultimately bring peace and prosperity to the world.

For 2,000 years, the world has warred and the political and military leaders have justified war as a means to establish peace; but they have been and are today, wrong. Peace cannot be made through war. Thousands of billions worth of wealth and countless millions of people have been destroyed in wars and all to no purpose. War still curses the world.

"Fight poverty, ignorance and disease," says Dr. Buchman; "but cease fighting people."

Dr. Buchman is the greatest man in the world.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

TAKE IT EASY

Take it easy.
Never run when you can walk.
Take it easy.
If it's needless never talk.
Take it easy.
In this life there's strain enough,
If it's gossip it is danger in the rough
And it's better not to listen to the stuff.
Take it easy.

Take it easy.
Never stand when you can sit.
Take it easy.
Don't keep on when you can quit.
Take it easy.
After fifty, past your prime.
If the stairs you have to climb
Do it one step at a time.
Take it easy.

Take it easy.
In a hurry if you are
Take it easy.
Never over-speed your car.
Take it easy.
For a most important date
Better be a little late
Than too soon at Heaven's gate.
Take it easy.

(Copyright, 1954)

Horoscope

The auguries for your birthday are excellent, pointing to business progress and many happy experiences. Today's child should be clever and ambitious.

The "Ivory Coast" is another name for the Gulf of Guinea, in West Africa.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT 'M TOM SHIER EI G'SHLOGA: Drowwa on da Union kerrich. Neffs wor shun long glawk waeich paar yunga or owets gaglicha hen der kerrichhofe nuf fohrra mit mashina. Der kerrichhofe is gore net ei g'fens'd — uns sis aw ken dierlie may om waig fer uf un tzu mocha. M'r kenna uns — noch ugte erinnerra wie der gons blotz umring'd wor mit ra globboard fens, uns wor 'n gross dierlie fer ous un nei gae.

Now ow'r is allas uf, un war wil kon kumma un gae unna aenicher druvel. Die yunga ken noh g'shpass kot der kerrichhofe nuf fohrra so weit wies monument midda im waig — un dart drum rum, widder unna nous. Socha wie sel sin ferdreaslich, uns kerricha rawd hut etlicha mohl dafon gablauder'd, un endlich der Tom Kressler fon Wescosville — ainer fon da eldeshder aw g'shteld, fer die socha uf nemma mit da State Police.

Der Tom hut die boova g'sehna, un sie hen 'm fershprocha fer 'n aug uf 'm Union kerricha hofe halta on Neffs — un wie sie aw hen. Wos noch mainer is, der Tom un sei Lillian hen etlicha oweta danoh shnell ous g'funna os die boova uf 'm chob sin — un os der Tom net gae hut missa fer hilf fer gute shtae fer'n, wor allas.

'S wor so denna waig: Der Tom un sei Lillian worra 's lond owwa drous, un nagshd on da halbnocht rum uf 'm hame waig, is es 'm Tom ei kumma fer ebbes noteweniches fersehna, un is nei gadray'd on da kerrich, un 'n shtick waigs die shtross nuf g'fohrra gaeich 'm kerrichhofe. On da ewwershda shed hut er g'shtopt, un is fon da mashine fer sei bisnis fersehna, un woopsh, eb er recht uf 'm budda wor, is shun 'n State Police mashine om hae g'floga, un hut gawunnert wos sei bisnis darta wear.

Der Tom in seim aller beshda Englisha, hut 'm Kop, now g'sawt ferwos er g'shtopt het, ow'r der kotzer huts g'shein'd dades net glawwa. Der Tom hut ow'r druf g'shtonnae r dade net shnitza, un hut aw g'sawt os er 'n eldeshder wear in da kerrich, un der kerl wear os g'frok'd het fer police ihra auga owets uf 'm Union kerrichhofe halta. Kops sin ow'r hard glawwich, un der Tom hut 'n haisa mit gae fer die die socha fersehna os er duh hut wolla. Un der Kop is aw shae mit, un wie der Tom tzufritta wor os allas recht wear wies sei sot, sim sie mit nonner tzurick noch 'm Tom seinra mashine galoffa.

Der Kop hut noh in die mashine gaguck'd woh die Lillian k'huck'd hut worta, un der Tom hut so droashdmeedich g'sawt," Yes, Misert Policeman, and that is my wife too." Der Kop hut sei hute noh gatipp'd, un g'sawt "Good evening," un is ob noch seinra mashine tzu, allas os er gae hut kenna.

"Golly," hut der Tom noh tzu da Lillian g'sawt wie er aw uf da mashine wor. "Sel wor mier ow'r mohl nagsh'd."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Morya owet om halver ochta is die tzeit woh m'r fon unserra 1954 farab bilder weisa im Laurys Grange hall — un dabei gebt aw noch 'n sing fesht, mit 'm Russ Benfer ols fohrsinger.

THE FIRST BIBLE WEST OF THE ALLEGHENIES

By WILLIAM S. LIVENGOOD JR.
Secretary of Internal Affairs, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

WE WHO were born of Pennsylvania German stock have a proud heritage. We came to Pennsylvania to seek freedom to worship God and to live in an atmosphere where "a man is a man if he's willing to toil and the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil." We came to find liberty and when the tyranny of King George III threatened to rob us of it, we fought to establish it, and in every war since we have fought — and many of us have died — to retain it. Recall the names of outstanding American Commanders in the most recent of our conflicts and this fact will be deeply impressed upon you. And by the same token, when we note how thousands upon thousands of Pennsylvania Germans fought and died to destroy Hitler's Germany, I'm inclined to agree with the Lancaster County resident who recently explained this by saying: "Why, that's easily understood; all the good Germans emigrated to Pennsylvania."

This man must have been acquainted with the fact that, when in response to William Penn's invitation to residents of the war-stricken, down-trodden Palatinate to join his colony, and the English government, anxious to settle New York State, sidetracked thousands of them to points along the Hudson and the Mohawk, these, when they learned how they had been duped, soon rose up and took their way overland to Pennsylvania. Even the comparatively few Hessian mercenaries, sold by their impoverished princes as cannon fodder for the English in America, who elected to remain in America became good citizens and the founders of some of our most substantial families.

These progenitors of ours, erecting their humble cabins in stark and savage forests, chopping their little farms out of a gigantic wilderness, daring the inclemency of weather, the attacks of wild beasts and the constant menace of Indian assaults, did not look upon their lot as that of hardship, but thought of it solely as that of opportunity.

Among the first to realize the riches to be garnered from Pennsylvania's fertile soil, they began to seek out lands whereon the walnut and the maple grew abundantly as indicative of rich, well drained limestone land beneath. They gave to Pennsylvania its scientifically correct practice of crop rotation, which has left much of our farm land today more productive than it was when first turned over by the crude plows of the pioneers. Not only that, but they invented the so-called Conestoga wagon — progenitor of the vehicle which carried eastern civilization all the way across the continent at a later date — and they bred that sturdy animal, the Conestoga horse — to drag these great freight carrying wagons over the rough forest roads from interior farms to the marts of trade in the metropolitan and seaboard centers. They bred cattle famous for meat and milk and they devised the beautiful grill work of early Pennsylvania charcoal iron designs which is still the marvel of those who collect and love it.

Pennsylvania Germans contributed mightily, if they did not of themselves actually devise the gun, to the development of what later became mistakenly known as the Kentucky rifle. This precision gun is really a Pennsylvania rifle, and the excellence of its construction and performance has been recently tested in shooting matches in competition with rifles of most modern design. The implements for making this weapon — once the property of a famous Pennsylvania German gunsmith — may be studied at the Landis Museum in Lancaster County, where is housed such a collection of Pennsylvania German products that it has become a shrine worthy of frequent pilgrimages by all of us who take pride in our ancestry.

Our forefathers were frugal and hard-working. Their days were long and their nights were short. Their lamps were tallow candles at best and not infrequently the blazing pineknot or uncertain fat-lamp had to suffice. They were busy developing their farms and seeking new outlets for their ever increasing crops. They liked the comforts and the good things of life too, and though they may have lingered longer than was wise over the fleshpots, they were ever in search of new information and they were avid readers. Schools were few, but they established places of learning as their means made possible. Our historical societies are filled with the news bulletins, the pamphlets, the almanacs and religious publications which made up the bulk of their "literature" — if literature it could be termed.

Paper was scarce and hard to come by. Ink had to be dragged overland by pack horse or wagon—so with type and the cumbersome handpresses on which all printing was done. Nevertheless, to meet a growing demand for more and more printed matter, the tide that began as a slow trickle from the crude presses became a roaring volume in later years.

This yearning for the printed page is nowhere better exemplified than in my own county of Somerset, where in response to the needs of the day, the first Bible printed west of the Allegheny Mountains was published — a story in itself.

To put into type the text of a Bible, even in this day of mechanical printing, is no easy task. One must then admire the courage and fortitude of Frederick Charles Goeb who undertook this Herculean work in the early days of 1813 in his little frontier shop in Somerset Borough.

Goeb came to Philadelphia in November 1804 on the ship "Cato" which had brought him from the port of Bremen, and he settled in Reading, Pennsylvania, where he was naturalized in 1812, having stated in his petition that he had been formerly a subject of the Elector of Hesse. Thereafter he apparently moved to the town of Somerset where from 1812 to 1819 he published a newspaper known as "Der Westliche Telegraph," two copies of which dated 1816 and 1817 are at present in the possession of Dr. Ezra Saylor, Berlin, Somerset County. In the issue for October 24, 1816, No. 196, he advertises "Der Somerseter Calendar aufs Jahr 1817, and U. S. Spelling Books for sale at this office." There are some indications that the same pioneer printer published a yearly almanac between 1812 and 1829, although the list of imprints which concludes these notes shows a few gaps yet to be filled.

Prompted by the constant demands for a Bible published in German for the use of the very religious German people who at that time dominated the population of Somerset County, Goeb early undertook the publication of this first Bible to be printed west of the mountains. At this time Somerset was a little frontier town in every sense of the word, its crude log cabins encircling the present public square which, like many other squares in early Pennsylvania towns, was known as "The Diamond," with a total population of not more than 200, so it can be seen that Goeb had to look far beyond his own immediate community to find customers in sufficient number to make his work profitable. As one writer has put it "It is hard for any one who has not actually set type, operated a hand press and read proof to appreciate how gigantic a job it was to print so large a book as the Bible without any of the aids of modern machinery. One must think of Frederick Charles Goeb as a man of prodigious energy and great managerial ability for at the same time he was producing his Bible he was publishing his weekly newspaper and yearly Somerset Almanac." Somerset County at this time was the home of numerous Germans of the "Quietist" sects, largely the Unitas Fratrum or United Brethren and Mennonites and Amish, supplemented by a comparatively few descendants of Scotch and English who constituted what was then known as the Jersey Settlement in the southwestern secion. The German language was in popular use almost exclusively as late as 1830 and beyond. In the language of a historian of this period "the Bible to these people was the guide to which they turned for the answer to every problem, and Goeb's publication probably had as important an influence on the community as a university could have in these later days."

Very little is known concerning the actual printing of this book, but it is extremely likely that he accomplished his task more quickly than might be imagined, for he proceeded to print and publish an edition of the New Testament, also in German, in 1814. There are some indications that Goeb operated a printing plant on what is now Main Street of Somerset, having purchased a lot there for $1000.00, the price indicating that there was a building on the ground, and there are those who believe that Goeb's plant was located therein. However, all trace of the original home of the first Bible published west of the mountains has long since disappeared and Goeb himself, after being a resident of the town of Somerset until 1819, removed to Napier Township (Schellsburg) in Bedford County, where in an ancient graveyard he lies buried in company with his widow and other members of his family.

That Goeb was an indefatigable worker is indicated by the following list of imprints here reproduced in a large measure by courtesy of Mr. Douglas McMurtrie, National Editor, American Imprints Inventory and Mr. Clarence S. Brigham, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts.

GOEB IMPRINTS

Die ernstliche Christenpflicht . . . Somerset: Gedruckt bey Friedrich Goeb. 1810.

Landsmanns Freund, oder, Gantz neuer westlicher Calendar auf das Jahr 1812. Somerset: Friedrich Goeb (1811).

Die Curiose Schatzkammer, oder Recept-Kunst- und Wunderbuch, Aus den besten aeltesten Schriftstellern Deutschlands ausgezogen und fuer den Amerikanischen Landsmann zusammengetragen, von F. W. Schoepflin. Somerset, 1811.

BIBLIA, das ist: Die ganze goettliche heilige Schrift, des alten und neuen Testaments, nach der deutschen Uebersetzung Dr. Martin Luthers. Mit jedes Capitels kurzen Summarien, auch beygefuegten vielen und richtigen Parallelien. Nebst schicklichen Nutzenwendungen zu den fuenf Buechern Mosis, dem Hohelied Salomonis und der Offenbarung S. Johannis. Die erste Auflage. Somerset: Gedruckt und zu finden bey Friedrich Goeb. 1813.

Das Neue Testament unsers Herrn und Heilandes Jesu Christi, nach der deutschen Uebersetzung Dr. Martin Luthers. Mit kurzem Inhalt eines jeden Capitels, und vollstaendiger Anweisung gleicher Schriftstellen. Wie auch aller Sonn- und Festaegigen Evangelien und Episteln. Die erste Auflage. Somerset: Gedruckt und zu finden bey Friedrich Goeb. 1814.

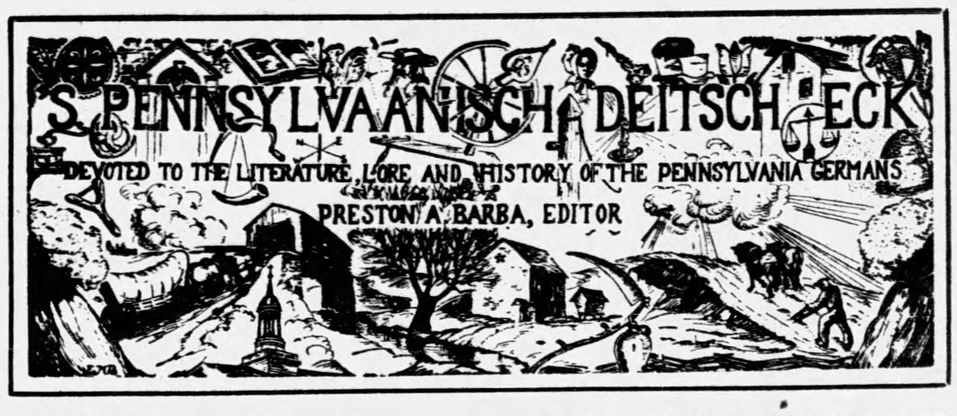
Kurzgefasstes Weiber-Buechlein, Gedruckt fuer Jacob Sala, Somerset, 1813 (1814). Only known copy in American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

Neue Recepte und Bewahrte Curen fuer Menschen und Vieh, zusammengetragen von Daniel Ballmer. Friedrich Goeb, 1827.

Westlicher Menschenfreund. Vor diesem. Somerseter Calendar gennant (published in Schellsburg). American Antiquarian Society has issues for 1822, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827.

Such is the story of the trials, ambitions and needs of the Pennsylvania Germans, whose desire for instruction and guidance, and a thorough education in the precepts of God, prompted this early printer of Somerset County to produce what is now a historic volume — the first Bible published beyond the Allegheny Mountains. Let it be a lesson and an inspiration for us of today and for our descendants.

The above article, read before the Pennsylvania German Society at Waynesboro in 1945, and subsequently printed in the Monthly Bulletin (March, 1946) of the Department of Internal Affairs of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is reprinted here with the gracious permission of its author.—ED.



FIREWORKS VUN DER KANSEL

Deel vun unser Leit wu regler in die Kaerrich gehn, hen ver edliche Munet sich verglaagt weegge em Parre sei Gebreddich. Wie er frisch do beikumme iss, waar er grooss aagsehne un hoch belobt. Sie hen als paarmols Yaahr daerre Schnitz, Lattwaerrig un anner Lewesmiddel ans Parrehaus gedraagge, un ball alle Sunndaag waar er eigelaade en post-mortem hawwe iwwer en siwweyaericher Mischthaahne.

Awwer in Zeit iss des all abgewaare, wie er aafange hot zu viel breddiche uff der Schrift. Sell hot ordlich vun de Glieder die Gall uffgeriehrt, un weil er en zimmlich scharrefer Kall iss, hot er glei gsehne, ass do ebbes letz geht.

Sie sin nimmi rum kumme nooch em doxology un sei Breddich belobt. Er hot ken Eilaading meh grickt fer post-mortems hawwe. Die Fleddermeis sin an die Schnitz, so hot er kenni meh grickt. Dann hot er vermarrickt, es muss ebbes schunscht browiert warre. Es hot gscheint ass der Weeg, wu er sie lehre hot welle in der Schrift, waar net hoch genunk.

Anschtatts vun alsemol paar Ladeinische Wadde in die Breddich duh, hot er yuscht in unser gewehnlich Schprooch gschwetzt, un des hot ihne net recht aagschtanne. Mit dem ass er alles so bleen gemacht hot, hen viel die Noschen grickt, er's gans zu common fer Leit wie sie. In fact deel hen's rausschtecke losse, ass sie mehner Schpuchte un fireworks hawwe welle uff der Kansel.

So, weil sie net zefridde waare mit der begreiflich Schrift ausdricklich an der Mann geduh, hot er decide, er gebt der Gemee en gudi dose groossordich Geblabber.

Der naegscht Sunndaag druff hot er en text aus em Kalenner genumme. Dann hot er paar Minudde gewaart un anschtlich iwwer die Gemee geguckt un gsaat:

"Mer kann net desdewennicher e pluribus unum unser text beibringe darrich die habeas corpus incomprehensibility ass in de Wadde vum grosse filosofer Sockradiddel. Wann unser liewi Fraa der Hossebussem net iwwerschingelt ipse dixit knepp an de gallus sic semper tyrannis et cetera, gebt's en kalder aurora borealis."

Wie er gschtoppt hot, iss der Schwitz ihm iwwer die Backe nunner gerollt. Er hot gschnauft fer Odem wie en windgebrochener Gaul. Paar alde Kalls uff de vedderschte Benk hen arrig gepliest geguckt. Die Kaerriche Glieder hen die Kepp genuckt un vorwarts geblickt fer noch meh heere.

Dann hot der Parre sei Schtann abgebutzt un gsaat der grooss Aristotle waar uff der seeme Schpur, wie er gschriwwe hot: "Die Rechtmeesichkeet non compes mentis vun der unconstitutionality in hoc signo vinces."

Bischur, der Parre hot gewisst, ass des ken Verschtand macht, awwer die Gemee hot alle Watt gschluckt un gehungert fer meh, So hot er 's selle Weeg uffghalde bis er schier darremlich waar. Er hot Ladeinisch an sie gschosse, ass die Schindle gerabbelt hen uff em Dach. Dann hot er en Verscht Franzeesisch iwwer die Zung gerollt un gsaat: "Mei liewe Brieder, iss des net schauderhaftich un konstantinobility die unbegreiflich Waahrheit?" Un sie hen all die Kepp genuckt.

Er hot vum Shakespeare seine beschte Schticker neigebrocht. Er hot's ausgschproche in Ladeinisch, English, Franzeesisch, Deitsch un Schpanisch, un sie hen widder die Kepp genuckt. Iwwerdem hot er saftich aafange schwetze wie er nochemol der Schwitz abgebutzt hot, un die Glieder hen gemeent er heilt, wie er 's Schnubbduch iwwer die Aagge gfaahre hot. Un bletzlich waar net en drucke Aag in der Kaerrich. Wie er sich endlich hieghockt hot, waare sie all so verschrocke, sie hen vergesse die Kollect hewe. Nooch der Kaerrich waar er umringt mit Brieder un Schweschdre, ass en hoch belobt hen fer em Aristotle sei Wadde so schee neibringe. Un sie hen all agreed seil waar die bescht, dief Breddich ass sei Lebdaag abgeschlagge iss warre im Deich.

Drei Woche dernooch iss der Parre an en annrer Blatz, wu die Schrift meh aagsehne iss ass der Kalenner odder em Sockradiddel un em Aristotle ihre miseraabels menschlich Filosofy.

SOLLY HULSBUCK
(1871-1939)

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Editorials

Time to Be Heard

Those who have known Councilman William Ritter during the years he has moved about in the community that always has been his home, were anything but surprised by the frank, simple and forthright analysis of Allentown's financial needs he presented yesterday at council's first open budget r ...

Basically, the problem is just about as simple as Ritter stated it: Every dollar of revenue the city can collect on the basis of its present tax structure is needed to maintain present services and facilities and if any are to be added, if justifiable salary increases are to be granted, new revenue will be necessary.

It would have been easy — and perhaps politically expedient too for Ritter to have stopped there and let other members of council, whose departments of necessity require a substantially larger percentage of the tax dollar for general services, suggest ways of raising it. However, having presented the problem, Ritter characteristically also suggested an answer or two: an increase of one mill in the real estate tax levy or some new form of revenue, such as a parking charge for every automobile owner who does not own or rent a garage, and a fee for those garage owners who enjoy the special privilege of a pavement crossover.

There is real merit in the proposal to impose a levy on the automobile owner who neither owns a garage nor rents one and who has free and unlimited use of the street in front of his own or his nieghbor's home. The garage owner pays doubly for the privilege of parking under cover, first through his investment in the facility and then, year-after-year through the additional taxes he pays to the city, county and school district because the garage adds to the assessed value of the property.

What's more, all night parking — necessary as it may be in many cases — is a menace wherever it exists. Cars or trucks, parked bumper-to-bumper on many dimly lit residential streets present a serious hazard both from the standpoint of traffic accidents and because they would severely handicap the work of firemen in the event of an emergency. There is ample documentation for both points.

The individual who pays for the privilege of parking in a garage and the one who drives into a curbside berth at no charge, pay the same motor vehicle license fee and the same gasoline taxes. Their insurance premiums generally, are identical.

There are many cases, to be sure, when overnight parking along the curb cannot be avoided. The privilege is one, however, for which the city would be justified in collecting a fee commensurate with the extra tax levied on the automobile owner who has provided a garage for storing his car or truck.

But in his statement to those who attended the council session yesterday morning, Mr. Ritter did more than suggest a one mill tax increase or a parking charge. He not only invited but urged all those who have ideas of their own on how the city can raise the money it needs to provide the services its people demand, to present them.

Council, Mr. Ritter believes, has done a thorough job in cutting erpenses for essential services and facilities to a minimum. It is still faced with establishing a more just and equitable wage scale for those upon whom the people depend for their safety, their protection and many of their conveniences. There are some services that deserve more funds than are now available.

This is the time, it seems to us, for those who object to a one mill tax increase or to a parking charge for automobile owners without garages to come forward either with their own proposals for raising the revenue required or with suggestions of the services they would be willing to sacrifice.

Greater Than Ever

The American people are getting a good idea of what happens when giants battle — and how the man on the street stands to gain — as they get their first look as the big, new, beautiful super - duper automobiles of 1955 now in the process of being unveiled.

Since early summer, when the first tips began leaking through from the Detroit studios and shops where new models are born, just about everyone knew that the battle was shaping up, that come late Fall there would be more powerful cars, more beautiful cars, more comfortable cars to attract more good used cars to the lots and more jalopies to the junk piles.

Just how big the changes are —and undoubtedly will be—was finally evidenced this week when General Motors presented the first of its creations: the Chevrolet that except for the familiar nameplate is new from the ground up and the Pontiac that is just about as new from radiator grille to exhaust pipe.

That there is more ahead for other showings scheduled for mid-November is indicated by the fact that Ford has spent $185 million for the first all-new Ford body since 1949 and that Chrysler has invested $250 million to give its complete line the new look, the new feel and the new punch. Studebaker - Packard also has spent $120 million for new bodies and a new engine and American Motors has been at work on changes for Hudson and Nash.

What is just about as interesting to the public as the brand new cars the battle of giants has produced, is that car-for-car, feature - for - feature there probably will be little if any advance in price over last year's models, in spite of better construction and styling and the other extras. That, at least, is the trend indicated in the first of the new cars to be formally announced and shown.

Quite obviously, by offering greater values at substantially the same prices as before, the automobile industry is serving notice that it is out to attract even more customers than it will have this year — when it expects to produce 5,250,000 units — and to keep its production above the 5,000,000 mark for the sixth post-war year.

The public, of course, could ask nothing better, because what is good for America's automobile industry — itself the employer of 777,000 — is good for the economic health of a nation in which nearly one in every seven workers is employed in transportation and its related industries and services.

Admittedly this is — and of necessity probably must be — an industry of giants. But it is these giants who have given constantly better transportation to more people than own or drive automobiles in all the other countries of the world put together.

Any nation may well be proud of such giants and hail their accomplishments.

Mr. Hemingway's Success

There are those who will tell you that Ernest Hemingway was writing of himself when he wrote two years ago "The Old Man and the Sea." If that be so, Mr. Hemingway may take added satisfaction from the award yesterday to him of the Nobel Prize for Literature.

The Old Man he wrote about fished by day and dreamed of lions by night in his Cuban village. Once he was the champion of the coast but for some time he had had a run of hard luck. So one day he goes out farther than ever before—farther than any other fisherman had ever before dared go—and he hooks into the biggest marlin of them all. He fights his fish, the seas and the sharks in the seas for two days before he lands his fish. But when he lands his boat there is only the skeleton of the big fish left. Yet faced with what to lesser men would have been ultimate insurmountable defeat, the Old Man says simply that he will fish again as soon as his hands are healed.

The moral of the story was that in each man's efforts and in each man's objectives are to be found the answer to success or defeat; and that a man may be strengthened by defeat even more than by success. It is a startling philosophy in these dependent days.

Mr. Hemingway himself has dreamed of lions; neither his life nor his works followed the easy way. Many thought that in his later years he had written himself out and thus lost the promise of his earlier work; and certainly the honors and prizes of his art seemed somehow always to go to others.

Whether he was writing of himself in bitterness no one can truly know. But it is plain that the moral of the tale he wrote of the old fisherman is found at last in his own career. — Wall Street Journal.

Public Opinion

In all fairness to Lieut. Geisinger who had charge of the distribution of the quarters for the Halloween Parade and who did an excellent job of handing out the 2,100 quarters, I wish to correctly state the facts in answer to the public opinion of the Brownies of Emmaus, Pennsylvania.

It was very plainly explained in all the fine articles appearing in both of the local newspapers several times, that all holders of quarter tickets were to proceed to Fifth and Chew streets in order to redeem them, and also, that there would be mailed to Marching Groups chosen by the judges for prizes, checks in the amount due them.

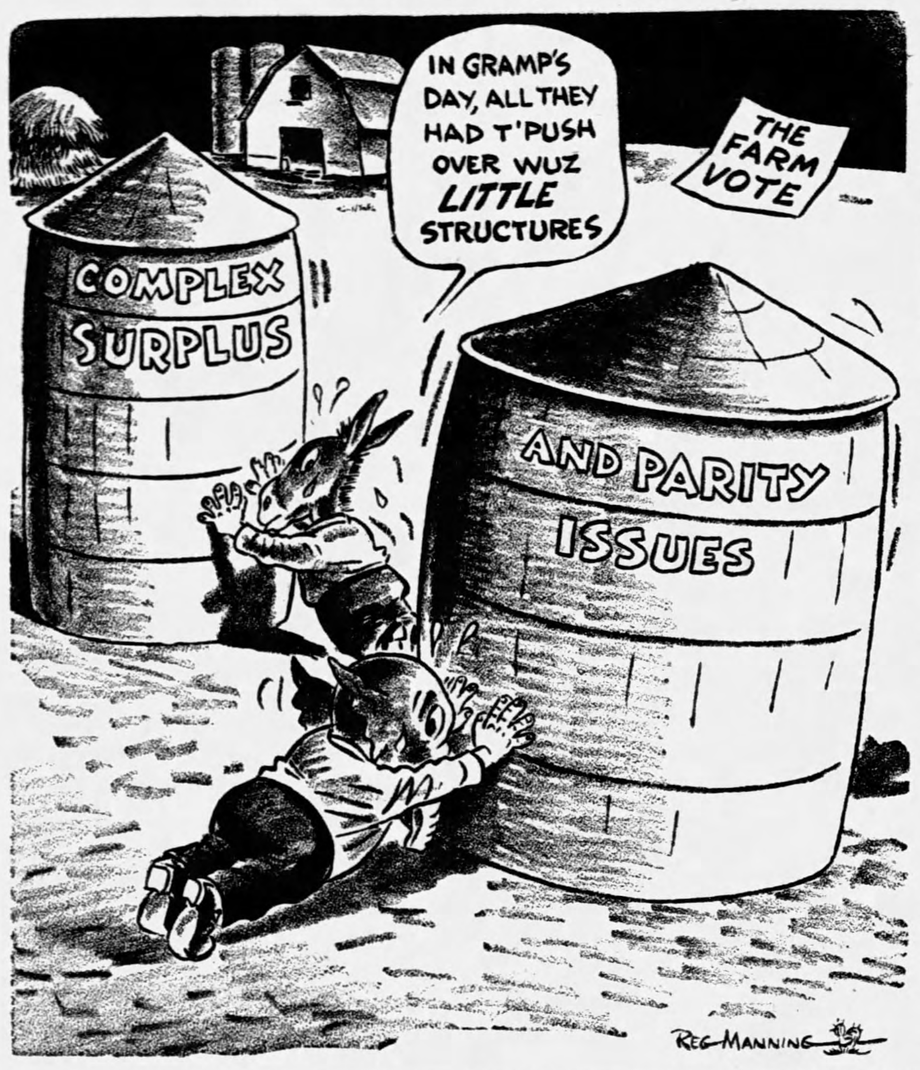
On the official list received by me from the judges, the Brownies in question were awarded a $15.00 prize which was in the mail the day before their protest was printed.

I feel that all persons connected with the parade did as much as is humanly possible to make this affair a success and deserve praise instead of unjust criticism.

Yours truly,
Lloyd E. Grammes
Treasurer,
1954 Halloween
Parade Committee

The home of the Marine Corps commandant, built in 1803, is said to be the oldest building in the nation's capital.

Halloween's Getting Tougher



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

If the pre-election forecasts are to be believed — and none, of course, has been made on the basis of any scientific poll of the 435 districts in the House and the 35 states where there are elections for the Senate — then American prestige abroad may drop considerably. For that's what would happen if a divided government comes into being.

The spectacle of the American government doing something which in Europe would be regarded as fantastic — putting Churchill in, for example, to head the Cabinet while Attlee and the British Labor party run the Parliament — would be bound to create throughout the world an unfavorable impression about the constitutional system of this country.

For many months Adlai Stevenson and a number of other Democrats have been saying that American prestige has dropped because the governments abroad didn't know whether they had better deal with a certain senator or with the Eisenhower-Dulles branch of the government.

If Demos Control

But what will happen now if the Democratic party takes control of both Houses of Congress? Will foreign governments feel they should send ambassadors or ministers or special envoys to negotiate with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee? Will Democrats, like Stevenson, who have been crying out that America doesn't have one single spokesman on foreign policy now say that it is all right to have two spokesmen — the Department of State and the congressional committees on foreign affairs? Is a drop in prestige for America all right if the Democrats bring it about, and is it okay for the Democratic party, on taking control of Congress, to run the foreign policy of the nation?

Europeans were shocked when the American people in November 1918 — before World War I had ended — elected an opposition Congress and then the Senate began to tie the hands of President Wilson, Democrat. Even before he went to Paris to negotiate a peace treaty, nearly a majority in the Senate signed a round-robin outlining what kind of treaty they would accept or reject.

Promises of cooperation between the executive and the legislative branches will be regarded by Europeans now as adding to the confusion because in their eyes there can be only one majority party next January, and that's the one in control of the national legislature.

The Europeans understand a coalition government when established at a time of national emergency, but this means two parties actually share the executive responsibility. This is not possible under the American system.

Money for Europeans

What the Europeans will like about a Democratic victory in Congress, however, is the possibility that it will mean more money for them. Some feel that the Eisenhower administration pinches pennies too much. The foreign governments know, of course, that America's foreign policy is closely related to funds appropriated for aid of a military and economic character abroad and that Congress holds the purse strings.

Informal contacts are sometimes made by foreign governments mith members of Congress, especially with the chairmen of important committees. If the Democrats come into power, it will not be possible to know clearly just what America's foreign policy is to be because appropriations proposed by the executive may be altered by the Congress and an era of contest and confusion is bound to arise.

The whole world will wonder, too, about President Eisenhower's leadership. Will Congress back him up? The answer will not come for months. Meanwhile, the Soviet government will be watching for opportunities to throw monkey wrenches into American diplomacy and, behind the scenes, may find ways and means of adding to the friction.

The foregoing set of possible consequences can be so damaging to the prestige of the United States that one wonders how sincere have been the professions of highly placed Democrats in their concern about the standing of America abroad. For if these protestations mean anything, then logically leading Democrats should be urging their fellow citizens not to reduce that prestige but to prevent a divided government by voting for the Republican candidates for Congress.

Some Europeans will feel, on th other hand, that maybe President Eisenhower should resign and either Truman or Stevenson be named to the presidency. They think that, if the electorate in a free country elects one party to control of the Parliament, that same party should have the right to select the Chief Executive, too.

Foreign Nations' Viewpoint

If a majority of the voters and the stay-at-homes mean by their attitude to repudiate and show a lack of confidence in President Eisenhower and his foreign policies, then they should be aware that this is what most persons abroad will construe the election of a Democratic Congress to mean. Conversely, retention of the Republican Congress will be construed abroad as a vote of confidence in the Eisenhower foreign policy at a time of the greatest success the United States has achieved since the close of World War II.

It's up to the 40 million voters who have registered to say what they do mean next Tuesday, and Europeans will then put their own interpretation on the result. Next week's dispatches from Europe should indeed be interesting.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 17:1-2.

'Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith than a house full of sacrifices with strife.' Here again we find the repetition of a thought previously stated in slightly different words, as we may see by reading once more verses 16 and 17 of chapter 15. In Verse 2 we read that a wise servant shall have rule over a son that causeth shame (see 10:5), and shall have part of the inheritance among the brethren. Dr. Ironside says that a dependable servant is better than a misbehaving son. The latter can only rightly blame himself if his wronged father gives him but an insignificant allowance, or cuts him off altogether, while the servant who has been faithful in the performance of his duties is remembered as one of the household. But after all, no hired servant can give the joy to the heart of a father that is afforded by an obedient son. Absalom will always remain the symbol of a son who brings worrow and grief to his father, even as the so-called prodigal son wasted his father's substance in riotous living.

25 Years Ago

Taken From the Files of the Morning Call of Oct. 30, 1929—A Wednesday.

Transatlantic flight enthusiasm rose higher than ever in the Lehigh Valley as Miss Grace Lyon, of Long Beach, Long Island, came to Lehighton to inspect progress on the plane she expects to pilot across the Atlantic in spring. Plane built by more than a dozen mechanics at the Jensen Aircraft plant in Lehighton is expected to do up to 175-miles-an-hour.

Mountainville took first steps toward becoming a part of Allentown by making official application to city council asking annexation. Approximately 100 per cent of the taxpayers of Mountainville signed the petition handed Mayor Gross and councilmen by Sen. Horace W. Schantz, representing the Mountainville residents.

"Mother's Millions," which critics of the day said "had stuff in it," opened the ninth week of the Lyric Players' season. John B. Mack is presenting the players.

Horoscope

A pleasant, successful year seems to lie ahead of you, including new and valuable friends. Today's child may be restless, active and fond of travel.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE G'SHWARL HEN GAARN'D: Shun fer 'n longie tzeit hut der Earl Heacock fon Union Boulavard, Bedlahame, sich g'fraid uf die gross sunna blumma sawma arn os er om kumma het im gorda. 'S airsht hut er net gawist woh die sunna blumma shteck bei kumma sin, un hut sie woxa lossa grawd woh sie worra—hut sie net rum gablonst wie farm yohr. 'M ledshd yohr sin aw sunna blumma shteck in die hae kumma, un hut sie ol rum gablonst, un kennie hen tzu arrick gute ous gewwa.

Des yohr hut der Earl noh ous gamocht er dade die shteck grawd shtae lossa woh sie weara, un miner sivatzae won net ainer dafon ebbes wie 12 foos in die hae g'shossa is, un onnerra nava draw, worra aw gore wunnerbore hoch. Darrich der summer is es 'm Earl noh bei g'falla os sie boo, der yung Earl, 'n tzawmie fensa mous ei g'shpart het, un so sellie arrick is fer sunnarosa kerna. Weiter is es 'm noh aw ei kumma, os der boo ols der misht ous 'm fensa mic'l koshda nous in der gorda lairra dade, un so sel all'm noh die uhrsoch wear, os selar ain't sunnarosa shtuck so olmechdich in die hae g'shossa wear.

Aenicha waig, die tzwae Earls'—der yung un der alt, hen sich shun fer 'n longie tzeit g'fraid uf ol der sawga os sie graichda ous da sunna rosa—breichda da gonsa winder ken fuder kaufa fer die fensa mous. Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl wie so oft mohls der fol is mit da socha woh m'r sich 's arrickshd druf fraid—sel sin die airshda fer in der dreck falla—un grawd so wors doh.

Net long tzurick wie der aisht reifa 's grebshd dale fon da bladder uf da bame brau gadry'd hut, hen die tzwae Earls' ous gamocht 's wear tzeit fer der sawma sommla ous ihra sunna rosa. Die weil os sie die shteck noch net grawd um mocha hen wolla, hen sie 'n longie shteplaider nous in der gorda ganumma mit ra maining fer darta druf gae, un der sawma ous da sunna rosa rivla, un 'n in aimer falla lossa—ainer hut rivla wolla, un der onner der aimer hava.

Wie sie ow'r nuf noch da sunna rosa kumma sin, ferhoftich sei won der sawma net ol hous wor, un hens airsht net gawist wos g'shaina wor—net bis sie etlicha g'shwarl hoerra hen in da bame rum tziggerra net weit ob. Noh wie sie mohl recht gaguck'd hen, ferhoftich sei won die shliverhickory fon g'shwarl net aw gawist hen wos sunnarosa kerna sin, un hen die aller ledshd kern rous g'fressa kot. In kartza werta, die g'shwarl hen die sunnarosa kerna kotta, un die tzwae Earls' hen grick'd wos der Irish danoh g'shossa hut—nix, bajabers gore nix.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Mohl ains fon denna dawga missa fon unserra Fegelcher fers garich'd nemma—die Jennie Cole fom Coladahl hut yusht g'schriva, sawga, sellie g'shicht fon ihra trip noch da Bloomsbarrick Fair wear shun 'n yohr alt.

Allas os m'r gawainlich wissa, is wos die Fegelcher uns peifa, un so won n'r now mohl 'n blut Fegelchie sehna rum hupsa, wissner die uhrsoch.

DIE SCHNITZEN PARTY

En Schnitzen waar doyetz gawest
Drauss am Blessierlich Eck:
Die Nochberschaft iss ausgedreht
Am Haus vum Yonas Beck.

Ich hab waah aftich net gewisst,
Arabella Bersleit
So viel so guder Gschpass sei maag—
Es lechert mich noch heit.

's waar'n Meed un Weibsleit gross un klee
Un Mannsleit alt un yung;
Die Kinner hen im Haus rum gschpielt,
Un yeders nitzt die Zung.

Was doch en Zucht waar datt gemacht,
Es waar wie'n hunnert Gens—
Wie zwansich Mann ins Schmitte Schwamm
Mit Wetzschtee un mit Sens.

Was watt do gsaat — ya, frog mich mol—
Kannscht mir vleicht saagge yetzt—
Un doch verschteht en yeder gut,
Wann all uff eemol schwetzt.

Sie bringen ball die Eppel rei,
En Zuwwer fer die Schnitz;
Paar Seck, die Schaale nei zu duh,
Un Benk fer ihre Sitz.

Noh setzen sie sich all mol hie
Rings um den Zuwwer rum
Mit Messer, Pann — Schaz um der Hals—
Wie um en groossi Drumm.

Der Yonas in der Summer Kich,
Was hot er sich verschwitzt!
Mit Eppel Scheeler an der Weschbank fascht
Dreht ass es Feier schpritzt.

Was sin die Schnitz aa gflogge noh,
Wie wann mer Keschte schwingt;
Der Zuwwer waar glei voll zum Ranft,
Weil yeders schwetzt un singt.

's waar'n Kessel Seider uff em Disch,
Un der waar gut un siess;
's waar'n Kaerresbse Boi un Kuche datt—
Deel Fassnacht un Eepies.

"Ich gleich mei Seider wann er gratzt,"
Saagt mol die Mary Klapp:
"Die Brieh hot yo ken Krefte drin,
Gemaahnt mich graad an Schlapp."

So geht sie naus ans Essich Fass,
Der basst ihr'm Gschmack dann graad;
So schitt sie drei, vier Glesser ab
Un paarmol "A-a-h" druff gsaat.

Wie Hitz un Essich zammeschafft,
Hot sie en Kischt aagrickt,
Un fallt langs in der Zuwwer nei,
Die Schnitz gaar wiescht verdrickt.

Hett ebber eens re hiegewischt,
Waer sie dann net meh dod:
's nemmt drei Kalls fer sie weckzuduh,
Un 's waar'n gudi Lod.

Sie noch der Scheier, uff deel Hoi,
Mit blankets zugedeckt:
Datt hot sie gschlofe schier zwee Daag,
Vor sie dann widder weckt.

Sie fangen widder 's Schnitze aa,
Do kummt en kleeni Maus
Zum Loch raus in der Kiche Wand
Un schpringt der floor zu naus.

Die Weibsleit tschumpen uff die Benk
Mit Fracke in der Heeh;
Was Schenkel waar'n zu sehne datt—
Deel dinn, deel dick, deel schee.

Die Mannsleit, die verfehlen nix—
Wer Aagge hot, der sehnt:
"Die Maus, die basst yo graad do nei."
Hot eens devun gemeent.

Die Weibsleit schteiggen vun de Benk
Mit Backe schee un rot:
Sie wicklen Frack Schteck um die Bee
Un winschen 's Meisel dot.

Doch gehn sie widder an ihr Gscheft
Un machen grooss Geschrei:
Dann fangt en dunners Zucht aa drauss—
Sie wunnern, was mecht's sei.

Un gschwind genunk waar ausgemacht,
Was all die Yacht bedeit:
's iss yuscht ee Ding un's anner wu
Verschtaert die gude Leit.

Drei Katze bei zwee Hund geyaagt,
Was macht mer — hol's die Grenk!
Iwwer die Schnitz un alles naus—
Schtiel, Kinner un die Benk.

En Katz, die dreht sich fer en Hund,
Graad vor der Ellie Wentz:
Verfehlt der Hund, tschumpt uff ihr Schooss
Un heckelt sackermentz.

En Hund macht aa sei Marrick net,
Neegscht bei der Balli Day:
In Platz die Katz er fange will,
Beisst er der Ball ins Bee.

Alles unnerscht 's ewwerscht gedreht,
Die Schtubb sehnt hesslich aus;
Mit Katz un Hunshaar alles voll—
Was kann mer mache drauss!

Iss es Gediers mol nausgeyaagt,
Geht's an die Butzerei:
Die Schnitz uff kors, waar'n all verhunst,
So gehn sie zu de Sei.

Noh gehn fer Seider drinke paar
Mit Eifer an der Disch;
Do waar der Schofbock eifrich draa,
Un dickseckich wie en Fish.

's hot niemand noch die Boi versucht,"
Ruft noh die Hannah Lynn:
Sie kummen dann fer Karrebse Boi,
Do waar'n die Kinner drin.

"Mir hen noch Fassnacht Kuche do,"
Saagt Emmy Hawwerfeld:
's hot awwer ebber letz geduh
Un sie ins Fenschter gschtellt.

Die alt weiss Kuh gleicht siess Sach aa,
Un langt zum Fenschter nei:
Sie fresst die Kuche, schleckt die Naas—
So waar Fassnacht verbei.

Ich hab bei Gasch so viel gelacht,
Mei Bauch dutt heit noch weh:
Doch lache iwwer Unglick waar Bischur net arrig schee.

Ich hoff die Nochberschaft datt drauss
Des net zu Haze nemmt:
Mer dauf net wie die Oyschters sei,
Wu immer's Maul zuklemmt.

Ich denk sie hen aa Gschpass raus grickt,
Waar eben deel Verluscht:
Kannscht ordlich viel erschteh demols,
Abaddich wann du musscht.

Des iss es End vun denne Gschicht,
Ich denk 's iss aa ball Zeit:
Vun Schnitzen heert mer nimmi viel
Drauss unnich Bauersleit.

1933 —RALPH S. FUNK

A PLEA FOR AN ANTHOLOGY OF PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PROSE

By HENIZ KLOSS

THAT it was justifiable to collect in a voluminous anthology the best of Pennsylvania German verse, as Harry Hess Reichard has done in Volume XLVIII of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, probably nobody has ever disputed. While most of the rimed output is on what we may call the typical dialect level, to wit: either humorous, nostalgic or idyllic, or, more rarely, didactic, it nevertheless is in part non-derivative and in this respect compares favorably with similar productions in dialects such as those of the Palatinate, Bavaria, Hesse and others, largely I think, because of the absence of that influence from the High German which in Germany tends to tinge most of the vernacular lyric. Kailyaird poetry is the name the Scots have bestowed upon this kind of literature. So far as this particular level is concerned Earl F. Robacker is right when he claims (**Pennsylvania German Literature**, 1943, p.135) that Charles C. More's "Schatte uf der Krick" is among the most poignant and moving poems to be found in the dialect literature. But occasionally we even have PG poems which soar high above the kailyaird level and are worthy of international recognition, as e.g. Calvin Ziegler's "Nadurgeischt" (cp. **Drauss un Deheem**, 1891, reprinted in Vol. I of the P.G. Folklore Society, 1936, p.36) which anticipates some of the most recent discoveries of German Naturphilosophie, and Charles C. More's "Was mer eme Dode gebt" (cp. my anthology **Ich schwetz in der Mutterschproch**, 1936, p.17) with its singular metallic imagery. The life of a speech community, like that of an individual, has many aspects: from one aspect it is jewels like these that give meaning to its having come into being and justification for its continued existence.

About the usefulness of an anthology of PG prose some people will be much more doubtful. Few will share the sentiment expressed by Prof. Henry S. Gehman of Princeton Theological Seminary who upon the occasion of the "Eck's" 15th anniversary wrote that he had been "particularly interested in the development of a fluent PG prose." And yet, vernacular prose is in itself a greater achievement than vernacular verse. There are no tongues within the occidental orbit in which no songs are written but there are many, perhaps a majority, without a literary prose. Broad Scots or Lallans, the language of Robert Burns, is wellnigh proseless to this day. The narrative prose of Lewis Grassic Gibbon which Geoffrey Wagner ("The Use of Lallans for Prose" in the Journal of Eng. and Germ. Philology, LI, April 1952) claims for Lallans actually was written in a kind of Scotchified English. Of course there are likely to exist attempts at Lallans prose in newspapers or in manuscript form of which I have no knowledge, but I strongly doubt whether Scotchmen would fail to bring out in book form tales comparable to those of More or Moll.

And now let us consider some overall principles. I feel that by and large we should make but sparing use of material that has been included in former collections like those by Horne (1875) and Daniel Miller, 1904 and 1912) and even in the prose volumes of individuals like those of Thomas Harter and H. M. Miller. There is too much that has to be salvaged chiefly from yellowing newspapers and, in addition, from long-forgotten magazines and even from manuscripts.

Another problem touches upon the relation between our dreamed-up anthology and the future volumes by individual writers. Just as no author must be excluded on the grounds that a special volume of his had been brought out before, so the fact of an author being included in our collection should never be prejudicial to the possibility of bringing out later on a special volume filled with his prose only. Quite to the contrary the anthology might stir up interest in certain heretofore neglected writers and thereby become a kind of opening wedge for them.

Then there are the questions of literary effort and of literary merit. Shall we include writers who never made an effort to produce anything that might be called literature, however we may thin out that term? What about a man who for a number of years wrote up small-town news without any attempt at adornment if only by injecting some trite humorous effect? Supposing all he contributed was of the "Yesterday-Mr. John Snyder broke-his-shank-and-he-is-now-in-the-hospital"-type — does it deserve documentation? Probably only in cases where he represents some outlying territory otherwise bare in dialect achievement, e.g. Ohio, or Clinton County, Adams County and the like.

Far more complex is the problem of literary merit. Probably only few authors wrote without any literary effort. A great majority somehow trimmed up their writings, frequently by trying to heighten the comical effect of some mishap they related. But not all of these were really gifted. Some, by lending a true story their personal touch, rather spoiled than strengthened the impression it was to make upon the reader. Others when inventing plots and situations showed that they were not inventive. The question of what to do with these lesser lights will prove most perplexing to our anthologist. To the sociologist in him they are without exception significant; to the esthete some may be stale and others outright offensive. Two ways out seem to offer themselves. One would be to deal more severely with writers in areas (and periods) of some fertility; a Lehigh County author would have to show greater merits than a York Countian. The other is likely to prove better: we might insert just very short texts from those whose only claim to inclusion lies in the language they use, while drawing much more fully from writers with a profile. Yet even brief specimens from the deadwood might be damaging to the prestige of dialect prose. So that is something to be argued out in advance.

Three major fields of selective research are to be considered: the newspaper columns, fiction, and non-fictional prose. These categories do of course overlap, for what the columnists wrote does not constitute a third sphere apart from fiction and non-fiction. The "columns" are bound together, not by a similarity of subject matter or literary design, but by a mere outward formality, i.e. the way they with some regularity appeared in newspapers. A majority used a standard pattern: the letter to the editor signed with a humorous pen-name, the latter being even more common than the letter-to-the-editor stereotype.

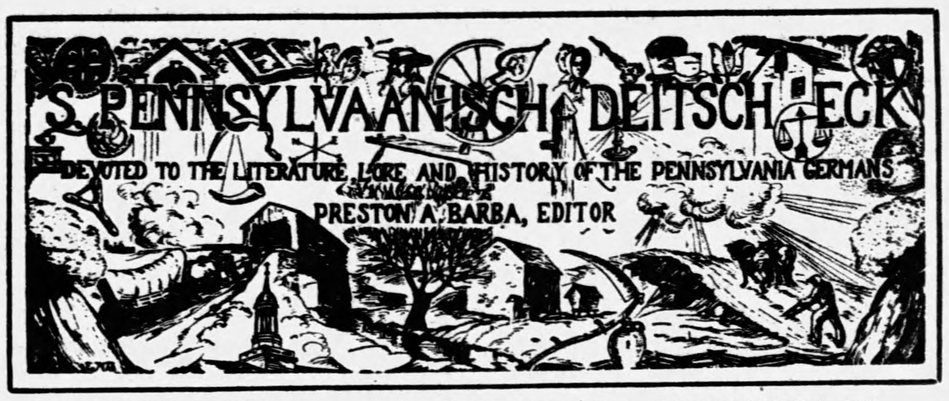
Our task is easy in the case of those columnists, who succeeded in bringing out in book form much of their output, as e.g. E. H. Rauch (1868), Thomas Harter (1893), Daniel Miller (1904, 1911), H. M. Miller (1907) and J. H. Light (1928). But Rauch's pamphlet antedated his death by 34 years, in the course of which he wrote profusely; we cannot omit examining the scrapbooks with his later columns.

With the rest of the columnists the task is considerable, though not uniformly so. It is really tough where newspaper files are to be explored; it is easier where collections of clippings are available. What with newspaper files the question inevitably will come up whether searching through them is worth the effort and whether some stray finds or clippings accidentally on hand will not do for the purpose. The answer will depend largely on the ranking of the columnist. If he belongs to the really good ones, to the elite, then only the best specimens should suffice, but chance clippings will do if he is mediocre anyway.

The columnists represent a great variety of subject matter as well as of modes of expression. For our purpose we may divide them into two major — and frequently overlapping — groups: those who tend to write fiction and those who approach the style of non-fictional prose. To the first group belong those who revel in telling invented tales, while those who, even under a comical pen-name, discuss serious matters in a serious way or report actual happenings in a factual way, offering the true names of the persons involved, constitute the nucleus of the second group. But there are hosts of middle-of-the-road writers and writings, some using invented names but describing actual goings-on, others introducing people under their real names but in a setting of events either thought up or slyly distorted so as to serve humorous ends. And even where the names and the actions related are remote from reality so that you feel that here you have a piece of genuine fiction the writer in a meditative turn of mind may suddenly (perhaps through the mouth of an invented character) set forth at length the thoughts of a well-grounded philosophy, serene or sombre, or he may start brandishing his whip against some only too real political abuse or corruption.

I would say tentatively that Thomas Harter, H. M. Miller, George W. Kunsman, E. M. Eberman, O. P. Knauss, Conrad Gehring, E. Charles, Ch. W. Weiser, Wm. J. Rupp, and of course the three Canadians, J. Rittinger, A. Schuhmacher and Elias Good seem to be nearer the pole of fiction, while E. G. Leisenring, H. K. Landis, T. Laufer, Wm. S. Troxell, "John Schumacher" (probably F. R. Brunner), Pierce E. Swope and James Lins on the whole seem nearer the opposite end. This is not meant to be a final verdict, nor is there either honor or disgrace attached to belonging to the one or the other group. Within both groups we find shining stars and tiny lights — the latter of course being omitted among the above names.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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Editorials

An Answer Is Expected

Perhaps it is a bit too early to bring up the subject, but if the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania is as eager to abolish the sales tax as its candidates were during the recent campaign, the post-election discussions in Harrisburg gave little indication of it.

About as close as Democratic leaders got to the controversial tax question when they charted their initial legislative program two days after the election was to lay the groundwork for creating a new accounting department with cabinet status and to effect at least some of the economies suggested by the Chesterman Committee.

Without mentioning the sales tax — at least not publicly — the Democratic strategy board sidestepped the issue quite adroitly by indicating that a new accounting department is necessary to give them an accurate picture of the Commonwealth's fiscal affairs. Obviously, without such a statement they will be unable to determine how much money state government needs or how it can be raised.

The broad proposals were interesting, too, because at one point they called for the appointment of an additional cabinet officer with the title of something like accountant general—a post apparently similar to that of the elective office of auditor general, established by the state constitution. At another they called for economy in government to be accomplished, at least in part, through eliminating duplications.

Any administration — new or old — must have an accurate idea of fiscal matters and of firm commitments that govern them. It can expect to get the facts it needs from those charged with the responsibility of providing them. Actually, any taxpayer of the Commonwealth has the right to such an accounting from its constitutional officers.

Democratic candidates were presumed to have had at least a reasonable knowledge of the state's financial commitments and its sources of revenue when they campaigned on a platform that included the elimination of the sales tax — any mention of which is omitted from the first post - election legislative objectives.

Certainly, they knew that the Chesterman Committee estimated that if all its proposals were accepted the state could expect to save $34 million a biennium immediately and $100 million every two years by 1960. And certainly they knew that the sales tax, committed to the support of education, raises something like $130 million a year.

In increasing numbers, voters have an uncanny way of matching promises and accomplishments. They will expect some action on the sales tax and will be looking for its prompt repeal —unless of course the alternative should be an even more cumbersome or odious tax or one that would thwart the economic progress of the state and its people.

Just how the Democratic administration proposes to raise the funds required for state government never has been quite clear. Now that the election is over, the answer should be forthcoming—and before too long.

Find Them Quickly

Unless youngsters learn the responsibilities that go with the use of firearms — and unless adults help them by precept and example — an aroused public opinion may compel the Pennsylvania Legislature to deny the privilege of hunting to many teenagers who now enjoy it.

Many more incidents such as those that occured near Emmaus the other day when a 10-year-old girl was struck by a stray pellet from the gun of a youthful hunter who then ran away, could well bring action that would limit the privilege of hunting to those who could give evidence of their responsibility.

Carelessness in the use of firearms — and it was carelessness that resulted in the wounding of the young girl — is bad enough. It is more easily excused, however, than the sheer cowardice evidenced both by the hunter and his adult companion who ran away without making any attempt to aid the child or determine how seriously she had been wounded. Even the most casual hunter will not excuse such a lack of common decency.

Adults — whether they be parents or friends — who shield such a youngster, or one who deliberately shoots through windows of homes or business establishments, are doing neither themselves nor the youngsters a favor. They are encouraging cowardice and deceit, unbridled vandalism and an utter disregard of the law and the rights of others that can conceivably lead to a criminal career.

The law permits youngsters 12 and 13 years of age to hunt if they are accompanied by their fathers, who must sign license applications with them. Those who are 14 or 15 may hunt in Pennsylvania only if accompanied by a blood relative over 21 years of age. The statute was written so that youngsters could learn to hunt and hunt properly —to become true sportsman. It is a law that imposes a responsibility on every adult who takes a youngster into the field.

Certainly, the adult who ran away with the youth after the wounding of Barbara Breyer, accepted no such responsibility. It is important that he — as well as the boy — be apprehended and taught what responsibility means. No true sportsman would protect either.

There Should Be No Delay

President Eisenhower underscored the importance of the treaties his administration has negotiated to solidify the defenses of Western Europe and of Southeast Asia and to preserve peace by deciding to submit them to the Senate at its special session beginning Monday.

Although the agenda of the special session does not provide for action on the treaties, the fact that the Foreign Relations Committee will have them should pave the way for early ratification shortly after the 84th Congress convenes in January.

Definitely requiring Senate ratification are the North Atlantic Treaty protocol admitting the West German Republic to N.A.T.O., signed in Paris last month, and the Southeast Asia Defense Alliance and the Pacific Charter, both signed in Manila in September. Another agreement, the protocol to the Bonn peace contracts restoring sovereignty to West Germany and enabling it to rearm, may not require formal Senate ratification.

In spite of the change in the political control of Congress, little difficulty is expected in having the treaties formalized. For this country and its legislators they have been anything but political issues.

Greece and Turkey were admitted to the N.A.T.O. in 1952 by a protocol similar to that under which 14 member nations unanimously invited West Germany to participate and that agreement was approved by a Senate vote of 73 to 2.

Anticipating a situation under which France might fail to ratify the European Defense Community treaty — as it did — the Senate on July 30 and by a unanimous vote gave the President authority to act on restoring sovereignty to Germany and to enable her to contribute to the maintenance of international peac and security.

The Southeast Asian collective defense treaty, linking Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand and this nation in a pledge to joint action against aggressive threats to a member nation, was sponsored by this country. The Pacific Charter, signed at the same time, pledges collective action against subversion and promotion of self-government for all countries whose people desire it and are able to undertake its responsibilities.

Individually and collectively, the treaties further strengthen this country and its allies against Communist aggression. They are the kind of treaties which the Senate — regardless of its political complexion — probably will ratify with little debate or delay.

And in that, President Eisenhower can expect better treatment than was accorded President Wilson when he returned from Paris with treaties that were to have prevented all future wars.

Here We Go Again



Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

PARIS — Looking at the election returns Gen. Eisenhower might well read them, it seems to me, for what they disclose about the results of his leadership and management of the Republican party.

In 1952 he ran well ahead of the aggregate of Republican congressmen, and the question has been whether he could as Presicent give the Republicans a lead which would bring them a popular majority. The election shows that he has failed to do this. While the Republicans have not suffered more severely than is normal at mid-term, what they needed for their future as a party was to make a big gain. Gen. Eisenhower needed to bring to the Republicans a sizable proportion of the voters who backed him in 1952. That he has not succeeded in doing. He has not done it by making speeches appealing for support because in the past two years he has not conducted an administration which has won that support. The details of the voting are not yet available here in Paris.

Appeasement vs. Buildup

But the broad returns would certainly seem to show that the President has gone much too far in appeasing the Republican right wing, and not nearly far enough in building up the liberal wing of his party. From Minnesota to Massachusetts the advantage has been with the liberals of both parties, — so much so that it may well be true to say that Gen. Eisenhower's failure to develop a Republican majority is due to his misunderstanding the relative importance of the two wings of his party. The right wing Republicans are a minority in a minority party, and Gen. Eisenhower has failed to build a strong party around them.

Loss of the control of Congress by the Republicans would have had greater consequences for the President if he had ever had effective control of the Republican Congress. He has never had it. The legislation passed does not reveal the real relation between Gen. Eisenhower and Congress. For the legislation which was passed is far short of the legislation he asked for. And what he asked for had already been trimmed deeply because he knew he could not get more from the chairmen of the committees.

The real uninhibited Eisenhower is a liberal in the field of welfare measures. So meager was his influence in the Republican leadership of Congress that he asked for much less than he believed in and got much less than he asked for.

But even more serious have been the concessions and surrenders he has made to his own congressional leaders in the conduct of the executive branch of the government. McCarthy may be a lame duck but the damage done to the morale and efficiency of administrative officers and of the foreign service, is enormous, is tragic, and is dangerous. The intimidation by the congressional committees and by their agents inside the executive branch has reached a point where — speaking soberly — one can no longer have confidence in the integrity of the reports going back to Washington. There is a terrible temptation to write reports that would sound well at a televised McCarthy hearing.

It seems to me that the President and his genuine friends and supporters need not feel too badly because the Republicans have lost the control of Congress. That control was never in the hands of Eisenhower men. The legislative procedure and the investigating machinery have been used for ends which the President does not believe in, and in ways which have challenged his constitutional responsibility and his personal dignity. To be sure it is now possible for the Democrats to turn the engine of investigation and the machinery of legislative control against him. They will be tempted to abuse the power which is now in their hands. But they will not be able to do that profitably if the President acts on his own liberal convictions and ceases to appease the unappeasable right ring.

Don't Suit Talents

The role that Gen. Eisenhower has been attempting to play in partisan politics does not fit the realities of American politics and it does not suit his own temperatment and talents. It is impossible to make a majority party out of the Old Guard Republicans. The attempt to do so by extremely reactionary policies and by McCarthy methods can succeed only in sowing irreparable dissension among our people. This will never, it can never, bring together a solid reliable majority party.

Nor is the attempt to do this, or to connive at it, in character. Gen. Eisenhower, having no political past, rightly thinks of himself as a national figure above the party struggle destined to uphold the unity of the nation against the division of interests and of factions. He can still be that kind of President, now that the election has brought home the fact that it does not pay and it does not work for him to be the other kind of President.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 17:11

'An evil man seeks only rebellion; therefore a cruel messenger will be sent against him.' This verse seems to refer to rebellion against constituted authority as an evil and dangerous thing. That a rebel against such authority should expect dire punishment from the one at the head of government is to be expected. There are those who do not like to be held in restraint by lawful authority, and history, ancient as well as modern, affords illustrations of rebellions against government, a rather common occurrence in some countries which seem always to be politically restless. Satan is a perfect example of a rebel—in his case against God's moral government. That he is promised a definite and terrible end may be seen by reading Revelation 20. Meanwhile, his chief purpose is to inveigle our race into simmlar rebellion against God, the story of Genesis 3, and the explanation for the anti-God attitude of Russian leaders today. This verse may well stand as a warning for those who deny the existence of God and refuse Him their obedience.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE NOISY PLACE

When bicycles are lying there
In childhood's heedless disarray,
They make it plain that that is where
The children are allowed to play.

Where vain are rake and hoe and spade
To keep the lawn a thing of grace,
That is the place where, unafraid,
Across the grass the children race.

Where toys are wildly strewn about
And grown-ups have to walk with care,
The children know beyond a doubt
That they are always welcome there.

Though noise the nerves may often jar,
Peace sometimes asks too great a price.
To know just where the children are
Is comforting and very nice.

(Copyright, 1954)

Horoscope

Your anniversary is of good augury, indicating help and advice of older persons and those in authority. While today's child may seem somewhat ill-tempered, success if foreseen in the undertakings.

The laughing goose arrives in Great Britain every winter in large flocks as soon as severe weather sets in on the European continent.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

TZWAE KALTA DAWGA: Doh net long tzurick huts uns gakitz'ld on ra fendu—parr kerls ob hoericha blauderra fon kalt wedder os sie hsun darrich gamocht hen. Sie hen yaders paar trips kartz dafor gamocht kot noch ma wertshous, un denk's wor dale fom brondawei os sie so blauderra hut mocha. Wos noch mainer is, sie hen yoh awbafohla m'r sotta ken nahma net nanna won m'r ihra erfohringa fertizaila dada im Morning Call.

Der airsht hut fertzailt fon da tzeit wie 'er 'n glainer boo wor un sie hen so'n wunnerborer kalter winder kot. Fon kola brenna hen sie nix gawist — hen sich yusht ferlossa uf huls fers hous warm halta. Fer die aller arrickshd kelt het sie Pap immer gaglicha hickory huls handich kot, hut er g'sawt un netta 'n alt frankisher huls offa kot mit fier deckle owwa druf fers huls drin brenna.

Owets eb sie ins bed weara net der Pap der offa gute fol huls g'shteck'd, un mohl ae morya wears so olmechdich kalt gawest im hous, os sie shier net gawist hetta wos tzu duh. Doch so kalt os es gawest wear, hets g'sheind 's wear fire im offa—hetta helling g'sehna nava wedder da wond.

Wie der Pap on der offa wear het er die deckle net runner griega kenna fer huls nei duh, un wie sie mohl recht gaguck'd hetta, ferhoftich sei won die flom net wedder die deckle g'frohrra gawest wear—so kalt wears gawest in da kich sella morya.

Die nagshd g'shicht hut tzu kot mit noch Yarrick Shtawdt gae kee kaufa. 'S wear 'n aryie shnellie kelt uf kumma, un ol os drous uf 'm waig gawest weara, hetta shun free nommy dawgs ous gaguck'd fer 'n warmer blotz fer bleiva iwwer nocht. Er het ow'r net so weit gadenk'd kot, un wear ols fert owwa nous noch da gagend tzu, wohs die buta melk kee het.

So uhrra sexa wie er awfonga het gucka fer 'n shtub, wear allas uf ganumma gawest weit un braid, un die aller airsht lare shtub os er g'funna het, wear uf 'm garret gawest fon ma wertshous, drei un sechtsich shtuck hoch. Bawd shtub het er kennie kot, un sie hetta 'm 'n grosser aimer fol wosser mit nuf gewwa fer sich wesha.

Moryets so uhrra drei wear die fireball gonga, un wie er noch 'm elevator wear fer nunner, wear die flom darrich ruf kumma wie ous ra farnaca, un shtaiga het er net gawist woh tzu finna. Noh so wie m'r die socha hoerra hen fertzaila, hut der kerl g'sawt mit ma shpettlicha shmuntzle im g'sicht. "Noh howwich 's garret fenshter uf g'shova, un der aimer fol wosser datzu nous galairt. 'S wor so kalt os es wosser g'frohrra is wie ae grosser ice txoppa, un is drunna uf 'm budda bletzlich fosht g'frohrra, un der ice tzoppa is shtae gabliva so shtrock wie 'n soldawdt. Yusht in da nocht kut, bin ich nous gajump'd, un om ice tzoppa nunner garitch'd, un hob nich sella waig ous 'm g'fohr g'shoft."

"Ei, Ei, Ei," hut der onner gamaint, "sel mus shure 'n kaltie nocht gawest sei.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r hen sie lebdawg noch ken besserer blotz g'funna os wie 'n fendu fer alta g'shpichta hoerra—net mit ous sis omma werthous, yusht darta hen sie alsa mohl paar in sick, un darf net allas glawwa wos sie sawga.

Mer hen 's waer alles faerdich, noh
Iss immer ebbes noch—
Do macht der Jim so'n Bogeschprung
Un ab darchs Falterloch.



BEIM ONKEL

VUM ASTOR C. WUCHTER
(1856-1933)

An unpublished poem by one of the great masters of our dialect, from manuscript Volume II, "Die Kinneryohr un On'ra Gschpichta" in the Library of Muhlenberg College.

Mer waare fart, die Betsy b'sucht,
Was waar sie net so froh:
Mer hen uns selwer g'freet druf hie,
Sell iss waahrhaftich so.
's waar ewwe aa schun zimmlich lang,
As kens meh darte waar:
Mer schteckt in Aerwet Kopp un Schwans,
Die Supp waerd nie net gaar.

Ich gleich des B'such geh dann un wann,
Es frischt em widder uf:
's iss Dummheet hockt mer yuscht deheem
Un guckt der Schnarnschtee nuf.
Mer grickt die Aage yuscht foll Dreck
Un sicht ferdollt sei nix:
Mer weess net wammer Haase sehnt,
Sin's Grundsei odder Fichs!

Der Onkel waar gans ufgelebt,
G'lacht wie en yunger Bu:
"Well! meiner dreissich, was iss des?
Do kummt mol B'such dezu!
Mer hen schun oft so zamme g'saat,
Was dann do letz kennt sei:
Mer heert nix, sehnt nix fun de Freind,
Un's kummt aa nimmand bei."

Die Fraa iss mit der Betsy ab,
's hot g'schnattert wie die Gens:
Un's aerscht, es sin paar hinne drei
Un wedle mit de Schwens.
Mer hen der Jim noh abgezaamt,
Zum Schtall nei an der Drog:
Er hot gelacht un graabt im Schtroh—
So'n Hoi un Hawwer Frog.

Der Onkel hot so schmunslich g'saat:
"Ich gleich der alt Weg 's bescht,
Mer schpannt die Mag ins Buggy nei
Un halt die Leine fescht.
Der Hawwer iss fiel safer noch,
As wie des Gasoline:
Ich faahr noch liewer uf de Schprings,
As uf 're Klapp-machine."

Die Betz, die meent — mei Betz, ferschteh,
Sie waer graad's Gegedeel:
Daet ebber saage: "Betz, gehscht mit?"
Sie gingt net lang far Bail.
Ich glaab, wann sie am backe waer,
Die ganse Aerm im Deeg,
Der Schlapphut gingt ins hinnersecht Eck,
Sie gingt mit uf der Weg.
Mer hen die fette Sei beguckt,
Es hot em schier ferschreckt:
Mer waar net sure an wellem End
Schwans odder Riesel schteckt.
's waer Not mer kloppt ne uf die Schwaart
Far sehne wu's dann greischt:
Es nemmt en Briggel, schunscht batt's nix,
Un kloppt mer druf mit Feischt.

Un's Fieh iss all so glatt wie'n Ool,
Die Geil die hen geglenst:
Sie gucke net wie'm Jake sei Schtock—
Ferhutzelt un verhenst.
Die Betsy eegent's Hinkelfieh,
's laaft alles lausich foll:
Sie hen gezetert, g'sunge, g'summt,
Deel "Dur" un deel in "Moll."

Mer sin am Hawwerfeld so hie
Darchs Welschkarn widder haer:
Zum Bungert nei un rumgeguckt,
Wie's Lattwaergkoche waer.
Wann ebber's Schpotyohr Lattwaerg kaaft
Beim Onkel John, bei Gatt!
Der hot fars Geld un Abbedit
Ken Kaerbseschtruddel g'hat.

Mer hen so'n Weil dart rumgemacht,
Noh ruft die Betsy: "John!
Now macht eich ready, waart net lang;
Kumm, Yohli, now kumm on!"
Mer hen uns an der Disch dart g'hockt,
Mit Maad un Knecht debei:
Ken Wunner, wann's so'n Dinner gebt,
Do muss mer "ready" sei.

Ich hab gemeent die Betz—mei Betz,
Die kennt sich Schaade duh:
Sie hot gebrummt: "Geb du yuscht acht,
Un loss mich mol in Ruh."
Noh saagt die Betsy: "Losst eich nei,
Ken dumme Schtreech gemacht:
Yuscht gesse, 's iss noch mehner do,
Un wann der Schtuhl aa kracht."

Ich saag der, 's iss en scheeni Sach,
Kann eens ans Onkels geh.
Wu eens ferdollt sei willkumm iss,
Un's beisst kens uf die Zaeh.
's iss recht ferdriesslich wammer geht
So aeryets hie uf B'such
Un schpiert im Haerz un Maage drin
So'n schwieler Dotsgeruch.

Noch Middaag sin die Weibsleit ab
Darch alle Schtubb un Eck.
Begucke's all far's zwansischt mol—
Den alte Kammerdreck.
Bei dascht! es geht ne graad wie uns
So uf de Bauerei:
's iss foll so G'freess in Schopp un Schtall
Far uf die Gaerwerei.

Mer hen fun dem un sellem g'schwetzt
Bis nix meh iww'rich waar—
Net bei de Weibsleit—kaemt's ans End
Sell waer yo wunnerbaar!
's waer awwer Zeit far uf der Weg,
Noh hawwich g'schiert far ab;
Mer hen der Jim noh ufgezaamt,
Der danst so'n Dribbel Drapp.

Der Onkel meent: "Der fiehlt yo gut,
Do kummt ihr glei noch Haus:
Now macht's ball iwwer, heerscht du, Betz?
Mer kumme ball mol naus."

A PLEA FOR AN ANTHOLOGY OF PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PROSE

By HEINZ KLOSS

Conclusion

I could never help cherishing a certain predilection for the columnists and for the prose writers in general. In fact my history of PG dialect literature (**Die Pennsylvaniadeutsche Literatur**, Mitteilungen der Deutschen Akademie, Munich, 1931) may well have been the first attempt in PG history to do them justice, and to assign them a definite place in the history of PG literature. The wide range of tunes some columnists have at their command is astonishing. Wm. S. Troxell (Pumpernickle Bill) may easily outsparkle most of the other columnists as Pennsylvania Dutchdom's all-time master reporter, but besides that he has also written meditative New Year's reflections and moving obituaries such as those of Edwin M. Fogel (Morning Call, Dec. 19, 1949) and of W. E. Swigart (Morning Call, Dec. 21, 1949). Other examples of outspoken non-fiction are two articles by Pierce E. Swope on the use of "Pennsylfawnish in Schule" (Pennsylvania Dutchman, Feb. 15, 1951) and in "Breddiche" (Eck, Dec. 22, 1951), and of course some of Leisenring's clarion calls for the dialect (cp. e.g. **Deutscher Pionier** 14, 1882, pp. 70-71 and H. H. Reichard, **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and Their Writers** in Pennsylvania German Society Proceedings, 1913).

Next come the writers of fiction other than that near-fiction contained in newspaper columns. The two master writers of PG fiction, Charles C. More and Lloyd Moll, definitely deserve volumes of their own. Of More's stories several appeared in my anthology, **Lewendiche Schtimme** (1929), and some were printed or reprinted in the "Pennsylvania German Magazine" and in the "Eck." Of Moll the "Eck" published, beginning 1935, "Am Schwarze Baer" which later formed a part of Vol. XII (1947) of the Yearbooks of the PG Folklore Society. Moll's notable "Schtimme aus'm Kaerrichhof" appeared in the "Eck" beginning in 1941. But there are extant still other prose writings by Moll either unprinted or buried in newspaper files ("'S Gebabbel im Schtor" in the Allentown Chronicle).

From the pen of J. Wesley von Nieda, cooker-up of tall plots the "Eck" has carried a number of stories: "Der Yung Breddicher" (March 17, 1951); "Die Narrisch Soos" (June 14, 1952); "Der Jim in ere Fix" (May 31, 1952), and a more pretentious piece of fiction, "En Trip in der Luft (Eck, Aug. 1 to Oct. 17, 1953). For a sketch of this writer and his literary activity see the Eck for July 23, 1949.

A few pages or paragraphs from Roy D. Stauffer's detective story "Es Recht kummt an der Daag" (Eck, Feb. 23 to April 5, 1952) will make good reading. A few significant sketches might be taken over from Ludwig A. Wollenweber's **Gemaelde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben** (1369). These five men just mentioned are the genuine fiction writers of the dialect, if by fiction we understand an invented prose narrative extending over more than three or four pages.

A prose anthology designed to bring together samples of a great variety of authors will seldom do full justice to the writers of fiction because of the limitations of space. In my **Lewendiche Schtimme** I presented only three authors.

Besides the five men just mentioned there are the authors of numerous anecdotes and sketches that have appeared in various places. Reichard's bibliography at the end of his **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings**, 1918 (pp. 372-95), while listing chiefly reprints in books or magazines from newspaper columns has a few items which probably constitute "non-columnal fiction" (there is no hard and sharp borderline anyway). I am thinking, for example, of H. A. Schuler's "Kalenner" stories (1905); of Ben Trexler's "Bockwampan" (1830); of Eli Keller's "Stoffel" story printed in Daniel Miller's Pennsylvania German (1904); of the "g'schichta" A. R. Horne included in his Pennsylvania German Manual (1875), and of W. J. Hoffman's five tales published in the American Journal of Folklore.

In the third place we have to consider non-fictional prose outside newspaper columns. Here again a rich and for many an unexpected harvest can be garnered. I shall give but a few first hints. We should like to see in such an anthology some of the significant 19th century PG scholars represented, e.g.

Wm. H. Egle, who in 1393 included a PG chapter in his "History of Dauphin and Lebanon Counties;"

W. J. Hoffman, noted ethnologist, who in 1894 published a "Gschicht fun da alta Tsaita in Pennsilfani" in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. 32;

Israel Daniel Rupp, who in Vol. II (1870-71) of the "Deutscher Pionier" wrote three vernacular articles, one about his grandfather, the second about the German farmers, the third about the Pennsylvaanisch language, and in Vol. IV (1872-73) he followed them up with an article on "Pennsylvanisch Deutsche Hochzeiten."

J. H. Dubbs, who in Daniel Miller's Anthology (1904) had an article on "Deutsche Settlements vor der Revolution."

Also we may want to see in this section of our anthology some of the great early champions of the Pennsylvania German language insofar as their productions cannot be included with the work done by columnists. Of E. D. Leisenring his translation of the Grange program would fit in; of E. H. Rauch, his lecture on "De Olta un Neia Tzeita" held before the Pennsylvania German Society and printed in Vol. I of their Proceedings; of A. R. Horne perhaps "De G'breicha fun d' Pennsylvanisch Deitscha" from his **PG Manual**; of H. A. Schuler his text on "Zeechaglawa un Braucherei" in **Uner Pennsylvanisch-Deitscher Kalenner**, 1905; of the prose texts listed in Reichard's bibliography (**Dialect Writings**, 1918, p. 391); of Charles C. More some of his "Gedankeschliwwere," many of which appeared in the early volumes of the Eck. It would be gratifying and illuminating to find in this anthology at least a brief specimen of the Pennsylvania German articles Samuel Ernst is said to have written along with High German and English ones, in his "Waffenloser Waechter" (1871, cp. Ralph C. Wood: **The Pennsylvania Germans**, 1942, p. 176).

A number of pertinent articles appeared in the Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck, among them: Clyde Stine: "En Feschtred," Nov. 11, 1939; J. J. Reitz: "Die Hesse G'wehr Factory vun Heedelbaerrick," March 2, 1940; H. H. Romig: "Wie ich en Bu waar," Oct. 14, 1944; Wm. F. Yoder: "Die Schule vun Geschter," March 17, 1945; F. W. Oberholtzer: "Die Schietzekaerrich un ich," April 26, 1947; P. A. Barba: "Unser Scheiere," Aug. 5, 1949, and a sample of the charming little sketches "Aus'm Frank W. Matz sei Nadurbuch" published in the Eck at intervals.

Even the "Pennsylvania Dutchman" of the Lancaster Folklore Center, though generally averse to using the dialect for purposes outside the confines of its particular "folk" concept, has printed G. Gilbert Snyder's and Paul Wieand's radio reports on their trips to the Palatinate (Vol. 3, Oct. 1, 1951 and Vol. 4, Jan. 1, 1953) pieces which would delight readers in Germany, and so would the speech of Nathan Schaeffer, the well-known educator, made before the Schaeffer Reunion (printed in Daniel Miller's Anthology, 1904), and which contains memories of his university days in southern Germany.

Speaking of radio broadcasts leads me to a great unknown and untapped reservoir of non-fictional prose: the manuscripts. There are three major groups of manuscript writings containing non-fictional prose, namely: 1. Sermons. — 2. Speeches delivered before Versammlinge Grundsau lodges and other lodges and other formal or informal gatherings. — 3. Radio scripts. The last named will probably prove to be by far the largest. Of Prof. Albert F. Buffington (der Wunnerfitz) alone the Pennsylvania Dutchman reports as early as June, 1949, that so far he had written 136 radio scripts. A few of these were printed in the Eck, e.g. May 25, 1946, March 29, 1947, and especially May 22 and 29, July 31 and August 14, 1948. And by now there are probably extant also some television scripts since Alfred L. Shoemaker, together with Johny Brendel, V. C. Dieffenbach and Viola Miller started telecasting over WEEV in the spring of 1953. It is not for me to surmise to what extent this wealth of material should be and could be utilized for our anthology. But there is no reason to believe that the manuscripts carry only inferior stuff and that all the good pieces of PG prose have already been printed.

Folk tales and tall stories (whether or not you consider the latter folk tales too) should be omitted because there are too many of them and would easily yield some extra volumes. Of the former a notable collection in English has already appeared in Vol. 50 (1944) of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, and of tall stories a collection told in the dialect appeared in Vol. 15 (1950) of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. Such and similar tales should be omitted because the suggested anthology should be devoted to conscious prose writings rather than to oral traditions. On the other hand one would certainly welcome from each of the decades before 1850 one or two samples of the earliest efforts at dialect-writing however imperfect, artless and even crude they may be. A. L. Shoemaker has discovered dialect items in the "Wahrer Amerikaner," Lancaster, of Nov. 23, 1804, and July 20, 1805. In the case of these earliest items it would be appropriate to render them in their original spelling.

The work outlined in this artilce, if it is to be done well, will require enormous time and effort. The materials are widely scattered and, what is worse, will have to be transcribed. For this volume will be worse than useless, it will draw mockery and derision on those editing it, if each prose text retains its original spelling. The most readable text loses its appeal through illegible handwriting. In this case the spelling is the handwriting, the dress as it were, which will lend either cheerful grace or checkered clumsiness to the texts.

But the time and effort spent upon such an anthology would be certain to yield rich results. Harry Hess Reichard concludes his **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and Their Writers** (1918) with this sentence:

"To create a dialect literature in a country where the kindred language is used, is something; to have created a Pennsylvania German dialect literature when the language of their schools, increasingly of their churches, and altogether of their national life, is English, was an achievement."

To this sentence we add: yes, it was quite a thing to write lyrics and plays in this dialect; but to have created a vernacular prose covering a wide range of topics and extending into the fictional as well as into the non-fictional field was an achievement surpassing even what has been done in many, perhaps most of the dialects in the ancient homeland.

Guest Editorial

The Celebration of Christmas

EDITORS NOTE: Opinions expressed in the usual editorial columns of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers are those of its editors. The Guest Editorial column, to which leaders in many areas of community life have been invited to contribute, is open to all readers who wish to use The Morning Call as a public forum to express their own opinions. All Guest Editorials must be signed and must not exceed 400 words.

By the Ministers League of Allentown

We note with approval and appreciation the businesses and industries which last year truly entered into the Christmas spirit by limiting their own office or plant festivities and by giving to some cause which in their estimation was worthy and deserving. We feel sure that the returns in satisfaction and good will more than repaid for that which otherwise might have been theirs alone.

So it is that the Ministers' League of Allentown and Vicinity again encourages plants, offices and businesses to consider some such approach to Christmas in the place of what has customarily been a party only for themselves. Naturally we would assume that alcoholic beverages are not an appropriate approach to celebrating the Incarnation of the Son of God.

Surely all of us rejoice in the way in which businesses and offices all across our country have turned increasingly to the Word of God and to prayer. We are encouraged to anticipate that not only in business but also in the home, as well as in the church, the spirit of Christmas will more and more be fittingly observed throughout the Nation and in our own community.

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Editorials

Father Huesman Replies

The Rev. Henry J. Huesman statement relative to an editorial which appeared in this space commenting on his address before the Lions club on Wednesday of this week:

"I have been deeply hurt and disturbed by the interpretation put upon my address before the Lions club the other day.

"As one who has preached the doctrine of tolerance for many years, the last thing in my mind was to say anything to offend the sensibilities of my hearers or the citizens of this community. If, in my enthusiasm, I did say anything that was so interpreted, I am sorry for it.

"My sincerest hope is that my remarks will not develop a controversy within the press or among my friends. No good could come of this.

"Meanwhile, I shall continue to fight with all my strength against communism and for tolerance in our community and in our nation."

Fight for Fuel Market

There has been deep satisfaction throughout Eastern Pennsylvania with the improving situation in the lower anthracite mining region. Coal again is being sought from the bowels of the earth at Lansford, resumption of operations at Coaldale seems likely at an early day and there is growing optimism that Tamaqua will next get into the parade of reopened mines.

But another problem, which has grown during the years, is the problem of "business without a buyer." It is important first of all that coal be produced. But it also is equally important that a buyer be found for the coal that is mined. In other words, coal in the ground or coal on the stockpile is virtually valueless until a purchaser has taken if off the hands of the mining operation and has paid a fair price for it.

So again there must be a great deal of thinking and action concerning the finding and the development of markets for anthracite coal. The situation is quite similar to that which Iran has faced in recent years with respect to its vast stores of oil. Iranian demagogues seized the foreign investments in the country's oil fields and thought they had the world by the throat. Instead they found that they had a bear by the tail.

While they had the oil under their control, they had no control over the movement of the oil to world markets in seagoing tankers and they would have had no buyers to take the oil if they could have shipped their oil to every corner of the world.

The anthracite mines must have new customers for their coal. They must hold their old ones if mining is to be continued and to be expanded. The drive must be for new and for lost markets.

In this connection it is pertinent to call attention again to the persistent efforts of Congressman-elect Francis E. Walter to prevent the Veterans Administration from converting heating and power units in hospitals throughout the Eastern seaboard states from coal to gas or oil.

For several months Congressman Walter has dogged the Veterans Administration which has seemed to have committed itself to such change. He has contended that not only is it serious for the anthracite industry and for the thousands of workers therein to have such a program prevail but he believes that it is not going to be economical, that is to say it will not be a good business procedure for Uncle Sam either presently or in the long run to make such conversions.

In his most recent correspondence with the Administration he has asked to be informed about what progress, if any, has been made with respect to a resurvey of the question which had been promised some months ago and when such resurvey will be completed. He has also asked for "a complete breakdown showing comparable costs on a long range program as soon as it has been completed."

It can be understood that a stiff fight must be put up all along the line. The battle for markets is a keen one. The coal salesmen must be as determined and resourceful in their fields as Congressman Walter is proving to be in the governmental field. It is going to take favorable results in all fields to keep the mines operating satisfactorily and with full employment.

Boost for Insurance

Many owners of dwellings and other structures upon which there are insurance policies with "extended coverage" continue to worry about the gaping holes in roofs and twisted television antennae and wonder when repairmen, summoned for help almost a month ago, are going to get around to their rooftops and repair the damage.

But their worry is as nothing compared with the fire insurance companies of the United States which three times within a few months took crippling blows from the three hurricanes known as Carol, Edna and Hazel. Five other lesser hurricanes in 1954 also piled claims heavily upon the desks of insurance agents in various parts of the United States.

These eight destructive storms have brought claims which may total very close to a billion dollars when all the damage caused by the most recent hurricane—Hazel—has been fully compiled.

The hurricane Carol, third in the 1954 list of female terrors, is estimated to have cost the insurance companies $450 million. This was the most costly wind ever to sweep the United States. Almost a million claims resulted from Carol and her littler sister Edna. It still is too early to arrive at totals for Hazel but it is expected that she will be found to have been responsible for anywhere between 300,000 and 500,000 claims.

Now the insurance companies are pondering the problem: Shall rates for extended coverage be raised and shall there be risk of clamor by the public which has paid premiums for years and hitherto made no claims for losses? Or shall they take it on the chin and hope for another long period of time in which there will be an absence of such catastrophies as those which eight times this year have hit this country?

The latter answer seems likely because of the better effect which it will have not only upon public relations but also upon the fire insurance business. The prompt payment of storm losses by the companies has or should be a tremendous stimulus to new business. The property owner who has had to shoulder all his losses because he did not have extended coverage is wont to look with envy at his neighbor who does have such coverage, and then determine to imitate him.

Billions of dollars worth of property still are inadequately protected by fire insurance because of inflation of replacement costs. Vast numbers of properties do not have extended coverage. These owners should be sold upon the idea of buying it from their companies.

A vast boom for the fire insurance agents should be, if it is not already, well under way.

Cement Safest Industry

This community during recent days was happy in the award of highest national honors for safety in the steel industry during the last year to Bethlehem Steel Co.

Equally important in the number of local workmen whom it concerns is the National Safety Council's award this week for outstanding performance in 1953 to the Portland Cement Association.

The honor goes to all the 152 member companies, many of which have their manufacturing operations in the Lehigh Valley and employ thousands of our citizens. It means that in 1953 these companies set an all-time, low-injury - frequency and severity rate. In figures this means that the cement industry had only 3.81 disabling injuries per million man-hours of work and 1.67 days lost and charged per thousand man-hours of employment.

These are the best figures for cement in the 38 years during which accident prevention has been regarded as an industry activity upon a par with production and sales. It is worthy of note that the greatest number of cement plants in history went through an entire year without a time-lost accident. Some of the plants are in this Lehigh Valley.

All this is in sharp contrast, as Lehigh Valley newspapermen know, with conditions in the early days of the industry. Gory news was made in the cement plants and the quarries in those days.

Today report of a cement mill accident is a rarity in local news.

Iwo Jima to Arlington

When six Marines raised the American flag atop Mt. Suribachi on Iwo Jima during World War II, they did not expect their act to be memorialized in bronze as a symbol of the devotion and courage of the Marine Corps. They were fighting men defending their country, and after this campaign was won, they would go on to new battles -- battles in which three of them were fated to meet death.

But this one incident told the story of the Corps dramatically, and the famous picture taken of it crystallized the emotions which the Marines have always stirred in Americans. So a new statue has been added to the skyline around Washington, D. C.—a statue of the six Marines and their flag. It stands in Arlington, Va., near the Arlington National Cemetery. The three Iwo Jima Marines who survived the war were present at the dedication ceremony. So were the mothers of the three who did not survive. So were the photographer who took the picture, the sculptor who made the statue, the Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the President of the United States. So were, in spirit, all Americans to whom patriotism and national pride are lofty emotions. The flag that was planted on Iwo Jima so long ago still flies in everlasting tribute to the American fighting man.—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Horoscope

Your outlook for the next year is good, due in some cases to some outside help. Cleverness, geniality should make today's child's life happy and successful.

Take It From a Bird of Experience



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The most active advocates of free trade for the United States fail to explain that they would limit the abolition of tariff barriers and other customs procedures only to the United States. They do not object to other nations setting up tariff barriers against the United States. In a word, they advocate unilateral free trade.

The true free traders favor the abolition of all barriers to the free movemnet of goods and services. Many of them also favor the free movement of men: that is, unlimited migration of peoples from areas of unemment to areas of employment, from low standard of living countries to high standard of living countries. They would place no restrictions upon the economic process, depending upon a free market to produce its own controls.

If the only impediment to the free movement of goods were the American tariff, it would be possible to say, "Off with its head!" and the complex, universal problems arising out of two wars and a prolonged world-wide depression, to say nothing of vast social changes, would be solved in a jiffy. Unfortunately, this is not the case and the American tariff is probably the least significant disturbing factor.

O. Glenn Saxon, of Yale University, put it this way:

". . .Total, unilateral, and immediate elimination of all United States tariffs would accomplish little in our efforts to stablize international trade relations in the western world or restore its economic balance on a multilateral basis. So long as international trade, financial, and monetary relations are dominated by socialistic theories of managed currencies, compensatory spending, unbalanced budgets, monetization of public debts, competitive currency devaluations, arbitrary and discriminatory exchange controls, inconvertibility of currencies, artificially maintained exchange rates among national currencies, discriminatory export and import quotas, discriminatory export and import duties, governmental fixation of minimum (monopolistic) prices on exports of major international staples, and state-trading, as well as state-financing by nations of the western world, it is utterly unrealistic to discuss as a material factor in correction of current instabilities and imbalances in the western world. . ."

Solution Possible

This, it would seem to me, is a correct statement of the case. At the London Economic conference in 1933, it was precisely such problems that might have been solved in the period of world-wide despair, but Mr. Roosevelt torpedoed that conference, so far as we know on the advice of Henry Morgenthau. This conference could have done much to save the remainders of the capitalistic economy of Europe early enough to have made a difference.

At any rate, this London conference failed: Cordell Hull went into his shell to lay the eggs of reciprocal treaties and Raymond Moley broke politically with Mr. Roosevelt.

The fundamental economic sickness of the world, bad money, and non-competitive production and distribution deepened and became chronic. We are in that stage of the disease now.

To a degree, this has been complicated by the inflated expansion of the American productive machine during the war years and immediately after to meet the needs of Europe-at-war and the period of reconstruction immediately after the war. An example is American steel capacity:

	Net Tons
1938	80,185,638
1945	95,505,280
1954	124,330,410

The major industries of the United States followed this pattern and several new ones rose to primary positions, such as the atomic energy industry, the plastics industry, the lighter metals industry, etc. During the years of European reconstruction, these American industries did very well, overcoming the dangers of a depression resulting from readjustments to peace.

Areas Open for Markets

However, when European industries were rebuilt, largely by American aid, the need for markets for their products became immediately pressing. Two areas were open to them in which they could get a desirable return for their products: 1. The American market where they could get dollars as an offset for their unconvertible currency: 2. Soviet Russia where they could get desired raw materials and foodstuffs by barter and gold.

Therefore, the Europeans, particularly the British, entered upon a campaign to accomplish two purposes:

1. To reduce or even obliterate the American tariff and customs procedures;
2. To promote east-west trade.

(Copyright, 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 17:22

'A merry heart doesth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones.' We are well acquainted with the fact that the condition of the body can affect the mind, as the state of the mind can affect the body. The compound word, psychosomatic, much in use recently, is composed of two Greek words meaning the mind and the body, and referring to their interreactions. On page 7 of the Reader's Digest for November there is an interesting paragraph telling of a successful surgeon in London, who took two patients to hear Billy Graham preach in Harringay Arena during his recent campaign there . . . Both were converted, and the surgeon says they haven't been back to the surgeon's office since. 'Which proves,' said an Englishman, 'that what some folks need is doctrine instead of doctoring.' Some physicians have prescribed regular attendance at prayer-meeting (if they can find one) as better for certain patients than medicine could be. Conversion does produce a happy heart, in the best sense of that phrase, with consequent physical well-being.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

WINDOW SHOPPING

Given orders, I was told
To avoid the places where
Candy bars and cones are sold,
And not even stop to stare.
Though a hardware store for me
Is a fascinating spot
For a child, just half-past three,
It is positively not.

I was not inclined to stop
And to feast her twinkling eyes
At a haberdasher's shop
On displays of shirts and ties.
She was plainly in no mood
For a window full of hats,
And disdainfully she viewed
Shoes for gentlemen and spats.

Hand in hand a walk we took
Up and down the busy street,
But she didn't care to look
Long at groceries and meat.
But we made our longest stay
Where they had ice cream for sales.
I had orders to obey,
Which I'd promised not to fail.

(Copyright, 1954)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Advertisement: Attractive kitten seeks position purring in a nice little girl's lap. Will also do light mouse work!

Song for rendition during the morning shave: "Nobody Knows De Stubble I'se Seen."

(Copyright, 1954)

The penknife was carried for the purpose of making and mending quill pens.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KOTZA SIN DRUMP: So weit os der Willie Kressley aw gait fon Bullfrock — 'n blotz aw alsa mohl gakent ols Haafsville, is ken gadierts uf da ard tzu-fergleicha tzu da kotz. Tzitter os er 'n glainer boo wor hut er kotza gaglich: — hut ken tzeit ganunk kotza um sich rum howwa kenna. Wie er un sei Irene ous gamocht hen fer hairra, ains fon da socha os der Willie sich ous k'halta hut wor, os sie net base werra dade won er owets alsa mohl shpotzierra gang'd mit da boova, un os er immer so fiel kotza howwa kent os er howwa wot.

Dr Willie maint net yusht os die kotza handich weara fer rum howwa mice un rotta ferdilgia, ow'r maint aw's wear ken gadierts uf da ard, os shmaichlicher, un awganaimer wear os wie 'n kotz. Un so weit os sel aw gait, glawwa m'r net os der Willie weit fon recht is—'n kotz wase glei won 'n mensch sie gleich'd, un woh feruhrsoch'd ferwos die kotza 'm Willi uf 'm foos noh lawfa, un wolla sich shtreicha om.

Wie's Willies' ihra hochtsich fesht woe, hen sie kotza grick'd —onner leit hen na kotza gabrocht, un dale kotza sin fon selwar bei galoffa kumma, wie sie ewwa duhna won sie wissa os ebber rum is os kotza gleich'd. 'S Willies' worra bis doh gons kartzlich dahame bei seina elterra — 's Fred Kressleys' dart in Bullfrock, un der Fritz hut die kotza ernair'd. Doh weil tzurick wor noh ow'r 'n hous lare nagshd dier tzus Fritza, un der Willie un sei Irene, mit da glaina dochter Dian, hen ous gamocht fer tziega, un selwar househalta.

Die tziegerrei is gute gonga fon awbegin, bis ons end—evens die kotza worra ken druvel. Wie die kotza g'shpiert hen os der Willie tzieg'd, huts gore ken tzeit ganumma bis sie aw uf 'm waig worra, un alla ains fon da 15 kotza woh er grawd on selra tzeit zomma g'somm'ld hut kot, sin hinnich noh niver noch da neia hamet, wie gens wons sie noch 'm wosser gaina.

Bis darta hee wors g'shpass fer kotza howwa bei da hilly un filly — so long os der dawdy sie g'feeder'd hut. Ow'r bei jups wie er mohl selwar sehna hut miss'n os sil net ferhungerra—noh bei jupps, huts awfonga in der gelt sock reissa. Die fraw un dochter, un sich selwar ernairra wor shlim ganunk in denna tzeita fon hocha koshda fer allas os uf der dish gait, ow'r fer noch 15 kotza rum hucka howwa mit da meiler uf — sel wor die tzeit woh der Willie gawinsch'd hut die nei hamet dade dick, shwartz fol mice un rotta shpringa, so os sie sich ihra aignie kosh'd fonga maichda.

Wos es gebt mit 'm Willie seina kotza is ous tzu finna. Dale hen shun gamaint er sot sie nous ins fuder gewwa—wolla sawga tzu so kerls wie der Ray Bachman fon nagshd on Neffs woh g'saigen'd is mit mice fon alla orta os sie shier net wissa sich tzu seckondierra. Noh hen dale aw shun gamaint er het bol ganunk fer 'n gadierra gorda awfonga — allas os er may breich'd, weara paar bullfrocka, 'n krut odder tzwae, 'n grundsow unna bobagoy, un leit kaimta bei fon weit un braid, un dada batzawla fer sei kortz un onnerra gadierra sehna. 'M Willie sei Grammam, die Ellie Merkle hut blenty tzeit, un gaibt 'n iwwerrouser guter gadierra maishder tzu tzeita won der Willie net selwar dahame sei kon ocht gewwa uf sei "managerie," un woh kotza immer drump weara.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Joh Kuhnsman fon unnich Hellershteddle klaimt, si weara net immer die ort si os m'r maina dade os sie weara bis m'r sie recht unnersucht het.

Der John hut doh im freeyohr 'n aryie si erfohring kot, un wil wetta os die si alla weil noch wunnerra wos om aw gae wor—un war mainer wissa wil mawg der John froga. — ferleicht secht ers, un ferleicht aw net.

AN EARLY ELECTION REPORT

In Volume 4, Votes of Assembly, p.153, it is stated that in the year 1750 a great multitude of people, mostly Germans, came upon the regular election officers at York in the Province of Pennsylvania and with sticks and billets of wood, drove them away, and broke the windows about the place of holding the election; threw brick bats and took the ballot box away and held the election themselves. This seems to indicate that the Germans were determined that they would see that justice was done at the elections and they employed the methods of getting control that were used by all parties during these early times, brute force. It appears that this was a regular election riot between the Irish and English and the Germans. The case came up before the authorities and among others Benjamin Swope gave his deposition, which appears in Vol. 2, 1st series, of Pennsylvania Archives, p.51, and is in substance as follows:

That the election was begun and carried on by the Sheriff, in a peaceable manner, about one hour and one-half, and then the riot began and the Sheriff went out and quieted the people and then he returned. The five or six men of the neighborhood of Marsh Creek came with clubs and another riot happened and the Sheriff tried to quell it; but he was afraid of getting hurt — that there was fighting among the people, several were knocked down — but at last the Dutch prevailed and came in a body to the number of 150 all around the house where the election was held, and the Sheriff went out the third time to quell the tumult — the election was stopped and the ballot box was locked up by the Sheriff before he went out. When the Sheriff returned the box was put on a table and he was asked whether he would not go on with the election. He said when the tumult was over a little, he would go on but not at present. The Sheriff told the people if they would be quiet the election would be opened by him; but the people behaved in a disorderly manner and threatened in the German language, if their tickets were not taken immediately they would break open the door. The Sheriff all this time was walking about the house in great fear and his friends advised him to go on with the election at once, or otherwise the people would break in. The Sheriff said he would not go on with the election that night. Then Benjamin Swope went and told the people in the Dutch language that they might as well go home, there would be no election that night. The Dutch answered, that they had as good a right to vote as the others that had voted, and they would vote and they began to tear down the windows, broke down the door and behaved disorderly. Then Swope tried to get the Sheriff to go on with the election, that he surely would be killed if he refused; but he said he would take the box into a private room and count the ballot. Swope said he would not be present at the reading of these tickets; because there was only one-half of the tickets taken in that were there ready to be voted. Swope went out to quell the people and when he came back the Sheriff was gone. Then the Coroner got up on the table and sat on the box, which was locked, and proposed to go on with the election; but it was decided the Sheriff must be sent for. By the time they sent for the Sheriff he was seen coming through the woods; but the people would not let him come in. Then two of the company went to get the Sheriff and he said he would not come. Then a man by the name of Nicholas Ryland said he would go on with the election and they got another ballot box and three more Judges and two Clerks were sworn in. Then the election went on and was carried on until dark of the evening, and it was again proposed to send for the Sheriff and read the tickets in his presence; but the party that went for him said he was tired and he went home. Finally they started in reading the tickets and found the ticket box was in the hands of three parties, not regular officers and none of the inspectors were present. They read the tickets in both the boxes.

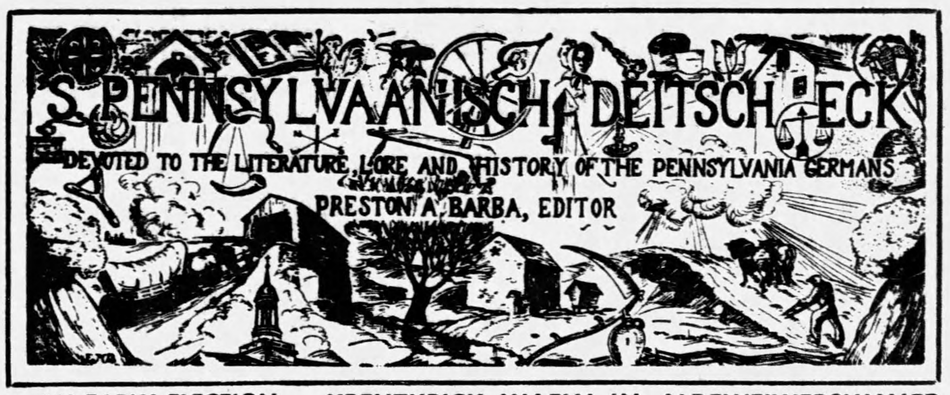
This gives us a pretty good idea of the manner in which the elections were held in those early days.

We close this incident by saying that not only did the Germans who were refused, cast their vote, but they succeeded and won at the election.

These outrageous proceedings are also reported in Vol. 5 of the Colonial Records, p.468, where it is set forth that Hans Hamilton, Sheriff of York Co., instead of presenting a return of election, presented a petition to the Council for the Province, setting forth in substance, that he was by violence driven from the place of election and prevented from returning and it was not within his power to preside and do his duty; therefore he could make no return of the election. He had several of his neighbors with him at Philadelphia, where the Council sat, and they were called in and examined and gave their testimony concerning this matter, and Council adjourned the case until Monday and heard some witnesses. Just what determination the Council came to is not shown.

The proceedings are also noted in Vol. 5 of Hazard's Register. The Germans gave the following explanation of their conduct to the Governor: The Sheriff did not open the polls until two o'clock, at which time the Marsh people assembled armed, surrounded the windows and would not let the Dutch people vote — that thereupon the Dutch people, being the most numerous, broke into the Court House and the Sheriff and the regular inspectors escaped out of the back window—that they invited the Sheriff to come back and he refused—that the Coroner took the Sheriff's place and proceeded to take their tickets — that when the election was over, the Sheriff was invited to come back to the place, and he refused, and therefore the election went on without him.

The above is reported in H. Frank Eshleman's Historic Background and Annals of the Swiss and German Pioneer Settlers of Southeastern Pennsylvania, etc., Lancaster, Pa., 1917.



KREUZKRICK WAELLI IM ALDEWEIWERSUMMER

Cross Creek Valley in Indian Summer

Ach! geh mit mir naus in der Wald—
Ich weiss dir was isch schee;
Die Winterdaagge kumme bald,
Dann kenne mir net geh.

Ich schpann der Schimmel in die Kutsch—
Do hocke mir uns nei;
Er schpitzt die Ohre wie en Hutsch—
Guckt flink un froh un schprei.

Mer faahre darrich die Waelli naus,
Wu's Kreuzkrick Brinnli (1) quellt;
Die Kreuzkrick Waelli (2) isch darchaus
Die schenscht in daere Welt.

Die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche, die
Sin aa net yuscht so dumm;
Es Recht un Ehrlich liewe sie,
Un hasse 's Schlecht un 's Krumm.

Do lewe sie so mascht ass wie
"Der reiche Herr im Deich" (3);
's sin kenni so gut ab wie sie
In Kaisers Koenigreich.

Es iss kee besser Kalkschteeland,
Das ich, der weise kann:
Un yuscht so ehrlich wie ihr Band—
Die Bauere zu me Mann.

Die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Bauer,
Die wuhne do deheem;
So schtandhaft wie die Kalkschteemauer
Un wie die alde Beem.

Ya, wie die Beem, so dick un rund,
Am Bach so frisch un grie;
Mit Watzle dief im maschte Grund
Un Kepp hoch in der Heeh.

Mer faahre do darch's Schnitzdeich (4) nuff,
An Kreuzkrick Kaerrich verbei;
Un do schteht 's Dor am Kaerrichhof uff,
Un des sett net so sei.

Des isch yo Gottesacker, un
Do gebt's mol groossi Aernt:
Der schee Verglich, den hawwich vun
De Kaerrichhof Dichter (5) glaernt.

Do schlofe manche alde Freind
Unner de alde Beem;
'S isch alleens eb mer fer sie weint,
Sie sin yo all deheem.

Doch m.i sin alsnoch uff der Reis—
Yetz Schimmel, yetz, bass uff!
Leeg dich ins Kummet, un mit Fleiss
Zieg uns die Baerrye nuff.

Die Baerrye nuff, des misse mir,
Un do maag's geh, wie's will;
Mer faahre heit yuscht fer Plessier,
Un nemme unser Fill.

Do drehe mir aerscht links, nort rechts—
Mer nemme's uff Graadwohl;
'S maag krumm geh odder iwwerecks,
Doch finne mer's emol.

Am Schornschtee Felse (6) sin mer nau,
Do uff em heechschte Baerrig;
O., was en gheimnisvoller Bau—
En wunderbaares Waerrick!

Es gmaahnt em viel an Zions Baerrig,
An yenem scheene Ort;
Un an die triumphierte Kaerrich
Uff sellem Hiegel dort.

Wie schee, die Waerricke Gottes Hand!
Wie wunderbaar un viel!
En Felse im me drockne Land—
Sei Schatte, ach, wie kiehl!

Warum schteht dann der Felse do,
Allee im schtille Wald!
Bedeckt mit Lichen rauh un groo,
Un Gott weess schunn wie alt!

Warum schteht der do uff der Heeh—
Geheimnisvolli Gschtallt!
Warum schteht der do all allee,
Un in der Mitt verschpalt?

Er hot en felsig Fundament—
Der Felse, der do schteht,
Un bleibt aa bis am grosse End,
Wann Himmel un Erd vergeht.

Do waar er schunn, wie lang, weess Gott—
Schunn seit der alt Sindflut (7);
Do waar er eh dass Chrischtus hot
Am Kreuz fer uns geblut.

Do schtehn die Lorbeer um en rum,
Die Keschte un die Schpanne (8);
Do schtehn die Eeche, alt un krumm,
Die Fichte un die Tanne (9).

Die Lorbeer bliehe frieh un schee
Un wachse uff de Felse:
Die Kornelkasch (10) Blumm, weiss wie Schnee,
Die do im Friehyohr schmelse.

Die Haase un die Fix, die sin
Wie Nochbaare do deheem;
Un so schunn dausendyaehrich sin
Die Veggel un die Beem.

Ach! alder Felse, saag mer doch,
Was isch dann dei Geschicht?
Ach! saag's un dann verzeich ich's noch,
Un schreib's in mei Gedicht.

Der schee Altweiwersummer (13), sehnscht,
Wie die Auszehring, farrebt
Er alles was er aaregt 's schenscht
Im Schpotyaahr, wann's ball schtarrebt.

Doch schaue mir als widder uff
Des herrlich Kreuzkrick Daal,
Darch scheene, helle Luft un Duft
Un goldner Sunneschtraahl.

Die Sunn, die geht schunn unnerschich,
Ball isch sie hinner 'm Baerrig;
Zum End geht alle weltlich Gschicht
Un unser Leweswaerrick.

Die Fix, die hen ihr Lecher hier,
Der Voggel hot sei Nescht,
Un ich hab mei Zuflucht in Dir,
Mei Felse un mei Fescht (14)!

Yetz faahre mir dann widder zrick,
Darch 's Daal so aagenehm;
Dann zur Vergniegenheit un Glick—
Kee Blatz, kee Blatz wie Heem!

Aus H. L. Fischers KURZWEIL un ZEITFERTREIB, York, Pa., 1896.

The above verses were suggested to the poet when he and a friend visited Kreuzkrick Valley during the Indian Summer of 1882.

NOTES

1. — **'s Brinnli** — the spring or source of the creek.
2. — **Kreuzkrick Waelli** (Cross Creek Valley) — a rich and beautiful valley in York County, traversed by the winding Kreuz Creek.
3. — **"Der reiche Herr im Deich"** — title of a poem in Henry Harbaugh's HARFE.
4. — **'s Schnitzdeich** — a little valley on the north side of Kreuzkrick Valley, York County, leading up to the Chimney Rocks.
5. — **Kaerrichhof Dichter** — melancholy "graveyard" poets like Thomas Grey.
6. — **Schornschtee Felse** — a colossal mass of conglomerate rocks on a hill-top in Hellam Township, York County, described by the poet as "wild and romantic beyond description, in the midst of a wood of ancient oaks, chestnuts, pines, hemlocks, dogwood; laurel, ferns and other undergrowths abound. . .It commands a view both up and down the beautiful Kreuzkrick Valley and of the grand old hills of the Lancaster side of the majestic river (the Susquehanna)."
7. — **die Sindflut** — the deluge.
8. — **die Schpanne** — pin oaks.
9. — **die Fichte un die Tanne** — the firs and hemlocks.
10. — **die Kornelkasch Blumm** — the dogwood blossom.
11. — **Kurzweil Gedichte** — light, pastime poems.
12. — **Der uralt Felse. . .geschpalte waar** — Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
13. — **Altweiwersummer** — late autumn days of clear skies, hazy atmosphere and mild temperature, known in England as St. Martin's Summer (the Saint's day is on Nov. 11); in America as Indian Summer; but among the Pennsylvania Germans as Old Wives' Summer.
14. — **Mei Felse un mei Fescht**—my rock and my fortress.

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Editorials

Tribune of the People

Allentown lost one of her leading citizens in the death on Thursday night of Attorney Calvin E. Arner who, for more than sixty years, was an exemplar in his profession and, in the filling of various public offices and his conduct as a citizen contributed much to the advancement of this community.

Certainly his most conspicuous public service was that as a councilman under both the bicameral and the commission form of city government. Serving under the first system early in the century his absolute integrity plunged him into many controversies in which he always took the role of the people's advocate in struggles with vested interests. As a member of the first group of five men to administer the commission form of government he took conspicuous part in the shaping of the administration of Allentown's municipal business according to the new system.

The contest with traditions and practices that had grown up under the cumbersome bicameral system was not an easy one. But it found in Mr. Arner a vigorous and determined man who became the protagonist for the very best kind of government that could be developed under the new and certainly improved type of government.

He was an uncompromising fighter for the right, as he saw it, in every activity of his life. He was respected and admired even by those who did not see eye to eye with him. In his era he was a tribune of the people in every sense of that old Roman term.

Recent years found him less active in public affairs but he continued his interest in the life of the community and in his profession almost to the end.

The community must regret the loss of a powerful advocate for the public right and interest. His acquaintances, still legion in number despite the great age that he had attained, mourn their loss of a tried and true friendship which they reciprocated with him.

Happiness in Giving

The old saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive can also be paraphrased to read: It is happier to give than to receive. Both original and paraphrase will be equally truthful as the experience of the current week in our city's schools is evidencing.

Given the suggestion that birthday parties be held and that needy children in Greece be the recipients of gifts brought to the school parties, Allentown children contributed in excess of 10,000 gifts, according to the most recent but still not the final computation.

Last year a number of American cities' school populations made a similar demonstration toward the orphans of Korea. This year Allentown was invited to provide a huge party for the children of some foreign land and it was they who selected the Greek children to be their guests.

It has proved astonishing to the teachers in the schools and to all who witnessed the response to see the gladness of the young people in being able to do a kindness to children unknown to them but worthy of their gifts by reason of being the victims of two wars within recent years.

There was the added pleasure of anticipating further communication with these children because names of donors and snapshots will be going with the gifts and because some Allentown child is going to accompany the shipment of the gifts to Greece and be the Allentown children's ambassador of good will in the distribution of the gifts to the orphans and to the blind and maimed Greek children in the hundreds of institutions which had to be established for them after the wars.

Supt. Cartwright, who initially had permitted the parties to be given if there was wish to do so, has said that the response has exceeded "anything that I ever heard about." And he added: "Those of us who had the thrill of seeing the response of our teachers and children to the program could not help being proud of the achievement and thankful for the blessing of being part of that school system."

And from Mrs. Ira Heller, of Merion, Pa., who initiated the idea and saw it adopted during three previous years in other cities, says that the response by Allentown's children (in proportion to their numbers) has exceeded "anything in which I ever have participated."

The secretary of the Greek embassy in Washington, who was in this city to witness several of the parties earlier in the week, is quoted as having said: "I cannot believe there is a better city, nor one with a bigger heart anywhere in the entire world, than Allentown."

The program, almost completed as far as the schools are concerned, will almost certainly prove of incalculable value to children, faculties and the Parent Teacher organizations — the big trio and triangle which took the idea to heart and worked together to achieve what is an astounding result.

No birthday party quite like it in any way ever has been held in this city and upwards of sixteen thousand children are very, very happy about it. They will continue to be happy about it for many a month and perhaps for many years.

It Takes a Long Time

It is fully half a year since the Federal Government recognized the fact of growing unemployment and the desirability of opening up the warehouses where billions of dollars worth of government - owned surplus foods are stored and to distribute a lot of it to needy folks.

But it takes more than a fiat to accomplish a fact. It has taken months of official action between Washington and Allentown, via Harrisburg, to arrive at a point where arrangements now have been made to get some of this surplus food for some six thousand Lehigh Countians who have applied for this form of help.

It is not yet known when the food will arrive here for distribution but it is hoped that it will be within a month and, at the latest, by early January. It all depends upon the amount of additional red tape which will have to be cut and the number of agencies and the amount of paper work which will have to be hurdled before the food arrives and Wallace C. Worth, Sr., the local director for the project, will be able to distribute it.

It is good that our people were not starving when the distribution plan was announced and the formal work to put the plan into action was begun. After all, the plan merely contemplated supplementing food for those believed not to be getting enough because of their reduced finances.

Victory for Freedom

This newspaper has often objected to restrictions on freedom of religion in various parts of the world. Communist attacks are well known, but more surprising have been the persecutions carried on in anti-Communist countries, such as Spain, Italy, and Colombia. Since we have complained about Italy, we are now doubly happy to note that a decisive step toward freedom has been taken in Rome.

The Italian Council of State has ruled that the Pentecostal sect, affiliated with an American movement called the Assemblies of God, shall have legal protection and the right to worship freely. Presumably the ruling will apply to all Protestant groups. The council is Italy's supreme juridical body, and this decree appears binding on the Ministry of the Interior and the police. Whether the latter will, in fact, protect Protestants when attacked may depend somewhat on local conditions, but it appears that a very important victory has been won for freedom.

Under Mussolini, Protestant denominations were officially attacked as being "contrary to social order" and as endangering the "integrity of the race." Since the war, persecution has continued despite the fact that the Italian Republic's Constitution guarantees religious liberty.

But, as often happens in such situations, the persecuted groups have flourished. Now one of them has won recognition from Italy's highest legal authority, apparently assuring to all tax exemption and the right to worship publicly and to teach. This does not give Protestant churches the same position as the Roman Catholic Church, which enjoys special rights in Italy under the Lateran Treaty. But, unless the decision is somehow nullified, they have gained the essentials of religious freedom, and Italy has made a historic advance. The example should be noted in other countries where medieval attitudes have persisted.—Christian Science Monitor.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDFIS

Well, all the new 1955 cars are out or will soon be out.

You have seen them pictured on television, in your newspapers, in the magazines, and you have heard them raved about on your radio.

They are longer, lower, faster than ever. They are more beautiful, more colorful, more powerful than in any previous year.

And so progress has made another step forward and the accident rate in this country will probably go up another notch during the coming year.

My congratulations go forward to all the automobile manufacturers and designers. They are unquestionably the very top in enterprise, selling genius and promotion.

But may I ask them one question: What is the sense of producing cars that will go 125 miles or more an hour when the speed limit on most roads is 45 or 50 miles?

What is the logic of giving the easily tempted human being a juggernaut that will develop 200 or 300 horsepower when one or two REAL horsepower made our ancestors the pioneers they were?

I know it sounds like a foolish question. i know that none of us wants to go back to the horse-and-buggy days any more than we want to go back to outhouses and outside wells.

But aren't we traveling just a little too fast for our own good? Aren't we developing technical appliances much faster than our intelligence and our capacity to use them warrants?

It's wonderful to have a fast car. It's great to pass the fellow ahead of you and say to yourself, "Gee, what a great guy I am!"

But the very fact that we go faster than the law allows proves that we haven't the capacity to handle such a big automobile behind the wheel of which we sit.

I myself drive a 1952 car. When I bought it it was the very latest thing in its line. I was very proud of it. People used to admire it, it was very pretty.

Then 1953 came along. Although I had bought the car only four months before the new model came out, my car was a year old.

Just for the fun of it I went to a dealer and asked him what he would allow me on it. He shook his head sadly and said, "Well, you know the new models are out. I can't give you a whole lot." And I had driven it only about 3,000 miles.

Two years ago I had a double-breasted suit made. It cost me a lot, more than I could afford. Then, last year, all of a sudden the tailors agreed that only single - breasted suits were in style. So now I have an almost new double - breasted suit in my closet, but when I wear it, I feel like an old fogey and sort of slink along the buildings when I am out in the street.

We are in the market for a new refrigerator. So, we went looking around. The dealer said that in another month the new models would be out. "Why don't you wait?" he asked. "Next month, I'll be able to make you a much better deal."

I looked at my wife. She looked at me. But, thank goodness, they weren't appraisal looks. We were not wondering when the 1955 model husbands and wives were going to be out and what our trade-in value would be.

(Copyright, 1954)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The self-acknowledged "ladies' man" in Herb Shriner's home town told a visiting actress she set him on fire. "Buster," was her squelcher, "sit down and subside. You're too green to burn!"

(Copyright, 1954)

Horoscope

Your affairs should progress favorably through the year, business being well signified. Look for an original and ingenious character in today's child.

Hag was a word common during the 16th and 17th centuries for a female demon or evil spirit and was applied to harpies and fairies of classical mythology and also to witches.

The Elephant Once Stepped on Him



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

It will be Reuther against Ford in '55.

That restless red-head, Walter Reuther, has waited five years for the end of his non-aggression pact with the auto industry. Now he has completed his battle plans down to the last detail. They call for a one-front attack on the Ford Motor Company in the fight to revolutionize labor demands.

Reuther will ask Ford to be the first to guarantee to pay its 125,000 workers a set annual wage. The auto union chief picked Ford because this company has some 300,000 fewer workers than the giant General Motors Corp. and at the moment is better able to get up a guaranteed annual wage fund than the Chrysler Corp.

Why He Made Selection

Reuther picked Ford because he doesn't expect the Big Three of the auto industry to stand solidly against him. Therefore, he can strike just one of them. If he strikes Ford, his auto union will have to support only about one-quarter the number of workers he would have to keep on strike relief if he hit GM.

The CIO chief will have millions of dollars to back him up — and he can expect considerably more from other CIO and AFL unions, too. But even these millions wouldn't be enough to keep over 400,000 GM workers in groceries, rent, car and other installment payments, and clothes for several months.

Reuther now has $9 million in his strike fund. By raising the monthly dues of his 1,250,000 followers at their convention next March 27, the CIO's strategist expects to jack this up $25 million by the time he's ready to call his people out on the sidewalks. Dues now are $2.50 a month. They are expected to go to $7.50 for the duration.

The auto union will have until next fall to whip up this fund. The five-year GM contract expires May 29, 1955. The Ford pact ends on June 1 and Chrysler's on Aug. 31. There will be dramatic negotiations and a battle of some sharp wits and sharper publicists long before then. But not until summer's end is Reuther expected to pick his target officially.

No one in this battle, however, is expected to ask for unconditional surrender. Reuther wants to establish the principle of the guaranteed week as well as the guaranteed annual wage.

In other words, the dynamic young CIO chief, who has been biding his time all these years, wants to end the two and three-day week. He wants the auto industry to pay any of of its 900,000 employes for a full week, once the worker is called in for a day or two — regardless of whether there is a full week's work.

Reuther wants a guarantee of 40 hours pay for 52 weeks to all employes working in a plant more than two years.

Other Details in Plan

There's a lot more in the auto union's highly complex demands. For example, in theory it asks that the auto companies guarantee their two-year and more employes a "standard of living" to which they have been accustomed. In other words, if a man is laid off and he goes to his unemployment insurance agency and receives umemployment relief, the auto company will pay the jobless worker an additional sum to make up a total of what he would have earned had he continued at his regular automaking job.

Now if the unemployment insurance agency gets a "suitable" job for the unemployed auto worker, but at a lower wage — even outside the industry — the auto company which laid him off would have to pay the difference between what he earns on his temporary job and what he was earning in its plant.

The union wants the right to decide what s suitable job and suitable pay are and will ask that this be written into the new contract. Also a provision that a man who takes another job after he is laid off by an auto plant, and then loses or quits that job, can come right back in under the guarantee of a full year's pay by the origional auto company. His guarantee by the auto company will merely be extended for the length of time he worked elsewhere. He still will get a full year's pay from the auto company, regardless of the time out.

All these demands, plus others, are estimated to come to $1 billion annually if Reuther insists on them. However, Ford and the United Auto Workers may compromise on some of these — but Reuther will strike if in some way the principle of a guaranteed annual wage is not established.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GROSS DONK FER ALLAS: Sis won der dode eireiss'd in da familia, os m'r wase wos freind maina. M'r hens yusht darrich gamocht, un feerol os der Pap hoch in yohra wor, un die grafta worra fert, huts 'n lot gamin'd tzu uns ol fer hoerra fon friend un bakontschoft, bei waig fon telefone kalls, brief, korta, ob shtoppa om hous, owets fer da leicht, un die leicht ei nemma in Northampton, un noch da Union kerrich, Neffs kumma.

Die 19d Shtross Beavel Kloss woh der Pap Frank A. Troxell, 'n glead wor tzitter 1946, wor net yusht kumma 'n sehna 'm Midwoch owet ons Schislers' in Northampton woh die leicht k'halta is werra, ow'r hen aw ihra gawainlichie Gottes Dinsht k'halta in ihr'm aigna, shaina waig. 'S airsht hut der Frank T. Hagenbuch, bresident fon da kloss g'shwetzt, un noh hut der Howard Snyder, chaplain, gabaid, un so gore 'n dale fon unser'm dawgs dafor kolumn doh im Call mit ei gatzoga. Ol die weil os der Dinsht k'halta is werra, hen die fiela gleader fon da kloss un die lawd rum g'shtonna — ebbes os der Pap wunnerbore gute fiela het mocha won ers sehna het kenna. Gleader fon da kloss—finfa, un der Alvin Hoffman fon Egypt worra die draiger. Die kloss hut aw arya shaina blumma gewwa.

Onnrra blumma, worra fon da Keysotne Fire Kumpany, 's John Wagners, 's Paul Hertzogs, da Clara Staley, Rawd fon da Grundsow Lodge, 'n Robert Sobers, 's Mellis Leibolds, 's David Schwartza, 's John Saylors, kindskindt LaRoy un Miriam, un die kinds-kindskinner, Thomas un Robert. Noh sin aw midleid blumma ons hous kumma fom Ralph un Edith Merkle, un da Fendu Groyer Association.

Brief un korta sin kumma bei da heifa fon weit un braid. Yader brief un kort wor wie 'n frish nei uf gamocht fenshter fer der sunnashein fon friendlichkate nei lossa, un helfa die dreva wolka fon drauerhate badecka.

Unser hartzlicher donk gait nous tzu ol, fer allas os sie gaduh hen, odder duh hen wolla in da ledshda woch. Tzum Dr. Ralph Merkle, tzum John Wagner dahame im hous, tzum Harold Schisler, Porra Urffer, tzum arigle shpieler Trinkle, un alla onnerra os uns uf alla waiga bei g'shtonna hen darrich unser drauer tzeit—sawga m'r nocha mohl Gross Donk.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Ains fon da aller harshda socha darrich tzu mocha in da ledshda paar mohnet, wor, fer der Pap fershtae mocha mit ous 'm on der kup shtosa, os 'n karaber fon 87 yohr nimmy die grafta un gauva hut, wie er ols kotta hut in yingerra yohrra.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 18:5

Many times in the book of Proverbs the importance of impartiality in making decisions is emphasized. In this Verse 5 we are told not to accept the person of the wicked or lawless, that is, not to show partiality in favor of evil men. God Himself is no 'respecter of persons,' that is, He 'plays no favorites' in behalf of the rich or the powerful. The principle involved is rooted in a passage found at Deuteronomy 1:16-17, 'Hear the causes between your brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him. Ye shall not respect persons (show partiality) in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great: ye shall not be afraid of the face of man, for the judgment is God's.' One characteristic of God's moral government is justice, and Hosea (6:8) clearly tells us that the Lord requires that we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. Then will a judge who obeys this injunction avoid 'overthrowing the righteous in judgment,' the phrase in the second half of our verse for today. Notice the cruelty of Communist courst today—for they know not God.



THE MORAVIAN TROMBONE CHOIR

Bicentennial of Bethlehem's Historic Music Ensemble

By JOSEPH A. MAURER

CENTENNIAL, sesquicentennial, and bicentennial anniversaries are occurring more and more frequently as we as a people grow older and become increasingly conscious of our heritage. Any anniversary **per se** has significance, but it is doubtful whether many anniversaries can equal the significance of the bicentennial of the Trombone Choir of the Moravian Congregation of Bethlehem — a significance which appears all the greater when we realize that this musical organization, one of the oldest in the United States, has throughout two centuries been rendering distinctive service to the Bethlehem community in all phases of its religious and secular life as well as contributing much to the musical heritage our our

Trombone choirs — and with this name Moravians have generally designated the brass ensembles used in their congregations — have their origin in fourteenth century Germany, where bands of wind instruments were regularly employed by municipalities to perform at both civic and religious functions. It is not known when such choirs were first used by the Moravian Church in Europe and moreover in adopting their use the Moravians were merely following a well-established tradition. In this country, on the other hand, the Moravians were not only the first to introduce the instruments, but by the wide use made of them in the religious and secular life of their several communities, they have succeeded in making the trombone an instrument which for many decades had been regarded as peculiarly their own.

Although an ensemble of French horns and trumpets was being used in Bethlehem as early as May of 1744, the Trombone Choir itself, as it is now known, dates from August 31, 1754, when a quartet of slide trombones was used for the first time in the community to announce the Festival and Prayer Day of the Unmarried Brethren of the congregation. For some dozen years this set of trombones — i.e., a quartet consisting of soprano, alto, tenor, and bass instruments — was the only one in use in the Moravian Church in the middle colonies. In 1767 a set was purchased for use at Christian's Spring, a Moravian settlement west of Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and it furnished the trombone music thereafter for the Moravians living in the Nazareth area. Another set was imported in 1789 for use at Hope, New Jersey, and a few years later (sometime prior to 1793) a second set was purchased for Bethlehem, for on December 2, 1792, two quartets of trombones, playing from the belvedere of the Brethren's House, announced the death of Bishop Spangenberg, who had passed away at Berthelsdorf, Germany, some three months before. With the closing of the Moravian community at Hope in 1808, the set of trombones which had been used in that place was brought to Bethlehem, and on Easter Morning of that same year three quartets of trombones were used in the services.

Ever since 1754, when they were first introduced, only slide trombones have been used in the Trombone Choir at Bethlehem, a fact which in itself makes the Choir unique among brass ensembles and other trombone choirs. The small soprano horn and the large F-bass instrument are seldom to be seen elsewhere, unless it be in the trombone choir of some other Moravian congregation where such are occasionally found. At times the use of the soprano slide trombones has been much criticized because their tone is thin and vapid, and their replacement with trumpets, which have greater sonority, has been strongly urged by some persons. But fortunately all such criticism and suggestions have been successfully resisted by those who respect and honor the tradition of this Trombone Choir with its all slide instruments.

Although the Moravians had been using trombones in their various settlements from the earliest years, it appears that the instrument remained very much of a novelty outside of Moravian communities. In fact, when the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia presented Haydn's **The Creation** in 1822, there were no persons in that city able to play the instrument, and three players had to be summoned from Bethlehem to assist in the performance. From all accounts the three Moravians with their large instruments were the center of attraction, inasmuch as few persons in the audience had ever either seen or heard a trombone.

One of the most frequent calls made upon the services of the Moravians in the last decade of the eighteeneth and early decades of the nineteenth centuries was to assist in the dedication of rural churches being built by Lutheran and Reformed congregations in the area adjacent to Bethlehem. On each such occasion Bethlehem would send both musicians and clergy. The impression made upon one of the yeomanry when a church was dedicated at "Little Hanover" (c.1830) is recorded in the following Pennsylvania German anecdote:

"Du haetscht aver do letscht uf der Kerchweih sei solla. Do wahre die musicante fun Bethlehem dort. Die hen en Bass-geig kotte die von der Bordkerch shier an die Deck gerecht hut, un gebrummt hut wie en boeser Bull. Un messne herner hen sie k'hatt wo sie nei geblose hen; un do war abartig eener, der hot so en gross Mess kotte, wonn er sell als ivver die Bordkerch runner gerisse hut, hut er die Bocke ufgeblose, das mer gemehnt hut sie misste verplotse. Ich konn dir sage des hut avver gebulldog'st." ("You should have been here some time ago at the Church dedication. The musicians from Bethlehem were here. They had a bass fiddle that reached from the balcony almost to the ceiling, and it sounded like a mad bull. And they had brass horns which they blew into, and there was one who had such a large brass (horn), when he shoved it down over the balcony, he blew his cheeks up that you'd think they had to bust. I can tell you, this really sounded out loud.") But very few of the subsequent appearances of the Trombone Choir at places outside of Bethlehem ever evoked either the amazement or the amusement of the performances in Philadelphia and at "Little Hanover" respectively.

Throughout the ninetteenth century the Choir continued to play at the various festivals of the congregation at Bethlehem and on special occasions to assist in the services of other churches in the vicinity. It had long since become an integral part of the life of all Moravians. Strangers who visited Bethlehem perceived at once that the Choir was a distinctive Moravian institution and that its rendering of the chorales was unusually effective. To the country at large, however, the Trombone Choir was to remain no less novel than the instrument itself until the latter decades of the same century, when Arthur Pryor of Sousa's Band, with his brilliant performances on the instrument, introduced the trombone to American audiences all over the land. Later its versatility was further demonstrated by its inclusion in the Dixieland bands of the early jazz era, and more recently again in the hands of a Tommy Dorsey, who finds in it a most effective means of rendering sweet swing. But among Moravians in Bethlehem the trombone, like the pipe organ, has remained an instrument consecrated to Christian worship.

On March 27, 1900, when the Trombone Choir announced the opening of the first Bach Festival at Bethlehem by playing chorales from the belfry of the Central Moravian Church, it began a long and close association with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem. Two customs inaugurated in those early days are still important features of the Bach Festival today: the first is that of announcing each session of the festival by playing from the tower of the Packer Memorial Church on the Lehigh University Campus (where the festivals have been held since 1912); the second is that of introducing each part of the **Mass in B Minor** (it is presented in two parts: Part I, Kyrie and Gloria; Part II, Credo to end) with a chorale played in the church in the same key as the opening chorus, the Bach Choir taking up the chorus at the precise moment that the Trombone Choir plays the last chord of the chorale. The playing of chorales before each session declares unmistakably the religious tone of the festival and prepares the mood as nothing else can for hearing Bach's incomparable choral works. The Choir continued to be an important part of these annual Bach Festivals until very recently, when it was replaced with an ensemble of brass instruments from the Bethlehem High School Band.

The rendition of the chorales by the Choir was a revelation to the many musicians and music lovers who attended the Bach Festivals. The interest in the Trombone Choir was further heightened by its appearance with the Bach Choir at the latter's performances in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Ocean Grove and Hershey. As a result, persons who had heard the Choir began to send invitations to play at various religious, civic and patriotic gatherings. Of the many invitations received only two of special interest can be mentioned here. The first was to take part in the elaborate municipal celebration in Philadelphia on Christmas Eve of 1913, when that city had its first community tree, a sixty-seven foot Norway spruce erected in Independence Square. The Trombone Choir played three chorales from the cupola of Independence Hall, and these were timed so as to end just at six o'clock, at which hour the huge tree suddenly blazed forth with its four thousand electric lights. On New Year's Eve the Choir returned to Philadelphia for the ceremonies marking the close of that week-long municipal Christmas celebration. In June of 1922 an invitation was received from Baltimore to play at the "Fete of Lights and Flowers" held on the grounds of the Episcopal Cathedral of Maryland. The series of services of this "fete" during the week of June 4 was opened with a half-hour program of chorales played from the Bishop's house, and by request the Choir used the same chorales which had been rendered at the Bach Festival in Bethlehem just one week before..

But it has not been the playing of chorales at the Bach Festivals or at the countless other special occasions both in Bethlehem and elsewhere which has made the Trombone Choir an institution so loved and honored by Moravians. The reason lies rather in the quiet, yet, effective, role performed by this organization in the religious life of the congregation where it regularly announces the various festivals of the church from the belfry; where, again from the same belfry but in a minor strain, it directs the attention of the passer-by to the fact that a member of the congregation has died, or in Moravian parlance "been called home," and some days later at the cemetery lends solemnity to the committal service as the deceased is "laid to rest:" where it preludes the love-feasts and Holy Communions; where on its tour of the city early on Easter Morning it heralds at various stops the Resurrection of our Lord, and later leads the procession into the Old Cemetery, or "God's Acre," and joins with a devout congregation in uttering joyful confidence in the sure hope of the resurrection; where at the Watchnight Service on New Year's Eve it boldly interrupts the sermon at the stroke of midnight with the playing of Johann Crueger's "Nun danket alle Gott;" where it had concluded the anniversary services of the various missionary societies by proclaiming in concert with the pipe organ the exultant message of Bishop Reginald Heber's "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and where it leads the singing at the concluding service of the Children's Festival held outdoors on the Church Green under the light of many Chinese lanterns.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DER BETDAAG ISS DO

Es iss widder November,
Der Betdaag iss do:
Die Gens un Welschhaahne
Sin fett un schee grooss;
Die Karrebse sin zeidich
Un es mince iss gemacht:
Mer hoffe, der Offe gut schafft
Ass alles gut roscht un backt.

Zu 's Gremmpaepps gehne mer,
Was sin mer so froh!
Datt hen mer viel Gschpass,
Weil sie gleichen uns so.
Sie duhn sich verschtaune,
Ass mer so gewaxe sin —
"Ball sin ner yo grooss,"
'S geht ihne zu gschwind.

Der Gremmpaepp schneit der Welschhaahne —
"Well Schtick? Saagen's gschwind!
Un well Schtick gleichscht du,
Mei lieb, glee Kind?
Ken Schenkel? Well, awwer!
Ich hett gedenkt,
Des waer es Schtick wu du
Es aerscht defor gengscht.

Die Gremmi hot noch Keschte—
"Geb mer gaar net viel!"
'S iss alles so gut, wu dutt mer's yuscht hie!
Nau kummt noch der mince Boi
Un ge-eister Kuche—O, iss der net gut?
Un Karrebse Boi kummt aa noch dezu,
Die gleene Kichelcher duh ich
Noch gschwind in mei Hut.

Nau saagge mer Dank, mer hen genunk,
Mer kann sich schier nimmi biegge,
Schunscht muss mer am End noch
Der Familye Dokter griegge.
Mer danken Gott fer der Betdaag,
Fer was er uns gebt alle Zeit;
Un fer die Freed ass mir ghatt hen heit
Bei 's Gremmpaepps uff der Bauerei!

Locus Daal im November
ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

SCHPOTYAAHR

Es dutt mir leed, so grisslich leed,
Guck yuscht zum Fenschter naus
Im Weltdeel rum, uff weit un breet,
Es guckt recht wintrisch draus.

Die Beem, die sin yuscht Schtatze meh,
Die Nescht vun Bledder blos:
Der Reife roppt sie ab recht schee,
Noh geht der Wind druff los,

Un yaagt sie in die Ecke nei,
Noh widder raus un fatt:
Sehn yuscht wie fliegen sie verbei,
Un wie sie zwarrewle datt.

Die Wolke fliegen dick un schwaz,
Es scheint es gebt glei Schnee;
Die Daage sin so arrig kaz,
Un nimmi viel sin schee.

Ya well, ich denk 's iss aa ball Zeit,
Un gut verdient die Ruh.
Wu kummt zu all de Bauersleit,
Wann Aerwet iss geduh.

Of kors, mer hockt net immer hie,
Sin Sache do un datt,
Wu Fixes brauche, un es Vieh
Macht Aerwet immerfatt.

Die Frucht iss in der Scheier drin,
Es Welschkann in der Gripp;
Die Ende un Welschhaahne sin
Ball g'fixt fer ihre "Trip."

Die Meschtsei sin bereit zur Schlacht,
Des iss aa glei im Gang:
Denk yuscht es Schunkefleesch des macht,
Die Schmokwascht uff der Schtang.

Der Pannhaas un aa 's Seideschpeck,
Zu sehne macht em matt;
Vun Zitterli un Kuddelfleck,
Do esst mer sich mol satt.

Mit so viel gude Sache rum
Nemmt's em deel Grissel weck;
Except mer iss gaar ewich dumm,
Vergesst mer Schnee un Dreck.

Im Gaarde iss en Ebbelloch
Gut ausgeleint mit Schtroh:
Datt langt mer nei paarmol die Woch
Fer gude Ebbel noh.

Der Lattwarrig iss gekocht schunn lang,
En Schtenner Sauerkraut
Im Keller schteht, un 's iss mir bang
Des langt uns yuscht ebaut.

Mit Walniss un mit Hickerniss
Iss aa die Kammer voll;
Wann leit der Schnee dief in der Wiss,
Watt em die Zeit net doll.

En Seiderberl iss aagelegt
Im Schopp, des iss gewiss;
Un der watt aa net aageregt,
Bis er mol kreftich iss.

Buchweeze Kuche kummen rei—
Ich kennt sie esse heit;
Un schpeeder naus, so muss es sei,
Iss Fassnacht Kuche Zeit.

'S Haerdfeier aa, datt drauss im Land
Macht schpuckich Schadde datt
Rum renne an der Kichewand—
Nau do, nau sin sie fatt.

Die Keschte duhn mer roschte do,
Un Welschkann pappe aa;
Der gschmolsne Budder druff dernoh,
Was gebt's en "Rush" fer draa!

Mei Grissel, der vergeht wie Schnee,
Wann ich die Sach betracht:
Mit Fraa un Kinner, ach, wie schee,
Die lange Winternacht.

1935 —RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Confidence Is Here

It was just as stirring for our people in general as for the businessmen of the community to note yesterday's outpouring of shoppers in the business centers of the city, to see the convincing evidences of their extensive preparations for the holiday and better even than that, to feel the spirit of economic confidence in the air.

No one in a position to calculate has as yet made estimates and comparisons but it well may be that predictions and expectations of some of the local business optimists will turn out to have been fulfilled, namely that it would be the biggest Friday in all the city's mercantile history. To be caught up in the crowds was to experience the feeling that this must be so.

It is probable also that parking lots and spaces in the business area never have experienced such demand so early in the holiday season as prevailed thruout yesterday's business hours. This pressure extended to the holiday shopping season's limit, quite a late hour of the evening.

It cannot be said that there was overabundance of parking facilities but remarks repeatedly overheard as people speculated about the crowds were to the effect: "Where would Allentown business be without Park & Shop's enterprise?"

Yesterday's business should give the strongest kind of a suggestion to people who are engaged in business whether as owners or employes to avoid the business areas on very big days with their cars. A space taken up by a person who will be in an office or a shop thruout the business hours is a space which could be utilized by a dozen cars or more in the course of the day and enable their passengers to shop in the stores whose trade is such a vital part of the life-blood of the community. Lots of professional people well may consider themselves in the same category as the mercantile business people. Walking still is good and healthy and public transportation facilities still are available.

In the interest of business, the shoppers should get a "break" in this matter of parking opportunities. It will be a tremendous boost to Allentown business and it will be a splendid reputation to earn if people far and near will think and speak of Allentown as the place where you can find a place to park a car.

Shop and Mail Early

Uncle Sam's mail trucks and bulletin boards in public places enjoin our people to "Shop and Mail Early."

Less than a week remains until Christmas. So the injunction can be obeyed not a bit too soon in order that pressures can be reduced in all directions.

One of the pressuree lies in the individual program of gift-giving. People plan such a program and to it they generally give a great deal of thought. The earlier the program of gift-selection is carried out the quicker the gifts can be mailed and the sooner will come the satisfaction that prospective recipients of one's gifts are not going to be overlooked and forgotten.

Early shopping has many advantages for the shopper but it also has advantages for the army of employes in the stores upon whom the pressures of 11th hour shopping can be reduced by shopping early.

Uncle Sam's particular interest is that you place in his hands the gifts that you wish sent to all points of the compass in good time for their delivery before Christmas. He is all set up to handle the great burdens you can put upon him today and during the next four weeks. But he will appreciate it if you distribute the burden and do not overtax yourself and his force of clerks and carriers by leaving the greatest part of the load until the last few days of the third week in December.

Our Young Scientists

The outcome of a study which is being made by the students of the South Mountain Junior High School into the origin and cause of the spread recently of the so-called "24-hour virus" will be awaited with interest by reason of benefits which other sectors of our population may be expected to gain from a knowledge of this mysterious epidemic.

More valuable however to the young research scientists will be the experience which they will undoubtedly gain by a well-organized determined search for physical facts and then attempts (perhaps with success) to coordinate facts and arrive at logical conclusions.

In other words, these students are going to learn the scientific approach to mysteries. They will get an idea of what is going on in laboratories in the physical field. They may even make an outstanding contribution to the constant research which is going on in the field of public health.

Here is a very definite problem which concerned a tightly knit and closely associated group of youths and adults.

Let's hope the South Mountain girls and boys come up not alone with the correct answer but also with knowledge by which other groups can avoid an epidemic such as afflicted hundreds a fortnight ago.

As for the school system it is important and valuable if facts of life are made the subject of earnest study as a contrast with the often lifeless words of textbooks and their abstract subjects. This study should make a lot of students far more alert than they ever have been and more fully aware of the value of the educational tools which are being put into their hands in the course of their formal education in the schools.

Beware, Liberace

The hearts of the estimated millions of maidens and all ages of womankind which are supposed to have stopped dead when the great charm-oozer Liberace was reported to be engaged to a pretty little showgirl now can start beating again. The little lady herself has disposed of the sort - of - Cinderella romance by saying that "It was just a lot of publicity."

Certainly the popular pianist stood in no need of publicity. He gets his share without any question. But the humbl: little brunette appeared to be needing some public attention and an enterprising press-agent found a way to get it. Now she finds herself "caught right in the middle" of a dilemma, the sharpest horn of which seems to be that Liberace, who had noticed her hitherto, now has given her the "cold shoulder."

It was bad enough to have one's romance exposed as entirely imaginary. It is worse to be ignored and of this a sage once remarked that "Hell knows no fury like the anger of a woman scorned."

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following is among the last of the columns "Looking at Life" by Eric Brandeis, who died recently.

My wife gave me a new cereal for breakfast.

Since I have been on my reducing diet, cereals are one of my favored breakfast foods. Please note that I say "favored," not "favorite." It's my doctor and my wife who favor them, not I. The medic says they put less weight on you than sausages, bacon, ham, fried eggs or waffles with butter and syrup. (These are my favorite breakfast foods.)

She serves the stuff with skimmed milk and no sugar, making it twice as tasteless as it would be even with cream and powder sugar sprinkled all over it.

She pours some of it into the bowl and then places the package in front of me, in case I want any more.

As I ate, I studied the box—and lo, and behold, suddenly I could see why today's kids are so fond of cereals. I remember when I was a kid we never cared very much for puffed this-and-thats or blasted crunchie-munchies or whatever you call them. We had to eat oatmeal.

But then in my days there were lots of things kids didn't care for, because kids simply weren't allowed to have a lot of the things that are everyday privileges for them now.

In my days the parents ran the house and the kids were supposed to mind. Today, it seems to me, the children are the bosses and the parents jolly well do what the little sons and daughters want, or else—.

In front of the cereal package there was the picture of the commander-in-chief of the Space Patrol.

Alongside was the picture of the Man-from-Mrs. Totem Head, "with magic forehead vision. You can see out but nobody can see in." All you have to do is to send the box top and 25 cents and —there you are. "Get several," it said, "and build a totem pole in your room or yard." If your child can get his friends to start the same sort of thing, pretty soon one of them will have the highest totem pole and — well, all he will have done, is to earn an exclamation mark (!), according to the package.

For another 25 cents and another box top your boy or girl can get a pair of "new official space binoculars."

They are powerful, with four strong lenses, it says, and make everything look bigger. Not only that, but the package even teaches your child a new kind of English. "Look through other end . . ." it proclaims, "it smallifies." I have not been able to find this word in my dictionary, but what is a dictionary in these days when kids are talking a jargon that few of us can understand?

A nice thing for your boys to have with their breakfast is the new "cosmic smoke" gun which they can also get for 25 cents and a box top. It fires "100 shots per loading," and comes with "powder for 10,000 shots," and "fits the hand perfectly."

This is just one of may such offers.

You may be sure that advertisers who spend millions of dollars to peddle their wares, are shrewd and know what they are doing.

These huckster methods and the many others we see and hear every day are simply signs of the times. They are all part of a pattern which seems to be getting ever more complicated.

It seems to me — and not being a father I can only say "seems" — that children have slipped away from their parents and that parents can no longer understand juvenile minds.

Or is it just a sign that parents themselves are becoming more juvenile with every year, and that the rearing of children has become too much for their minds?

We Didn't Think He Had One



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Alger Hiss has paid his penalty under the law. Anybody else in the same circumstances is entitled to be accorded by his fellow men a chance to rehabilitate himself. To pursue Alger Hiss to tell what he knows about Communist activities in the government may be a logical objective of some congressional committee in the future, but it would be wiser to leave a decision on further revelations—if, indeed, Alger Hiss can contribute any — to him alone.

As matters stand today, the statute of limitations has run on any crime committed before or in the five years after World War II, and there can be no prosecution of anybody in that connection. But any evidence of wartime acts in violation of espionage laws can be prosecuted. So far as anybody here knows, there is no evidence concerning any wartime violation of law by Alger Hiss. This means there is no plan by the Department of Justice to try to make any further case against him.

Hiss' Future

Thus, the future of Alger Hiss is in his own hands. But what will the public think about him? Will he be accepted by his former friends? Rarely in American history has there been a case of one so prominent in government and in the collegiate world who, after serving a sentence for perjury, comes back to an atmosphere still surchaged with memories of his two trials and the sensational charges that surround them.

What attitude shall society take toward Alger Hiss? Somewhat the same problem was posed shortly after Hiss was convicted, when there was widespread criticism of Dean Acheson, then secretary of state, who said he refused to turn his back on his friend. This correspondent wrote at that time — February 1950—as follows:

"When the jury rendered its verdict of guilty, Mr. Acheson didn't attempt to dodge the inevitable recurrence of the same question when put to him by the reporters. He didn't say, however, as had been misrepresented since, that he believed Hiss innocent. He expressed no view on that phase of it but simply pointed out, in effect, that, irrespective of whether Hiss went to jail or not, he would continue to give him his friendship.

"This is a far cry from condoning treason or any other crime. It assumed merely that Hiss, by the verdict if nothing else, had already received more punishment before his countrymen than a jail sentence could inflict. It assumed, too, that the rehabilitation of a man gone wrong is an obligation imposed on society as a whole—now recognized as an enlightened attitude in penology. It assumed also that the Christian spirit is not something to which men pay lip service on Sundays, but which they sometimes forget on weekdays because it might bring down upon them cynical charges of mawkishness or softness."

Will the people who knew Hiss turn their backs on him now, or will they assist him in rehabilitation.

Much will depend on the attitude of the man himself. For he never has publicly conceded that the jury was right in convicting him of perjury. In the eyes of many people, therefore, he has not atoned for his sin, though he has paid the penalty of the law. So far as the jury's judgment is concerned, it was based to no small extent on the flat statement by Hiss that he never was a Communist. Since his trial, at which witnesses testified that he perjured himself on this point, another witness—Nathaniel Weyl—who broke with the Communists, has stated under oath that he personally saw Hiss paying Communist dues several times.

Some Later Aid U. S.

There have been many ex-Communists who have been received into respected circles of American life but primarily because they "turned state's evidence," so to speak, and aided their own government by furnishing all the information they had about the Communist infiltration movement in which they had participated.

Alger Hiss should be left to make his voluntary atonement for his crime, but if he chooses to remain silent altogether, he will not soon regain, even among his friends, some of the esteem he once had. For he is still the center of an unexplained mystery. He was prominent in the councils of the Department of State at a critical time. He was present at the Yalta conference as a trusted adviser of Edward Stettinius, who was then secretary of state.

Whatever the scope of his wrongdoing and however narrow it may be, the future of Alger Hiss depends now on how much of the cloud that has enveloped his reputation he himself will remove. Public opinion is not charitably inclined toward anyone who does not voluntarily tell the facts about a crime committed by others of which he has firsthand knowledge. For today undisclosed information about the past relations between Soviet Russia and the American government is still of vital interest to the security of the United States.

(Copyright 1954)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 18:15

'The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge, and the ear of the wise man seeketh knowledge.' It is when a wise and prudent man 'seeks' knowledge that he 'gets' it. The Psalmist testifies to the happiness of the man who meditates in the law of the Lord day and night, as he says in Psalm 1:2, for therein is the source of true wisdom and knowledge, and the Lord does not ask us to seek in vain. In Psalm 119:18 he prays that the Lord would open his eyes, so that he might behold wondrous things out of His law. The Psalmist has much to say in the longest chapter of the Bible, Psalm 119, about his desire to learn, to be taught, and to know the Word of the Lord, which he hid in his mind and heart, so that he might not sin against God. He arose before day-break, vs. 147, 148 to meditate in God's Word. If the ear be open to learn all one can from godly teachers, the heart will get it, keep it, and be enriched by it. We must get knowledge, not only into the head, but into the heart, and then live it so as to please Him.

Horoscope

Prospects seem excellent, good luck attending you and promotion probable. A strong, vigorous, individual is likely if born under these influences.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE DECISION

Days come and go and never ask,
Are you prepared to do your task?
Have you both strength and will enough
To brave the struggle when it's rough?
They leave us every one to choose
Just how the time allowed we'll use.

Keep going on or step aside?
That question each must then decide.
The morning passes; comes the noon,
And night will surely follow soon.
Work well, or idle through the day?
That's left to every one to say.

Take time for friendship or decide
To wait until the friend has died?
That letter write or let it wait
Although next week may be too late?
Pass by, or stop some one to aid?
By all, that quick decision's made.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DRUVEL IM HAICHDA GRAWD: Fiel bletz wor druvel den fergongna summer mit 'm welshkern — der raya is tzu shpote kumma fer die dinshda duh woh er duh het solla, helfa 's welshkern in die have sheeva. Welshkern mit seina wartzla owwa uf 'm grund, gleich'd blenty feichdichkate fer woxa—bardich bis die tzeit wohs die kolva shees'd, un die kerna kumma on die krutza.

Der LeRoy Hunsicker driwwa on da Longa Lane drunna, woh fons Dieters Kerrich nous noch Klecknersville gait, hut sei welshkern krop—un hut aw net gons iwwel ous gamocht so weit os sel aw gait—yusht os es wenich nidder gabliva is uf 'm budda. Un so kartz os es wor on dale bletz, huts aw noch din g'shtonna bletz weiss. Die gross drickning huts alla waig tzurick k'halta, un der LeRoy un die Katie hen grosser druvel kot fers boshda.

Die Sawg is, der Leroy het 'n garrick tzieger noh gadrawga fer dale fon da kolva ous 'm grund tziega. Dale uf kours worra owwa druf, yusht 's wor sonderbore hard uf die bickle fer sich bicka welshkern boshda won die kolva so nidder hanka, ow'r der Leroy hut 'n waig g'funna fer sella socha fohr kumma. Er hut alta tires fershnidda un kushions gamocht fer uf die gnee shnolla —sella waig hen sie noh fon shtuck tzu shtuck groddla kenna, uns welshkern gabosh'd noch allerra ort.

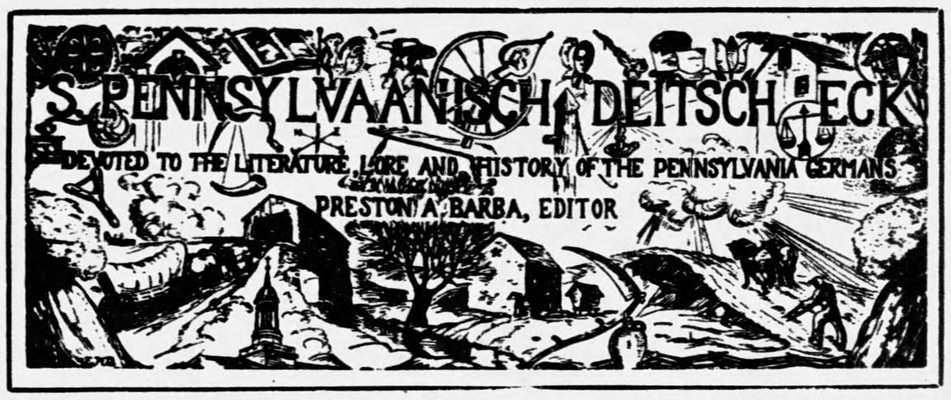
Ow'r der Leroy hut aw noch mainer druvel kot os wie fer shier net wissa wie 's welshkern tzu boshda—er hut aw milich un budder druvel kot net long tzurick. Mit dem os es welshkern boshda wenich longweilich gonga is, hut er gabroviert tzeit uf mocha un 'm waig won er ols fert is mit da milich. Die Moore township police—leit hen 'n ken tzeit gabodder'd—ow'r er hut blenty druvel kot mit budder.

'M Leroy sei kee gewwa aryie fettie milich—tzeita weiss is es bol nix wie glorer rawm. Mit 'm shtarrick fohrra, huts 'm etlicha morya der rawm tzu budder gadray'd bis er in Bangor wor, woh er sei milich ferkauft. Die weil os sellie leit net in da budder bisnis sin, hut er der budder ols mit hame nemma missa, un die Katie hut die budder shissel griega missa un der budder fon hond shoffa, wie ihra Mam ols hut nagshd om Peach Bottom.

Die barichda sin, die Katie het gore mechdich gatzong'd won budder tzu shoffa wor, uns hais'd der Leroy graich'd now alla morya eb er fon hame gang'd mit da milich, 'n guter kabittle runner galaisa fer fershtannich fohrra, so os die milich noch milich wear bis er noch Bangor kaimt, un net budder. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Leroy die socha aw net house howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os you nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons miglich wear tzu duh, wolla m'r wetta os da Mondawg morya net ae harsh tzu finna wear mit harner—alla buck het sei harner falla lossa, un alla shitz kaimt lare hame.



THE MORAVIAN TROMBONE CHOIR

Bicentennial of Bethlehem's Historic Music Ensemble

By JOSEPH A. MAURER

(CONCLUSION)

In announcing the death of members the Trombone Choir performs what is probably its most distinctive service. Three chorales are played. The opening and concluding ones are always the same. The second one, however, varies according to the "choir" to which the deceased had belonged. In this instance "choir" is merely the designation made of the groups into which all members of the congregation are divided on the basis of age, sex and social state. Ten different chorale tunes are used to make the following distinctions: married male, married female, widower, widow, single male, single female, older boy, older girl, small boy, small girl. Thus those who know these various chorales can readily identify the "choir" of the deceased.

These chorales played as announcements have been used for generations, and in the hearts and minds of the people they possess almost the sanctity of a sacrament. Moreover, the words themselves associated with the chorales when played on such occasions are of significance. Those of the opening chorale, set to the music of Leo Hassler's well known "Passion Chorale,"

"A pilgrim us preceding
Departs unto his home. . ."

and of the closing chorale, set to the same music,

"Lord, when I am departing,
Oh, part Thou not from me. . ."

epitomize so well the Moravian view of death and the life beyond.

Apropos of playing death announcements, and illustrative also of the degree to which the older generations were familiar with all the chorale tunes and were able to identify them, is the story related about un unmarried sister in Nazareth, who was lying abed, sick unto death, and of whose recovery all had despaired. The local trombone choir, at that time (c.1835) a quintet composed of theological students, was appraised of her illness and hence prepared to rehearse in their rooms at Nazareth Hall the chorales prescribed for announcing the demise of a single sister. Now it happens that Nazareth Hall and the Single Sisters' House were in propinquity and that, since it was summer, all windows were open. As the students began to rehearse, the good sister not only heard the trombones but she also recognized the chorale tunes being played! Rising in her bed, she exclaimed, "Die Schlingel! die Schlingel! die denken dass ich am sterben bin!" And then rising even higher, with great resolution she concluded, "Aber aus Speit werd' ich nicht sterben!" ("The rascals. The rascals! They think that I am dying!". . . "But out of spite I will not die!") It is reported that she immediately became well. But this practice of musical therapy, though eminently successful in this case, incurred the displeasure of the local congregation, and this quintet of players fell into disfavor and was soon relieved of its services.

Like all musical organizations in the Moravian Church, the Trombone Choir draws its members from the congregation. The number, of course, has varied. Starting in 1754 with a quartet, the minimum number for playing the four part harmony of a chorale, the membership remained static until late in 1792, when, as has been stated above, the purchase of additional instruments made possible the use of two quartets of trombones, and this number was further increased in 1808 by the acquisition of the instruments formerly in use at Hope, New Jersey. But from the records available it would appear that for many decades it was customary to use only a quartet of trombones except on special occasions such as Easter. In more recent years, however, it has been generally the practice to employ a larger ensemble, and the membership has been increasing accordingly, growing from ten in 1888 to a total of twenty-seven in 1954.

At all times the membership of the Choir has been representative of the congregation. In it have been artisans, business men, clergy, clerks, engineers, high school and college students, industrialists, physicians, salesmen, teachers, college deans and presidents, and professional musicians. The level of musicianship attained by the members who have not been musicians by profession has, of course, varied, but some indication thereof may be derived from the fact that those who play the soprano, alto, and tenor trombones read the old soprano, alto, and tenor clefs respectively. Moreover, the fact that there have always been members capable of playing satisfactorily the brass score of the various oratorios and other choral works performed in Bethlehem, and of assisting regularly in the church orchestra (where they have been often doubled on other instruments), constitutes testimony to a degree of musicianship which cannot easily be gainsaid.

The reportory for the most part has been limited to the old chorales, which are played in numerous harmonizations; only within the decade has it been broadened to include such compositions as the "Tower Music (Leipzig)" of Johann Penzel (1639-1694) and "Wunderbarer Koenig" of Sigfrid Karg-Elert, the latter being performed in concert with tympani and organ.

In the course of two centuries many anecdotes and legends have sprung up about the Choir. The most popularly known, of course, is the tradition that during the French and Indian Wars when the Trombone Choir early on Christmas Morning of 1755 was announcing the day of our Lord's birth, the music so terrified the Indians that they abandoned their plans of attacking the community. This tradition — and it is nothing other than tradition — has well-nigh become established as history, thanks to the fertile genius of the many writers who find the incident so adaptable to romancing.

In a lighter vein are the anecdotes related about some of the interesting personalities in the Choir. One at once thinks of that good brother who about 1800 "blew" the bass trombone and by drinking seventeen mugs of mulled wine one Easter Morning gained sufficient repute to escape total oblivion in the annals of the community. There is also the incident connected with the performance of a choral work in the church, when the trombonists who were assisting observed in the score that the brass had several hundred measures of rest, and having reckoned the time sufficient, they left the church for a "short one" at a nearby inn. During the excursion, however, they lost count of the measures and failed to return to their desks in time for their cue.

A third anecdote dates from World War I days, when the Choir was invited to play a program of chorales at a military camp. The Choir's rendition of the first chorale on this occasion has since become memorable, for through some misunderstanding one half of the Choir played Chorale Tune 581 A and the other half, Tune 581 K. The harmonic texture resulting from two different chorale tunes set to the same metre was varied further by a mixture of keys and modes, B minor and F major respectively. The chorale was begun with the full ensemble joining in the concourse of sound, but in the interests of harmony the players one by one dropped out of the fray, until only one soprano trombone playing in B minor and one alto playing in F major remained to "duet" the selection to its close. The embarrassment of the Choir was immediately changed to something akin to utter bewilderment, since this strange new mode of music with its suggestions of polytonalism was received by the doughboys with loud cheers and prolonged applause. The remainder of the program, it is reported, was definitely anticlimactic.

In the long history of the Trombone Choir the names of many individuals loom large. Only a few of these can be named, but it is to them and to the many others who must remain anonymous here that the Choir has ultimately owed its long existence. These men have at all times functioned as the heart of the organization and have always given to it the necessary **esprit de corps.**

There is, first of all, Jedediah Weiss (1796-1873), a successful business man and widely respected leader in the community, who, though no musician professionally, actually became known as such through his association both with the Trombone Choir, in which for fifty-four years he played the soprano and bass instruments, and with the Church Choir and the old Philharmonic Society, in which for almost as many years he was the leading bass soloist. His musical competency was recognized outside of Bethlehem as early as 1821, when he was invited to Philadelphia to play "Principal Bassoon" in a concert for the Musical Fund Society of that city, and again in the following year when he was one of the three trombonists to go down from Bethlehem to assist that same Society in its rendition of Haydn's **The Creation.**

Another individual prominent in the Choir's history is Robert Rau (1844-1906), a prominent pharmacist, who for forty years played soprano, alto, tenor and bass, and for most of these years was also the leader of the organization. He is remembered no less as long time tenor soloist in the Church Choir, and as composer of hymn tunes and arranger of chorales for the Trombone Choir. In more recent years there have been Augustus H. Leibert (1848-1921), an alto player whose membership spanned fifty-three years, the last fifteen of which he served as leader, and George E. Sigley (1866-1943), a tenor player who was a member for forty-one years and leader for twenty-one. The former, affectionately known to the members as "Gus," always evidenced the greatest interest and pride in the Choir; his scrapbook with its many newspaper clippings, programs, photographs, lists of members, notes, letters and cards, all pertaining to the Choir, has been indispensable in writing this brief account. George E. Sigley's role in the organization was seemingly foreshadowed from the time when, as a boy of fourteen, he first played the trombone. Under his leadership the Choir experienced steady growth, and its many appearances outside of Bethlehem included, significantly for the 20's and 30's, radio broadcasts.

A glance at the panorama of two centuries affords interesting and contrasting views in the long history of the organization. In this period there have been two locations from which it has played its various announcements: the first was the belvedere of the Brethren's House, erected in 1748 (now Colonial Hall on the South Campus of The Moravian Colleges), and the second is the present location (used since 1806), the belfry of the Central Moravian Church. Of greater interest are some of the functions which the choir used to perform, such as that of greeting with music from the belvedere the prominent Moravians and state dignitaries upon their arrival in town.

But as Bethlehem has become less and less Moravian in so many of her ways, the customs which were peculiarly Moravian have either wholly disappeared or been radically altered. The "choir" system into which the members of the congregation were divided and for which there were annual festival days survives solely, except for two drastically reduced festivals, in the custom of announcing the death of members with the chorale tune appropriate to the "choir" of the deceased. Nor does the Trombone Choir receive the once numerous requests to play at church dedications, or to accompany the singing at outdoor convocations, or to render programs of chorales at special civic and religious commemorations. These functions have been gradually assumed by the brass ensembles which are being created out of the bands in the high schools and colleges of America. The increasing popularity of such ensembles and the growing awareness that chorales are singularly effective when rendered by brass instruments alone have encouraged contemporary musicians both to write and to arrange compositions for these ensembles. In all this the Trombone Choir has been the precursor, and it is humbly proud of having made this contribution to the musical heritage of America.

On August 31, 1954, the members of the Trombone Choir of the Moravian Congregation of Bethlehem and their leader, Mark Davis, Director of Music in the Central Moravian Church, climbed to the belvedere of the old Brethren's House and there played a program of chorales to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of their venerable organization. The music of the old chorales, already old when the Choir was organized, floated out over a modern city and

Soon became lost in the noise of the impatient vehicular traffic on the streets below and in the imperious roar of speeding diesel locomotives. But to those persons who heard and paused to listen, the trombones seemed to possess a grandeur and solemnity which were almost transcendent, for the members of the Choir, deeply conscious of the proud tradition which they represented and equally humble in their awareness of a sacred obligation to that tradition, were not only playing with deep inspiration, but in their playing were also paying tribute to the past and making a pledge to the future.

From The Historical Review of Berks County, October-December, 1954, with the gracious permission of its Editor, Donald R. Shenton and of the author, Joseph A. Maurer, Ph.D., Department of Classical Languages, Lehigh University.

DER BAUER HOT'S BLENDI

Es hot deel Leit, die meene woll:
"Der Bauer kann gut lache,
Sei Haus un Scheier, die sin voll
Vun Frucht un annere Sache,"

Well, ya, 's iss waahr, er hot sel Deel—
Viel meh wie annere Leit;
Ofkors, er schickt sich aa dernoh,
Verschleidert net sei Zeit.

Er bloogt sich ab des ganse Yaahr,
Vun frieh bis zur Owedsunne,
Un hot er dann sei Loh defor,
Sett mer's ihm net vergunne.

Ich iwwertreib's net, wann ich saag,
Kee Schklaav schafft meh wie er;
Bei ihm heerscht du net viel Geklaag,
Iss die Aerwet noch so schwer.

Bischur, es lohnt sich all sei Mieh,
Er hot en gudes Lewe:
Doch Annere hedden's aa wann sie
Nooch Aerwet deede schtrewe.

Mer brauch net yuscht en Bauer sei,
Fer zu esse was mer will:
Wer schafft un fleissich schpaart debei,
Hot alle Zeit sei Fill.

Die gebrodene Dauwe fliegge net
Eem uff der Deller druff:
Wann so en Zeit mol kumme deet,
Waere all die Meiler uff.

Du Kicker, schaff, dann hoscht du's gut,
Weit besser ass der Bauer—
Ee Ding, dass dir kee Seegge bringt—
Du schpendscht zu viel beim Brauer.

Wer faulenst, der hot nie ken Geld,
Un muss oft Hunger leide:
Es gebt nix Dummers uff der Welt,
Als mit der Aerwet schtreite.

Bischt du en Schtadtmann odder Bauer,
Bleibt des waahr uff alle Zeit:
"Alles Schaffe helft dir wennich,
Iebscht du net die Schpaarsamkeit."

"Schaff un schpaar" iss guder Rot
Fer die Mensche uff der Welt:
Wer ihn befolgt, der kennt kee Not—
Bei dem iss Alles gut beschtellt.

—P. F. EISENBROWN

VUM SOLLY HULSBUCK SEINE KAZE REIME

Der Druwwel wu
Uns oftmols baddert,
Hen mer verkammen
Selwer ge-addert.

Die groosse Dieb sin haus uff bail,
Die kleene Dieb sin in der jail.

Waer en Gott macht
Vun seim Geld,
Geht mit em Deiwel
Darrich die Welt.

Gott tiedert alle Schkwarl im Busch
Mit Hickerniss un Kescht,
Awwer ich hab schunn genotist,
Ass er draagt sie net ins Nescht.

En Mann verzannt
Hot en Esel eigschpannt.

Zweemol gedenkt
Iss immer es bescht,
Sunscht leegt mer's Ol
Gans newich 's Nescht.

E bissel kammner Verschtand
Iss alsmol besser als hochgelannt.

Wann die Welt flat waer,
Hot die Polly gsaat,
Waer schunn mancher Automobil
Driwwer nunner geyaagt.

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Editorials

Record Business Year?

When just a week ago yesterday Allentown's merchants reported phenomenal business and made estimates that it was "a million dollar day" there was general rejoicing in the retail centers. It was taken as a good omen for brisk business during the full month that was to precede Christmas Day — the occasion for which most of the buying will be done.

Now the merchants, who were too busy with customers a week ago to give accurate figures, report that their estimates missed the mark by more than 50 per cent. In other words, the retail business was somewhere between a million and a half and two million dollars.

A full week now has elapsed since that bang-up opening day of the full month for shopping preceding Christmas. Allentown's shops have been welcoming continuing throngs ever since and six more great days have been recorded.

Thus there is every reason at this time to expect that new retail merchandising records are going to be established this month. The optimists go even further in their anticipation that, despite some lean periods earlier in the year, the total for 1954 will exceed that of 1953 which had broken all previous records.

A good deal of this increase is attributed to the widening appeal of Allentown's shops to population far removed from this city. Parking lot operators report many cars bearing New Jersey licenses while inquiry addressed to other strangers reveals people from far distant points to the north, west and south.

It can be believed that Allentown's shops will have made so great appeal to the newcomers that they will continue to return not merely during the pre-Christmas season but at all times of the year.

That again brings up the matter of more helpful signs along the new Route 22 which now speeds traffic from the west and east to the north of the city. While motorists who set out to reach this city almost certainly will reach it, it may be only after they have taken exits from Route 22 which will be devious to follow in reaching the shopping centers. For the comfort and convenience of the motorists there should be no doubt in their minds as they approach the 7th street interchange that that is the place to make their exit.

Likewise when the northern extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike is completed west of Allentown nothing should be left undone to let motorists know well in advance of their reaching Allentown that the next interchange will be the one they will have to take to reach the shopping centers in the least possible time and over the best road.

The auguries are good for an exceptionally good season. But Allentown merchants are providing exceptional goods and services not merely for the current season but for years to come.

The good will that is built up during the current month will continue into 1955 and far behond that. "Allentown on the march" has been the city's slogan. In the van in that steady march are the city's retail merchants.

Prayers for the Pope

The more than 450,000,000 members of the Roman Catholic Church thruout the world are distressed over the sudden and serious illness that has afflicted their pontiff, Pope Pius XII. Joining with them in their prayers are virtually all other units of the Christian Church as is indicated in the resolution adopted by the National Council of Churches at its closing biennial sessions yesterday in Boston.

In the great open square before St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome the faithful on bended knees are performing their vigils while in every Roman Catholic Church thruout the world there is beseeching of God's goodness for the beloved, gentle, peace-loving Bishop of Rome, and therefore the successor of St. Peter according to Roman Catholic doctrine.

In these days of persecution of good and just men of all creeds for the sole reason that they are followers of, and believers in the gentle Christ, the sense of brotherhood of all who truly seek to follow the Man of Galilee must be felt with one another.

Therefore the entire Christian world well may follow the resolution of the National Council of Churches in prayer to Almighty God "that His healing grace may sustain Pope Pius XII in his hour of suffering" and "express sympathy with Roman Catholic friends in their anxiety over the illness of their spiritual leader."

McCarthy Condemned

For only the fourth time in the 165 years of the United States Senate a member of that body was "condemned" on Thursday for acts considered wrong by that body and intolerable in a member.

While the original charges asked for "censure" of Senator Joseph McCarthy that word did not appear in the resolutions which now has become history and undoubtedly will be discussed in the country for a long time to come. It likewise will continue to be a moot question thruout the land. In Wisconsin, as well as elsewhere, it is likely to be a very important political issue for as long as Mr. McCarthy remains a State and a national figure.

In the move to condemn, half of his own party's membership voted to clear him of all charges while the entire membership of the Democratic Party's representation in the Senate voted for the condemnation.

Actually the condemnation was pretty well watered down by the time that the action came. The charge against Mr. McCarthy for his treatment of General Ralph W. Zwicker had been dropped completely. If Mr. McCarthy had been ready to treat the Watkins committee and Senator Watkins particularly with a little show, at least, of civility it would have been watered down to the single and rather stale issue of McCarthy's scornful treatment of an Elections subcommittee of the Senate two years ago. That likewise might have evaporated if Mr. McCarthy had not made characteristically violent "comments" about the Watkins committee.

Officially the McCarthy Case now appears to be history. But there undoubtedly will be lots of postludes, particularly in the field of politics where issues as hot as the McCarthy case are not permitted to cool and be forgotten.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

END OF AUTUMN

The trees are bare of leaf today,
The patch of lawn long shadows arch.
The herald frost has called to say
King Winter's troops are on the march.

The spring and summer long have fled
And autumn very soon will go.
The wind turns cold and overhead
Gray clouds will shortly bring the snow.

Vacant is every song bird's nest.
Birds need, it seems, blue skies to sing.
The lovely things once blossom dressed,
Deep in their beds are slumbering.

When winter comes to hide with snow
The garden that is bleak and bare,
'Twill never see and never know
The loveliness that once was there.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

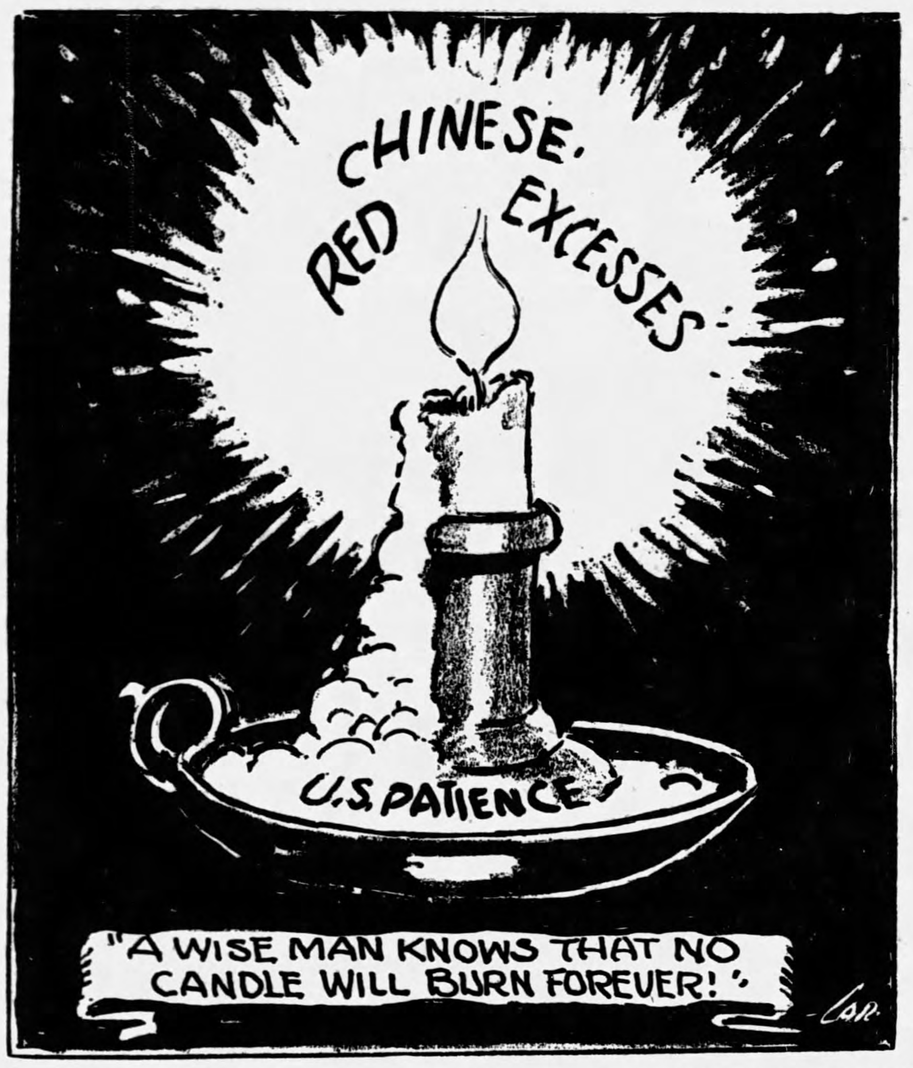
Proverbs 18:22

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor from the Lord.' Marriage was ordained of the Lord, and is a sacred and holy institution and relationship. It is a pity that, as with other things sacred, it is considered by too many merely as a physical and temporary relationship, to be terminated by whim or caprice — degenerating to licensed adultery, people boasting of their fourth or fifth marriage. How important it is, under God's moral government, that a couple be rightly mated, 'two hearts that beat as one.' A home, based on marriage can be a little heaven or a hell on earth. The finest institution on earth is a godly, Christian family, the husband having a help meet (and never write these two words as helpmeet) for him, who will be a true Hausfrau instead of an Ausfrau, a true mother to his children, and in the fear of the Lord together raising their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Juvenile delinquency does not usually develop in that kind of an atmosphere. Young man, young woman, find your life partner in the church, not on the dance-floor.

Horoscope

The outlook is excellent. You should receive gains in various ways, and happy events may also brighten your year. Born today a child may be very fortunate throughout life.

Ancient Philosopher Say:



Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N HARSH KARTZ: M'r wolla wetta os der Ralph Bittner fon da Shweitz, fer 'n longie tzeit net fergess'd fom harsh os er shier gore kotta hutin Potter kounty — shier gore, un doch net gons. 'N kerl fon Ohio hut der harsh ganumma, un der Ralph hut kot wos der Irish danoh g'shossa hut — nix bajabers gore nix.

Der Ralph wor mit ra drup noch Galeton, Potter County, un hen nochts uf g'shteld im Bob Taylor seim wogga shub. Onnerra in da drup, wor der Clint Hoffman fon Fogelsville, der Rob Hamm fon New Tripoli, der Laird Hamm, der Claude Bittner un sei boo Arlen fon da Shweitz, der Davy Beller fon Macungie, der Stirling Werley fon Seipstown, un noch etlicha onnerra os m'r uns nimmy erinnerra kenna.

Der Clint Hoffman huts glick kot fer 'n 5 tzingicher buck sheesa, un der Laird Hamm hut 'n Y grick'd. Wos 'm Ralph seiner wor kenna m'r nte sawga, ow'r er hut aw 'n arrick shae raf awhanka kot, uns wor shawd os er net g'shwinder noh is — ow'r so gaits ewwa iwwer 'm harsh yawga, woh net alla yeager 'n angel is.

So weit os sich blessierra aw gonga is, hen sie ol rum 'n gutie tzeit kot. Der Davy Beller hut g'sehna datzu os niemond ken hunger leida hut breicha so weit os banannas aw gonga sin — hut 15 pund kauft uf 'm nuf waig, un sie hen ol banannas gessa bis die bananna bladder na bol tzu da ohra rous g'shtucka hen. Der Davy uf kours gleich'd aw sei chaw-duwoch, un hut alla mohl tzwae pock ins moul ganumma eb er nous is yawga — 'n pock Schrap, un 'n Tzuver, uns wor leicht fer 'n shpora der iwwer-reshd fom dawg. "zwae harsha kee sin da airshda dawg seim shtrawm duwocks bree noh, un os sie net iwwer der Davy nous g'shprunga sin un huts net ous g'funna, wor allas.

Paar fon da boova worra ae owet noch da Moose hamet in Galeton, mit ra maining 's maich'd na helfa fer harsh finna da nagshda dawg. Der Claude Bittner denk ich wor ziner darta dafon, uns hut 'n so mead gamocht, os er die gons nocht uf ma huls haufa g'shlofa hut, un huts net gawist. Der huls haufa uf kours wor 'n klotz fer 'n kuppa kissa, un 'n klotz fer die fees druf laiga — 'n hesslicher waig fer leia shlofa. Ow'r kletz odder net, 'm Claude sei boo der Arlen hut ae morya tzwae shmarta beck, extra shmart ferfail'd — kon alla weil noch net fershtae ferwos die harsh net gabliva sin woh er onna g'shossa hut.

Ow'r so weit os der Ralph aw gonga is, sei erfohring wor grawd so ferdreaslich os ebber an erfohring hiwwa kon. Sei harsh wor woh er onna g'shossa hut, yusht hut net gons on der recht blotz gatziehlt kot. Er is g'falla, ow'r bletzlich tzurick uf die fees, ob iwwer 'n hivel nunner os der Ralph 'n nimmy sehna hut kenna. Er wor onna gawissner blotz g'shteld, un fer darta weck gae wor 'm g'sawt maich'd net g'sund sei — un is fer 'n kartzie tzeit shtae gabliva bis die woh om yawga worra, unna rum kumma sin.

'S wor bout 8 tzol shnae uf 'm grund, un der Ralph hut gore ken druvel kot fer der harsh shpoora, un woh 5 mohl g'falla wor, eb er iwwer 'n onnerer hivel nunner kumma is, un hut 'n fremmer kerl sehna sei harsh ous nemma. Kartz dafor hut er aw 'n shuss k'hoert kot, un woh der woh om ous nemma wor, g'sawt hut, er het 'm harsh grawd in der kup g'shossa.

Der Ralph wor tzu arrick gabodder'd fer fiel waisa macha, uns wor aw ken game warden rum fer glawk ei draya. Shpaiter hen sie ow'r ous g'funna woh der kerl sei uffend halt kotta hut — noch so gore 'n harsh shitz fon Ohio. 'N warden is kumma, ow'r der harsh wor shun gatagg'd, un tzu shpote fer glawk ei draya — onnishder os wie fer der krel reshda fer der harsh shtaila. Sel hut der Ralph net duh wolla, ferol os er ferleicht ken druvel kotta het fer gawinna — so weit os ol wissa os der harsh g'sehna hen wor er yusht as mohl g'shossa — un gore net darrich der kup.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'M Andey Berky fon da Schwenkfelder Library, Pennsbarrick, sei nei buch fom docktor Abraham Wagner is gadruck'd, un alla glead fon da Library un da Pennsylvania German Society sots griega, in da nagshda woch odder so.

Looking At Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following is the final column "Looking at Life" by Erich Brandeis, who died recently.

The mail brought a form letter which began:

"Step out of your shell!"

The mailing piece told me that if I am struggling with my personal problems or social and career blocks, the outfit which sent it would teach me SUCCESS (spelled in capital letters).

They would show me, it said, the "Positive Approach."

It did not go into details just how they would teach me success and the positive approach.

It did promise me, however, that to convince myself of their training's productive effect, there would be no charge for the first visit. AGE, SEX, it said, again in capital letters, were NO BARRIER.

The address was a pretty swanky one in New York City, and the offer, it seemed to me, was quite reasonable, provided I had any desire to come out of my shell and become a social or business lion.

I don't know where these people get their lists of names. I don't even know whether perhaps some of my friends might have given mine to them.

At any rate, form letters don't usually make me think. As a matter of fact, most of them (say 99 99-100 per cent) go into the wastebaskets unread.

But this one did give me some moments of self-analysis.

How many of us do surround ourselves with a hard shell or, as the announcement said, have "social and career blocks?"

How many of us are, as Carl G. Jung, the Swiss psychiatrist, called them, introverts, how many extroverts?

And, if you are an introvert, can any course of lessons, any school, any teacher make you—can you yourself make yourself—into an extrovert? And if you can, do you want to?

I have never had a terrible lot of use for what is usually called "the life-of-the-party" type of fellow. You all know that type, of course. He receives you at the door — anybody's door — with a glass in his hand, or maybe with two glasses, one for you. He slaps you on the back, calls you by your first name without knowing your last one, flirts with your wife and is a general all around nuisance.

To be that kind of an extrovert is an accomplishment which, in my opinion, has to come naturally. You cannot learn it nor do you, if I am correct, want to learn it.

Then there are the introverts. I don't mean the "John-a-dreams" type of whom Shakespeare said, "Yet I, a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, unpregnant of my cause and can say nothing."

Nor do I mean introverts like Soren Kierkegaard, the melancholic Danish philosopher and theologian who was a morbid, professional pessimist and who influenced Paul Sartre of France to found that weird cult known as existentialism.

No, what I mean, is the introvert who is not social-minded because his mind is busy with more important things than social ones. I mean the introvert who does not care what "the world —as his immediate group of acquaintances is usally called —thinks of him. I mean the man who is more concerned about how he can be of service to the much larger world, which takes in the whole earth, than the service others can render to him.

The "step out of your shell" letter had a reply card enclosed and said "R. S. V. P."

I have mailed it in my wastebasket.

The Christmas Story

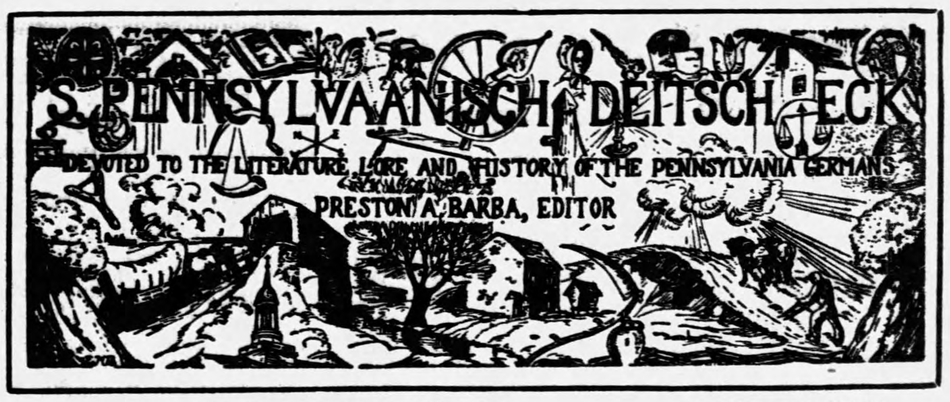
Retold in the words of the Holy Bible by Norman Vincent Peale
Illustrated by Valenti Angelo



The Angel Visits Mary

THE angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

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THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND THE PENSYLVANIA DUTCH

By FREDRIC KLEES

SO many of the customs of Christmas and Easter are Pennsylvania Dutch in origin that I hesitate to advance any claims to yet another, particularly since this custom is not an unmixed blessing. It is giving presents at Christmas that I have in mind, and anyone who has fought his way through the December crowds in department stores or has examined the state of his bank account on the first of January realizes that there is much to be chalked up on the debit side of this custom. Eggs at Easter and cookies at Christmas are two Dutch customs that are good through and through: there are no evil aspects to these unless it be a pain or two afterwards from fressing instead of essing. The Easter bunny, too, is an unsullied joy, and so is Santa Claus. Of course, Santa Claus is only Pennsylvania Dutch in part; the Lowland Dutch who came to New Amsterdam contributed as much to his origin as did the Pennsylvania Dutch. Even the Christmas tree is most likely a Pennsylvania Dutch contribution to the American way of life. Having added so much that is bright and festive to the two most important holidays of the year, the Pennsylvania Dutch might well rest on their laurels. No further sprig is needed. But as I said before, I am by no means certain that Christmas giving in its modern form is a blessing. It may well be a vice. Much can be said on both sides.

It was one of Coleridge's letters that first led me to suspect that the Pennsylvania Dutch might be responsible for the Christmas present as it exists in America. Apparently giving Christmas presents was unknown in England. There are no references to such a custom in Chaucer or Shakespeare nor even in the novelists of the 18th century — Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, or Smolett. Nor do the writers of the early years of the 19th century mention it, neither Jane Austen nor Lamb nor Hazlitt, and they are the ones who would be most likely to refer to it. It is evident that it was new to Coleridge. Since giving gifts at Christmas is almost certainly not English and since such a custom was alive, perhaps even flourishing, in Germany, it seems quite possible that it was brought to America by the forefathers of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Let me quote the passage describing this custom from Coleridge's letter. The letter was written from Ratzeburg on the 23rd of April, 1799, and was addressed to his wife. The Christmas of the letter was, of course, that of 1798. Coleridge had gone to Germany on September 16, 1798, and he stayed there till the following July, when he returned to England. The letter was of such interest that it was published almost verbatim in the original issue of **The Friend** for December 28, 1809.

"At Christmas I saw a custom which pleased and interested me here (Ratzeburg, Germany). The children make little presents to their parents, and to one another, and the parents to the children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money, to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it, such as working when they are on a visit, and the others are not with them, and getting up in the morning long before light, etc. Then on the evening before Christmas Day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go. A great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but not so as to burn it, till they are nearly burnt out, and coloured paper, etc., hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great neatness the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift — and then they bring out the others, and present them to each other with kisses and embraces. When I saw the scene there were eight or nine children of different ages, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness, and the tears ran down the cheek of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his heart as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him. I was very much affected, and the shadow of the bough on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture — and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and thread-leaves began to catch fire and snap! Oh that was a delight for them! On the next day in the great parlour the parents lay out on the tables the presents for the children; a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as, on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to each of his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworty, and that which he has observed most faulty in their conduct. Formerly and still in all the little towns and villages through the whole of North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents of the village to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates Knecht Rupert, that is, servant Rupert. On Christmas night he goes round to every house and says that Jesus Christ his Master sent him there; the parents and older children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then enquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parents he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of Heaven from Jesus Christ; or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his Master Jesus, recommends them to use it frequently. About eight or nine years old, the children are let into the secret, and it is curious, how faithfully they all keep it."

The presents described by Coleridge were of the kind that were given here in America throughout much of the 19th century. Presents made by hand, like the penwipers and blotters and calendars children made in school or the doilies and handkerchiefs little girls embroidered or hemmed at home, were still common fifty years ago. That the present had been made by the donor, had indeed cost him effort and leisure, enhanced its value in the eyes of the receiver. The elaborate and costly present bought at the store for hard cash — or less happily, on a charge account — is largely a product of the 20th century.

Several features of this north German Christmas of 1798 are completely foreign to us but several are well known. We still try to keep our gifts secret until the actual time of giving. The presents, however, are all given at the same time; there is not one occasion for the gifts presented by the children and another for those by the parents. Notice, too, that the giving at Ratzeburg was only within the family. Though that is largely true today, most people give presents to close friends as well. We, of course, have a whole tree, usually fir or spruce or pine, instead of a yew bough, and we trim it with balls and electric lights instead of colored paper and candles. Many of us, though, will remember the chains of colored paper we made as children to trim the Christmas tree. But one startling difference lies in our attitude and theirs to the tree catching fire. We view such a possibility with alarm, whereas they looked upon it as the climax of the Christmas festivities.

The solemn accounting when each child is praised and blamed for his conduct has no counterpart in this country. Reading of it today we are struck by its archaic flavor. We can hardly conceive of a modern parent acting in so pontifical a fashion. The closest he comes to it is when Johnny and Patsy bring their report cards home from school. But Christmas, he would feel, is not the time for so strict an accounting. The modern father may, of course, tell Johnny that he isn't going to get the new sled or those ice-skates if he isn't a better boy in December than he was in November, yet what a liar he is! As he speaks the words he knows very well that the sled is hidden away on the rafters of a neighbor's garage and the ice-skates are on the top shelf of a closet that has been under lock and key since the week before Thanksgiving. The parent in the role of judge is more Germanic than American. American parents desire, rather, to be their children's friends. Only in moments of crisis do they set themselves up as judge.

Knecht Rupert we knew yesterday, if not today. In many ways the Belsnickel was his equivalent. The Belsnickel, to be sure, had none of the religious quality of Knecht Rupert; he never referred to Jesus Christ as his master nor were the nuts and candies he strewed on the floor looked upon by the children "as if they came out of Heaven from Jesus Christ." It was the more horrid side of his character, the Knecht Rupert of the rod rather than the Knecht Rupert of the gifts, that was emphasized in the Belsnickel of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. If the little ones were, "most terribly frightened" by the more kindly Knecht Rupert, think of the terror the Belsnickel must have brought to the hearts of Leroy, Mahlon and little Kate.

Ratzeburg in 1798 was a small town about twenty-five miles east of Hamburg. This is a part of Germany from which very few of the ancestors of the Pennsylvania Dutch came. It is quite a distance from the Palatinate. Furthermore, by 1798 most of the Germans who had settled in Pennsylvania had already become Americans. The incident described by Coleridge is separated from our forefathers by time as well as space. Yet it did happen in the 18th century and it did happen in Germany, and most of our ancestors came from Germany in the 18th century—earlier in the century, it is true, and from another part of Germany. But I suspect that Christmas as it was celebrated by our ancestors in the country villages of the Palatinate or even in such cities as Mainz and Worms and Heidelberg was not greatly unlike the Christmas that Coleridge observed at Ratzeburg in 1798. The earliest records of the Christmas tree indicate that it was the Rhineland that first hit upon this blessed idea, so the chances are that our great-great-great-great - great - great - grandparents back in the Palatinate had a Christmas tree. There was a Belsnickel too; you can count on that. But did they give one another Christmas presents: Did Jockli and Jonni make penwipers in school for Pappy and Mammy? Did they, perhaps, pull some feathers out of the goose and with a sharp knife fashion the quills into pens? Did Emma Maria and Kunigunda steal away to put the last few stitches on a handkerchief or an apron? When our forefathers took the boats on the long journey down the Rhine to Rotterdam, there to take ship for the still longer voyage across the Atlantic to the colony the king of England had given to the Quaker Penn, did they bring with them the Christmas present? Those rogues, the Belsnickel and Tyl Eulenspiegel, sailed with them; we have plenty evidence of that. But what about the custom of giving presents at Christmas? Was this something they left behind them in the Rhineland or was this part of their bag and baggage too?

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Fredric Klees is Professor of English at Swarthmore College and author of the best-seller, THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

BOOK REVIEW

Folk Art Mofits of Pennsylvania. By Frances Lichten. Hastings House Publishers, Inc., New York, 1954. pp. 96.—$5.75.

The publication of a work by Frances Lichten is always an interesting event. The work of the professional historian, no matter how carefully based on documentary sources, only too often needs the supplementary animating work of writers more sensitively attuned to the sub-currents of a people's cultural aspirations and achievements. Miss Lichten's lively "Decorative Art of Victoria's Era" has added a valuable chapter to the understanding of that epoch. So too her earlier book, "Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and London, 1946), has done much to acquaint the general public with a little appreciated phase of the cultural life of the Pennsylvania German people. In reviewing that book, still remembered as the most beautiful and comprehensive "all-over" book on the subject, we wrote "Happy that booklover who ten years hence can count this beautiful volume among his books." We even had the temerity to close the review with a quotation from Ecclesiastes: "This is the end of the matter: all hath been heard." And now, eight years after the publication of that work, Miss Lichten has prepared another work, "Folk Art Motifs of Pennsylvania," whose subject matter in a sense overlaps with that of her earlier work, but it must be admitted that purpose, treatment and content justify the same.

Frances Lichten needs no introduction to our readers in this vicinity. She spent her girlhood in Allentown and early became interested in the ways and traditions of the Pennsylvania Germans. She first received art instruction in nearby Bethlehem and later in the School of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art. As State Supervisor (1936-1941) of the Index of American Design, a Federal Project, she was brought into intimate relation with the folk art of Pennsylvania and thus extended her knowledge more directly in the field in which she already had an absorbing interest.

Miss Lichten's new book will appeal to all those who love the directness and honesty with which peasant art speaks to us. It was planned in the first place for designers and craftsmen but also as well for that increasing number of dilettantes who, weary of the sophisticated individualistic art of our time, are stimulated by the bold colors and refreshingly naive motifs that characterize our early Pennsylvania German folk art.

A glance at the contents of this book will acquaint the reader with the scope of motifs offered there. After a brief but well-expressed statement of backgrounds, the author then considers the following classification of motifs: the tulip, the heart, the bird and the urn in varied combintaions; conventionalized flowers; the pomegranate; the cock and peacock, the dove, the parrot and the eagle; untraditional influences; barn symbols; the mermaid and the fish; the human figure; heavenly sumbols; the heraldic animal; forms for cookie cutters; motifs evolved through geometry, and motifs from applique quilts. Especially valuable for designers and craftsmen are the short chapters on the uses of motifs on dower chests, on borders, the enriching of plain surfaces through mottling and stippling; the nature and the application of the lettering of the period; how to enlarge motifs free hand and transferring them. The choice of colors is amply illustrated by the numerous beautiful color reproductions scattered throughout the book.

The many drawings offered under each category are further enhanced by informative short paragraphs. The author's approach is always that of the artist. Although she now and then indicates extensive reading in the field, she is undisturbed by the problems that confront the folklorist, the archaeologist and the ecclesiastical symbolist.

Some few of the motifs included are well known through other earlier publications. Miss Lichten acknowledges her indebtedness to many museums and private collections, but she has also drawn extensively from her own sketches done directly from objects during the years. Her many black and white pencil drawings are delightfully direct and fluent. The 42 color reproductions that adorn this book are a superb achievement. The 96 loose-leaf pages can be readily removed for the practical use of cratsmen and designers.

—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Treat of the Season

Since parents seek to provide every possible treat for their children, any and all who have not yet brought their little ones into the heart of Allentown during the early hours of any evening have missed the joy that comes from the little ones' delight in the fairyland that the Christmas lighting system provides.

Allentown properly is proud of its preparations for the children's happiest day — Christmas. The Christmas lights upon the streets and in the shops convey the spirit of the forthcoming season. Every person, young and old, will get into that spirit (if not already stirred by it) by a leisurely stroll thru the business section.

Above all, do not permit a single child to miss it. To enjoy it is to gain the benefits from the ideas into which the City government and the merchants have put much time, money and thought. It is just another element in the year-round program of Allentown to please and benefit her people and to make every person just a little prouder of being a resident of this community.

Beware Uranium Stock

"Get - rich - quickly" ventures have occurred so often in this country's history and have created so many millionaires that any new discoveries and scientific developments, such as uranium and atomic power, are certain to follow the well-known American pattern of speculation as illustrated in great land deals, exploitation of forests, construction of railroads and canals, dicovery of gold, silver and cop - per deposits during the past century.

Always for the creation of one millionaire there has been pauperization or extensive loss for thousands. Everywhere in the country there are hundreds of costly pits for every successful mine. Always the sharpers unconscionable promoters have made more money out of their dupes than out of the operations which were supposed to bring fortune but provided only a lot of beautiful but worthless, engraved paper — bogus shares and stock receipts.

It is timely to warn well-intentioned and hopeful people that if they have not yet been tempted to buy "uranium stocks," they are likely to be solicited p r e t t y soon. "Penny mining stocks" in Canadian enterprises are being issued by the millions by smart men who do not intend to dig into the earth for mineral wealth but into the pockets of gullible people.

The president of the Investment Bankers Association compares the present situation with the "frenzy of 1929" and believes that "some people are going to lose a lot of money."

Reports are that the promoters, who could be arrested if they were to ring your door bell and tempt you with these penny stocks, now use the long distance telephone from Canada to get your ear and to get your money.

Lots of mining stocks are good. They represent properties that are producing and probably are profitable. Such stock can be purchased thru reputable brokers and the Exchanges of the United States and Canada. Such stocks are not peddled from door to door nor by telephone from Canada.

The local police cannot stand guard over any citizen to see that he is not mulcted. It is the citizen's right to throw his money away if he so desires. And that is exactly what a lot of persons are going to do as a result of the uranium craze, the great urge to get rich quickly and without working, and the willingness of a school of sharks to take the money of gullible people.

And Beware of 'Rackets'

While the danger of entertaining swindlers unawares is being pointed out, it is pertinent to be thinking about the reception that should be given to the considerable army of racketeers who prey upon innocent people during the pre-Christmas season of the year. They seek to persuade them to buy junk or to separate themselves from their money by yielding to promises of extraordinary bargains in desirable Christmas gifts.

A Morning Call story yesterday recalled some of the "rackets" which took large sums of money from our people in other years and which may be repeated, or dished up in a little different style this year.

The Chamber of Commerce, which has listed some of the tricks of these seasonal peddlers and pseudo salesmen, offers the initial warning that householders beware of house-to-house peddlers. These are the boys who pretend to offer goods at prices below those charged in the stores and, if they really make delivery, provide a well-nigh worthless, shoddy article.

Then there are the solicitors for articles that are to be delivered at a future date, conditioned upon a substantial down payment. But the deliveries are never made and the victim could search all over creation without finding the swindler or recovering his or her money.

This is the season when, particularly, there are offers of bargains in perfumes, nylons, cigars and other luxuries. In almost all cases, no matter what the price, the article is expensive. And do not believe any sly hints that the articles are cheap because they were stolen. "Expensive" perfumes are likely to be cheap, colored water and nylons little better than worthless.

Always the best place to buy is in the shops. The owners and clerks are people of good reputation. They stand behind the goods that they sell. Exchanges and returns are an agreed upon principle. But the fly-by-night peddler takes no responsibility for his trash. He is here today and gone tomorrow and with him has gone the money of his unhappy dupes.

Fair Not Run for Profit

An echo of the not too successful Allentown Fair of 1954 is heard in the annual report announced yesterday. This shows that while receipts were $216,334, the profit upon operations was only $14,224. That represented less than $3000 per day for the five days that the Fair charged admission to the grounds.

It is a happy circumstance for Allentown and the Fair as a local institution that it is a non-profit organization. The small margin of profit upon an investment of more than a million dollars would be a source of dissatisfaction, if not distress, to stockholders in an organization conducted for profit.

The Allentown Fair is that rara avis in business — the institution which is concerned only with providing an attractive agricultural exhibition, together with a vast program of entertainment and social features, and with making enough profit to establish some reserves, improve its plant from year to year and keep it in apple-pie condition. Always it has had the most liberal policy, compatible with the necessity for making some money, if not a great deal. There have been years when profits were considerably higher. There have been few years when there were losses and there had to be resort to the institution's treasury.

The community has enjoyed this liberal business viewpoint. It has enjoyed this institution for more than a century. Generations to come can expect to see it carried on for their entertainment and education upon the same grand and liberal scale of past years.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 19:8

'He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul; he that keepeth understanding shall find good.' The thought of this verse runs along the line of the general theme of the whole book of Proverbs. The word 'wisdom' in the Hebrew of this verse is 'heart.' It is a matter, not of intellect only, but of the will and affections. The Greek translation, instead of 'loveth his own soul,' is 'loveth himself.' By striving to obtain wisdom, a man shows that he has regard for the welfare of his soul and body. He will thus become a useful instrument for God to use in His service for the blessing of others. 'He that keepeth understanding shall find good,' the second half of the verse, can mean that a man must not only strive hard and use all available means to get wisdom and prudence, but must guard them like a precious treasure, and not lose them for want of care, nor let them lie useless. Then he will find that they bring with themselves innumerable benefit —quite in contrast with the man who is satisfied in his ignorance.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Admiral "Bull" Halsey likes the story about the Navy wife who, seeing her husband off on a long tour of duty, was incensed to notice a sleek cocker spaniel aboard. "Hmph," she snorted. "Wives are forbidden on these Navy jaunts, but I see dogs are allowed. "It figures, Madam," an officer informed her gravely. "You see everybody aboard can pet a dog, and not a soul gets mad."

Two typical Bucks County farmers met at a tavern around haying time, and the first one asked the usual question, "How's crops?" "Waal," allowed the second, "the gas station and the cheeseburger concession is just about holdin' their own, but durned if they ain't holdin' over 'Springtime for Henry' for a second week in my barn."

The crime of bigamy, points out Cass Findlay, carries a penalty more severe, probably, than anything else in the law books: two mothers-in-law!

(Copyright, 1954)

Elias Howe of Boston invented the sewing machine.

Imprisoned Flyer Since 1945



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Sen. Mike Mansfield is generally regarded as a liberal with a big L. A liberal used to be defined as a person who believed in an increase in the liberties of the individual man. David Hume, the philosopher who so affected the thought which brought our country into existence, defined liberty as follows: ". . .By liberty, then, we can only mean a power of acting or not acting, according to the determinations of the will; this is, if we choose to remain at rest, we may; if we choose to move, we also may. Now this hypothetical liberty is universally allowed to belong to every one who is not a prisoner and in chains. ."

When therefore Sen. Mansfield would deprive a retired Army or Navy officer of the right to speak his mind or join a cause, of his own free will and at his own risk, he would deprive him of his liberty. Edmund Burke made the point that "among a people generally corrupt, liberty cannot long exist," which is why the Marxists find themselves in difficulties because they have permitted themselves to be corrupted by enslavement to a discipline and a conspiracy and reject the doctrine of free will by the acceptance of mental and moral regimentation. It is precisely this regimentation that must be fought off in the United States.

Military Officers' Status

Sen. Mansfield takes the position that military officers have been "taken care of" from the time they enter West Point or Annapolis until they are buried in Arlington National Cemetery. He said: "They should not lend their good names and prestige to movements which are contrary to the best interests of the United States."

He would deprive such men of their liberty and force them to conform to some dictated but temporary view because they once were employed by the government of the United States. Such a position makes employment a liability because it reduces such a person to secondary citizenship. Can anyone imagine Gen. Douglas MacArthur being silenced because he was for half a century employed in the United States Army?

In the matter of John Paton Davies Jr., it does not seem to be reasonable that the State Department should withhold the money due him—or for that matter of anyone else — unless he signs a contract gagging him Is money worth that much? He has the right, as a person and a citizen, to devote his life to the defense of his integrity. We grant that right to a murderer, a rapist, a thief, a spy. Shall we refuse that right to a man because he was in the employ of the State Department?

Let us consider two hypothetical cases:

1. Suppose John Paton Davies Jr., wishes to fight his case on the thesis that he was asked to do certain things by the CIA or by the State Department and that whatever he did was only in fulfillment of his duty. Shall he be deprived of the right to try to prove such a defense? Is he not entitled to document such a case if he can? Is he forever to bear the stigma of rejection without the opportunity to clear himself?

I do not know whether Davies can clear himself, but he is entitled to the possibility.

2. Suppose Alger Hiss wishes to prove that he was not a Communist, not a spy for Soviet Russia, but that he served his government in a special manner at the request, let us say, of the President of the United States. I do not know that there is the slightest truth in such an hypothesis or that Alger Hiss wants to do anything of the sort. But suppose he does, has anyone the moral right to deprive him of the freedom to fight for his name, his place in the world, even to his dying day, only because he was employed by the government of the United States?

Wrong for One, Wrong for All

If imposed conformity is wrong for a university professor, it is wrong for a general, an admiral or anybody. If imposed conformity is wrong for those who call themselves liberals or progressives, it is wrong for those who call themselves conservatives or moderates or nothing at all. If it is wrong for anybody, it is wrong for everybody

It is more important that we have overt differences of opinion with ample opportunity for their expression than that we suffer from the suppressive effects of conformity and unity. When we have an intellectual goose-step in this country, it may eliminate all the yak-yak of contentiousness, but we shall no longer be a thinking or a free people. We shall worship those in office as the German people cringed before any man in a uniform.

(Copyright, 1954)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRISHDAWGS KICHELCH - ER: Des is widder die tzeit fom yohr woh Grishdawgs kichelcher gabocka werra. Sei lava kenna m'r die shaina grossa Grishdawgs Kichelcher nte fergessa woh unser grossmutter Mary Troxell ols gabocka hut—im hous wohs Henry Rotha now wohana. 'S worra bubba dabei, geil un kee, fegel, un alla orta socha. Die kucha worra gamocht mit me weissa dake, un ob gatrim-m'd mit farvichie icing.

Dahame hut die Mam un Gramam aw kichelcher gabocka, ow'r hen kennie ob gatrim'd mit icing—sel wor ebbes os yusht da Gramam Troxell ihra g'shft wor. 'S sin sel tzeit gawainlich yusht tzwae orta kichelcher gabocka werra—chocolate un a-piece. Don un won ebbes fon ma malosich kich'l, un alsa mohl is koconut in der dake gariehrt werra, uns hut koconut kichelcher gewwa.

Ol unser Grishdawgs kichelcher sin us gacrick'd werra mit muddla, un woh unser familia 's grossie wahl kotta hut. In shpaiterra yohrra hen m'r selwar dale muddla gamocht ous blech—wunner eb noch aenicha fon sella muddla rum sin. 'S wor g'shpass fer sellie muddla mocha—hens schneida lossa uf raiding imma shpangler shop, uns noh gaboga mit ma hiltzna ruler, un fosht g'schmoltz on blech mit ma kneadkolva, uf k'hitzt im kicha offa.

'S wor g'shpass die Mam un Gramam s e h n a kichelcher mocha mit da muddla woh m'r selwar gamocht hen. Noh wors aw g'shpass muddla mocha fer freind woh ains garn des kotta het, un 'n onners ebbes shunshd. Ains fon da kommonshda wor 'n fish, un woh m'r fiel gamocht hen fer kichelcher bocka fer da monsleit un kinner in die ess kessel duh. Hawna, geil, kee un fiel fon da onnerra orta muddla hen kichelcher gewwa os arrick ferbrachlich worra—ow'r net so mit ma fish—un worra aw handich fer dunka.

'S hut gawainlich etlicha dawg ganumma bis die kichelcher ol gabocka worra—gawainlich 'n shmaltz shtanner fol "weissd," un 'n shtanner fol "shwartza," wie die a-piece un chocolate k'haisa sin werra in unserra familia. Tzwae shtanner fol kichelcher wie sel hen gawainlich k'halta bis free yohr—ebbes os net der fol gawest wear won mainer kinner in da familia gawest wear, wie der fol bei uns wor—m'r worra 's aintsich'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'N glainerr boo siva yohr alt, is da onner dawg g'frok'd werra eb er net ferleicht gae wor der Belsnickle sehan imma gawissna Hamilton shtross shtore.

"Heck may," hut der glae g'sawt "selar kerl is 'n humbug —won er net wear, wear yusht ainer rum.

Horoscope

Your prospects are most favorable, so forge ahead. An extremely ambitious personality is likely to develop in today's child, and gain may be expected.

The Christmas Story

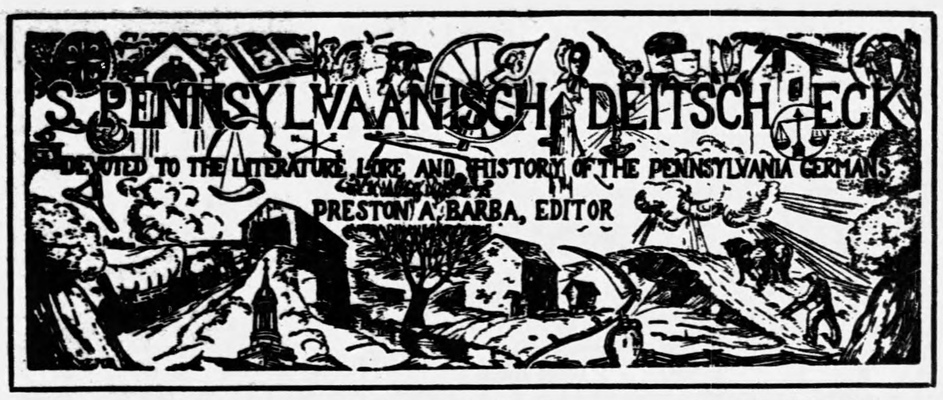
Retold in the words of the Holy Bible
by Norman Vincent Peale
Illustrated by Valenti Angelo



A Decree of Taxation

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

12 Copr., 1954, Post-Hall Synd., Inc.



THE CHIMES AT ST. PETER'S

BOOK REVIEW

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ST. PETER'S German Evangelical Lutheran Church, set in the heart of the thriving Pennsylvania city, was remarkable for two things — its chimes and its conservatism. The chimes were the gift of St. Peter's oldest and wealthiest member, Jonas Schneider, who played them himself; he had made the one trip of his eighty years to New York to learn. The conservatism was the inheritance of long-past decades.

The present lofty structure, built in accord with ecclesiastical architecture, and in calm disregard of danger from fire, stood upon the spot which had been cleared from virgin forest for a little log chapel, the grandfather — if there is a genealogical relationship between buildings — of the present edifice. The city had grown up about it, office-buildings slowly hemmed it in, but it held its clock-crowned spire far above them all.

A few of its children had wandered away to set up other altars, still of the old faith, but where they worshipped no longer in the speech of St. Peter's. Most of them, however, were carried out of its wide doors to be buried, as they had been carried in to be christened. It was St. Peter's boast that, while they welcomed the stranger, they needed none but their children and their children's children to fill up their ranks.

Then, about the middle of St. Peter's second century, a change began slowly to make itself felt in the city. The great blast furnaces, springing up throughout the county, the manufactories, the silk-mills, the foundries, attracted a new class of men, who knew no German, and gradually, but none the less certainly, the city became English-American.

Then, and not until then, although for a century he had made America his home, the naturalization of the Pennsylvania German began.

St. Peter's, however, did not move with the tide. Her spiritual children, St. James,' St. Andrew's, St. Mark's, abolished all German services; she herself made but one concession in fifty years. That was that the evening service might be held in English. That German should be the language of the morning service was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It was not strange that the audiences at the two services should be different. The morning service was a gathering of old persons, at which one heard not a word, but the stately speech, preached in comparative purity, but spoken with many unwitting concessions to the English which the speakers hated. The old chorals swung up to the arched ceiling with power and majesty, the greetings were grave and contained, the clothing of the worshippers somber.

In the evening all was changed. The worshippers were young, they greeted each other gaily in a curiously inflected broken English, the singing acquired a liveliness and speed at which the church fathers and mothers, now safely at home, would have gravely shaken their heads, and the voices were no gayer than the clothes in which their owners were clad.

In the morning the minister preached from a text; in the evening he often yielded to the temptation to preach from a subject. St. Peter's in the morning was the fatherland; in the evening it was America.

The young people began to attend other churches instead of staying quietly at home on Sunday mornings, and several families left the church to join English-speaking churches. The morning congregations grew smaller as, one by one, the fathers and mothers dropped out, and the next generation, who should have taken their place, did not appear.

"It iss me no more at home in de mornings in church," explained Mrs. Savilla Taylor, whose name had until a year before been Schneider. "We can't understand de Cherman no more so good. De children, dey learn English in de school, an' we talk it always at home. Everysing iss getting English."

Her father-in-law, old Jonas Schneider, who laid the blame for his son's "toniness," his translation of his name, and all his other foolish notions upon his son's wife, raised his hands in horror. "Well; St. Peter's don't efer get English, dat I can tell you, Safilla Schneider." He took great pleasure in reminding her that her name was really Schneider. "If it iss any folks what want de English, dey can go somewheres else. Perhaps dey want yet refifals, an' immersings, too. Well dey can hunt for dem."

Savilla drew herself up, and her brown eyes flashed wrath into her father-in-law's blue ones.

"All right," she said. "You chust wait once. De Kolbs, dey are soon going somewheres else. It iss dem in St. Peter's too Dutch."

Old Jonas rose from the rocking-chair and pounded his cane angrily. It was another sign of weakening traditions that people should sit on their front porches. The back porch and the kitchen porch were the places to sit. If people used their best all the time, they would soon come to ruin.

"I'll tell you what, Safilla Schneider," he said loudly, "you may be English when you want to, but St. Peter's iss not English, an' my money iss not English. It iss Cherman or Dutch or anysing, but not English." With which he stamped off the porch and up the street.

His son's house was the only one in the street which was not like every other. They all presented an even wall broken only by doorsteps and windows. Those doorsteps had been scrubbed, the brick pavement had been scrubbed, and there was not a housewife who did not regret that she could not scrub the street also.

Old Jonas, however, had no eyes now for the street or its cleanliness.

"Schneider — Taylor," he said to himself. "It iss a sin. An' Kolb! Will de call it now Calf! I would sooner be calf in Cherman dan English."

The attitudes of himself and his daughter toward the question which became every day more insistent were typical of the two factions in St. Peter's. The conservatives, led by old Jonas, declined to recognize the other party.

The young people made at first only moderate demands. They asked for English preaching on one morning service each month.

The pastor at first held wisely aloof. He had foreseen the struggle for years, and much as he regretted the passing of the stately days of the old regime, he realized that the old order must change, and when a committee of the younger generation waited upon him in his study, he immediately laid down with them a plan of campaign.

He would present the question at the next meeting of the **Kirchen-Rath** (Church Council), which was largely composed of the older men, and they would discuss and vote upon it there. Should the council decide against them, they could present a petition for a congregational meeting. Meanwhile they were to keep their own counsel and their tempers.

Some one, however, failed to keep the first clause of the agreement. When the pastor entered the vestry-room the next evening, for the monthly council meeting, he was instantly aware that the air was charged with excitement. He heard the ominous tap of Jonas Schneider's cane before he opened the door.

"Good evening, brethren!" he said, with the cheerful smile which won him the hearts of the oldest man and the youngest child. "Am I the last?" — The atmosphere cleared visibly.

"Guten Abend, Parre!" answered Jonas Schneider. "It iss dis efening an important meeting. It iss for dat dat everybody iss so soon here."

The pastor hung up his overcoat — it was a chill November evening — and stepped to his chair behind the broad table, where lay the secretary's books. The secretary himself, who was of the younger generation, shook his head meaningly as his eyes met the pastor's.

The meeting was opened with prayer, the reading of the minutes, and the roll-call. There were no Taylors or Calfs on that list. It was headed by Jonas Schneider, and below came Heinrich Rudolf, George Treichler, Abraham Wescoe, John Wagner, Adam Knauss, Jacob Roth, Samuel Schwartz, Heinrich Weber and Peter Yingling, a list which but for one or two Anglicized Christian names might be found upon the parish list of any church in the fatherland, although the owners were many generations removed.

As he listened, the pastor grew each moment more sure that a congregational meeting would be called.

It was not likely that a Rudolf or a Schwartz would yield without a bitter fight. Yet it seemed strange that they should cling so firmly to the German preaching, when they had long since put by all other signs of their origin. Old Schneider himself had gathered his wealth by methods which were strictly American; he regarded the customs and habits of recently immigrated Germans with abhorrence, the German Emperor with scorn which was almost nihilistic, and he spoke English after his fashion.

In spite of it all, however, he would have no other than German preaching. "I am eferysing for my church," he would say, with savage emphasis. "I pretty near build dis church. I gif de chimes, I play de chimes, I am always in de church, and I guess it don't get English unless I say so."

When the roll-call was finished, the pastor laid before them the request of their own sons and daughters that on one Sunday morning of each month there should be English preaching. For a moment there was silence, while the secretary diligently took notes. It was not long, however.

Jonas Schneider sprang to his feet, his blue eyes blazing. He did not look like an old man, in spite of the burden of his eighty years.

"Parre!" he began. The pastor had never made any effort to mold this unplastic material into parliamentary form. "It iss time dat dis iss settled once for all. It iss talking all de time, English, English. It makes me sick dat dese young people go so against deir pops' an' moms' relichion."

"It will not make any difference in their religion, Brother Schneider. It will only make them take a deeper interest in their church."

"What!" shouted old Jonas. "Iss it dat you, too, want de English, Parre?"

"No," answered the preacher quietly. "For myself I should prefer the German, but we must consider the welfare of the young people."

"I guess what deir pops an' moms had iss good enough for de young ones yet. I wass always satisfied wis my pop's relichion." Old Jonas sat down.

"Brethren," began the preacher again, "you were chosen by this congregation to manage its affairs according to the will of God, as nearly as we can understand it. On whom does the church depend for its life if not on the young people? They have asked for English; they remind us that this is America and not Germany, that they learn English in the schools, that one hears it more and more constantly in the stores and on the street, that every one in the church is able to understand it. The young people are in a large majority in the church. I have tried to make them see the beauty in keeping the German, but they are young and they do not understand. And—this they did not say, but it is none the less true—they will go away."

"I'd like to see once any of mine go away!" said Jonas Schneider. "I don't see any use talking about it so much. Let us make once a wote, an' haf it settled, so dat dese young ones may know what iss what. I make a mofe dat we keep sings chust like dey are in St. Peter's Church." The motion was immediately seconded by Abraham Wescoe, who with most of the others had taken no part in the discussion. The preacher knew that they regarded it all as the veriest moonshine.

"It has been moved and seconded that the request of the young people be refused. Are there any remarks?"

"Question," said the secretary, young John Wagner.

"All in favor say aye."

There was a thundering aye, emphasized by the stroke of Jonas Schneider's cane.

"Opposed, no."

The pastor started. The no lacked the fervor and volume of the affirmative sign, to be sure, but its volume was greater than that which the voices of the two young men, John Wagner and Jacob Roth, could produce.

"Division!" called John Wagner.

"All those in favor, rise," said the pastor.

"Wh-what!" gasped Jonas.

Old Abraham Wescoe nudged him faintly. "Get up! Get up!" he said.

Jonas sprang to his feet and looked about him. Abraham Wescoe, Heinrich Rudolf and Adam Knauss had risen. The others had not moved.

"Get up!" he said sharply to the other older men. "We are on de aye side."

The old men did not stir.

"Get up, I tell you," cried Jonas, "Treichler an' Schwartz an' Weber. What do you den mean?"

George Treichler folded his arms grimly. "My children will go away when we don't haf de English."

To Be Concluded

MAMMI GANS. The Dialect Nursery Rhymes of John Birmelin. Selected from a Group of 278 Children's Poems. — Schlechter's, Publishers for the Pennsylvania Germans since 1810. Allentown, Pennsylvania. — 1954. —$1.00.

Our many readers who have delighted in the translated Mother Goose Rhymes of the late John Birmelin as they appeared in the ECK through the years from 1935 to his death in September, 1950, will be happy to know that a selection of 77 of the more familiar ones have now been made accessible in booklet form.

John Birmelin has won for himself a permanent place in the annals of our dialect literature. As a ballad writer he knows no equal. Such narratives as "Regina Hartman," "Der Laaf Kaaf," "Celia Vun Bernville" and "Paul Revere" take their place among the classics of our dialect writings. These and his many other ballads, lyrics and anecdotal and occasional poems have been published in Volumes III (1938) and XVI (1951) of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. In the melody of his verse, in the perfection of his rhymes and in the sheer magic of his use of words and phrases John Birmelin has risen to a virtuosity hitherto unknown in our dialect.

His artistry is nowhere better shown than in his translations of the Mother Goose Rhymes. In their freshness and spontaneity the poet reveals unexpected possibilities in the use of the Pennsylvania German dialect. They are so skillfully attuned to the idiom of the dialect that one quite forgets that they are translations. Indeed some of them convey so deftly our own folk atmosphere that they might have sprung from our own native soil. As examples we need only to quote here, (without giving English titles):

Bussi, Bussi, Bussi! Wu waarschte dann geschter?
Ich waar in Magunschi bei deinere Schweschter.
or
Der glee Johnnie Schteckel,
Er hockt imme Eckel,
En Blaumeboi esst er allee;
or
Pitter, Pitter, Kaerbsefresser,
Hot en Fraa—die weess net besser-
or
Die glee Sally Haas,
Sie hockt uffem Graas
Un esst dicki Millich un Brot—
or
Der Johnnie Keck esst gaar ken Schpeck,
Sei Fraa kann's Fett verdraagge
or
Die Mammi vun Leder-Eck-Poschte,
Ihr Babbegoi dutt re viel koschte
or
Fassnachtkuche, Fassnachtkuche.
or
Die Bussi esst die Schnitz un Gnepp,
Die Bussi esst die Gnepp;

In this collection are such familiar ditties as "Mary had a Little Lamb," "Little Boy Blue," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" "Ten Little Indians," "Sing a Song of Six-Pence," "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," "Jack and Jill," and many others that have delighted young and old for generations.

—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Keeping a Door Open

Probably because it gives him an opportunity to get his name on the front page of every newspaper in the world, Premier Chou En-Lai of China has invited Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold of the United Nations to visit him in Peiping.

However to the extent that he could convey the impression, without a direct statement to the effect, he has made it known that the invitation to visit is rather on a personal basis than upon the only basis which prompted the Secretary' General's advances and request for an audience. That is a desire to present the complaint of the United Nations against the imprisonment of eleven American airmen as spies.

That Chou is more interested in favorable propaganda for China than in the matter of the detention of the airmen is indicated in the ill-tempered language used by him in answering the Secretary General's request for an audience. He sought to scold the United Nations for taking the action which prompted Hammarskjold's request for an audience but followed the cable with one in which the door of personal welcome was held open for him.

It is very evident that China, which has been moving heaven and earth to get into the United Nations, and has closed almost every door into it by participating in aggressive war, even against the United Nations in Korea, is not ready to close the very last door by refusal to meet the highest representative of that body.

So Hammarskjold is likely to get to Peiking within the next ten days. Undoubtedly Chou and China will strive to make it appear that the United Nations, in the person of its Secretary General, has flown half way around the world and is arriving hat in hand and with a symbolic umbrella under his arm for a conference with the high and mighty ruler of half a billion people. He has prepared in advance for such propaganda by setting his own terms for the conference.

Still, despite the wily statesman's strategy, Dag Hammarskjold will have the last word. Chou is dealing not with an individual. He is dealing with the representative of sixty nations and the important opinion of their peoples. And he is dealing with a man who has not been fooled hitherto by Communist tactics and is not likely to be fooled this time, especially because he was what appears to be an air-tight case from the standpoint of the Korean armistice terms and their violation by Premier Chou's government. Chou himself seems to have set at rap and fallen into it himself when he announced the hitherto unknown whereabouts of the eleven fliers and the shabby excuse for their being detained instead of being detained instead of being returned as prisoners of war. That was a blunder.

Centralized Buying Urged

While Bethlehem continues its serious thinking about establishing a centralized purchasing system for all departments int he city government, the Lehigh Valley Branch of the Pennsylvania Economy League has publicly thrown out the suggestion that Allentown and Easton well may also look into the application of this idea to their municipal economies.

In fact it is suggested that Allentown, for example, might be able to save as much or more than $100,000 a year if such a system were adopted and handled in the efficient manner of American business concerns in general.

Herein may be at least part of the answer to the quest of Allentown City Council for enough money to grant wage increases to employes. These, with entire justice and reasonableness, are and long have been asking for needed help.

Because setting up of new systems generally requires the creation of new jobs and additional administrative expenses the question which has been raised in Bethlehem (and of course would be raised in Allentown and Easton) is whether a purchasing agent would effect savings sufficient to cover the cost of his operations and leave a substantial profit for the City.

The Economy League only can make a guess about this. But such guess will be based upon experiences in other cities and upon the experience of private enterprise. The Economy League's well-considered opinion, based upon these experiences, is that substantial savings can be effected in the three cities.

In Bethlehem's case it points out that supplies, materials, equipment and contractual services cost the city in 1953 a total of $504,614. Allentown's expenditures in these categories totalled $1,255,107 and Easton's $273,524. Obviously the figures for 1954 are not yet complete.

It is pointed out that authorities on municipal purchasing place the average savings of an efficient, centralized purchasing system at between 10 and 15 for a city a survey made in cents per dollar of purchases.

As to the cost of installing and operating a purchasing system for a city, a survey made in 1951 in 75 cities by the National Association of Purchasing City Managers Association showed that the cost of centralized purchasing was a trifle over one cent per dollar of purchases. The exact figure was $.0126 per dollar of purchases.

Remembering these figures: 10 cents and 15 cents ts savings per dollar on purchases and $.0126 as cost of operations, and applying them to the three cities' total purchases in 1953, these estimated figures are arrived at:

Bethlehem — Total purchase dollars, $504,614; savings at 10 per cent, $50,461 or $75,692 at 15 per cent; less cost of purchase operation at .0126, $6,358; estimated net savings thru centralized purchasing, $44,103.

Allentown — Purchase dollars, $1,255,107; savings, $125,511 or $188,266; less cost of operations, $15,814; net savings, $109,697.

Easton — Purchase dollars, $273,524; savings, $27,352 or $41,029; less operation costs, $3,446; net savings, $23,906.

Here is an idea whose promise is so large that Allentown's City Council cannot afford to pass up careful consideration of it. There is such desperate need for money that something has to be done. Instead of, or in addition to thinking about new sources of revenue, why not discuss the means whereby the income from present sources is employed to greater advantage because of effected economies!

A figure such as $109,000 or even the larger possible figure $182,000, if a 15 per cent saving could be effected, should be the most tempting kind of bait to bring about complete examination of the Economy League's suggestions and information.

Our Unselfish Thespians

Because it is the American tradition and the deep desire of just about all persons to be at home and with one's family during the Christmas season, there must be especial admiration for the large number of women and men of the entertainment world who are yielding this great desire to a deeper one — the opportunity to make hundreds of thousands of men in our armed forces happy on the great day.

What are said to be the largest troupes ever organized, even in wartime, for such an enterprise already have left Hollywood and other centers of stage talent for oversears camps. Into every part of the world, wherever American soldiers and sailors are stationed and opportunity for entertainment is possible, these unselfish people will be streaming during the next week.

It is a wonderful gesture which these kind folks of the stage are making. It will be tremendously appreciated by the boys who will be thousands of miles away from home during Christmas but will have this touch of their grand old native land brought to them thru some of the greatest personalities of stage, screen and television.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 19:17

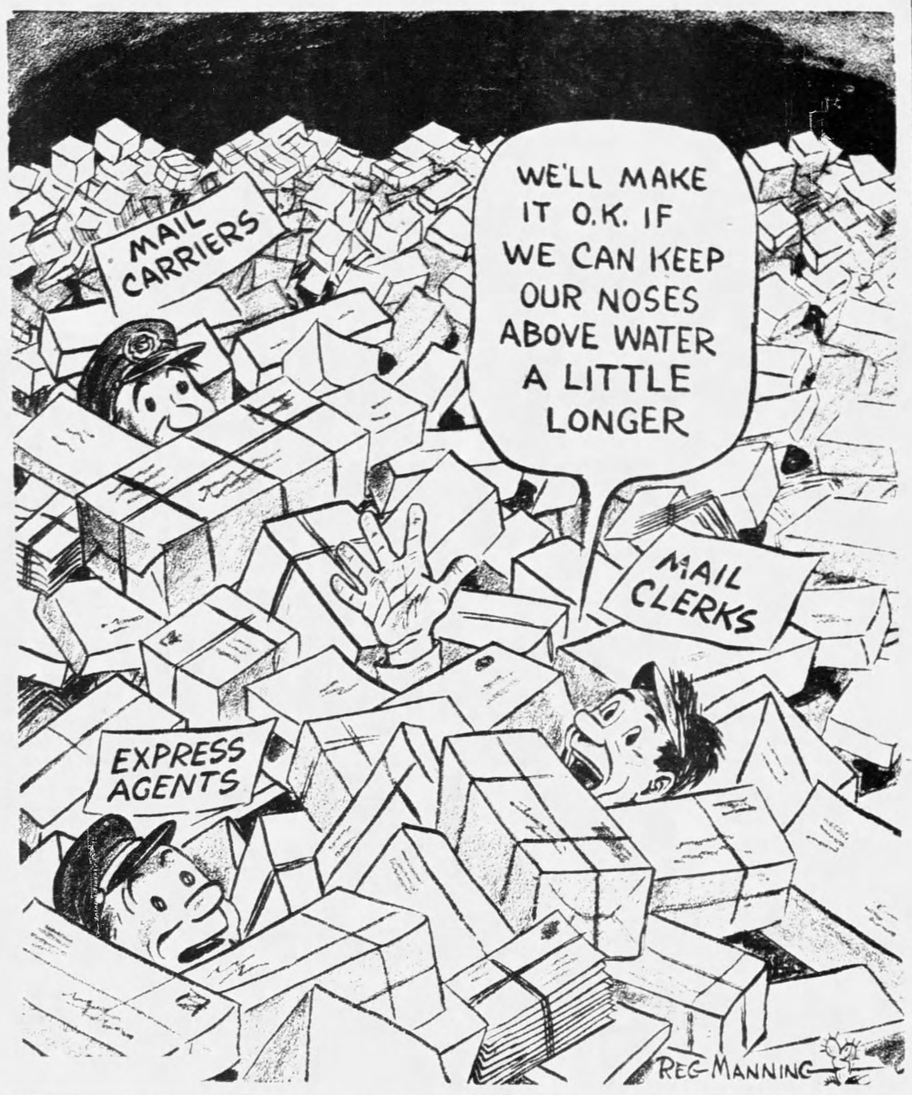
'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again.' Not only are we to love God with all our heart (yesterday's commandment), but there is another like unto it, that we love our neighbor as ourselves. This includes not only the wealthy neighbor, who may be able to return favors, but the poor who can do little more than to say 'Thank you'. In such cases the Lord promises to recompense that which has been given to them, even a cup of cold water. See how Jesus handles this subject in Luke 14:12-14: 'When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompence be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, and thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' (See again Matthew 25:34-46). 'Lending thus unto the Lord' pays the highest rate of interest in time and in eternity. Tithers realize this in a very practical way.

Horoscope

Stellar influences favor intellectual studies. Business prospects look good. Fine intellectual powers are forecast for the child born today.

Only two nations listed by the International Air Transport association do not use U. S.-built airplanes on their scheduled airlines. They are Iraq and Nigeria.

High Tide



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Apparently there are limitless funds for all sorts of efforts to flood the country with one side of the problems that face us. There is the ADA (Americans for Democratic Action), the National Committee for an Effective Congress which collects money for congressional campaigns and passes it on to favorites of both parties, thus breaking down the two-party system. Now along comes the National Issues Committee, "a non-partisan, non-profit educational association," headed by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, chairman. The board members are the usual names, with a new one here and there, the same names that one finds on so many committees.

This committee puts out a Washington newsletter, which is a euphemism for a great many propaganda sheets. The object of the newsletter is "you can help get the facts around." So I looked at the first issue that came to hand which contained this tiem:

"Denver: The Post (for Eisenhower in 1952) has completed a national survey of what it calls 'applied McCarthyism' in the schools. Among its extensive findings: Local FBI agents in Utah, Ohio, Colorado, California, Illinois, Michigan and Pennsylvania have been volunteering derogatory information about school teachers to state officials.

"'School teachers all across the country,' says The Post, 'are operating under the all-seeing eyes of the FBI.'"

It would be of great value if "The Issue," as the newsletter is called, would provide some evidence of the "applied McCarthyism" of the FBI. It would also be of value if "applied McCarthyism" were defined and the relationship of it to the FBI were made clear. The "m" beginning the word, "mccarthyism," is spelled with a small letter which may be clever but is not grammatical no matter who does it.

Furthermore, what is the derogatory information that the FBI is supplying to state officials and is this supply voluntary or is it being requested to safeguard the schools from Communists, subversives and spies?

I have here quoted the item in full. There is nothing more to it. Perhaps if you want more evidence, or a better explanation, you can write the Denver Post and get it from them. Perhaps they will send you their survey. It looks funny to me because if the FBI undertook to watch, screen, check and report on every school teacher in the United States, it would have to have a staff five or six times larger than has been provided by the budget.

Who is trying to scare school teachers? Most of them — the vast majority of them — are loyal Americans with no subversive or Communist affiliations. That would be true of Americans in any walk of life. For what reason is this scare pitched into the teaching profession? Is it because a small number of Communists have been caught by several congressional committees who have had or have now Communist affiliations? Is somebody trying to start a movement to hamstring the FBI so that it will not be able to do the work which Congress has set for it?

It is no secret that an attack on the FBI has long been in the making. It started in the Truman administration when Max Lowenthal, a New York lawyer, wrote a book which was a violent attack on the FBI, not a studied criticism but a propaganda to break down popular faith in this organization. This was followed by some magazine articles along the same lines. During the McCarthy - Stevens hearings an effort was made to drag the FBI and J. Edgar Hoover into the case by constant references to them, the enemies of the FBI hoping that somehow they would be able to prove that FBI files were being given to the McCarthy and other committees of Congress.

All these efforts flopped.

The FBI, like any other agency which uses taxpayers' money, should be subject to criticism, analysis, scrutiny. No government agency should be sacrosanct. But the type of attack now used is not criticism; it is an effort to give a false impression that the FBI is doing what it has no right to do and therefore is setting itself up as a cultural police force. This is literally untrue.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ALTA KUTZTOWN G'SHPICHTA: 'S mocht ewwa nix ous woh m'r onna gait blauderra mit leit —tzeita worra wohs arya g'shpichta gewwa hut in ihra gagenda — ungfare so g'shpichta os m'r da onner dawg k'hoert hen, wie m'r nei g'shtopt hen beim alta housrote socha docktor, Solie Kutz fon Kutztown. Der Solie wohn'd om eck fon ra shtross os em fiel gamohnt on Rockdale — so weit kon m'r gae, un noh mus m'r widder hinnergshich rous.

Wel aenicha waig, wie m'r ob g'shtopt hen beim Sollie, sehna eb er net ferleicht 'n gnub howwa maich'd fer 'n altie bureau shublawd — un er hut aw grawd kot wos m'r howwa hen wolla, war sot noch darta beim hucka, os wie der Charlie Reinhard, un der Grant Wiltrout — alla bait fon Kutztown. Der Charlie hut uns grawd gakent on da shproch, un der Grant hut g'sawt, "Yar, den howwich aw grawd gakent— loud grawd wie iwwer die luft."

'S airsht os der Charlie fertzailt hut, wor fon ra g'shicht os m'r mohl fertzailt hen fon ihm wie er un die fraw shier um g'shmissa hen darrich 'n kotz os gaglicha hut fer mashina fohrra. Mohl ae owet uf 'm hame die long lane rei fon Lyons Station, wor 'n haws in da shtross, un die kotz is 'm Charlie farnawedder 's windshield g'shprunga fer der haws fonga, un hut sich ferhubb'ld im shteerrawd, un os er net um g'shmissa hut wor alas. Dadarrich hut er 'n drodner shtrick gadroffa omma lecktrick poshda, un die mashine is halb waigs draw nuf garutch'd, un runner g'falla eb sie g'shtopt hut. 'S hut 'm Charlie un da fraw gore ken gute gaduh, un die kotz hut aw socha gaduh os sie net duh het solla.

Ow'r fer on alta g'shpichta kumma, hut der Charlie g'sawt 's wear der Tide Adams gawest os die g'shicht ferblotch'd het, un noh fertzailt wie der Tide so g'shpass kotta hut mit ra drup Italian shoff leit om grava mocha, om Tide seinra hamet ferbei fer wosser peifa laiga. Sie worra drunna ebbes 16 foos, un hen dynamite yusa missa fer die shae fersheesa. Alsa mohl won sie lecher gaboar'd hen, hen sies bobier wohs dynamite drin wor nava rum leia lossa.

Der Tide hut noh etlicha fon sella bobierra grick'd, un sie fol sond gamocht, un aryads wenich fuse weck gabutzt fer farna nei shtecka. Wie der grawwa fol Italians wor, is der Tide owwa onna un hut g'sawt er wot die ketzer mohl g'shwind ous 'm grawwa griega. Fer sel duh, hut er 's fuse g'shteck'd on ains fon seina sond g'fillda dynamite bobierra, un huts in der grawwa falla lossa. Die Italians hen marderlich gagrisha, un sin iwwer nonner nous wie fergelshterda eemansa — un wie sie bol ol on aim end fom grawwa worra, hut er noch ains fon seina folsha shtonga dynamite darta nei g'shmissa. Sei lava hut ken drup Italians aryer gablauder'd wie sellie hen wie sie ous g'funna hen os der Tide sie yusht fernarra k'halta hut.

Noh hut der Charlie aw fertzailt wie sie yohra tzurick uf 4d July rum sin mit folsha shees grackers — shees grackers so dick wie 'n ohr'm, un woh galawda worra mit sond. On wertsheiser un shtorra huts der hoolux gabutta wie sie die leit ferfelshter'd hen. Allas uf kous wor in g'shpass — g'shpass woh die yunga leit heit tzu dawg gore nimmy hen.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit 'n woch is 'n lot leit ihra druvel feriwwer bei darra tzeit —sei wissa wos sie grick'd hen fer Grishkindlicher, yusht hen widder 'n nei aeland uf da hand —wissa net wos tzu duh mit fiel fon da socha os sie grick'd hen.

The Christmas Story

Retold in the words of the Holy Bible by Norman Vincent Peale

Illustrated by Valenti Angelo



The Angel Appears to the Shepherds

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

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THE CHIMES AT ST. PETER'S

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Conclusion

(In the first installment of Elsie Singmaster's story, with its thinly veiled Allentown backgrounds, we met Jonas Schneider, the oldest and wealthiest member in the congregation. The chimes of St. Peter's were his gift and he himself continued to play them through the years. Jonas is still firmly rooted in his ancestral traditions and prefers to hear the word of God and Luther's teachings in the German tongue. The other churches in the city have one after the other yielded to English services, and now the rising generation of St. Peter's also clamors for the English. Old Jonas is in the losing minority. He threatens to remove the chimes and never enter the church again. But in this installment we shall see how conservative old Jonas accommodates himself to the new order of things.)

"I tell you what I will do," Jonas said, slowly. "If it iss English in dis church, I don't efer come inside again. I don't gif one cent. I don't play any more de chimes." The men looked at one another. What would St. Peter's be without the chimes? But there were other people who could play the chimes. "An' " he went on, as if he had read their thoughts — "I take de chimes back again to myself."

With which, gathering up his hat and stick, Jonas Schneider departed from the council-chamber. The pastor sprang to call him back, but found the door closed in his face.

Part of his threats, at least, Jonas made good. The next Sunday morning, for the first time in forty years, his pew was empty. Only the members of St. Paul's knew that. Of his dereliction from his other duties, however, the whole city was aware. The chimes, which were ususally rung fifteen minutes before the opening of each service, were the signal for Lutherans, Methodists, Evangelicals and Baptists alike to start to church. This morning Lutherans, Methodists, Evangelicals and Baptists alike were late.

At St. Peter's there was great excitement. The congregation gathered in the aisles after the morning service. Greatly to the preacher's surprise, his announcement that the petition of the young people was granted was received with general although somewhat sad approval.

"So de old ones must now step down," said Uriah Hauseman. "Well, dere iss one sing, if dese English young ones do not come efery Sunday morning in de church, dey will catch it."

The question of Jonas Schneider and the chimes, however, could be dismissed with no such sorrowful pleasantry.

The preacher went to see him, and Jonas would not even answer his good morning. His old friends and his family argued with him, but only made a bad matter worse. The preacher discovered by accident that Jonas had sought legal advice about recovering the chimes, and while the first lawyer whom he consulted had told him that it was impossible, the second, an untrustworthy newcomer, had assured Jonas that something could be done. "St. Peter's sued for its Chimes!" would make a capital headline for the papers.

The congregation meanwhile grew a little impatient. There were other chime-ringers to be had. They suddenly remembered old Jonas' tyranny over St. Peter's in the past.

It was not strange that the preparations for the Christmas celebration dragged. St. Peter's had always made much of Christmas. There was special music on the Sunday nearest Christmas Day, and there were two Sunday-school festivals, one for the older and one for the younger scholars. The exercises came to a close when, on New Year's Eve, from nine to twelve, the whole congregation watched the old year out.

As the time approached, the pastor half regretted that he had not consented to the engagement of another chime-ringer. The bells were always rung to announce all the services, as well as on Christmas morning at six o'clock, and at the close of the watch-night service. It would not seem like New Year's without the chimes.

To the watch-night service especially he looked forward uneasily. Hitherto, during all his long pastorate, Jonas had sat before him, during the German portion of the service, at least, until at five minutes of twelve he walked solemnly down the aisle, up the stairway to the gallery, and then on up to the tower, his footsteps dying slowly away, like the tread of the departing year, until he reached the little room far up in the steeple which held the manual of the chimes.

The preacher liked to picture him there in the darkness, his hands on the levers, waiting till the last stroke of twelve on the church clock to peal out "Ein' feste Burg."

As the preacher went up the steps on the way to the watch-night service, he paused for a moment, bracing himself against the wind. He seemed to hear a dull musical vibration from the tower above. The great bells seemed to mourn the departed order of things.

Then, as a few minutes later he glanced down from the pulpit over the great congregation, his heart warmed.

At eleven o'clock the service, which had opened with English hymns and prayers, assumed a more solemn character. There appeared more old men and old women. The pastor announced a German hymn; then the congregation settled into greater quiet. There seemed to hover in the air a tangible presence; one remembered misspent moments and neglected opportunities. The occasional whispers ceased, and every eye fixed itself upon the pastor's face.

When the sermon was finished, the pastor lifted a book which lay beside him on the pulpit. Even the mysterious whispers up under the great ceiling seemed to die away for a moment.

"According to our usual custom," he began, "we will read the list of those members of our church who have died within the year.

"On the third of January, Henry Wolle, aged eighty-five years, the son of Henrich and Margaretta Wolle. On the seventeenth of January, Maria Theresa, daughter of Hermann and Louisa Danner, and wife of Jonas Schneider, aged seventy-three years. On—"

The memory of St. Peter's suddenly awoke. How was it that they had forgotten that it was less than a year since Maria Schneider had died? She had been one of the few members who understood no English. They might have waited another year. The heart of youth was suddenly smitten with a knowledge of the heart of age.

The pastor read slowly on. The list was not so long as in other years, and the dead were almost all old men and old women, over whose going home one's tears are sad, not bitter. Then he closed the book, and stood looking down upon them. It was five minutes of twelve.

"We will wait in silence and on bended knee the coming of the new year," he said slowly.

Old Jonas Schneider sat at home alone, his hands clasped on his cane, his head bent upon them, his thoughts across the city at St. Peter's, where, for the first time in fifty years they were holding a watch-meeting without him.

It was that which made his heart sore. The German Bible class could do without his advice, the German prayer-meeting without his prayers. One thought only gave him comfort: they could find no one to ring the chimes. Mercifully he did not know how easy it would be for some one else to take his place there also.

A sudden fierce longing to be back in his place assailed him. He could not endure the loneliness of the house, with its haunting presence. Over at St. Peter's the preacher would presently read Maria's name among those dead. Should Maria's watch-night end without the ringing of the chimes?

Forgetting his overcoat, he stepped out. The wind caught him and buffeted him, but he struggled on through the lonely streets in the face of the wind. When he reached the church steps he paused. From within came faintly the sound of the preacher's voice, and from above a faint reverberation.

He closed the door softly behind him, then climbed stealthily the gallery stairs. There, hidden in the black shadows, he looked down. His pew alone in all the church was empty. It smote him that they had kept it for him. The pastor's voice warmed his heart. He saw his old friends, with whom he had by turns quarreled and made peace since he was a boy.

There was old Abraham Wescoe, who had started him in business after the panic, and old John Roth, who had been his intimate friend since they were boys, and whose wife, now dead, had been his wife's sister. There was scarcely one of them to whom he was not bound by some tie. He looked about the church, at the huge organ for which he had fought against all the council, who thought its cost a sin, then up into the dim black spaces above, in which his soul delighted. He loved every stone in the building, and in his own fierce way he loved every man, woman and child who owed this church allegiance.

He fell upon his knees when the pastor read his wife's name; then, while the congregation knelt, he crossed the gallery, and opening the door which led into the tower, slowly climbed the steps.

In the little room just underneath the bells, where the great keyboard stood, he paused. The moonlight, now clear, now dimmed by a passing cloud, cast strange shadows as it gleamed through the narrow windows. He could feel the steeple sway in the wind, and his spirit leaped like the spirit of a young man. He would be content to die, if he could feel once more the smooth levers beneath his hands and know that the city awoke to listen. But he had said that he would never play the chimes again, and he never broke his word.

Down in the church the last few minutes of the old year seemed long. Once a child stirred uneasily in her sleep, but there was no other sound.

Then, suddenly, even to those who awaited them, the first strokes of twelve throbbed out. Now far away and sweet they sounded, as the wind carried their music out over the city, now loud and exultant, as if they were the voice of the storm. Now the clear tone swept through the silence like the wind-swung bell along a rocky coast, then died away like the Sabbath chime of a village bell.

The last stroke throbbed more and more faintly, and still the congregation knelt. Always in other years there had been whispered good wishes even before the benediction. Now no one moved. The blare of horns and mad blowing of factory whistles came faintly in.

Then, high above the tumult without, swelled another sound. Loud and clear, shutting out all other sounds, St. Peter's chimes sang out. "Ein' feste Burg." ("A Mighty Fortress")

The preacher stretched out his arms as if to gather to his heart all these his people.

"Ich wuensche Euch ein gluecksseliges neues Jahr" ("I wish you a happy New Year"), he said.

The strains of the "Battle Hymn" died away, and the congregation started slowly down the aisles, with much laughter and many handclasps. Jonas Schneider had come back. Would any one have the heart now to insist upon the English?

"Listen!" said some one, sharply.

The eyes of the people met. The chimes still played. Nor was it their tune "Nun danket alle Gott," or any of the other German chorals of which old Jonas was so fond, but the English "Coronation," with its swinging melody.

Thus bravely, openly, did old Jonas Schneider acknowledge his defeat. The old order had passed away.

(The above story first appeared in The Youth's Companion for October 17, 1907 and is here reprinted with the gracious permission of Elsie Singmaster).

SCHLOF, HUNNICH BOBBLI, SCHLOF

En Schockellied

Englin sin am Singe, Liebschter,
Un was en Melodie!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!
En Schockellied, so sanft un siess,
's iss net zu saagge wie!
Schlof, Bobbli, schlof!

Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof,
Un drick Dei Aagge zu!
Ken Blimmlein bliet so siess wie Du,
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!

Drei Keenich, drei, ernscht suche Dich,
Ihr Reichtum bringe sie!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!
Im Oxeschtall sie gnie-e sich—
Bischt keenlicher wie sie!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!

Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!
Un drick Dei Aagge zu!
Ken Keenich hot die Aerd wie Du!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!

Schtill iss die Nacht un alles wach,
Doch was en Yublerie!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!
Die Scheefer sin verschrocke so,
Doch wandle sie draa hie!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!

Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli schlof!
Un drick Dei Aagge zu!
Zu Liebs Gebet die Andwatt Du!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!

Kummt, o kummt doch, Aerde Kinner,
Wie Er so sett ihr sei!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!
Der Schlissel finnt zu Gottes Haz—
Was kennt dann siesser sei!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!

Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!
Un drick Dei Aagge zu!
So siess, so glind, so lieb bischt Du!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!
Schlof, Hunnich Bobbli, schlof!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

DAAG VER GRISCHTDAAG

Wie hallich die Kinner, was iss des en Freed!
Do schtehn sie all bei, die Buwe un Maed;
Do watt grooss gerischt, muss alles sei heit,
Des iss allfert so an daere Yaahrszeit;
Die Memm backt die Kuche, der Paepp iss nau drauss;
Nau heert mer en Gegoller datt hinne am Haus;
Des wunnert die Kinner, was iss do am Geh,
Sie heere un gucke – nau gollert's noch meh;
Sie piepe am Hauseck fer schne was geht,
Nau iss en Gepischper bei Buwe un Maed;
Des iss wie en Reetsel, 's iss duschter un fremm,
Der Paepp iss so fleissich un so iss die Memm;
'S iss alles so einsam, die Eltere schtumm,
Die Kinner so hallich, sie hupse datt rum.
Der Belsnickel kummt! des iss ihre Freed,
Hot Bindel mit Sach fer Buwe un Maed;
Hot Kendi un Schpielsach, fer yeders en Schtick,
Die Memm un der Paepp, die schpiele St. Nick!