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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

The Great Farm Show

There is stir throughout rural Pennsylvania as preparations are being made during this weekend for participation in, or at least attendance at the annual State Farm Show in Harrisburg next week.

For many thousands of our rural folks the Farm Show is an annual "must." Weather favoring, not one but a number of days are devoted to enjoying and profiting from attendance at this outstanding agricultural exhibition.

Farmers and their families throughout the Lehigh Valley always have accorded outstanding loyalty to this exhibition. It has been of high value to the economy of this agricultural area because our people have availed themselves of the opportunities which the Farm Show has provided.

Because of this high interest among our readers, the Morning Call has accorded the annual Farm Show coverage unexceeded by any newspaper in Pennsylvania. From the beginning the great exhibition has been virtually adopted by this newspaper because of its high value for our people.

As in other years, the Morning Call during the days of the Farm Show will provide what is probably the fullest and most nearly complete story of the exhibition that will be published anywhere in Pennsylvania. And, as in other years, people from our local agricultural areas are going to feel very proud that they come from the territory covered by the Morning Call.

Next Step, Contract Award

Another of the many steps which have been taken slowly during many years for construction of a bridge over the valley of the Little Lehigh at South Fifteenth Street was the receipt on Thursday of bids. These show that any one of a host of contractors is willing to do the considerable job which may cost as little as $631,000 and could run as high as $1,300,000, depending upon the type of structure that ultimately will be decided upon.

The many bids, now in hand, are being studied and report is to be made on January 17 when it is likely that the contract will be awarded.

Until then it will not be known whether a steel bridge with a composite floor or one with open grid flooring, or whether a prestressed concrete bridge is going to be built.

What our motorists of course are concerned with most is the fact that a bridge is going to be provided and that in about another year, perhaps less, adequate inlet and outlet for traffic in the southwestern part of the city will be open for use. Help for current crowded conditions in that area during a considerable number of hours of the day cannot come too soon.

1,000 Members for YWCA

A thousand young women well may determine to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the Young Women's Christian Association by becoming members of the local organization during next week's membership drive.

This is the goal which has been set by the Centennial celebration committee. It should be possible of attainment in a community of this size.

During all the years of the local organization's work in this community thousands of girls and young women have gained inestimable joys and advantages through association with the inspirational leaders and the interesting membership of the association.

Greater facilities for service to girls and young women have been provided during the years. Every young woman in the community should be prompted to investigate and learn the opportunities that are awaiting her in the association's headquarters at 1208 Hamilton St. and in the association's mountain home and summer recreational areas.

The local YWCA does not have the most impressive building but it does have what is more important: A wonderful program, good people who are administering it and interesting new friends for all who choose to join.

For its work, the local body stands high in the ratings of the vast and far-flung national organization. There is room for a thousand new members in the local institution and a good time can be guaranteed to each and every new member.

Large Polio Carry-Over

Final figures on the incidence of infantile paralysis in the United States during last year now have come to hand and these show that 1954 was the third highest in the recorded history of the fight against this disease.

This fact is important in its relationship to the current campaign by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis inasmuch as cases of this disease usually lap over into another year (or even longer) in the matter of the care that is required by them.

The carry-over load of cases from 1954 can be expected to be the third largest group which must receive care, directly or indirectly, at the hands of the Foundation.

But more important always in this continuing battle is the need for preparing against extraordinary emergency. It never can be known how serious the incidence of the disease may be in any given year. There is no way of predicting figures for 1955. All that can be done is to hope that the increasing program of inoculations will be effective; that never again will we have a year like 1952 when there were 57,000 cases recorded nationwide, and that in some early year it will be possible to record the virtual obliteration of the disease.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower's message covered the waterfront. He urged that something be done about everything but he didn't say when. He is for peace, prosperity, better defense, lower taxes next year, and he even thinks "the arts" and culture should come in for a bit of governmental recognition.

It was perhaps the best political speech ever delivered in the form of an opening address to Congress. It took the wind out of the sails of the liberal Democrats, including those who believe in a "welfare state." What could they advocate now? And it was worded with sufficient and alternative generalities to keep the conservatives in both parties from being too much alarmed.

Yet it wasn't a middle-of-the-road speech in any sense. Positive recommendations for social-welfare legislation were accompanied by rather definite pronouncements about the need for prudence and economical handling of the nation's finances.

After hearing the message, Rep. Francis W. Walter (D-Pa.), quipped that the speech "sounded like he (Ike) is a candidate on both tickets." This describes the political overtones of the address, though it doesn't necessarily confirm the bipartisan character of the recommendations. For many of the proposals will split the Democratic as well as the Republican party, and the final votes will show considerable divergence within both parties.

The comments afterward from the Democrats were characteristic. They said about what political opponents always say—"well delivered," "general," or "must-wait-for-details." Nobody on the Democratic side waxed wildly enthusiastic — and the Republicans gave it the praise their party leader is expected to be given on such an occasion. They all saw the political implications of the message.

Best Message

The President said something on almost every subject except "civil rights" legislation. His recommendations showed evidence of their having been worked on for a long time. In many respects, the address was far better organized and better phrased than any legislative message President Eisenhower has sent to Congress.

Lots of controversies are imbedded in the general phrases of the address. Even if Congress were disposed to act on the principal topics, there are enough issues in them to keep both Houses busy not just for one session but for several sessions.

The President was well advised when, in somewhat subtle but nevertheless significant fashion, he expressed the hope that partisanship would not be abandoned merely on international policy, as he felt that there should be cooperation wherever the good of the country is involved. This is but another way of warning the Democrats that he hasn't forgotten their campaign pledges to uphold his policies. The opposition party is somewhat embarrassed by that blanket promise and is trying now to qualify it by saying the President will be supported when he is right and opposed when he's wrong. That's a loophole for partisan attacks and dissent, but Mr. Eisenhower nevertheless, by mobilizing public opinion, can put his opponents in a hole if they do finally succumb to the partisan temptation of opposition for opposition's sake.

There were some Democrats who said publicly the speech by the President sounded "New Dealish," and there were Republicans who said the same thing privately. Actually, the Eisenhower address shows the strength of modern political propaganda which seeks to promise the moon, "because, if you don't, the other fellow will." The appeal to materialism apparently is still the dominant note to be struck—and it didn't start with the New Deal either.

So much of the present-day political combat is waged over phrases and slogans that, when a President with a few good ghost writers comes up with a speech that outdoes the masterpieces of any of the New Deal or Fair Deal ghost writers of the past, it tends to disconcert the "opposition." To strive for the support of the maximum number of groups in the electorate is good politics, especially when the time lag between promise and performance is certain to be somewhat lengthy and beset by all sorts of amendments and alternative plans which at a moment's notice can be interjected by the Democrats as "in the public interest."

Politically, Mr. Eisenhower took the right tack for 1956—if he's thinking about the presidential contest which is less than 18 months away. But lots of things can happen in that interval, and the Democrats have the advantage of being able to wait till the crucial moments of next year to appraise how much has been accomplished and what has been left undone.

Unhappy Diplomat



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

If you want to count our nation's blessings — do what the experts do. Count the bacon and pork chops on the hoof as the hogs roll into Chicago's packinghouses, or the sleek new autos rolling off the assembly lines, or the shimmering steel rolling out of the booming mills.

It all adds up to a record-breaking 1955—the year with the built-in prosperity.

This prosperity is now official. The nation's labor leaders—some of whom saw 1954 as the year with the built-in depression—hail 1955 as a prosperous one. On all sides the labor chiefs are abandoning prophecies of gloom and are predicting profits for industry.

Dick Gray of the Construction Workers—3 million strong—and Dave Beck of the Teamsters—1 million strong — and even Walter Reuther of the Auto Workers—1 million strong—see prosperous months ahead.

Proof of Prosperity

There are statistics to prove all this, statistics which in 1955 will be translated in terms of new cars, new homes and new comforts.

Read them and glow. The best news comes from AFL Construction Trades Chief, Dick Gray. He reports that there will be between 10 per cent and 13 per cent increase in the building of private homes this year. Non-residential building also will break records.

"Commercial construction and religious and private educational building, each of which achieved more construction 'put-in-place' in 1954 than in any previous year, will likely expand still more in 1955," Gray reported a few days ago.

"Public construction is expected to increase from five to 10 per cent. Highway construction will be about 20 per cent higher . . . Public schools should increase by 16 per cent according to latest plans . . . Our observations point to an increased spirit of optimism in other industries," he added.

What's with these other industires? Let's pick a few pleasant predictions being made inside labor. From the Packinghouse Workers' union comes word that millions more hogs will be slaughered for food up to April, 1955 than in the same period of '54.

Unemployment Down

Steel unemployment is down by 15 to 20 per cent. And the industry will be rolling out 100 million to 105 million tons this year—the third biggest steel year in history.

Dave McDonald, now preparing to tour scores of steel plants in the company of steel executives, sees this output as guarantee of a prosperous year.

Obviously Walter Reuther, whom nary a depressing statistic escapes, also expects prosperity in '55. In fact, sources close to him report that he expects prosperous times right into 1957 or 1958. The new demands of his auto union must be based on such happy thoughts. They'd make no sense otherwise. Reuther and his economic braintrusters know they could never get a guaranteed annual wage, or a guaranteed full week, from an alling auto industry.

And far from sick it is.

This will be the heaviest automobile production quarter year since they took the horse from the front of carriages. The industry will actually make close to 2 million cars between Jan. 1 and March 31. There will be overtime and weekend work despite the speed of new all-purpose tools and that new bogeyman, "the automaton," which does the work of many.

Recovery Spreads

Nor is all this simply the hangover of 1954's fall recovery. This is no seasonal jag. No sense stringing out factory statistics, but you are hereby assured that output is way up and will stay that way. Recovery has spread. The troubled textile industry is making its best showing in over a year.

But most heartening are the little seen labor market reports issued by each state. In December the Texas Employment Commission, for example, said, "The Texas job outlook for 1955 promises the second best start since statewide employment estimates were first made in 1948. ."

From Missouri the word is that there were 700 more working at the end of 1954 than at the end of '53—and for the first time the trend is shooting upward. From New Hampshire the bulletin comes with word that 1,000 more people are at work in the leather industry and that many shoe manufacturers "anticipate high employment based on current orders and present economic outlook."

Happy New Year . , . a little late, but all the bulletins are in now.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

It takes no great talent, is the timely reminder of Father John La Farge, "to spread suspicion, fear, and hate. The tools are always at hand, the audience ready, and a halo of holy zeal is always easily adjusted to any ambitious writer's brow. On the other hand, it is tough going when you are striving to build up the full strength, spiritual and temporal, of man according to the image of his Creator. It is hard to offer no panaceas, and to teach the patient conquering of one's personal and racial prejudices."

Father La Farge remains, however, a confirmed optimist. "It's too easy to become pessimistic like my friend, Mart Jones, in Maryland," he says. "I once remarked to Mart that the weather was beautiful. Poor Mart answered dolefully, 'I hate fine weather. Fine weather breeds bad weather!' "

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MINCE BOY WOR DIE SHULD: Der Pierce Nothstein fon Ormrod shtaid druf, 's mist die mince boy gawest sei, os die uf huddlerrei gamocht het Grishdawg nommy dawg ons Prest Fenstermaker's in Northampton — onnishder kents net sei. Der Pierce un sei Mabel worra Grishdawg niver tzu ihra dochter Ellen, odder ewwa nochs Prest Fenstermakers fer middawg.

Die Ellen is net yusht 'n iwwerrousie gutie koch, ow'r fershtaid aw wie mince boy tzu bocka os shwetza fer sich selwar — odder so gore die shwetza mocha, os sie essa. Aenicha waig, glei noch middawg hut der Prest g'sawt er mist mohl nuf uf der tzwet shtuck der telefone ontwerta, un glei in aw der Pierce noh owwa nous, un so aw der Claude Troxell woh darta wor tzu middawg.

In ra gons kartza tzeit, hen sie tzu drit drowwa k'huck'd shlofa un is hard tzu sawga won sie wocker werra weara won, da Ellen ihra bruder Mahlon net uf p'such kumma wear mit da fraw. Die Ellen hut noh ihr'm boo Warren sei maid'l Rebecca, uf der shpeicher g'shpuck'd fer der "Pa-pap," wecka. Shlaiferich wie der Prest noch wor, is er owwa runner kumma fers Mahlons' paar rous shitta. Wie der Pierce die glasser un buddle hoerra hut robbla wor er aw glei hunna, un hut die auga gore mechdich ferdray'd — ebbes os niemond in ocht ganumma hut.

Unna aenich ebbes sawga wor die welt 'm Pierce ferlaid, weil er gamaint gut der mince boy woh er gessa het kartz dafor, het harner, un het 'm tzu da auga nei garent — er hut yusht nimmy sehna kenna, ow'r nich g'sham'd fer ebbes sawga dawaiga. Glei is der Claude Troxell owwa runner kumma, un woh aw aenich kayose ous da auga gaguck'd hut — all'm noh weil er onnerra tzeita immer 'n brill uf da naus hucka hut, un dessa mohl hut er kennie kot.

"Wos gait aw doh," hut der Claude g'sawt, "war wor drowwa om dish un hut die brilla ferwex'ld?"

"Now worta mohl," hut der Pierce g'sawt, "is sel ferleicht my druvel?" Un mit sel'm hut er sei brill fon da naus woh gore net gaboss'd hut, un net mainer gabot hut fer sehna, wie won er darrich 'n lichter globe gaguck'd het. Un shure ganunk won er net 'n fremmie brill uf kotta hut — so gore 'm Claude seinie, uns wor gore ken wunner os er net recht sehna hut kenna. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wolla sie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Clarence un der Charlie Esterly fon Emmaus, tzwae polisher on da Bonny Works shittla sich alla weil noch, won sie draw denka on ol die hawsa un fersonta os sie tzu essa hen kot darrich die yawg tzeit.

Ous arwet wie sie worra, sin sie nunner noch Maryland un hen sich 'n hunnerd fuftsich dahler yawk hund kauft, un woh die hawsa un fersonta shtaryer bei gabrocht hut, os sie die socha sheesa hen kenna.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. Fritsch

Luke 2:50-52

Joseph and Mary could not understand the lad, Jesus, when He told them that He was at home on His Father's premises, the Temple. However, after having found Him there, they returned to Nazareth, their home, His mother keeping all these sayings in her heart, hoping some day to learn the meaning of them (see again, v.33). What happened the next 18 years of Jesus' life is not told us, merely that, subject to His parents, He increased in wisdom, stature (or age), and in favor with God and man, indicating the symmetrical development of a godly, normal child, the threefold development of spirit, mind and body. No wonder that at the end of this period, at the age of 30 years, the voice of His Father declared from heaven: 'Thou art My beloved Son; I like You.' or, as the text of v.22, chapter 3, has it: 'in Thee I am well pleased.' Thinking of Joseph, His foster-father, as a carpenter (Mt. 13:55), and of Jesus Himself as 'the carpenter, the son of Mary', we may visualize Him as a working man, together with His brothers, James, Joses, Juda, and Simon, and with His sisters, constituting that humble, godly home in Nazareth (Mark 6:3).

Horoscope

A moderately fortunate year lies ahead of you. Considerable success is promised today's child.



AN OLD NEW YEAR'S WISH

Ich winsch Eich Glick des ganse Yaahr,
En Leebkuche wie en Scheierdor,
En Wascht vun do bis Baltimore,
Mit guder Abbedit defor.

* * *

Feierdaagge, Feierdaagge!
Was sich deel so schlecht bedraagge,
Iwwerlaade sich der Maagge,
Kenne's doch net recht verdraagge,
Gsoffe voll bis an der Graagge,
Sehne nimmi aus de Aagge!
Sott sie in der Seischtall yaagge—
's ekelt mir—will nix meh saagge!

—John Birmelin

NEIYAAHRS GEDANKE

Wann's Neiyaahr kummt, noh gebt's als groosser Yubel un Larrem. Sell wisst ihr in der Schtadt viel besser ass mir do hunne im Busch. Awwer mir heere aa als die Schtiempeife brille in Ellstaun, un iwwerall rum heert mer's als knalle, wu's Neiyaahr aagschosse watt. Viel Leit meene, sie kennte 's Yaahr net besser aafange ass mit gut Esse un Trinke, mit Danse un uff Bsuch geh un allerhand Plessier. Annere die nemme's viel annschter; sie gehne oweds in die Kaerrich un singe un bede, bis 's nei Yaahr do iss. Un deel die gehne ins Bett un schlofe wie schunscht aa, un froogge net eb's alt heesst odder nei. Doch iss 's Neiyaahr en arrig wichtiche Zeit, wann mer's recht bedenkt.

Mer heert oft saagge, 's geebt nix Neies unnich der Sunn. Sell Watt schteht in der Biewel; der Preddicher Salomo hot's en gans dutzend Mol nunner gschriwwe. Noh saagt mer als widder, 's geebt alle Daag ebbes Neies. Nau, well iss waahr? Ich glaab allebeed, wann mer's recht unnersucht.

Do iss die nadierlich Welt, wu mer drin lewe. Deel meene, sie waer aerscht ebaut sex dausend Jaahr do; viel gschtudierte Leit awwer behaapte, sie waer schun viel hunnert Millione Yaahr alt. Sell maag sie wie's will, 's immer die seem Welt. 's Schtoft, wu sie devun gemacht iss, watt net meh un net wennicher. 's dutt sich immerfatt rumschaffe in neie Forms, awwer's geht ken Krimmelche verlore. Wann mer Eis schmelzt, gebt's Wasser; wann mer 's Wasser kocht, gebt's Schtiem. Der verfliegt in die Luft, dass mer 'n nimmi sehnt, awwer's Wasser iss alsnoch do un's kummt widder owwe runner in Regge odder Schnee. Un so iss 's mit alle annere Elemente. 's alt Schtoft bleibt, awwer's gebt alsfatt neie Forms.

So iss 's aa mit de Mensche. Wann en Bewi gebore watt, saagt mer, 's iss en neier Mensch. Sell iss waahr, awwer yuscht so weit ass 's die Seel aageht. Dem Bewi sei Karreber iss aa nei, awwer er iss aus em seeme alte Schtoft gemacht — Fleesch un Blut un Knoche — wu die alleraerschte Mensche raus gemacht waare. En Bewi iss also eegentlich nix Neies unnich der Sunn, wann's schunn alle Segund aryets uff der Welt en neies gebt.

Wie mit de Mensche, so iss 's aa mit de Diere un de Planse un de Schtee, mit alles was uff der Aerd waxt odder in der Aerd schteckt. So iss 's aa mit Heiser un Bricke un Kaerriche, mit Hausrot, Wegge un Maschine, mit all de dausend Dinge, wu die Mensche baue un mache. 's iss immer 's seem alt Schtoft in re neie Scheep; nix Neies un doch nei.

Wie iss 's dann mit der Zeit—watt die net nei? Die Zeit iss ken Schtoft; sie iss yuscht en Idea—en Begriff, wie mer uff Hochdeitsch saagt — wu entschtanne iss aus de Motions vun der Sunn, vum Mond un de Schtanne. Sell kann mer schunn im aerschte Kapitel vun der Biewel lese. Die Zeit iss so alt wie die Welt selwer, un en Yaahr iss yuscht en Schtick devun — so lang ass 's nemmt bis unser Aerdkuggel ihr Round um die Sunn rum gemacht hot. 's iss awwer doch en nei Schtick Zeit, ass mer nau widder aafange wolle.

Ya, die Welt iss alt — so alt, dass mer gaar net ausrechle odder ausdenke kenne, wann sie aagfange hot — un doch watt sie immerfatt nei. Graad so iss 's mit der Zeit; alle Daag, alle Schtunn, ya, alle Segund watt sie nei. Un 's allerbescht debei fer uns iss, dass mer alle Dagg un alle Schtunn en neier Aafang mache kenne, wann mer wolle — en Aafang fer besser zu warre un besser zu duh. Die Zeit iss ken Schtoft wie des, wu die Welt raus gemacht iss; mer kann sie net sehne, net heere, net fiehle, net schmacke, net rieche. Un doch hot der alt Ben Franklin gans recht ghatt, wie er gsaat hot, die Zeit wear's Schtoft wu unser Lewe raus gemacht iss. In der Zeit schteht unser Lewe, un graad so wie mer die Zeit aawenne fer Gudes odder Schlechtes, so watt sich unser Lewe gschtalte un unser Schicksal in der annere Welt.

Ich hab schunn Felder gsehne, die waare gans iwwerwuchert mit Hecke un Unkraut. 's hett ken Gilderi druff lewe kenne un's waar Gift genunk druff, fer'n gans Kaunti dod zu mache. En braaver, schafficher Mann hot's Land kaaft, hot's gebutzt, gebluugt un eigsaet, un bis sex Monet rum waare, iss die schenscht Frucht datt gewaxe. 's waar der seem alt Grund, awwer's waar ebbes Neies un iwweraus Gudes druff. Eem braave Mann sei Wille un sei Aerwet hot der Change gemacht.

Des iss en Fact, awwer's basst aa first-rate fer'n Gleichnis. Em Mensch sei Seel iss en Feld wu gudi Frucht trecht odder Danne un Gift, graad noochdem ass sie eigsaet odder gebauert watt. Sie iss en Feld, wu yeder fer sich selwer bauere un aa aernte muss. Un's Neiyaahr iss en abaddich gudi Zeit fer aafange des Feld recht zu bauere.

—HANSJERG

From The Pennsylvania German Magazine, January, 1907. — We do not know the identity of the author who wrote under the above pen-name. It would seem that he was an Allentonian.—ED.

DIE LEICHT

The Old-Fashioned Country Funeral

By EDWIN B. YEICH

To the average family the passing and interment of a loved one is a disturbing experience, even though many of the details, so difficult because so unaccustomed, are taken care of by the efficient mortuary services of today. How much more difficult must it have been a generation or two ago, especially in rural areas, and particularly if the deceased one was an old and respected member of the community.

The community of those days was the church, since the people lived on widely scattered farms rather than in anything that could be called a village. The church, usually a union (Lutheran and Reformed) church, dominated the surrounding area in religious matters, and in social matters as well, just as the church edifice, usually perched on the top of a hill, dominated the landscape. The fact that there were two congregations holding services on alternate Sundays did not make much difference to the members of either, for both attended services every Sunday, regardless of which minister was to officiate or which service would be used. And so an honored member of either church was known and beloved by all the people, for his influence usually extended into both groups. The passing of such a one, therefore, would bring upon the bereaved family the burden of providing for the majority of the people in the community, for a funeral was an event that everyone not only felt duty-bound, but really wanted, to attend.

Many of the details were, of course, taken care of by family friends, for death had scarcely entered a household, and certainly the crepe, a large black ribbon bow with long streamers, had not been affixed to the outside door frame, before at least the immediate neighbors were there, offering their condolences and their services. Ususally they brought with them some article of food, a pie or a cake or a jar of some special delicacy, to relieve the housewife of some of her daily burden.

But the family had to do some things for themselves. As soon as arrangements for the burial rites were completed, a trip to town had to be made by the women of the family to purchase the black dresses, hats, gloves, and even jewelry, and especially the long veils (which were to be fastened to the hats, to be worn over the face at the funeral and hanging down the back thereafter for at least a year). It was necessary, too, even though the news spread rapidly through the community, to notify the friends and relatives at a distance. Since there were no daily newspapers nor telephones, the mails had to be used for this purpose. Such letters, prepared with painstaking care on black-bordered paper, were enclosed in black-bordered envelopes, so that the recipient knew the nature of the contents even before the letter was opened. Then the house had to be cleaned from top to bottom, for no true housewife would dare to have even a speck of dust for a funeral. The menfolk also had their share of work. The outdoors had to be tidied up, and then there had to be selected for carriage parking near the house as possible, a fairly level piece of meadow land, whose fences also had to be inspected and strengthened.

The day of the funeral itself saw the family out of bed at an extra early hour to get the routine morning chores completed. The services were usually set for ten o'clock, so that those who lived farthest away would be able to finish their own chores and still have time to travel there. Then would appear the undertaker and his assistants, who would fill every available space on both the first and second floors with folding chairs. About the same time, too, arrived a neighbor or two, dressed usually in a clean or new pair of overalls, to take care of the horses and carriages. As these arrived, they were taken in hand, led to the selected meadow, and tied to the fence, there to remain, under guard, until the time came to go home.

At the appointed hour the minister took his place in a small space reserved for him in the front hall, near the door of the parlor, within which stood the casket, surrounded by the members of the immediate family. Then a brief service was read, followed by an announcement or two, after which the bearers carried the casket out to the horse-drawn hearse, waiting to proceed to the church. Then, as the church bell began to toll solmenly, it took its slow course, followed on foot, if the weather was not too bad or the distance too great, by those who had attended the services at the house. Once there, the casket was carried into the church and placed within the chancel, which had been ornamented before with flowers culled from many a garden, as well as a few set pieces, featuring the gates ajar, the anchor, the cross and the pillow, each with its own symbolism. The services within the church were inclined to be lengthy, for usually they included talks by both ministers as well as by several choir numbers.

When the services were concluded, the most poignant part of the whole funeral began — the saying of a final farewell to an old friend. Pew after pew, starting from the rear of the church, emptied as the occupants came foward to take one last look at the one who was passing from their midst, truly grieving as they did so, and unashamedly wiping their eyes as they returned to their places. After all had finished, the family followed for their last good-bye. The blanket was then adjusted by a woman member of the family, and the casket closed. Borne by friends and neighbors and followed by the congregation, it was carried to the grave-yard of the church and placed beside the newly opened grave. There the final burial service was held, the casket lowered, the benediction pronounced. The funeral services were over.

As the group around the grave began to disperse, the emotional tension began to dissipate, and a constrained, quiet sociability began. Gathered together once again were old friends, or relatives, who had left the vicinity and could return only for occasions such as this. These had to be greeted happily, and conversation became general as everyone started the walk back to the house, there to meet others, and to converse with them, as they waited their turn at the table, for dinner was an integral and important part of the day.

Of course, not everyone had gone to attend the services at the church and the grave. Beside the men who were caring for the horses, there were others, men and women, who had stayed to prepare the meal which was necessary before the sometimes long trip home. Dishes and cutlery brought from neighboring houses had to be unpacked, and the tables set. Soon appeared all sorts of cold victuals, hams and bolognas and other meats, prepared and ready for consumption, pickles and sweets, and cakes and pies, especially raisin (which was often called "funeral pie" because of association), whether provided by the family or brought from the larders of the neighbors. And, as the congregation returned from the church, tableful after tableful sat down to eat, until all were satisfied. Those who had eaten and those who were waiting, in the meantime, sat about, indoors and out, enjoying a nice visit with one another. When the last plateful had been eaten, the dishes were washed and put away, the tables dismantled, and the dining room put into order, before the volunteer caterers were ready to leave the home.

There was a time, later, when the providing for meals for the guests at a funeral was done commercially. Then, after the family breakfast was finished, the children, dressed and ready for the services, were put (to keep them out of mischief probably) to watch for the caterer, who arrived betimes, with a two-horse spring wagon or two and a crew of men and women, who shooed the family out of the kitchen and its vicinity, and took over all the work. Not only that, but they brought with them all the food, and, if a little commercialism be pardonable, charged the family for only what had been cut into. Of course, there was always a great deal left, pieces of this and of that, usually more than could be consumed by the family, so that there was always something available for the more needy, who went home with a plentiful supply. In fact, the memory still clings of one old lady who regularly attended every funeral in her neighborhood, and always arrived with a basket on her arm. And the basket always went home filled!

There is no doubt that the present practices of conducting the last rites are a vast improvement in efficiency over the old. Certainly they are less difficult for the family to go through, suffering as they are from the emotional strain of their loss. But yet, somehow, there seems to be lacking some of the active neighborliness engendered in the old-fashioned country funeral.

From The Historical Review of Berks County for July-September, 1954, with the kind permission of its Editor, Mr. Donald R. Shenton and of the author.

NARRE

Es gebt e deel Satt Narre,
Sie hen kee use fer Gott;
Die Biewel iss en Ursach
Far picke un fer Schpott.

Sie hen kee use fer Parre,
Kee Kaerriche welle sie;
Sie lewe ohne denke,
Yuscht wie all anner Vieh.

Doch wann so Leit schtaerwe,
So gottlos wie sie sei,
Misse e dutzend Parre
Un music un alles bei.

Blumme un deire caskets
Bringe yuscht Schpott un Hohn;
Die Seel muss nackich erscheine
Datt drowwe vor Gottes Tron.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

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Editorials

Reverence for Life

The bit of wisdom, attributed to Emerson, to the effect that, if a man build a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to his door, had another illustration yesterday when people throughout the world turned their minds into the general direction of French Equatorial Africa and in some way or other paid tribute to the famous Dr. Albert Schweitzer upon his 80th birthday anniversary.

Musicians, clergymen and missionaries, philanthropists, literary folks and many others for years have admired this man who has been termed "the universal man of the 20th Century." They have liked to look upon him as the embodiment of the best in the civilization which has been developed in Europe and America during the past century. They have admired him for his vast and varied achievements and for the versatility of talents which have shone forth to the world like a giant beacon altho their bearer might seem to have been immured in the darkest corner of the heart of the dark continent.

If he be regarded as the universal man by nations with diverse language, color of skin and religion it is interesting to know the basic philosophy upon which he has built his life during four score years.

This seems to be provided in his own phrase: "Reverence for Life." He has said that he looks upon all ethics as reverence for life. In that reverence for life, this great physician, musician and creative writer left the comfort and ease and wealth of life in the western world to carry the blessings of modern civilization to the dark-skinned natives of Central Africa. He had read about their physical miseries; he had heard from the missionaries of his church who had worked among them, and he felt challenged to take his medical knowledge and surgical skill to those who, it seemed to him at least, needed him most.

Thus the universal man, this undoubted genius and outstanding philanthropist, has devoted his life to the welfare of black men for as he himself wrote: "It is unthinkable that we civilized peoples should keep for ourselves alone the wealth of means for fighting sickness, pain and death which science has given us."

Albert Schweitzer could have lived a life of ease anywhere in the western world during the past fifty years. Instead he has toiled with hand, heart and mind to build hospitals, schools and other institutions. For his services to the white race he could have become one of the wealthiest men in his several professions. For his services to the black race he could expect and did receive little more than the love of simple folks. Only extraordinary individuals willingly renounce the good things of life and assume the sufferings of others.

But Dr. Albert Schweitzer is one of the world's most extraordinary persons. The world has become a better place in which to live because of him and men and women who, like himself, have reverence for life and seek to give life every opportunity for useful and peaceful existence.

Jaindls 'Tops' for Turkeys

When it is realized that the rearing of turkeys has become a major phase of American agriculture and that the once festal bird now is served throughout the country in homes and public dining places every day in the year, then the importance and significance of a championship won yesterday in Harrisburg by local men become more important.

John and Frederick Jaindl, whose names have been synonymous locally with big, meaty, luscious turkey for many years yesterday in Harrisburg became the national champions in turkey production. This is because their entry won top ranking in the national contest which this year was staged in Harrisburg, simultaneously with the annual State Farm Show.

The victory was achieved over turkey growers in all parts of the United States for it is no trick in this day of refrigeration for a rancher in the Southwest to compete with a turkey farmer in the area of the Alleghenies, the natural habitat of the original American wild turkey. Thus more than two hundred birds were submitted in the competition in Harrisburg. Despite this keen competition, our local breeders and growers won the grand championship.

At the same time they achieved another record. Their prize bird promptly was purchased at a price of $45 per pound. This is probably the highest price ever paid for a turkey, and since this bird weighed almost 22 lbs. when dressed, the total yield to the Jaindls for the national champion turkey was $980.

The story of all this is going to go to every area of the country where turkeys are produced and it is going to be a great credit to the turkey industry in this section of the country that it produced the grand champion.

124 Crimes Cleared Up

The expectation that, once a burglar was caught hereabouts, his confessions would clear up a host of local jobs over months and years, was realized on Thursday when, in Reading, a paroled man was trapped and admitted 124 house entries and other jobs, at least five of them having taken place in this city.

This is what generally takes place. Criminals know that when the jig is up, it makes little difference whether they plead guilty to one or all of their jobs. Their sentence in jail is likely to be little affected by the number of crimes and perhaps not at all. So they are likely to make a clean breast of their crimes except for those which may have very serious penalties.

The confessed thief, now in jail in Reading, may admit even more robberies than the five which already have been cleared up by his arrest. When his estimated $40,000 worth of loot has been examined more carefully and has been listed for the examination of robbery victims, he may be tied to crimes that a fellow, as busy as he has been during the past year, can be excused for having forgotten temporarily.

For Nonpartisan Defense

National defense, like foreign policy, should never be a football of partisan politics. The fact that Democrats and Republicans appear to be lining up on partisan lines regarding defense plans should cause them to re-examine their positions.

While economies permitting tax reductions would have popular appeal, it is difficult to point out any obvious political purposes in the administration program for sharp manpower cuts. And while advocacy of strong defenses carries an aura of extrapatriotism, we question whether there is any great political advantage in Democratic opposition to defense cuts. Yet the partisan lineup is in itself a danger signal.

Furthermore, we are prompted to wonder whether the armed services are themselves playing a cosy game. For it appears that instead of saying, "This is what we need to do this job," they have said, "This is all the manpower we can maintain with the money you propose to give us." One gets the impression that the services, knowing that the Democrats are pledged to stronger defense, plan to let them carry the ball instead of themselves fighting for funds.

The military men seem to be saying that no economies are possible without cutting manpower. The Republican answer appears to be, "Then make the cuts." And the Democrats say: "We can't get bargain - counter defense." But the fact is that all the water and waste have not yet been taken out of the services.

The Democrats are right in asking for full explanation of administration plans. The proposed manpower cuts are so very sharp that the change requires convincing evidence that this loss of strength will be made up by other means. If this evidence is available it should go far toward ending the controversy. But in any case partisanship on this issue is perilous. Party allegiance should not affect sound judgment as to defense needs.—Christian Science Monitor.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 2:2

Yesterday we read that the Magi came from the East (a plural form in the Greek of v.1), and said: 'We saw His star at its rising' (the same word in the singular number in v. 2). One would expect the star to rise in the west, for it was in that direction they would be led. (The same distinction between plural and singular occurs in the Greek text of the Lord's Prayer, where in Matth. 6:9 the word heaven is plural, but in v. 10 it is singular for an interesting reason not usually recognized in the translations). The question naturally arises, What was this star? It is called 'His star' in v. 2, which evidently rules out the foolish suggestion that it may have been a conjunction of planets. Planets do not 'behave' as this star did. It may have to be explained according to Exodus 13:21, where the people of Israel were guided by a supernatural light from Egypt to Canaan—a mystery, whatever suggestion is advanced by way of an explanation. But to me, another interesting question arises, one that has intrigued me all my life. We shall consider it tomorrow.

Whee, the People



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower is beginning to get the feel of national politics and especially the way prejudices are built out of charges that have no foundation.

Instead of allowing his press conference to be used as a means of encouraging friction inside the Republican party, the President answered firmly and courageously a question this week about Vice President Nixon's speeches which had been the subject of criticism by Speaker Rayburn and other Democratic leaders. Mr. Eisenhower made it clear that he didn't think Mr. Nixon had accused the Democratic party of treason, as some Democrats tried to make it appear. By meeting this budding controversy in its incipient stages, the President prevented the Democrats from maneuvering him into a battle inside his own political family.

For several weeks now — in fact, ever since the November elections — various Democratic party spokesmen have been saying over and over again that Vice President Nixon conducted an unfair campaign because of his references to the handling of Communists in government by the Truman and Roosevelt administrations. The criticisms have been repeated often in Washington, where there still is a predisposition in some quarters to believe what Democratic politicians say without ferreting out the facts.

Based on Allegations

The President asked one of the reporters if he was inquiring about Mr. Nixon's speeches on the supposition that the vice president had said what his critics claimed or on the basis of what Mr. Nixon really did say in the campaign. It turned out that the query was based solely on the allegations of the Democrats.

Mr. Eisenhower thereupon said he would give a few facts himself. First of all, he declared that he didn't consider any political party in America to be a party of treason and that only the Communist party could be held to be treasonable. At its last session Congress by statute declared the Communist party subversive.

Next, the President said no such sweeping condemnation of any major party had been made by Mr. Nixon. Mr. Eisenhower revealed that he had been assured by the vice president himself that never, even by implication, had he tried to condemn an entire party but that the speeches which had been criticized contained references only to individual cases and to the way they were handled administratively. Mr. Nixon, the President said, had questioned good judgment but never loyalty.

What the Democrats have employed recently is not, of course, a new device — to raise a smokescreen in rebutting a charge of administrative incompetence. When Atty. Gen. Brownell made a speech in October 1953 criticizing former President Truman for having been lax in handling the case of Harry Dexter White after the FBI had made specific reports concerning White's role in a Communist ring, there was a hue and cry to the effect that Mr. Brownell had questioned the loyalty of Mr. Truman.

Despite Mr. Brownell's prompt disavowal of any such inference, the Democrats stuck to the accusation and to this day their speakers repeat the canard that Mr. Brownell questioned the loyalty of the former President.

Playing Same Game

Now it turns out that the same game is being played in an effort to discredit Vice President Nixon. In the past, such propaganda schemes have not been perceived by Mr. Eisenhower, and some of his answers at press conferences have been susceptible of an unfriendly interpretation with respect to members of his own official family.

By coming out flatly and demanding that the accusers of Mr. Nixon give chapter and verse to support their criticism, the President is well advised. It shows he is recognizing the importance of uniting the Republican party and preventing political opponents from driving a wedge between him and other prominent Republicans.

If the Democrats think it politically desirable to pursue the controversy, they will in the long run be injuring themselves. For the last thing the Democrats should want to see happen is a rehash with kleig lights of all the cases in which the Democratic administrations of the past were remiss in ferreting out Communists and security risks in government.

The President is acting more like the leader of his party, and it is a healthy sign because in 1956 a united Republican party is a prerequisite to victory.

(Copyright, 1955)

Public Opinion

To the Editor —

Everyone of us in the Lehigh Valley U. S. Marine Corps Reserve would like to extend our thanks to all the generous residents of the Allentown area who contributed Christmas gifts for less fortunate children through "Toys for Tots."

We would like to assure them, through the Allentown Morning Call, that we appreciate their help — and to report that the children involved had a most happy holiday because of their gifts.

We would also like to thank the Salvation Army of Allentown for the invaluable assistance given "Toys for Tots." The help of these public - spirited organizations is most appreciated.

The experience, for us, was most satisfying, and we look forward to working with our friends and neighbors in other projects for the good of the community.

Sincerely,
HARRY K. TREND
Lt. Col., USMCR
Commanding

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

GRATE FIRE

A grate fire and an easy chair!
With these the little worries stop.
For the old-time friends are there
And every burden I can drop.
The crackle of the logs ablaze
Is music as I watch them burn,
As memories of bygone days
In pictured pageantry return.

Again there steams a ship to sea
On which I sailed on years ago
When life seemed all ahead of me,
And wise I had still to grow.
Again I leave the home behind
I knew before my years were nine,
And come to port at last to find
A land to love henceforth as mine.

I pass the statue of the free—
A memory time will never fade.
The schools and church come back to me:
The new home that my parents made.
Old days, old friends of long ago
All, all once more are mine to share
When these two restful joys I know:
A grate fire and an easy chair.

(Copyright, 1955)

Friday, Jan. 14, 1955

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A banker with a wee bit of Scotch in his veins asked his wife, "My dear, I don't imagine you'd want to go to the opening of that new musical show without a new gown, would you?" "Certainly not," she snapped. "Just what I thought," beamed the banker. "So I only ordered one ticket."

(Copyright, 1954)

Horoscope

It will be well to exercise caution in all your affairs for a time, and be tactful with employers and associates. A child born today may be clever and artistic, but need training in tact.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N SHWEARER FERLUSHT:

Shun fer etlicha yohr hut m'r 's sehna kumma — die elt hut awfonga sich weissa om Henry S. Borneman fon Feldelfy. Doch is er seim g'sheft noh gonga ols 'n lawyer bis bol tzu da ledshda tzeita, ow'r hut shun etlicha yohr tzurick nimmy weiter diehna wolla ols President fon da Pennsylvania German Society—uns wor darrich sel os mier fom Society Board nei g'shtim'd sin werra fer sei blotz nemma.

Der Henry S. Borneman hut fer yohrra wunnerbore fiel tzeit gewwa tzu da Society—nix wor 'm tzu fiel druvel, un ken arwet tzu shwear. Koshda hen aw nix gamaint tzum Henry S. Borneman so long os es wor in da indressa tzu da Pennsylvania German Society. Nee mohls kenna m'r die tzeita fergessa os m'r tzu gabrocht hen on da Union League uf da Sid Broad shtross woh er die Society Board gleader ols onna ganumma hut tzu eems tzeit.

Gabora in Allentown, un uf gawoxa in Bally, hut er immer grossa indressa ganumma in alla hond socha Pennsylfawnish Deitsch. Longa yohr tzurick wie noch niemond shunshd fiel gadenk'd hut fon unserra freea, farvicha daufshein, hut er awfonga sellie socha tzomma sommla, so wohl wie aw die bicher mit nei-gamohlda, hond-frockdurda awfongs bladder, odder ewwa wie der Englishmon secht, "illuminated title pages."

In 1937 hut er da Society sei airshd buch gewwa, "Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts," uf gamocht fon seina aller shanshda daufshein un onnerra bobierra — ol gadruck'd in nadierlichie farab os m'r die neia shier net kenna kon fon da alta. Noh in 1953 hut er uns sei aller ledshd buch gewwa, "Pennsylvania German Bookplates," gamocht ous seinra groosa kollection awfongs bladder,—net so gross wie 's airsht buch, ow'r aw iwwerrous shae—is ganumma werra ols ains fon da beshda 50 bicher im gonsa yohr 1953.

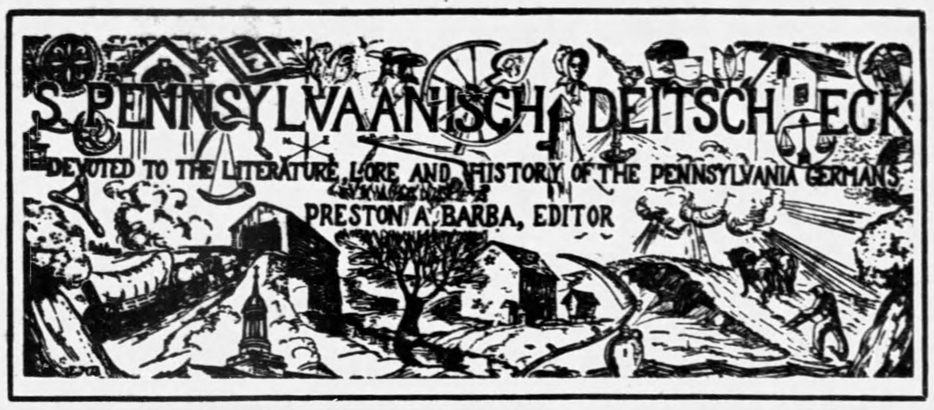
M'r ehrra sei ledshd buch iwwerrous, un woh er unser buck, ei g'schriva hut "To William S. Troxell, cheerfully inscribed in recognition of many happy associations, Henry S. Borneman, October 9, 1953." Sel ledshd buch—un woh fiel g'farrich'd hen maich'd net fartich werra darrich sei elt, un fiel onnerrie arwet os er tzu fersehna hut kot mit seim lawyers g'sheft is weit rum bakont. Sei ledshd buch is net yusht shae fersehna, ow'r fertzailt der gons lavens lawf fon da farvicha daufshein woh ihm immer so nagshd om hartz galaiga hen.

Der Henry S. Borneman wor 'n guter shwetzer, un hut indressa ganumma in aenich ebbes un allas os wor fers beshd fon unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit. Sei dote is 'n shwearer ferlusht, ow'r neimond kon sich ferwohrra fon da elt, un ferol os er noch fiel yohr doh sei het kenna noch da 84 yohr os er erlaibt hut kot, gait sei nahma, un die fiel gute arwet os er gaduh hut nee mohls fergessa. Sis 'n tzeit fer kumma, un 'n tzeit fer gae—sel is der waig fom lava.

ONS SHAFER UN LOHRMANS SHOE SHTORE

—43 N. 7d shtross hen sie grawd die ort shoe, gums un shtivel os es nembt, fer rum hommla bei dem shnae wedder.

Adv.



Eine Schlaehfahr Frolick

A full century had passed after the arrival of the first Pennsylvania German pioneers before their every-day speech began to appear in print. Sporadic instances in the first decades of the 19th century still show the influence of the Pennsylvania High German as it was then used in the newspapers and from the pulpit. The following example from the Doylestown paper "Der Morgenstern" for January 15, 1845, is here offered our readers by courtesy of Prof. Ralph Wood of Muhlenberg College.—

Es gebt bald eine Schlaehfahr Frolick

Wenn der Mensch ziemlich in der Welt herum kommt, so siehet und hoeret er manches da derjenige nicht thut welcher immer zu Hause bleibt, und besonders wenn man sich ziemlich nahe bey den Ecken aufhaelt wo man nicht allemal sichtbar ist. Da ich neulich meine Reise durch Montgomery County machte, so fiel folgendes Gespraech vor, naemlich:

Philip—Guten Abend, mein Herr.

John—Guten Abend, lebst dann du auch noch, ich hab dich schon lang nicht mehr gesehen, bist dann als noch g'sund?

Philip—O ja, ich koennt' noch mit dem Hund ueber die Fens springe.

John—Dass lasst sich hoeren, und erfreuet mich sehr das du noch bey diesen Winter Abende so gut Pluck hast.

Philip—Es is ziemlich kalt drauss alleweil, un en ziemlicher hocher Wind dabey.

John—Ja, aber ich denk es gebt bald Schnee genug dass mer die Maed Schlaeh fahren kann.

Philip—West du dann schun ene die du kannst mit nehme.

John—O, ja, do is die Betzy, und die Bolly und die Kitty, und die ganz Maed Freundschaft beieinander, do nem ich mer die Wahl davun, und dann span ich der Bob ein, un lehn em Pit sei Strang Belle, dann geht's ab.

Philip—Dann is's Zeit dass ich mich a umseh, ich hab a noch so en alter Reser Gaul. Ich will aber die Betzy haben.

John—Schun gut, ich nem die Kitty, un ich denk der Hen Neumacher nemt die Bolly.

Philip—Sell wer nau just recht ausgedehlt.

John—Well, mer geh'n all uf ener Trup.

Philip—Mer muessen awer a e Fidler mitnemme.

John—O ja, welle Weg wollen mir dann naus geh.

Philip—Ey, der schoenste Weg wer nuf nochs Raudebusche.

John—Ich bin's zufritte, dann nehmen wir der Schwarz Pit mit, der spielt uns die ganz Nacht, un dann nehmen wir eine rausende Frolick.

Philip—Well, dann wollen wir es mol so losse vor des mol.

John—Kriegst du auch dem Jung in Doylestaun seine Zeitung?

Philip—O ne, sell is jo en Federel Zeitung.

John—Sell macht nix aus, 's is alsfort so viel Neues in seiner Zeitung. Letzte Woche war wieder en ganzer Hengelvoll Verheirathen drin.

Philip—Dess is grad eine Ursache warum ich sie net haben will, weil er als so viel Blaeckgerdische Reimen dazu macht, un dann wann ich emol heier, so thut er mich auch noch so wuest blaeckgerdisch in die Zeitung, und ich sag dir, ich bezahl niemand, um mich zu blaeckgerden.

John—Meine noschen is dass du ganz letz bist in deiner Meinung, wenigstens ich det denke wann mer en Subscriber wear, so thaet er em schone. West du net, Philip, dass andre Leut die Reimen einschicken, un er sie nur einruecket um sie zu pliesen, weil sie Unterschreiber sind, und du west jo a, dass wann ein Schueler gut lernt und sich gut an losst, so hat er ein gross Vorrecht bey dem Schulmester, un er denkt aber a ueberaus viel von dem Kind. So geht's auch gerade bey dem Drucker wenn man ein Unterschreiber ist, und ihn fleissig bezahlt; er thut auch vieles um den Unterschreiber (subscriber) zu pliesen, wann er auch bisweilen ein wuester, dreckiger und blaeckgerdischen Reimen einsendet.

Philip—Nau is mer's schun ziemlich deutlich, der Drucker schaft vor seine Kunne un net vor sich selber. Ich ken der Jung un wes das er en rael klaewerer Kerl is, un browiert die Leut zu pliesen wo er kann. Es thut mer laed das ich so viel gegen ihn g'sat hab, ich wes woll das er die best Zeitung in Buck County druckt; was war ich doch so naersch gewesen.

John—Ich gehe bald nieber noch Doylestaun, un dan hab ich im Sinn einzuschreiben fuer den Morgenstern, es kostet ja nur ein Thaler und fuenf und zwanzig cents das Jahr, un noch ens is ungewiss was die Folgen von dem Schlaehfahren sein koennten, du west wohl was ich mehn damit, un wann ich dann en Unterschreiber bin, so loss die Kerls blaeckgerds einsenden, dann wird er wohl wissen dass ich en Kunne bin un der blaeckgerd muss uebern Seit geworfen werden, un un dann is en chance ob ebbes dra kommt, und wann a, werklich en Reime dazu kommt, so macht er selver en rechter schoener un zierlicher der em noch Stolz macht.

Philip—Ich men du detscht ziemlich blaen schwaetzen, als wenn deine ledige Tagen ziemlich karz waeren.

John—Man Koennt's net wisse, weil des en veraenderliche Welt is.

Philip—Ich daet a gern heire wann ich ebbes kriege koennt.

John—Geb mol acht, wann du die Betzy recht pliesen kannst, ueber dem Schlaehfahren, was die folgen sein werden; ich weiss das sie dich ziemlich gut gleicht. Ich denk es guckt ebbes raus, weil du sie grad erwaehlt host um Schlaeh zu fahren.

Philip—Es koennt werklich ebbes dra leye. Wann du noch Doylestaun gehst schreib a e Zeitung ei vor mich; dah do is en Daller und e Ferdel, nau vergess es net. Bis wann gehst du niwer.

John—Bis uebermarge, wann der wek net zu wist werd.

Philip—Well, bring mer en Resaet mit.

John—Dess will ich, dann der Jung gebt jeden en Resaet der ihn bezahlt.

Philip—Jetzt bin ich a en Unterschreiber (subscriber to paper). . . Wie viel Uhr is es, John?

John—Ey, noch fuenf Minuten bis elf.

Philip—Ey, in der Welt, ich muss haem geh.

John—O bleib do die Nacht.

Philip—Ne, ich muss margefrueh frueh uf, mer wolle schlachte. Well, vergess sell net, gut Nacht.

John—Was des Schlaehfahren—

Philip—Ja, un die Zeitung, so dass ich sie die naechst Woch kann hawe.

John—Es werren wohl wieder ziemlich Verheirathen drin sein.

Philip—O, ich men ich misst sie den Obend schon mitnemme.

John—Die Maed waerren a froh, denk ich wann mer sie schon haetten un daetten's ihne vorlese um die Zeit su vertreiben.

Philip—Well, gut Nacht, John, un schlof gut.

John—Du a, Philip, en gluecklicher Hemraees.

The writer conceals himself under the pen-name EINER IM HOLZ KAEMMERLY (by one in the wood-shed!)

In the nineteenth century the Pennsylvania Germans loved to have poems inserted in the German newspapers of the day to commemorate their marriages, births and deaths. Such playful, teasing and sometimes slanderous rimes are referred to in the above dialog as "Blackguarding" in nature. Once in a while a disappointed swain or damsel would get in a little spite work by having a "Spottgedicht" printed with the names of the parties only thinly veiled. The following are good examples of such Pennsylvania German "Hochzeitsgedichte" taken from the Doylestown "Morgenstern" in the year 1851.

Fimf Yaahr hot aer gespaerkt
Die Anna unverdrosse,
Uf emol hot aer was gemaerkt,
Un hot die Anna sitse losse.
En annrer hot sie schier grickt,
Un waar ah schun gut im Nescht,
Do hot der Hen ihn nausgekickt,
Nau hot er sie am Bendel fescht.

Ei, ei, wer haette das gedacht,
Herr Roos mit grauen Haaren,
Geht nochmals auf die Freierjagd,
Mit Susann sich zu paaren.
Er holte sie gar froehlich ein,
Die Wirtschaft zu versehen;
Nun braucht er nicht mehr so allein
Einsam ins Bett zu gehen.
Er ist wohl alt, und sie nicht jung,
Doch was geht's andere an?
Wenn unverzagt den Ehesprung
Er noch einmal getan.
Glueck auf und nochmals sechzig Jahr
Sei beiden from beschieden;
Un freudig wie ein junges Paar,
Verlebt die Eh' in Frieden.

Die Glock

Hoch in dem Kaerricheturm, datt henkt
En groossi aldi Glock,
Un wann sie ihre Schdimm raus losst,
Dann brummelt es im Kopp.

Am Sunndaag ringt sie gwehnlich frieh
Un ruft de Kaerrichleit.
So laut un glaar iss ihre Schtimm-
Mer heert's uff meileweit.

En manchmol heer ich selli Glock,
Wie ich en Buwli waar;
Ya, manchmol meen ich heit ich deet
Sie alsnoch heere glaar.

So laut un heftich schlagt die Glock,
Es schallt darchs gans Bezaerrich
Es scheint ass wann sie saagge deet:
"Vergess heit net die Kaerrich!"

Net immer schlagt die Glocke schnell,
Net immer iss sie froh;
Es kummt en Zeit, wann ihre Schlag
Laut gans betriebt un schloo.

Wann ebber schtaerbt, wu ich haer kumm,
Saagt mer's dem Kister glei,
Un er macht darch die Glock bekannt,
Wie alt der Dode sei.

So wie sie ringt do heert mer schunn,
Ass widder ebbes fehlt;
Mer weess, es iss en Dodesfall,
Ass sie uns datt verzehlt.

Klong-ong-ong-ong! Klong-ong-ong-ong!
Schallt es so traurich fatt;
En manches schtoppt un harricht die weil,
Es zeehlt des Yaahrzaahl datt.

Datt drowwe wuhnt sie viele Yaahr,
Un ruft zu Alt un Yung;
Datt dutt sie ihre Pflichte schee
Mit ihre laude Zung.

Ich wunner eb sie yeemol denkt,
's iss Gfaahr in sellem Turm,
Wann sie so laut un heftich schlagt
Im hoche, wilde Schturm.

Du gudi Glock, kannscht ruhich sei,
Du bischt in kenre Gfaahr;
Der Turm schteht fescht, mach fatt un schlag
So laut ass wie devor.

Wann aa der Wind dich schittle dutt,
Un efters schrecklich schtosst,
Doch iss es surely gaar ken Gfaahr,
Ass er dich nunner blost.

Du liewi Glock, ich hoff du schlagscht
Noch viele Yaahre fatt,
Un ass du immer schenner singscht
Dei scheenes Liedli datt.

—DR. GEORGE MAYS

BOOK REVIEW

AMISHLAND. By Kiehl and Christian Newswanger. Hastings House Publishers, Inc., New York, 1954. 128 pp., 62 illustrations. $5.00.

If the above title were interpreted literally it would be a misnomer, for the book deals with the beliefs and customs of the Amish people, rather than with their environment. It also deals with the Amish of Lancaster County, to the exclusion of the many other communities of this sect in eighteen other states of the United States. This is as it should be in this case, however, for the artist-authors, who are father and son, have lived in Lancaster County for many years. Moreover, they derive from a Mennonite family which migrated to southeastern Pennsylvania in the early eighteenth century. They have a farm-studio in the Amish area of Lancaster County, where they live as the every-day near-neighbors of the people they portray. Their attitude is sympathetic and they have arrived at a measure of understanding of the religious beliefs that so pervasively permeate the lives of members of this sect. Religion is so firm a basis of Amish life that to understand their way of life it is essential to understand their faith. This is well known to and rightly appreciated by the authors, whose observation of the people thus grows from an appreciative attitude and a correct point of view.

The junior author, Christian, has done the text of this book, while both artists have provided the pictures which so generously illustrate the text. More than half of the illustrations are simple yet highly stylized line drawings, most of which depict small groups and some of the group activities of the people. There are also crayon and soft-pencil portraits of Amish persons, mostly men. These are, apparently, largely the work of Kiehl Newswanger. They are effectively done and although the subjects are individuals one has the feeling that a people and their life, rather than merely individuals, are really being portrayed.

The drawings, although markedly economical of line, accurately represent details of dress, tools, agricultural equipment, livelihood activities, and other aspects of Amish material culture in this area. The simplicity of the pictures is peculiarly appropriate to the plainness of the people and to the austerity of their Biblically-based way of life. The portraits, particularly, have successfully captured and communicate the uncomplicated philosophy and rigid religious dedication which motivate the culture, customs and daily life of the members of this sectarian society.

In most reviews this book has been highly praised as a work of art. It should be pointed out, however, that the excellent art work illustrates a text which is episodic, uneven, highly impressionistic, and in many ways an unsatisfactory contribution to an accurate understanding of the life of the people dealt with. It consists of a series of some forty simply written, often graphic, occasionally dramatic vignettes. These depict regularly recurring aspects of Amish life, such as baking bread, butchering, weaving rugs, cobbling shoes, shoeing horses, plowing, sowing grain, hoeing corn, stripping tobacco, picking up potatoes, thrashing, milking, attending sales, getting married, going to church, burying the dead. There is seen here a perhaps unconscious emphasis on economic activities, predominantly those of men. The author's selection of details to describe these activities is also highly individualistic. The Amish and their culture are thus sympathetically sketched, but the over-all picture of a total life-way is sketchy, to say the least. The reader is offered an impressionistic picture and he receives a certain feelingful appreciation of a folk and their folkways. The book, however, falls far short of being a well-rounded or fully-bodied picture of a people. Although this is doubtless not the purpose of the book, it is felt that to avoid misunderstanding on the part of the general reader the unintended inadequacy of the book should be indicated.

Also, whereas great care has obviously been expended on the execution and reproduction of the illustrations, the text suffers from a gross lack of editorial supervision. Misspelled words and still more frequently met with awkward and ungrammatical expressions, totally unnecessary as contributing to "folkness," severely limit the pleasure and profit to be derived from the volume. Several inaccuracies occur as a result of the authors' ignorance of cultural differences as they exist among the Amish in America, both as between geographic communities and as between different congregations of the same community. For example, it is not true that the Lancaster County Amish are the most conservative sectarian group in the United States. They are not even the "strictest and most uncompromising" group of Amish people in Pennsylvania. It is also inaccurate to aver that their shunning practice denies "any social intercourse whatsoever" with other members of one's family or church. The book thus demonstrates those limitations that can be characteristic of analysis attempted by well-intentioned, favorably-situated, conscientious, but social scientifically untrained observers. It is quite evident in this book that artistic sensitivity and aptitude are neither preparation for nor assurance of accuracy in the observation and presentation of a people or their way of life.

In the writer's opinion a fair judgment is that the pictures are delightful, but the book is disappointing.

Maurice A. Mook
Pennsylvania State University.

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Editorials

'Sub' Era in Warfare

Yesterday was the anniversary of the launching of the hull of the U. S. submarine Nautilus, the first underwater vessel to be operated with the use of atomic power. On Thursday the ship, which has been on trial runs during the past ten days, took its first dive. So, almost exactly within a year, the vessel was able to prove itself both on the surface and beneath it.

Very properly this underwater ship bears the same name which Robert Fulton gave to his earliest experimental boat of submarine type, and which was built with the encouragement of the French government in Brest. It is significant too that the same name was adopted for the most famous submarine in fiction, the Nautilus of Jules Verne's romantic novels, "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and "Mysterious Island," which were written in French and primarily for French readers.

So far the experiments with the application of atomic power to underwater navigation have apparently been successful. If they continue to be successful it is entirely probable that the construction of the Nautilus portends a new era in military offense and defense.

The building of ironclads during the Civil War and the German emphasis before World War I upon submarine construction marked the opening of new eras in naval history. So it is probable that construction of a vessel which can remain submerged for months, if necessary, and travel around the world under water, if necessary, will turn out to have been the opening of a new age in naval affairs.

Within the lifetime of almost all who now are living, the first class battleship has disappeared from the navies of the world. A few great ships like the Missouri are in mothballs but no ships like her are being built. There is even much controversy about the wisdom of building flattops which, during World War II, proved some of the most vulnerable targets for air and sub-surface attack. They may pass like the battleships because they are so difficult to defend.

There is good reason to believe that troop transport by submarine as well as transportation of any and all military materials will be possible within a few years. Certainly the sub's vulnerability to air and surface attack is far less than that of merchant and naval vessels.

So, as we read about the Nautilus' trial trips up on the Thames River in Connecticut and in Long Island Sound we may really be reading the opening chapter of another great story in the age-old struggle of men and nations for power thru military might.

An American, Robert Fulton, did much to develop the germinal idea of the submarine. Americans have done much with the development of atomic power. The U. S. Navy, to the best of world knowledge, is the first to put an atomic reactor in a submarine. It is to be hoped that the U. S. Navy will lead off in all other developments of both commercial and military character.

Belgium Takes Chance

For many months the French, thru their many political parties, have struggled in their Assembly and in their press with the problem of a re-armed Germany. Even tho Premier Mendes-France has been able to get pretty close to French agreement that half a million young Germans shall receive guns and uniforms and be trained for war, actual decision has not been arrived at.

The reason of course is that France has suffered from three invasions by German armies in 70 years. Just about every French family has a history of personal loss and affliction at the hands of the Germans. "Thrice bitten, thrice shy" could be the paraphrase of a common saying.

Just as near to Germany and just as much exposed to attack from that country as France is little Belgium. That country was invaded and occupied during World War I and II. The Belgians can match their feelings with those of the French people regarding building up armies in the neighboring country, out of which conquering hosts surged in 1914 and again in 1940.

Yet Belgium in recent days fearlessly has adopted the measures which are necessary on her part to permit the rearming of Germany. The Belgians are ready to take a chance on the Germans as against the Russians who, in a few years, have become International Enemy No. 1.

France well may take pause and consider the Belgian example of faith and belief that Germany has been changed and will not be an aggressor henceforth in any war.

More Men With Guns

Because decisions have come out of the Department of Defense to reduce American military forces by more than four hundred thousand men within the next two years, there has been natural fear in many quarters that this country may be laying itself open to successful attack by an enemy which is believed to be taking the opposite course — constant increase in the number of men under arms.

There is some consolation for those who fear reduction in numbers in the announcement from the Department of Defense that combat strength is being increased even tho total personnel is being decreased.

As is well known, there has been much caustic criticism about the number of men who have to be maintained behind the lines in order that one man can stand in the lines, rifle in hand, and be prepared to fight in defense or upon offense.

Now we have the promise of Secretary of the Army Stevens that by June, 62 out of every 100 men will be available for combat duty. This will be in contrast with 43 men after World War II and with 53 in mid-1953.

The Army has reduced its civilian employes by 100,000 during the past two years and it has increased its operational manpower by eliminating and consolidating support jobs. And after all it is more important in warfare to have armed men than men seated in swivel chairs and pounding typewriters.

That's the Worst Kind



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

This is a fact: There have always been teen-agers and they have always presented problems to their parents. Sometimes we parents forget that we were once teen-agers and that we learned by crawling and toddling, and that we were surprised when we discovered our bodies and even more so when we found that curious instrument of personality, the mind.

I sometimes hear conversations among very bright teenage girls on their families and the families of their friends and I discovered a secret: They do not like divorced parents because they think it unfair and unjust and as one girl put it, a lousy trick.

Youngster's Question

My ears pricked up because I knew that some of these young ladies had far more direct knowledge and experience with the subject than I ever could have. What, for instance, is the responsibility of a father who has brought three children into the world, enjoyed their company for years, played with them, and then dumps them just as they are maturing and need him most? Some of my young friends ask me that.

He, of course, has to live his own life and cannot possibly endure his wife another day. He will give her anything she wants, if she will only go to Reno or Chihuahua or Mexico City, and get a divorce, accusing him of mental cruelty but not mentioning his paramour whose adulteries he must carefully protect. I was once told by a young lady that her father's passion for his fourth wife was wearing thin because she, the child, had discovered him in improprieties with a person whose name she mentioned. I wondered, at the time, whether she was confiding in me or whether whe thought that I was a legman for Walter Winchell and hoped that I might give him the juicy item. I heard an intelligent young lady refer to her ex-father, as she put it, as a bum.

We blame the teen-agers for too much when we elders cause them such pain and set them such a horrible example. The more the child adores the father, the worse the moral shock when the father deserts the household. For it is not his wife whom he leaves but his children. The wife may, on the rebound, find a friend, as the expression is, but the children have lost their illusions. The great big, friendly fellow, who played with trains and brought dolls at Christmastime, has turned out to be a creep.

Hate Drunkenness

And there is another thing I learn from many teenagers. They hate to see their parents drunk. This is a double-edged evil because while the children abominate drunken parents, they do imitate them, and many fathers and mothers, I am sure, would be surprised to know how their children spike their so-called soft drinks. I heard of a young fellow who was selling "spikes" for a nickel a shot out of an eye-dropper.

Children in broken homes are of several kinds, but those I find most exciting are the little ones whose imaginations run riot over the intrigues, the adulteries, the recriminations among their proliferating parents. As the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, known and unrecognizable, multiply, they live through it all excited, stimulated, almost boastful. They somehow manage to know details which ordinarily are behind closed doors.

What all this does to their minds, I do not know, but I have come across some children who are masterful blackmailers, using parent against parent, to get what they want. They know that parent-love is not dead and they exploit what there is of it to satisfy their cravings. Some of them are undoubtedly double-agents, selling household secrets for some trifling advantage.

I have never encountered a single one of these children who is happy about the divorce. I have never met one who does not blame either the father or mother or both. I have met some who are especially cruel to the mother because they know that the mother will not give up her child no matter what the child does.

With divorce so prevalent in this country, it is necessary, I am sure, to think a little about the children who are romantically brought into the world only to be left to their own devices at the wrong age.

(Copyright, 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Life in coeducational colleges today continues to baffle greybeards who graduated in the dim old era of the '40s. In Oklahoma City University, for instance, an attractive underclasswoman named Charlotte took a classified ad in the student paper in an effort to recall the following articles she seemed to have lost: a fountain pen, eye glasses, two mechanical pencils, a suitcase, purple formal, one shoe, billfold, a $3 check, two cornets, a pajama bottom, and a white shirt. Charlotte, furthermore, was genuinely surprised when her ad created a bit of a furore. "Isn't it normal for a girl to mislay things like that?" she demanded.

The psychiatrist stroked his chin and admitted to the tortured-looking character across the desk. "You're one of the most difficult cases that ever came here seeking my help. Is there any insanity in your family?" "There must be," maintained the character. "They keep writing me for money!"

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

PEACE

Peace is of the heart and mind
And not of things.
Though in possession pride we find,
No more it brings.

One can be rich and out of touch
With friendly ways.
Who is content with owning much,
Oft lonely stays.

By war no lasting peace is won;
That ends in hate.
'Tis earned by faith to journey on
When doubt seems great.

Peace is belief in all mankind,
Is much that's good,
And dedicating heart and mind
To brotherhood.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OLS NOCH NET OUS GARUG'D: Sis shun iwwer 'n woch rum os sie om Farm Show worra, un ols is der Stanley Frederick un sei Eva fon da Tzader shtross doh in da shtadt, net ous garug'd. Sie worra mit 'm bruder Paul Frederick un seinra Jennie darta nous—un wor's airsht mohl fer des yohr os es Stanleys' so weit fon hame worra, un aw 's airsht mohl sei lava om Farm Show.

Die widdering wor shae wies Pauls' moryets kumma sin fers Stanleys' mit nemma, doch sin sie rous kumma mit gums, ombarell, un ganunk iwwerreck, koats un vommasa wie won sie noch 'm Nord Pole gae wotta. Harrisbarrick wor 'n fremmer blotz fer der Stanley, un hut alla fingers long gawunnert eb sie uf da rechda pawd weara. Ol dawaig nous hen sie die fiela shaina kabins g'sehna nava om waig, un ols so gablauder'd unnich sich selwar, won sie bis owets mead weara, kents sie ferleicht aryads iwwer nocht bleiva. Owets uf 'm tzurick waig hen sie ow'r glei ous g'funna os es leichter wor tzu sawga fer iwwer nocht bleiba wie 'n kabin griega—ol iwwer huts k'haisa, "No Vacancy."

'S Farm show wor wunnerbore—hen shier net fartich werra kenna gucka, uns hut nix ous gamocht woh sie worra. Der Pumpernickle hen sie naryads g'funna, ow'r onner socha, oy duh welt die menscha hen sich die auga bol rous gaguck'd, un dale hen sie, sie aw rous gadraida. 'S wor im kee shtol os die weibsleit wunners gamaint hen wie waich os m'r lawfa dade, un wohs dale auga gakosh'd hut. Sie hen yusht kee der gonk nous ganumma kot, un die pawd wor nimmy gons so sarwer os sie sei het maiga—ow'r so gaits ewwa har won m'r da kee noh dobt.

Glei wie sie om Show worra hen sie so grossa bobier seck grick'd fer socha nei duh, yusht sis naryads nix ous gewwa werra, un der Stanley un sei Eva hen ihra sock g'fill'd mit ma iwwer ruck, koat, gums on paar sweaters. 'S Bauerra g'shar hut na ol iwwer rous gute aw g'shtonna ferol os der Stanley gamaint hut doh mist yoh 'n bauer shier sei bauerrei ferkaufa fers gelt raisa fer so shtock kaufa.

Da weibsleit is es gonga wies na bout ol gait om Farm Show, 's airsht worra sie darshdich, un noh hen sie hunger grick'd fer ebbel. Won sie koffie gadrunka hen, wolla m'r hoffa wor er besser wie 'n kupchie os mier kot hen—wor kessel shwartz un so golla bidder os er uns owets om nine uhr noch uf g'shtossa hut un hen 'n gadrunka kot om drei, nommy dawgs. Ebbel hen sie endlich g'funna, un woh na helfa hut ihra darsht lesha. Ow'r darsht un hunger odder net, wie sie g'shpiert hen os sie owets net in der arena gakent hen fers show sehna, sin sie ous gatzoga fer hame so on da halver siva rum. Sie worra alla fierra mead ganunk fer die tzunga rous ganka—glawga alla weil noch ihra fees dada wae fon om Farm Show rum lawfa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

So wie die Fegelcher yusht gapita hen, wolla sie on da Lechaw nuf, da policeleit wecker uhrra uf ihra mashina duh—net long tzurick wie tzwae mashina in nonner g'fohrra omma sharafa eck, sol 'n policemon net weit aweck uf seinra mashine k'huck'd howwa shlofa—hen 'n so gore shier net wocker griega kenna fer 'm sawga fom accident.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 2:14-16

In obedience to the command of the angel of the Lord, Joseph took his little family, the child and His mother, into Egypt. Upon several of my trips to Egypt there was pointed out to us the place where they found refuge, although too frequently such 'exhibits' are doubtful as to the exact spot, but pointed out for the interest of tourists. Now we are told that they remained there until the death of Herod, which took place not long afterward. The story of their journey into Egypt and their stay there we find linked with an Old Testament reference to the sojourn of Israel in Egypt in these words: 'Out of Egypt have I called My Son.' The Old Testament passage is found in Hosea 11:2, which reads: 'When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt,' for which we should read Exodus 4:22-23. When Herod realized that the Wise Men did not report to him, he became angry and sent executioners to Bethlehem, who were ordered to slay all male children in that area (the meaning of the word 'coasts'), clearly Satan's efforts to slay the Christ-child.

Horoscope

Steady progress should be yours in the year ahead, accompanied, in many instances, by public prominence and increased responsibilities. Today's child may be persistent, thorough and reliable; also deeply religious.

Strictly Personal

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Purely Personal Prejudices:

Every professional talks to itself from time to time, under the delusion that it is communicating with the public: In the Shepherd case, for instance, I am convinced that the editors were much more excited about the story than the readers were.

It's tiresome to hear so many people excusing their ineptitudes on the grounds that they have an "inferiority complex." Who doesn't, at bottom?

Somebody should explain to the new "hi-fi" addicts that the "hi" refers to the range of tone, and not to the amount of volume you can get. Most hi-fi sets sound like sand-blasting machines in full operation.

We commonly think of a "barbarian" as someone crude and brutal; but the basic definition is a person who cannot understand or accept any way of life except his own — and this sort of spiritual barbarism has been responsible for more trouble in the world than the club-and-tiger-cloth cartoon idea.

Is anyone else as passionately addicted as I am to cream of corn soup? If so, why isn't it served more often?

One of the subtlest and least known of LaRochefoucauld's maxims is this: "Too great haste to repay an obligation is a kind of ingratitude" — which is a feeling I've always had about persons who can't wait to return a favor, as if it irked them to be under obligation.

One of the most fascinating books I've read this year is "Man, Motives and Money," by Prof. Albert Lauterback, who teaches economics at Sarah Lawrence. Not an easy book to follow, it nevertheless makes a superb attempt to fit together our economic needs and our emotional drives into a meaningful pattern.

Have you heard of the optometrist who sent out his Christmas cards printed in the simple message inside: "NSTRFRCLGTB?"

Vital as she is, Tallulah Bankhead's relentless energy on the stage makes me yawn with weariness after about a half-hour.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to remain in that deluded state very long, as most ignorant people have found out sooner or later.

I can't remember who said it, but I've always agreed with the statement: "If a woman says 'My foot hurts,' it sounds dainty; but if she says 'My feet hurt,' it inevitably sounds gross."

(Copyright, 1955)

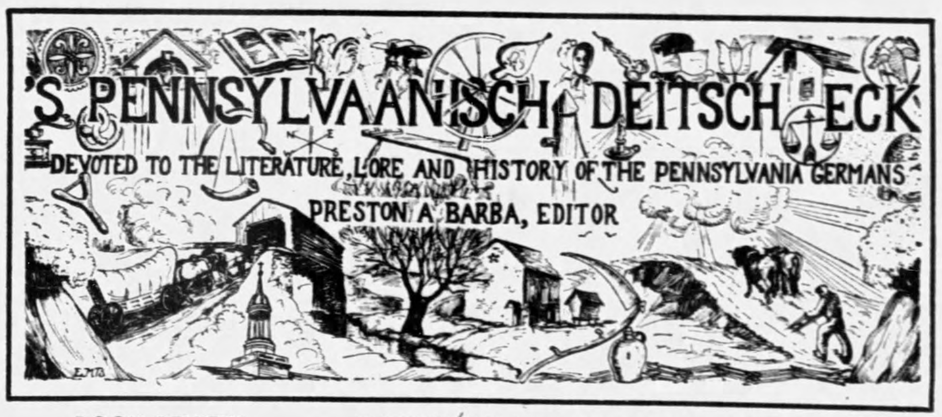
Factographs

California has more different flowering plants than any other state. Of some 30,000 in the entire United States, about a sixth are found in California. Only Texas and Florida boast comparable concentrations.

More than a million earthquakes occur in the world each year, but only a fraction are recorded.

First crop of broomcorn was grown in the United States by Benjamin Franklin.

Fossil oysters, 30 inches in diameter, have been found along the lower Rio Grande valley.



BOOK REVIEW

PRACTITIONER IN PHYSICK. A Biography of Abraham Wagner, 1717-1763. By Andrew S. Berky. Published by the Schwenkfelder Library, Pennsburg, Pa. and printed for the Pennsylvania German Society as Volume 55 of its publications, 1954. pp. 175.—$3.50.

This book discloses to the reader more than a hitherto unknown chapter in the history of our colonial medicine. It at the same time illumines the intellectual and spiritual life of our German pioneers in Pennsylvania. Fragmentary as the biographical data may be it offers the story of a young German immigrant who "was a consummate scholar at the age of twelve, an accomplished poet at fifteen and an established physician at twenty."

Several hundred Silesian followers of Caspar Schwenkfeld, hard pressed for conformity both by Catholics and Lutherans, at last fled across the borders of Silesia into Saxony and from there to the province of Pennsylvania. A small group had already arrived in 1733. The Wagners and several other families, among them the Heebners and the Krausses, refusing to be coerced into membership in the Lutheran Church of Saxony, came to Pennsylvania in 1737.

Abraham Wagner was 22 when he arrived. His father Melchior had died during their exile in Saxony. In the chapter "The New World" we follow the Wagner family as they make their difficult adjustment to pioneer life in Pennsylvania. It is not definitely known where they lived during the first years after their arrival. Abraham's old preceptor in the Fatherland, Dr. Melchior Heebner, was now living in Falkner Swamp and there is evidence that the young physician went to live with him. There he could continue his studies as assistant to the aged physician and acquire first hand knowledge of the use of the herbs and drugs of the New World. Barely 200 of his Silesian friends had managed to settle in the province and were now scattered about in small groups over a radius of 30 miles, busy with meeting the rigorous demands of pioneer life. In 1733 Dr. Heebner dies and for the young physician Abraham Wagner a new chapter begins. He had inherited Dr. Heebner's medical books and supplies and no doubt also a large part of his practice. He is now "Abraham Wagner, Medicus Practicus of Narritown in the county of Philadelphia. He became a familiar figure in the apothecary shops and printing houses in Philadelphia. In 1742 Christopher Saur printed a long poem by Abraham Wagner. Here under the freedom of his adopted land he was more than a medical practitioner. Here in Pennsylvania he was free to follow the bent of his mind and spirit. In the course of time the Silesian Schwenkfelder was associating with Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, organizer of the Lutheran Church in America, Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian leader, and Dr. George deBenneville, founder of American Universalism.

The author's excellent chapter "Pietist" reveals Abraham Wagner's spiritual interests and activities. But with all his readings in the theological works, whether written by liberals, radical pietists or mystics, Abraham Wagner seems not to have deviated essentially from Caspar Schwenkfeld's belief that "the true church should not be identified with a temporal external organization. The mind and conscience must be free and unfettered by human creeds and human authority. The spirit must have free course to follow the light of truth as it advances." In this chapter we learn how the small Schwenkfelder group stood in relation to Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians, to the English Methodist George Whitefield, to the Universalist, Dr. George deBenneville. Wagner is stirred to write a 26-stanza poem with the theme that the "Christian Way to Salvation cannot be attained by passion and froce." In 1748 he became acquainted with Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who was then living at the Trappe, only five or six miles from his home. He attended the Muhlenberg family during a pleurisy epidemic.

The medical profession of today will enjoy the Chapter "Physician" on which Mr. Berky gives an excellent presentation of the status of the medical practice in the province in the first half of the 18th century. Also he gives an account of the medical books in Wagner's library, among them a treatise on how to attain old age "through which it is possible for man today to bring his life to more than a hundred years," on the fly leaf of which Wagner, the candid realist, wrote a quotation from Thomas a' Kempis, "Ah, you fool! Why do you ponder about living a long life when you are not certain of a day?" — In the fall of 1740 he began to gather up the odds and ends of medical knowledge he had acquired and entered them in German script in a small volume which he called "Remediorum Specimina ex Praxi A.W." From this booklet we learn much about the status of medical practice in the mid-eighteeneth century. Here are treatments for melancholia, dry asthma, arthritis, hip gout, epilepsy, feeblemindedness and debility, "when the stomach has caught cold," dystentery, etc. etc., together with no end of formulas for pills, powders, extracts, tinctures, electuaries, tablets, syrups, waters, oils, spirits, essences, elixirs, balsams, decoctions, mixtures, potions, juleps, emulsions, infusions, baths, suppositories, poultices, cataplasms, unguents, plasters, salves and liniments.

Abraham Wagner's poems, measured by aesthetic rule, lack distinction, but rank well with those of his contemporaries. At least a dozen other Schwenkfelder were also writing poetry, as well as other German sectarians, Pastorius, Conrad Beissel, Peter Miller and others. Their poetry was rarely prompted by their personal experiences in settling in Penn's woods (would it were so!) but rather it rose from out of their old-world Christian traditions. When in 1762 the Schwenkfelders prepared a new hymnal, the committee in charge selected 35 of Wagner's poems to be included. They are a part of that large mass of Pennsylvania High German devotional literature which slowly and surely influenced the spiritual culture of our young nation. The author well points out that "If literary activity were applied as an index of culture, the English communities in Colonial Pennsylvania would suffer a withering defeat by the comparison."

Abraham Wagner died May 5, 1763, and nothing in his life so became him like the leaving of it. In his will he designated that one third of his estate was to be distributed among the poor, no one to be disqualified by race, creed or residence. To that end he appointed "four faithful mans" as trustees. From one of these, Hans Christopher Heebner, has come an account of the moneys turned over to him and a list of the beneficiaries. By 1774 Heebner had listed more than 800 individual contributions. Although the records of the other three trustees were not available, Mr. Berky believes that the charitable disbursements number more than 3,000 and adds that "it is extremely doubtful if any private philanthropy in the history of Colonial Pennsylvania was as far-reaching in its influence," the four trustees having dispatched modest sums to Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, all sections of Pennsylvania and to Saxony and Silesia.

And further (let the physician of today mark it well!) he gives and bestows "to such Debtors for Medicine, that can not pay very well, all their Debts for Medicine in my Books."

We are grateful to Mr. Berky for having rescued from oblivion Abraham Wagner, Practitioner in Physick in Colonial Pennsylvania.

—P.A.B.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WEATHER LORE

By ELMER S. GERHARD

Laws have been formulated regarding many forces and phenomena of nature, such as Newton's laws of motion, Kepler's laws regarding the movements of the planets, and Galileo's laws concerning falling bodies. No such unalterable laws have been formulated to explain weather phenomena, and probably there never will be, for the actions and seemingly freaky performances of the weather are unpredictable. To be sure, the Weather Bureau, with the aid of thermometers, barometers, anemometers, pluviometers, and other measuring instruments, does announce intelligent forecastings, but not for more than two days in advance — and even these are not always accurate.

Though we do not have much weather knowledge, we do have a great deal of weather lore. And perhaps no group of people in this country has a richer fund of weather folklore than the Pennsylvania Germans. They have predictions, forecastings and prognostications of the weather based on every phase of the moon, on every phenomenon of nature, on every condition of the sky, and on many of the actions and habits of birds and animals.

It should be noted, however, that much of this weatherlore is not original with these people nor indigenous to Pennsylvania. Many of the beliefs which have been handed down from generation to generation are a common heritage from the great Germanic races once occupying the immense expanses of country of northwestern Europe as far as Ultima Thule, the land of fancy, of gloom, bleakness, fog and merciless winters. This fund is more likely a common heritage from everywhere, for the same ideas and predictions are found in other languages, notably in French and Italian.

Occasionally these weather forecastings are referred to as superstitions, probably became many people think of the Pennsylvania Germans only in the terms of superstition, pow-wowing, and witchcraft. They are also occasionally classified under superstitions, which classification we do not like. Aside from a few silly remarks and playful idle talk there is no more superstition in these predictions than there is in the scientific predictions uttered by the Weather Bureau. To refuse to sit down to the dinner table with twelve other guests for fear of ill-luck is just plain superstition; equally so is the idea that if you cut baby's fingernails before it is a year old it will turn out to be a thief; but to say that wild geese flying southward in the autumn foretells a cold wave is not superstition, as we will try to show later.

Folklore embraces the traditional beliefs, customs, tales, legends, traditional knowledge, and popular superstitions of the common people, the people en masse. Weather predictions are a subdivision of that folklore and not a subdivision of superstition.

Nearly all of our German ancestors were tillers of the soil, and farmers are of all "industrialists" the worst "gamblers," for they take great risks whn they do their planting. They may not recover enough seed to repeat the operation the next year. The success or failure of the harvest, which regulates their livelihood, depended on the conditions of the weather. Nothing was more important to them than the probable state of the weather, not only for the morrow but for the next day and the next. The only instrument available to give a probable forecast of the weather was the weather vane, or weather cock, perched on some building or post to indicate the direction of the wind. Even thermometers were not reliable before 1714.

Consequently, all people, and farmers in particular, scanned earth, sky and air for signs which might indicate the condition of the weather for at least twenty-four hours. Keen observation is a noticeable German trait. By observing certain weather conditions a sufficient number of times and by noting their effect on crops and cattle, they collected a large amount of lore which served a useful purpose until more scientific means were available — i.e., until the Weather Bureau with a better knowledge of meteorology and better equipment was established. But even then, their "batting average" was often equal to that of the Bureau.

Some of these weather predictions are simple, trite sayings; some have attained the merit of proverbs: some are open to ridicule; some have lost their potency due to the discovery of scientific methods; and still others may be only playful, idle talk. Many of them are based on the actions and peculiar habits of numerous animals. It is believed that animals have a keener sense of the changes in temperature and of atmospheric pressure and of humidity than have humans, who in prehistoric times may have had an equally keen sense of these changes before they wore clothes. It is almost imperative that they should have had, otherwise they might not have survived. Probably the "untutored" Indian was keener in detecting such changes than his civilized neighbor; his sense of direction was surely uncanny. And furthermore, although man has a more highly developed cerebral cortex, in man, ways his development is lower than that of other animals. If dogs had abstract thoughts they might think we knew little of life and of the world because we know so little and appreciate so little of the world of smell, the dullest of all our senses and the keenest in all other animals. We all know what a keen sense of smell a dog has, and the hunter who goes gunning for deer knows perfectly well that he must keep on the leeward side of the animal; it may also be worthy of note that a horse will not drink out of a smelly water-trought or bucket.

Behavior of Animals

The number of prognostics based on the actions and behavior of animals, wild and domestic, is countless. The most conspicuous animal to post as a weather prophet is the groundhog. A popular and fancied idea is that if this creature comes out of its hibernating place on February 2, popularly known as groundhog day, and unfortunately sees its shadow, it will go back into winter quarters and stay there six weeks longer; in consequence of such actions we are supposed to have six more weeks of winter. How it ever happened that the creature chose to peer out of its winter-quarters on Candlemas Day (February 2) we have never been able to find out. Many prognostics are based on this day, as for example:

Ist's zu Lichtmess hell und rein
Wird ein langer Winter sein

(It will be a long winter if it is clear and bright on Candelmas Day)

Scheint zu Lichtmess die Sonne heiss
Kommt noch sehr viel Schnee und Eis.

(There will still be much snow and ice if the sun shines on Candlemas Day)

Wenn es sturmt und schneit,
Ist der Fruehling nicht mehr weit.

(But spring will not be far away if it snows and storms on Candlemas Day)

If cattle in winter kick and jump in the field or barnyard, and snort and sniff the air with extended nostrils and tails erect, or act the way Bossy did when she jumped over the moon, the stormy weather is brewing, as anyone has observed who has been much around cattle. If dogs bay at the moon severely, cold weather will follow, and if they eat grass, there will be rainy weather. If the cat basks in the sun in February, it will have to go back to the stove in March. A cat sleeping with its head lower than the rest of its body indicates the coming of a storm. It is a sign of rain if cats "wash" their faces with their paws.

The croaking of a tree-frog (Laubfrosch) can be regarded as a sure sign of rain. It is said that fish bite more readily, are more active, come closer to the surface, and may even leap out of the water just before a rain. Whoever has had a fish pond may probably have noticed such performances. It is an indication of a thunder storm if snails and slugs are found in garden beds.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
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Editorials

Hard Times for Commies

Even with the assistance of the keenest lawyers, it is becoming more and more difficult for members of the Communist Party to keep out of jail once they have been put on trial for espousing the conspiratorial and revolutionary role of such party membership.

A couple of dozen of the leaders in the comparatively small, erstwhile, legal political party are languishing in prisons. They were convicted under the Smith Act's provisions concerning the conspiratorial character of the Communist Party.

But on Wednesday, in a Federal Court in Chicago, a Communist was convicted merely because he "knew" that the Communist Party advocates the violent overthrow of the Government of the United States. In the other convictions it had been proven that the defendants were conspiring against the Government.

So it is getting to be increasingly difficult for the Commies to stay out of jail and escape conviction. The various, long-drawn-out prosecutions of top Reds have blazed the legal trails and have taught the Government's lawyers how to follow them unswervingly through the thickets of legalistic technicalities and diversions. As a result the trials are becoming shorter in duration. A lot of extraneous matter no longer is being introduced, only to be thrown out, as in the earlier trials. Judges and trial lawyers speedily get down to business without prejudice to the defendants and with advantage for all.

Up to this time the Smith Act has proven air-tight but it can be expected that, as prosecutions of alleged Communists continue, hitherto untested portions of this law will be used by defense attorneys in effort to find loopholes through which the Reds can escape. Efforts in this direction, up to this time, fortunately have failed and the nation has had the satisfaction of seeing the smashing of this brazen wrecking crew.

No Time for Parole

Very properly, and in good time also, the Pennsylvania Fraternal Order of Police has gone on record as opposing the probable parole of a man who was convicted of shooting a State trooper while discharging his duties.

Just what influenced Governor John S. Fine to become big-hearted on the eve of his leaving office and to commute the 3½ year sentence of Thomas Wheatley to a year cannot be known. It is known that this act has outraged public opinion in Bucks County, where the shooting occurred and all parties concerned are well known. Farther away from the scene, public opinion quite generally seems to be that the man who shot State Trooper George Caldarelli, and only by God's grace was not a murderer, should not be running around freely while his victim still is suffering from the wounds that were caused by the premeditated shooting.

Such opinion prevails in this community wherein the trooper makes his home, namely in Wescosville. It prevails in communities which do not have such natural neighborly feeling.

That opinion should be made known to the State Board of Pardons as it undoubtedly will be through the Fraternal Order of Police Action. This Board will have the authroity to parole, or not to parole the man who was convicted of the despicable shooting of George Caldarelli while he was on duty at Langhorne on May 30 last. Governor Fine had the power to commute the sentence but the Board of Pardons really has the last word.

Parkland's Sad Accident

A sad death by drowning in the pool at Parkland High School on Thursday wrings the deepest sympathy from the people of this community for the parents of Nancy Marie Creitz of Schnecksville, the pretty victim of the very type of accident that society seeks to prevent by establishing pools for all-the-year-round enjoyment of a fine sport and of wholesome exercise.

Society seeks to throw all possible protection around those who enter waters beyond their depth and especially the waters of supervised pools and streams. Yet there are a few occasions when accidents like this occur. Then there is immediate effort on the part of some to find scapegoats upon whom to place the burden of responsibility.

Responsibility for other people's children is a tremendous one as every leader in activities for youth well knows and as many experience when even slight accidents occur to their young charges.

The marvel of course is that more accidents, even fatal ones, do not occur among the many millions of young people in their vigorous activities, both under and without the supervision of older persons.

It is the great ambition of educators in the construction of school buildings and of social welfare agencies as well to provide pools. This is because they furnish some of the finest and most popular forms of recreation that educational and social welfare programs can provide. It is noted, for example, that just about all other recreational activities go into the doldrums during the summer months on those playgrounds and other recreation areas that possess pools. In the schools where there are swimming pools nothing in the athletic line takes precedence over the periods set aside for swimming.

Parkland was the first rural school hereabouts which proudly provided such facilities for its children. The parents of children attending that school have been equally happy with their young people in the possession of this healthful and happy opportunity.

A serious accident has occurred. It has darkened the lives of an entire student body and of the people of the large community in which the victim was a member. But accidents will happen as immutable natural laws operate. Life must go on and, if there are any lessons to be learned from the tragedy at Parkland, they must be availed of in order that there may be no repetition ever of such an accident in that school, or in any other school.

Every institution that fosters swimming and conducts classes in swimming constantly faces the spectre of the kind of accident that occurred at Parkland on Thursday. Organizations like the Boy Scouts long since have developed the "buddy" plan as a safety device and by it some responsibility has been placed on every participant and check upon swimmers has been provided. Despite the most careful methods accidents have happened and probably will happen. But always too there must be the determination that they shall not be permitted to happen.

Our Own Little 'War'

While South and Central America have been having their little pop-gun wars, an old interstate feud recently broke out anew between Virginia and Maryland. This battling concerned neither possession of presidential palaces nor control over tiny armies or police forces. It was waged over some lowly oysters which, by now, may have reached local markets and may even have been consumed here.

The disagreement goes back to 1785 and it never has been satisfactorily decided whether oystermen of Virginia or those of Maryland are entirely in the right about their digging operations in the Potomac River.

It does seem to be established that Maryland owns and holds the police powers over the river to the shoreline with Virginia. But in 1785 Maryland permitted Virginia to fish in her waters in return for the privilege of passing Maryland's ships thru the Virginia Capes without being halted for search and seizure.

All would have been well except that Virginia fishermen use a scoop which nets them about 25 bushels of oysters per day per fisherman. Maryland's laws forbid use of anything but tongs which yield a fishermen only about a third as many oysters.

So when Virginia fishermen arrive upon the Maryland oyster beds, (generally at night) and are equipped with the big scoops, Maryland's police authorities are likely to shoot. In a recent escape escapade, the Virginia fishermen fired back.

It all has been very exciting altho nobody was hurt. But it does indicate that we can have our own little wars. However, our police authorities and the forces of law and order very quickly are able to settle them and the country (most of which never hears about the skirmishes goes serenely upon its way.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

John Cunningham, advertising notable,tells of a man whose umbrella was stolen from church. After advertising for its recovery he still had not gotten it back. His ads were worded:

Lost from Trinity Church last Sunday: a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at Number 12 LaSalle Street.

A high-powered copywriter sniffed, "No wonder your copy produced no results," and edited it as follows:

If the man who was seen taking an umbrella from the vestibule of Trinity Church does not wish to get into trouble and have an indelible stain cast upon his Christian character, which he values so highly, he will return it at once to Number 12, LaSalle Street. He is well known.

Next day the man who had lost the umbrella found twelve of them propped up in his portico.

Burma has the distinction of the world's highest snake bite mortality rate, 15.4 persons killed annually per 100,000 population.

Early term for the Rio Grande in New Mexico was the Rio Bravo del Norte or "fierce river of the north"

He Tries It Every Year—







David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There isn't going to be any big war in the Far East. The Red Chinese don't want it. The Soviets don't want it. The United States doesn't want it. And the nationalist government on Formosa will not be able to start an invasion of the mainland without American aid.

Passage by Congress of the resolution which would authorize the President to use armed forces to protect the American defense line in and around Formosa will be accepted in Peiping as a firm policy which stops for the time being an invasion of the mainland and also restricts the possible area of any military operations. Red China has her eye on "negotiation" as a way out anyway. That's been the game ever since the 11 American prisoners — held for more than a year — were suddenly sentenced as spies.

If the Senate waters down the resolution, an impression of weakness in American policy might be given to Red China. Sen. Knowland, Republican leader, stands squarely behind the President and against any important deviation in phraseology. The dissenting voices heard are from Democratic senators pius Sen. Flanders, (R-Vt) and Sen. Morse (Ind-Ore). It will be interesting to see whether this group is frowned upon by those "liberals" who only a few days ago started the cry of "Knowlandism."

As for those senators who now want to delimit the President's authority or oppose it altogether, as Sen. Flanders does, they are, of course, well within their rights. Freedom of expression should be encouraged, as there is only one way to obtain unity and that's by a comprehensive debate on all issues.

Opposition Not Persuasive

The points of opposition raised in the debate by the dissenters are, however, not persuasive. Thus, those who say the President's authority should be limited so American naval airmen cannot attack any Red Chinese strongholds near the mainland in the event that an assault on Formosa is launched are really pitting their judgment of what is or is not militarily safe against that of the U. S. joint chiefs of staff and the President himself. Since the military decision has been made that the islands close to the China coast, Quemoy and Matsu, must be within the scope of the U. S. defense action so as to prevent an attack on Formosa from such bases, it would be another case of tieing the hands of American military forces — the way the Truman administration hampered MacArthur and later Van Fleet in Korea — to say that our ships could not fire back at their attackers.

President Eisenhower made it clear that he doesn't want authority to occupy the offshore islands as such but merely to include them in the defense operations if bases on those islands suddenly were used to attack the U. S. 7th fleet.

Mr. Eisenhower has stated in his message also that he seeks authority to protect the "vital interests of the United States," which at the moment include the aircraft carriers of the U. S. 7th fleet when they cruise around Formosa.

Congressional Authority

Another argument made is that the President inherently has the authority to do anything he wishes in using the armed forces in the Far East. Sen. Kefauver of Tennessee says this, and he favors a resolution expressing the sense of the Congress in general approval of the objective but with no authorization. But he forgets that, under the Constitution, Congress alone can authorize the use of the armed forces in any large military operation, especially at locations far distant from the United States. As for Korea, it was contended by the Truman regime that America fulfilled a United Nations obligation, but this is not the case with respect to Formosa.

All the arguments that the passage of the resolution commits America to war or that it establishes a bad precedent fall by the wayside when it is considered that senators for many months have been insisting that the Congress must participate in decisions on foreign policy and especially on military matters affecting the raising of armies.

The authority asked now is so definitely one for Congress to give, except when there isn't time and an emergency requires presidential initiative, that both political parties ought to be happy that at last a President has decided to ask for contingent authority to be used only if and when there is an outbreak. It should be the very kind of authority granted in an atomic age, instead of arguing that the President already has the power to do anything he pleases with the armed forces. Mr. Eisenhower is a cautious man, but there is no assurance that some day an impulsive man might not be in the White House.

(Copyright, 1955)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HAWSA DRUVEL: Alla weil sheinds hetta 'n lot leit hawsa druvel. Shun fer yohrra un yohrra werra die hawsa ols wenicher un sin now so rohr so fiel shitz 'n gons shpoteyohr ken haws tzu sehna griega. Fer alters huts ols die gross hawsa kot mit a gaila beich, ow'r sellie sin fert, un allas os may rum is, sin die glaina bloe beichicha haiselcher, os kumma fon Kansas un Montana.

Net long tzurick is es ferbutta werra fer hawsa ous sella shtawdta shicka, un der aintsich'd blotz os sie may wissa fer hawsa griega weck fon Australia, is ebbes fon ma Islond gons drous west. Darta huts hawsa im iwwer fluss — un aw net yusht hawsa, ow'r die ort woh sich fermerht wie ungrout, un fon siva bis ocht pund 's shtick weiga.

Die shitz sin arrick fer sellie ort hawsa rei griega, ow'r die bauers leit sin dagaea. Die shitz dada gleicha won die welt so fol hawsa shrpinga dade os m'r sich nimmy seckondierra kent, ow'r die bauer wunnerra war 's fider finna dade fer sellie ort hawsa ernehrra. Hawsa wie sel fressa ufs wenich'd ihra gawist in fuder, alla dawg, un leit woh yuhst garda hen, wissa ous erfohring wie fiel os die glaina krutzer fon haiselcher woh m'r alla weil hen fressa kenna. 'N moniches is shun moryets nous kumma un ol die bohna un arbsa worra ob g'fressa, un gona tzalawdt un tzalerich shticker worra gabutzt in ainra nocht. Un loh fer hawsa rei bringa woh drei mohl so fiel wiega wie die hawsa woh m'r now hen — sel is ebbes gons un gore ous da weiss.

Die grossa hawsa ous da West solla net yusht 'n wunnerborer obadit howwa, ow'r solla aw gute sei om grawwa. Dale leit wolla bahabta, sie hetta dart drous allas so unnerheelich'd mit lecher os die gabeier ol tzomma falla weara un mista ebbes duh fer die hawsa halta fon die gonsa Islanner fernichda. Un fer sel tzu ferheeda, wotta sie die hawsa doh rei noch Lechaw Kounty shicka. 'S hut leit os maina die hawsa fon dart drous, kenta sich ken g'shick gewwa fer grawwa im gravel.

Fiel bauers leit sin sonderbore uf gariehrt waeich darra hawsa bisnis — Granges so gore nemma die socha uf un shtimma dagaea — wolla nix wissa fon so gadierra doh rei brings woh sich so arrick fermehrra un woh ae haws sei sol tzu alla paar foos lond in tzaea yohrs tzeit. Won sel so kaimt mist der bauer dawga nocht ready shtae mit da shrote flint fer die hawsa halta fon allas fressa, un sei gabeier unnergrawwa, un die gabeier halta fon tzomma falla.

Die gutehate fon denna grossa hawsa is net yusht 's fiela flaish os yader shitz tzaila kent tzu griega fon yader'n hawsa, ow'r aw os sie net so garn gadroffa dada werra bei mashina os wie die hawsa owh m'r alla weil hen. Glae un dubbelmeisich wie die hawsa sin os m'r alla weil ken, kenna sie sich yusht ken rechder g'shick gewwa fer da mashina ousweicha — bardich in da nocht. Die nei ort hawsa is ow'r gons onnishder gabout — sie kenna net yusht shrpinga wie der blitz, ow'r aw jumpa—aryer wie die Australian kangaroos. Die woh die hawsa rei bringa wolla meina, sie kenta iwwer aenichie mashine nous jumpa os dawaig kaimt, uns wear gore ken g'fohr os sie gadroffa dada werra wie der fol noch immer wor mit da hawsa woh m'r alla weil hen — odder kotta hen bis gons kartzlich.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Noch paar dawg may un m'r griega die recht shoffend, shtondhoft wedder brofatzeigen fon da Grundsow selwar — die wedder barichda fer die nagshda sex wocha.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Titus 2:11-14

There is another important passage in Paul's writings, speaking of Jesus, Who came into human history for the salvation of all who will receive Him. The passage begins at Titus 2:11, where we read that 'the grace of God hath appeared for the salvation of all men (meaning, of course, all who will accept Jesus as Savior), teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, the appearing of the glory of our great God and Savior, Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a people of His own, who are zealous for good works'. This passage includes the past, the present, and the future. Jesus appeared in the past for our salvation. Having received Him as our Savior, we are to live now so as to glorify Him by our Christian conduct, all the while looking for His glorious appearing in the future, His second advent. The word 'peculiar', v. 14, in the Bible has its original meaning, referring to property belonging to some one.

Horoscope

A happy and mainly successful anniversary should be yours. Look for a happy, care-free disposition in the child born under these influences.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

LUCKY BOY

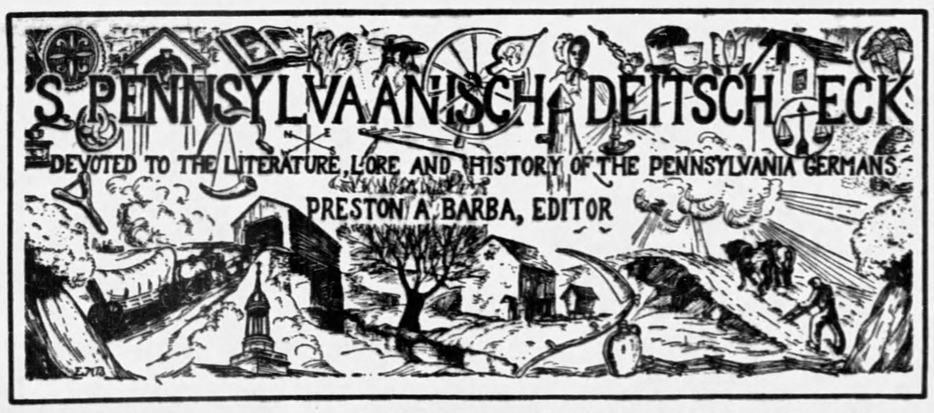
My mother said: "You lucky boy!
Always some one to give you aid.
You've never had a broken toy
But what repairs were quickly made.

"Your hopes have never taken wing.
You've never vainly wished or striven.
You've never wanted anything
But what to you it has been given.

"So very fortunate you are,
So seldom has your heart been torn,
There must have been a lucky star
Within the sky when you were born."

So many friends to comfort me,
So much of triumph and of joy,
I often think how right was she
When mother said: "You lucky boy!"

(Copyright, 1955)



Groundhog or Bear?

When man first began to look upon animals as weather prophets is hidden in the mists of time. In Europe our German ancestors observed a little burrowing animal they called the "Dachs," known in English as the badger. And for hunting it and getting it out of its burrow they developed a breed of dogs, the popular "Dachshund."

When the badger and its habits first became associated with the passing of winter and the arrival of spring we also do not know. We do know that our Palatine ancestors looked upon the badger as a weather prophet before they left their German homeland. But when the German pioneers came to Pennsylvania they did not find the badger here. What to do without their weather prophet? They transferred their traditions to a small animal of similar habits, the groundhog or woodchuck. In fact some of our old-timers still speak of groundhog day as **Dachsdaag.**

We Pennsylvania Germans must not claim sole proprietorship of Groundhog Day. The forecasting of weather on that day is a widely-spread custom. In the Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Encyclopedia we read: "Groundhog Day, or Woodchuck Day is Feb. 2, when, according to rural tradition, if the groundhog sees his shadow he retreats to his hole for six weeks, held to be a sign of late spring; failure to see his shadow being a sign of an early spring."

Groundhog Day could not have been associated with February 2 before the 6th century, when the Emperor Justinian instituted Candlemas Day, as a church festival, on Feb. 2, 40 days after Christmas, in honor of the Purification (according to Jewish tradition) of the Virgin Mary and the Presentation in the Temple of the Infant Jesus. The ancient Romans had already looked upon the month of Februar as the month of purification and expiation. In some parts of Europe there was a popular belief that during the first days of February the sun makes a decided advance in its ascension toward spring. Indeed for some February 2 signified the beginning of Spring. With the increasing daylight work by candle light ceased, hence the old saying, still heard occasionally among the older generation:

Lichtmess, 's Spinn' vergess,
Bei Tag zu Nacht ess.
(At Candlemas forget your spinning and eat supper by daylight)

Probably few today will understand the significance of this saying. Before the days of modern machinery the spinning of flax and wool was the chief household employment of the women. With the beginning they were busy at their wheels long before daylight and continued after dark. The full meaning of the saying becomes clear when we compare a similar one still heard in Germany:

Lichmess, spinn vergess,
Bei Tag zu Nacht ess,
Es Raedel hinter die Tuer,
Die Hacke herfuer.
(At Candlemas forget your spinning, put the wheel behind the door, bring forth the hoe, and eat supper by daylight)

With that the tiller of the soil indicates that he intends to make an end of winter and he and his womenfolk prepare for work in the fields. Another saying runs: "Lichtmessen, der Winter bald vergessen" (At Candlemas winter will soon be forgotten). Man and beast are ready for work in field and garden, but what assurance is there of an early spring? Here the **Dachs** or the **Grundsau** comes to his aid. But it was not always the badger and the groundhog that served our forefathers as weather prophet.

A very early reference to the animal weather prophet was brought to the attention of the Editor of the Eck on the part of Raymond E. Hollenbach, whose discoveries of ancient lore and customs, especially as relating to horticulture and agriculture, have frequently appeared in the Eck.

In an ancient book on gardening entitled PFLANTZ-GART by Daniele Rhagorio, printed in Berne, Switzerland in 1650, there is an interesting passage under the chapter entitled "Von sonderbaren Tagen im Hornung" (about special days in February), which we have translated as follows:

"Not many days in the whole year were so regarded by our ancestors as Candlemas, on which they busied themselves with observing how the weather would turn out, whether clear or cloudy, and with foretelling therefrom how the rest of the winter time would turn out, whether long or short, and drawing their forecasts from a pleasant comparison with the habits of the bear, which has been hibernating during the winter. This has afforded me occasion to couch all this in the following verses, in order to convey pleasant reading to the lover of such things." — These are the verses he wrote:

Wann desz Tags liebes Liecht
auff Liechtmess herfuer blicket—
Der inngelegne Baer zum Loch
sich herfuer schicket—
Ist es nun Hell und Klar—des er
die Bergen sicht—
Das draussen er verhare — ihn
dann noch nicht ansicht—
Weil noch sechs Wochen schier
die Kaelt sich werd erstrecken:
Wann es dann Dunckel ist—laszt
er sich nicht abschrecken
Das er streich hin und her—weil
ihn der Winter hart
Nicht mehr verhindern werd—an
dieser seiner fart.

We shall render these 17th century German verses freely as follows:

"When the lovely light of day shines forth on Candlemas — The hibernating bear ventures forth from his lair — And if it is bright and clear, so that he sees the hills — He does not yet want to tarry outside — Because the weather will still continue almost six weeks longer — But if it is cloudy, he'll not be frightened back — He will stroll back and forth — because the severe winter will no longer prevent him — from his faring forth.

Surely in these eastern counties of Pennsylvania it is easier (and safer) to observe the harmless little groundhog on Candlemas than the bear, whose prognostications would no doubt be just as certain.

—P.A.B.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WEATHER LORE

By ELMER S. GERHARD

Continued

Feathered Creatures

Birds and fowls of every kind serve more extensively as weather prognosticators than many other creatures. Chickens take great pains to preen their feathers just before a rain storm. If chickens run for shelter when it begins to rain, then the rain will not last long. If chickens slop around in the rain with their tailfeathers down, then the rain will continue indefinitely. If chickens moult early in the fall, winter will set in early. If roosters crow before 10 o'clock in the evening, it will rain the next day.

If the peacock, who once strutted proudly about many a barnyard, sat of an evening on the ridge of a wagon shed or on some other rather tall building and uttered a shrill piping cry, you could expect rain for the next day. It is an indication of clear weather if the robin sits in the topmost branches and sings, but of rain if it sits on the lower branches. If the owl, reputed to be the wisest of birds, sits high and hoots, you may expect fair weather, but if it sits low you may expect the very opposite. If swallows fly low over ponds, it is a sure sign of rain. Some other birds act in a similar manner. If domestic geese fly low, propelling their ponderous bodies some distance through the air, and shriek, then stormy, blustering weather is sure to follow. Any restlessness among many feathered creatures, like the querulous cawing of crows and the noisy quarrels of the English sparrows, have always been considered sure signs of rain.

The flying of wild geese southward in the autumn foretells a cold wave. These regimented flyers of the upper air are among the most reliable weather prophets. The plaintive cooing of the turtle dove indicates rain. There will be a change of weather if the rooster crows on the manure pile in February. Unfavorable weather is predicted if crows fly high up in the air. If crows fly in a certain direction in virtually an almost steady stream, there will be stormy weather within ten hours. A screech owl hooting in winter portends a thaw; in summer, rain. The congregating, screaming and cawing of crows on the south or summer side of a hill indicates rain; but snow if they congregate on the north or winter side.

If geese waddle in mud between Christmas and New Year, they will do so every month of the winter season. This prediction sounds similar to another one of the same sort; namely, if the frost comes out of the ground in December, it will come out every month of the winter. If geese and ducks flop and splash their wings in the water, it will begin to rain in a very short time. If pigeons take a bath or splash in a little pond or in a water trough, ge' ready for a rainy day. It will be an early winter if migratory birds leave early in the fall. The singing of birds early before sunrise is a sure sign of rain before sundown.

Insects

Even insects are considered good weather prophets. If hornets build their nests high in the trees, the winter is sure to be long and severe. There is rain in the offing if wood flies are persistently pestiferous to man and beast. If grasshoppers hop upon the snow, a mild winter may be expected. This would surely be a strange sight!

Cobwebs spun on the grass or between fence rails indicate fair weather everywhere. It has been noted that bees work twice as hard just before a rain; like the busy housewife, who tries to get the wash from the line before the shower descends. If bees have stored up a large quantity of honey, the winter will be long. But it would seem that the quantity they can store up depends most likely on the weather conditions of the preceding summer.

Whether animal life, outside of man, has an innate weather sense may never be found out, but surely some of these observations seem decidedly dependable.

Phenomena of Nature

Some weather predictions are based on phenomena and aspects of nature. If trees shed their leaves, a rain will follow in a very short time. If the husks on the ears of corn, the skins on onions, and the hull of hickory nuts and walnuts are close and tight, a very severe winter may be expected.

If the bristles on hogs are long, and the hair on horses and cattle is long and shaggy in the fall of the year, a long winter is to be expected. This prediction may need modification, because at this time of the year the coats of these animals look the most uncouth because of the long unkempt and disheveled hair; it is a natural condition of things, and the prophecy does not mean much unless the hair is unusually long and straggly.

Much fog in autumn indicates a snowy winter, while late roses indicate nice weather and a mild winter. A heavy thick fur on fur-bearing animals would indicate a severe winter. If the milt (spleen) in hogs is thick and short there will be a corresponding short winter.

Occasionally some of the predictions just cited fail, as many did sixty years ago. In the fall of 1890 (?) the goose-bone man from Maine predicted a severe winter. Hunters returning from the chase reported that all fur-bearing animals had a very thick and heavy pelt. Fallen apples had a hard, rough and cracked skin like the green tops seen on ripe tomatoes, and the cracks were deep enough to sink an ordinary sized knife-blade into. All these signs indicated a severe winter! Yet despite all these predictions this writer as a young man recalls vividly that he was ploughing between Christmas and New Year of that year. He wore a straw hat and was in his shirt sleeves; he did not have to be garbed thus, but at the same time he did not feel the least bit uncomfortable. Such mild winters continued for three years. The ice crop was virtually a total failure. And yet in 1888, the year of the great March blizzard, he helped to cut ice eighteen inches thick, strong enough to bear the run of a freight train.

This sudden and unusual change in atmospheric conditions was attributed to the change in the course of the Gulf Stream, which for some reason had suddenly swung closer to the Atlantic coast line. This change naturally brought about milder weather. But why the change in the course of the Gulf Stream? Who knows? Nature sometimes plays freaks.

Illogical or Unnatural Lore

Some weather predictions are frequently only innocent prattle, idle talk and superstition. If all the dishes on the dinner table are emptied at mealtime, there will be fair weather the next day. The appearance of a pole cat in winter indicates a thaw; in summer, rain. A day on which a murderer is hanged is always rough and stormy.

Even if the weather is threatening, you can still undertake a planned trip or voyage if there is a speck of blue sky as large as the seat of a pair of trousers, for the sky will become clear. This prediction pertains also in Massachusetts and in Ohio, where the speck of blue sky must be as large as a woman's apron.

If the base of the teakettle is white when it is removed from the fire, you may expect a snow storm; but it is a good sign of rain if the teakettle boils over. A load of barrels or a crowd of women on the street in the morning foretell wet weather. Goose eggs will not hatch if it thunders on Sunday.

Other Bases for Predictions

Some predictions are based on the atmospheric conditions of certain days of the month. The winter will be mild if the wind blows from the south on September 29. The apple crop will be heavy if the sun shines brightly on January 25. As is the 21st of November so will the entire month be. If the wind blows from the south on November 16 and 19, the coming winter will be mild; but it will be cold if it blows from the north or west.

Other forecastings are based on the prevailing weather conditions on certain days of the week. A beautiful sunset on Friday will bring rain before Monday. The kind of weather prevailing on the last Friday of the month determines the kind of weather for the following month If it rains on the last Sunday evening or on the first Sunday of a month, it will rain the next three Sundays. If it storms on Friday, a second storm will follow before Monday.

Some forecastings may contain a little logical reasoning. If similar conditions bring about similar results a fairly consecutive number of times and often enough, then by a little inductive reasoning a general rule or principle may be formulated.

The following incident, though not exactly germane to the present discussion, nevertheless illustrates the point. Some years ago we attended a large exposition of live stock; among the exhibits was a pen of Poland-China hogs. The hogs of this breed which we had seen before were black and white; but, behold, these hogs were entirely white. So we asked the keeper of the pen "How come?" he replied by saying that the 16th litter of inbreeding will establish the strain, a new strain, not a new breed.

If it rains, or snows, regularly, consecutively, and often enough every time there is a ring around the moon, and if in like manner the rain never lasts long if the chickens scurry for cover, what is wrong with pinning such observations down as an established rule, or law, as is done with the 16th litter of inbreeding of those pigs? It is only plain common sense and a little inductive reasoning. There is nothing silly and nothing superstitious in such a line of procedure.

Some predictions are based on sound, and on the sudden appearance or disappearance of water. If you hear the clear whistle of a locomotive or the rumbling of a train in the distance, or if you hear a fog horn miles away, you may be assured of rain. If the water disappears suddenly in the puddles, ditches and rills in the meadow, especially after a shower, more rain is sure to follow. If, on the other hand, these spots have become dry and suddenly become moist, or even show the presence of a small amount of water, a goodly rain may be expected.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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BRANCH OFFICES

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711

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

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Editorials

The Public and Drunk Driving

Indications are strong that all the ground which seemed to have been covered more than a year ago by Mayor Diefenderfer and District Attorney Morgan with the police magistrates who handle cases of alleged drunken driving will have to be retraced. Indications are strong that some magistrates at least have been slipping into the easy and irresponsible ways which brought police outburst in October, 1953.

Complaint by the police department that drunken drivers were getting indefensible "breaks" from the magistrates was supported by Mayor Diefenderfer and District Attorney Morgan at that time.

Particularly was it agreed upon then that newspapermen should be given sufficient advance information of scheduled hearings in order that the public, through the press, could "keep tabs upon the proceedings." Publicity, it was believed, would serve to promote justice and also would tend to prompt greater respect for the law. It also was believed that nothing was to be gained through long delays between arrests by the police and hearings before the magistrates.

According to a study of a lot of the most recent cases of men charged with drunken driving, it now appears that not only are the newspapermen kept in the dark concerning hearings but also the police. It also appears that, as against a ten-day limit which had been agreed to, magistrates have delayed hearings by as much as two months.

What must be realized on the part of all persons concerned is that the public is deeply interested in the menace of drunken driving. Just about everybody moves around in motor cars. The drunken driver does not announce his movements and warn the rest of the motoring public so that they can keep out of harm's way. He is unpredictable. Therefore he is a potential menace to everybody on the highways. Society wants him to be deterred from mixing gas and alcohol through knowledge that he will get off scot-free and without newspaper publicity. Or, if harm has been committed in the course of drunken driving, society wants complete recompense.

Secrecy of hearings, failure to notify the police about hearings and unreasonable extension of the time between the alleged misdeed and the hearing are against the interests of the public.

It is timely for the magistrates to have their memories jogged about their pact with public officials and thereby with the people. The public wants to know who these drunken drivers are and what is being done to halt them in their mad careers upon our streets and highways.

Bison Herd Will Recover

There is so much local pride in the herds of animals in the Trexler-Lehigh Game Preserve that it hurts our people to learn that thirteen bison — 12 cows and a bull — have been found to be victims of tuberculosis. Now the Board of County Commissioners, who represent the people of Lehigh County — the real owners of the Preserve and its animals — await instructions from the State Department of Agriculture on the next steps that must be taken.

Destruction of the animals is most likely to be in order although veterinary medicine has advanced greatly and always has been highly effective in the treatment of animal diseases. Therefore it is entirely possible that medical treatment may be deemed practical.

Whatever way decision is reached, there is pretty fair assurance that in the matter of only a little time the herd will be restored to its normal size through its reproductive powers. As is well known, it has been necessary for almost twenty years to keep the herd down to a size compatible with the grazing area which is unchangeable. Twelve cows, which have been found to have the disease, may have to be destroyed. On the other hand, they may be retained if it be known that they have been bred.

It may be possible to restore the size of ther herd even within this year if the unaffected cows in the herd have been bred and produce calves in the early spring. However if there be a lot of sterile cows in the healthy group there can be no hope of herd enlargement in that area.

Winter's Fire Hazards

The highly costly fires which swept large areas of Shenandoah and Carbondale yesterday call attention again to the increase in fire hazards which comes at this time of the year and especially in zero weather such as has been experienced this week.

Under these conditions heating systems are pushed to their limit. Overheating of areas near the heating systems, use of unusual fuels to speed and increase heat and faulty heating systems produce uncontrolled fires that often are discovered only after they have gotten a headstart upon the fire-fighters. To aggravate conditions, the cold at this time of the year militates against the response of firemen and apparatus. It hinders the play of water upon the fires when once the men have taken charge. Rarely are they able to fight a blaze with the effectiveness that is possible when the weather is warm.

Difficulties in fire-fighting due to wintry weather have served almost certainly in some of the greatest holocausts in our time such as the Boyertown Theater fire, the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago and many other winter fires. The Lafayette Hotel and Reidenauer fires in this city were winter ones.

Shenandoah, Carbondale, Shamokin, Harrisburg, Tobyhanna and other communities which have been hard hit by fire in recent days spell out the injunction to householders, business people and fire departments everywhere to exercise the greatest care lest fires be started. Once begun, they should be reported swiftly and fought with the greatest vigor from the moment that the blaze is attacked.

Home Accidents Run High

The eventful and interesting Do-It-Yourself show which has been in progress at the Frolics Ballroom during the past four days has come to a close. Now comes the blooming of enthusiasm in vast number of homes where lessons learned at the show are going to be put into effect.

It is timely therefore to pass along the warnings of a leading insurance company that this "do-it-yourself" movement is a wonderful one but that it has a large element of danger in it.

Figures released by this company trace about 650,000 accidents in the home last year which were traceable to the do-it-yourself trend. These figures estimate that about 70 per cent of householders make carpentry repairs and about 115,000 of them are hurt, excluding the minor unreported accidents. In fixing broken windows 95,000 are injured. Amateur repairmen to the number of 32,000 get hurt while fixing roofs and 16,400 are hurt while erecting TV aerials—and that number grows with each year.

But, says the insurance company, "do not let the figures frighten you in your newest craftman's pride and joy," and notes that one of the basic reasons for the high rate of injuries, especially where tools are involved, is not enough equipment. For example, lack of clamps or a vise may cause the work to slip out from under the drill.

Two other important factors are high on the list of home accidents: Lack of know-how. A skilled painter will often use a blow torch to remove paint; an amateur may often burn the work and scar himself. Similarly, many home-repairers learn the hard way that when a portable electric saw starts to bind, you ought to stop cutting.

Lack of time. Most do-it-yourselfers simply haven't got the sizeable chunks of time necessary to do a job from start to finish. The result is an attempt to rush and a boost in accident figures.

The concentration of accidents in areas where tools and ladders are used is an important clue to safe-and-sane home craftsmanship.

It is urged upon these home mechanics that they observe carefully and then follow the experts; that they know and respect their tools; that they plan work carefully and that they dress for the part, avoiding any clothing that can become caught in machinery.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Bernard Baruch was asked a short time ago for an opinion on the stock market. He refused to single out any one stock, but did vouchsafe two rules he's observed scrupulously himself:

1. Never pay any attention to what a president of a company ever tells you about his own stock.

2. When the market's gyrations on the up side hit the front page of The New York Times, sell!

Broker Washington Dodge remembers a Japanese trader who picked the very bottom of the market in 1932, and advised his customers to go in and buy (how right he was!) in a message unique among documents of its kind: "Here is good omen: the elevator which seemed impatiently has now hit bottom and will quickly express without its hat and coat. All traders must not miss boat, now that castor oil season is over, and beautiful flowers and bugles will be blowing heartbreak for damfool amateur bearish."

(Copyright, 1955)

This Will Really Work



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Rasputin was a blackmailer who lived on the bounty of ladies of the Czar's court who regarded the monk as having supernatural powers. The atmosphere that surrounded Rasputin was unwholesome and in the midst of it was Serge Rubinstein's father, who was Rasputin's manager and financial agent.

If it can be said that any one person brought about the downfall of Russian Czardom, it was Rasputin, the monk. Prince Felix Yusupov, in a last effort to save Russia, killed the charlatan and was regarded as a hero among his fellow nobles. Rubinstein escaped to England with his family, among whom was Serge, then a boy of nine or ten years of age. How much of his own wealth and Rasputin's the elder Rubinstein took with him cannot be known, but he was a man of considerable means who was able to give his children every advantage.

Degenerate Environment

What this complex and degenerate environment did to Serge as a child, only a psychiatrist could fathom, but of this we can be sure: At the dinner table in his father's house the conversation must have been about intrigue and money, about the power of money, about how easy it is to reach the highest places by the use of money, of corruption and schemes and tricks. A smart child could not but have absorbed all this and been impressed by it.

Serge received an excellent education in England and went to France, from which he was expelled because his speculations were endangering the value of the franc. He came to the Far East where he manipulated currencies and operated in various enterprises, all of which he damaged but out of which he made a fortune. He smuggled his money out of Japan, which no one else managed to do, by using two beautiful women as aids. My memory holds the impression that it was as skillful an enterprise as has been known in the East of Asia, where many operators have manipulated many oblique transactions.

Two facts stand out in Serge Rubinstein's life in the United States: One, he was able to buy beautiful women to be his companions and he was able to buy the services of important lawyers to do his jobs, but he never could win friendship, respect or love. He was always an outsider. He could dine in the best restaurants, but despite his many millions, he was not invited to the best homes.

The second fact is that although he had served a term in prison as a draft-dodger, there were many American girls who were willing to accept his attentions and to be seen with him. One would have imagined that any American girl would have been ashamed to be seen with him. Many were not ashamed. As one girl said: Serge could take her to the place where any girl would like to be seen. Perhaps that is so, but why would an American girl want to be seen with a draft-dodger?

It is an interesting phenomenon because back in World War I, it was considered a disgrace, even for an American of German descent, to be a draft-dodger. Today nothing seems to be disgraceful.

Competes With Khan?

Serge Rubinstein, someone said after he was killed, thought that he was competing with Rubirosa and Aly Khan for the reputation of being a master of ladies. And the comment was that Serge was not up to it. What is there to be up to? What qualities do such men possess that one needs to hold them up as figures to emulate?

It is not novel that some men live by their wits and their skill in manipulating the weaknesses of vain and vainglorious women. It is novel that society is not ashamed of them and that they are glamorized as figures whose names our children should know.

Serge Rubinstein was a buccaneer but without the heroism even of a pirate. He bought beautiful surroundings but he could not make himself beautiful and this he undoubtedly knew, for he fought hard to be accepted by others than those whom he paid off and he never found the satisfaction of knowing that it was for himself and not for his money that he was wanted. He was killed and there was little more than a perfunctory regret at his passing.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRUNDSOW LODGE NUMMER TZWAE BARICHDA: 'M Dunnershdawg owet wors unser blessier die 18d yairlich fersommling ei nemma fon Grundsow Lodge nummer tzwae on da Schibbach. Wie Grundsi ewwa alsa mohl duhna, hen sie tzug kot, sin fom Telford Fire hous noch da grossa neia shule gatzoga on Harleysville. So weit os fuder aw gonga is wor weiters ken unnershit, ow'r 's wor 'n grosser unnershit in da fersommling shtub — gross ganunk fer shier 'n hunnerd may neia gleader nei nemma — hen 360 bei nonner kot, uns worra aw ken shtaiga tzu gae wie om alta fersommling blotz.

Allas is k'halta werra in da grossa shule fersommling shtub mit da kich on aim end, un 'n grossie stage om onnerra. Ail duch uf 'm budda, hel uf galeicht, un 'n akustic ceiling woh der Jake Shtaebuckle — ainer fon Hennie Detweiler seina singer nei gamocht hut — ich sawg eich 's wor 'n shainer blotz ger tzomma kumma. Weishhawna wor drump uf 'm fuder tzettle, mit allas shunshd os es ganumma hut fer libe un sale bei nonner halta. Ae ardickle huts g'sheind wear net tzu arrick garitch'd — so gore gons altie kosh'd woh wenich leit may wissa dafon — soura ard Ebbel. So wie m'r fershtaina, wor der fudermaishder W. Lloyd Nace tzu grosser druvel gonga die ard ebbel sucha, un wenich sin gessa werra. Mier hen ainer tzu uns g'shoft — may so os m'r sawga hen kenna m'r hetta sie fersuch'd os m'r sawga kenna m'r dada sie gleicha.

Der Claude Butterweck fon Sellersville hut die lodge. ferbunna in da 18d degree, un der Porra Charlie Buffington huts gabait g'sawt. Der Henry Detweiler wor fohrsinger, un der Ira Moyer un sei boova fon Kutztown hen g'shpielt. Der Rudy Bilger, der gross Souderton laundry mon hut die wedder barichda gewwa, un aw g'sawt die Grundsow het ihra shodda g'sehna Grundsow dawg, un wear tzurick in ihra loch fer sex wocha langer shlofa.

Die Schwillie Willies woh net noch unserra lodge fersommling kumma hen kenna worra darta un hen fon ihra lieder g'sanga woh der Henry Detweiler g'schriva hut. 'S aller airsht noch 'm essa, hen sie uf uns garufa fer paar werta — hen heifa die Lodge in der gong griega 18 yohr tzurick in Pipersville, un woh 78 gleader darta worra. Noch uns, hut der Dr. Bob Oplinger woh uns nunner ganumma hut, der gruss gabrocht fon Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw; Der Henry Detweiler fon Lodge nummer fierra on da Doheck; Der Kenneth Hallman fon Lodge nummer siva g'shwishich da Barioma un Magowi; un der Norman Gahman fon Lodge nunner nina on da Diefa Run.

Der Porra Wilbur Trexler fon Perkasie huts airsht g'shwetzt, un sei text wor "Aenichebbes." Un los uns eich sawga os er aw fon aenich ebbes un allas g'shwetzt hut, un wie aw der Porra Clarence Rahn woh noch alla mohl on Lodge nummer tzwae wor, hen die Grundsi om locha kot os sie bol fon da shteel g'falla sin. Noh wor aw noch der Luther Gehringer, selar Minesite fender un body mon, besser bakont uf da luft ols Dopey Duncan druf fer shwetza — un hut aw abissel g'sunga. Der Dopey hut fertzailt in seim aigna g'shpassicha waig, fon da tzeit wie er beim Unkle Sam wor, un hut g'shlossa mit 'm "Aisel" lied.

Wie so oft mohls on Grundsow Lodges, huts net tzu gute gaguck'd fer shnell hame gae. 'S shule hous woh die fersommling drin k'halta wor, shtaid drous im lond, un ferhoftich sei won die shtross net tzu gablosa wor mit shnae, uns het net fiel ganumma het ebber shebba missa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Now noch ae owet may — da nagshda Fridawg owet in Broadheadsville, un noh sin die Grundsow Lodges widder feriwwer bis noch da Oshterra.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 16:22-23

When Jesus had announced His death, Peter took Him aside and began to rebuke Him, saying: 'Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee.' He loved his Lord so well that he could not bear to hear of His being killed, and he would gladly stop Him from talking upon a subject so terribly sad. He could see in our Lord's death nothing but ruin to the cause, and therefore felt it must not be. So Jesus turned and said unto Peter: 'Get thee behind Me, Satan; thou art an offence (the Greek word means a stumblingstone) unto Me; for thou dost not understand the thoughts of God; only those of men.' In Peter's words Jesus recognized the return of Satan, who had, at the time of his Temptation (Matth. 4:1-11) of Jesus, sought to sidetrack the ministry of our Lord. There, too, Jesus had ordered him away (4:10), but here he comes again to be ordered away once more. The substitutionary sacrifice of Jesus is still an offence to many philanthropists, humanitarians, and friends of man, but who do not qualify as theologians, for they do not understand the heinousness of sin in the eyes of God, nor, therefore, His plan of salvation for us.

Horoscope

Your outlook is of the best if you follow your own intuitions. Born today a child may be brilliantly clever, but should be taught to be patient.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

CARE-TAKERS

The women want me trim and slick.
On me they cast an eye
And always they are very quick
To straighten out my tie.

At me their fingers fairly fly
My collar to adjust.
They know a careless man am I
Whose garments gather dust.

At me they sadly shake their heads
And to each other say:
"So worn and frayed that hat of Ed's,
It should be thrown away."

I'm sure the care they take of me
Some way I must have earned.
Or how I look they would not be
So very much concerned.

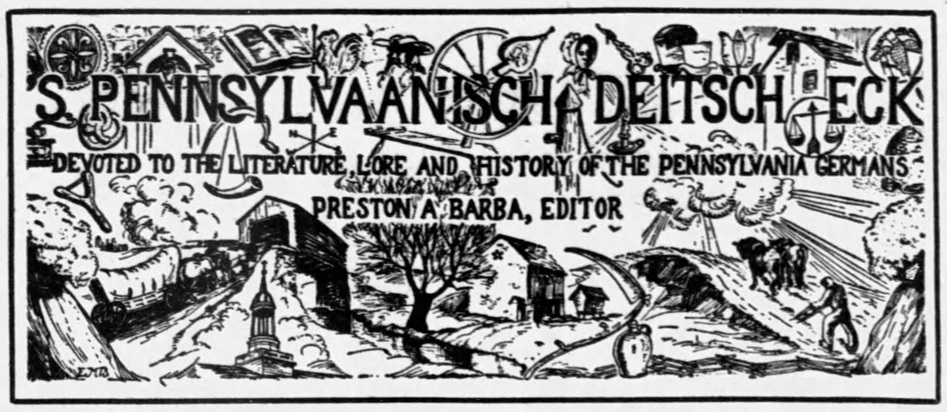
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Factographs

Leach's petrels, which feed as far as 100 miles off the Maine shore, never come to land except to next. They avoid the mainland because their burrows are vulnerable to predatory animals.

Nine out of 10 fur coats sold in the United States are made inside a five-block area around 7th avenue in New York, fur capital of the nation and the world.

Austria and Switzerland are famed for their winter skiing facilities.



WINTER GRISSEL

Ich gleich der Winter nimme meh,
Wie waar's mir als der Fall;
Es grisselt mir ver Schnee un Eis
Un sell iss nau mol all.

Der Wind blost iwwer die Felder naus,
Peift mir darrich die Haar;
Er friert mei Finger un mei Naas,
Un blost mir Schnee ins Ohr.

Ver alters hawwich als gewinscht
Fer Schnee darrichs ganse Yaahr,
Zu schleife uffem Hiwwel rum,
En Schtrohscheeb ghatt defor.

Bin rumgebatzelt in de Benks
Als wie en Eskimo;
Waar Schnee vun Kopp zu Fuss gewest,
Un nass so hie un do.

Uffs Schmitte Damm bin ich als gschkeet
Feierich hie un haer;
Bin gfalle bis ich Schtanne sehn
Un schlag der Kopp ball leer.

Schneeballe gschmisse so rumhaer-
Des gleichen Kinner gut;
Sie schmeisen aa noch heitesdaags-
Awwer noch meim schteife Hut.

Hab heemgeschtrickte Hensching ghatt,
En Wammes vun Schofwoll;
Ledder Schtiwwel un wollne Schtrimp,
Wie'n guter Landsmann soll.

Was hen rote Unnerkleeder
Als gegratzt paar Woche;
Un Fiess sin in de Schtiwwel gschwitzt—
Schrecklich aa geroche.

Wie elter ass ich warre bin,
Wie wennicher geb ich
Fer Schnee un Eis un Wetter kalt,
Wu Winter bringt mit sich.

All des Gewinsch iss nau verbei,
Seiter ich bin alt;
Verkrippelt aa mit Rummadis,
Wann watt's mol wennich kalt.

Der Hiwwel lockt mich aa net heit,
Un Damm so glatt wie'n floor;
Kann uffem sidewalk faahre glei
Uff Hinnerdeel un Ohr.

Es schaudert mich zu denke draa,
Ass Winter widder kummt—
So viel ass nau mei eente Knie
Wedder 's anner bumpt.

Die seidne Unnerkleeder heit,
Die halten Kelt net drauss;
Was winsch ich fer's alt kratzich Hemm,
Wann ich verloss mei Haus.

So bleiw ich wu's schee waarm iss dann,
Kummt Winter widder rei;
Un in der Offe schteck die Fiess,
Un hoff 's iss gschwind verbei.

Im November 1933 - Ralph S. Funk

GESUNDHEIT

Es gebt nix Bessers in der Welt, ass wie Gesundheit. Des iss meh waut ass Geld. Was batt's Geld eem, wammer net gsund iss? Es Esse batt eem aa nix. Der John D. Rockefeller waar der reichscht Mann im Land, wie er noch gelebt hot. Nau, wann mir aareme Drepp all 's Geld hedde, ass mir gaun hedde, noh deede mir alle Sadde gut Esse kaafe, so wie Eis Kriem, Wasser Melone un Abbiere, un mir deede esse bis uns die Brieh am Baart abdropse deet.

Was hot der John gesse? Wisst dihr's, mei Freind? Er hot gaar nix esse kenne, ass paar rohe Oischders un wennich Millich drinke. Du ye, sell deet eem awwer verleed warre.

Weesscht, wammer net gsund iss, macht's net viel aus was mer schunscht hot. Es geht wie moll en Mann gsaat hot: "Deel hen Fleesch un en schwacher Leib un annere hen Abbedit awwer hen ken Fleesch, awwer mir hen Fleesch un kenne es aa esse. Dann, Gott sei Dank!"

Nau, mir winsche uns selwer Gesundheit un mir winsche allem Mensch um uns rum des selwiche. Fer des, wann en Mann arrig unbedenkt niesst, saagge mer "Gesundheit." Ebmols saagge mir aa, "Viel Glick un hen halliches Lewe."

Es hot Leit ass meene, wann sie allegebott en diefer Schluck aus der schwaz Boddel nemme deede, noh kennte sie lenger gsund bleiwe. Was denkt dihr vun sellem? Wann selli Kalls en Drink nemme aus der Boddel, saagge sie als, "Gesundheit, in en Hunsleib, wann's drunne bleibt." Dann un wann bleibt's awer net drunne. Noh gebt's en grossi Seierei in der Babbiermiehl.

Ich winsch eich . "Gesundheit" vun der rechte Satt.

DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
vun der Lebanon Daily News

A POET IN BUCKS

When Albert Teufel was convicted in Doylestown on a charge of murder, he spent the spring of 1867, while waiting for his execution by hanging, in composing a long poem in which he gave his opinion of Bucks County justice. The refrain, as reported in the German newspaper, the Pennsburg DEMOKRAT for April 24, 1867, was as follows:

Come, all you feeling Christians,
Wherever you may be,
I hope you'll pay attention,
And listen unto me.
Never make an acquaintance
With a Bucks County man,
For they will hang you on suspicion
In Bucks Count-y.

By courtesy of Prof. Ralph C. Wood

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WEATHER LORE

By ELMER S. GERHARD

Conclusion

Church Calendar Days

Some predictions are based on the atmospheric conditions prevailing on certain church calendar days. Much rain on Easter day will bring about a good crop of corn but little hay. As the weather is on Ascension day, so may also the autumn be. A rainy Easter Sunday will be followed by seven rainy Sundays. If it rains on Whitsunday (Pentecost, Pfingsten) six weeks of rainy weather will follow. The week of Good Friday is invariably cold and stormy. As the weather is on Shrove Tuesday (Fasnacht), so will it be to the end of Lent. The sun will not shine clearly before 9 o'clock on the morning of Good Friday. There will be snow at Easter time if there is green grass on Candlemas Day. (February 2). If it snows on All Saint's Day, you may find it necessary to have your fur coat close by.

Quite a few "Saint" Days enter into these predictions. If it rains on St. Swithin's Day (July 15), it will rain forty days. If it rains on July 2 when the Virgin Mary goes over the hill there will be rainy weather for six weeks, or roughly forty days; but August 15, the day of her return, will be fair; but if it is fair on the day she leaves, the opposite may be expected.

The chestnut crop for the year will be small in quantity and poor in quality if it rains on John Huss' Day (July 6). And acorns will spoil if it rains on St. James' Day. The harvest will be wet and nuts will spoil if it rains on St. John's Day. Do not set a hen on St. Valentine's Day, for the young chicks will be either blind or lame, or will soon die off in some way. If geese stand on ice on St. Martin's Day (November 11), they will walk in mud on Christmas Day. Bees which swarm after St. John's Day are not worth "bagging."

Still other prognostications were based on the aspect of the sky. If the horns of the shell of the new moon point upward, thus forming a bowl, there will be no rain, for the water cannot spill out of the bowl; but if the bowl stands upright with the horns perpendicular, there will be rain, because the bowl can no longer hold any water. This is sometimes called the Farmer's Moon.

A ring around the moon indicates rain or snow, and the number of stars within the ring indicates the number of days before "falling weather" begins. There will be a good crop of grain if it thunders in June; but if the moon is in Cancer the hops will suffer damage. If it thunders when the moon is in Capricorn, there will be much rain, and seed in the ground will rot. There will be much rain, and it will last fifty days, if it rains when the moon is in the Virgin. If it rains "into" a rainbow, rainy weather will continue for three more days. If it rains while the sun shines, it will also rain the next day. A rainbow in the morning indicates foul weather; one in the evening, fair weather.

A star in front of the moon promises fair weather; one back of it, foul weather. A thunder storm in spring is invariably followed by a spell of cold weather; if in the autumn, by one of warm weather.

And then we have the rattling of soot down the chimney, the sweating of walls and cellars, of glasses and pitchers, and the "watery" saltshaker — all these are supposedly signs of rain. And there is the poor rheumatic, whose aching joints foretell a change of weather: "he feels it in his bones."

Some predictions have taken on the importance of proverbs, while some are couched in weather-jingles.

Peter, Paul
Macht der Frucht die Wurzel faul.

(On Peter and Paul's Day, June 29,
The roots of the grain begin to decay)

En nasser April un kiehler Moi
Bringt viel Frucht un viel Hoi.

(A wet April and a cool May
Bring forth much grain and plenty of hay)

The condition of the sky at sunrise and at sunset is a fairly safe indicator of what the weather will be like in twenty-four hours. The substance of it all is couched in the following rhyme:

Evening red and morning gray
Speed the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Shed rain on the traveler's head.

Morning red makes cheeks red,
Evening red brings dry bread.
(Maryerot macht Backe rot,
Owedrot bring drucke Brot)

Stretches of thin, long-drawn-out clouds called "cow tails" are forerunners of rain. Such a sky is also called a mackerel sky, which, it is said, is only twenty-four hours dry.

Other Sources of Weather Knowledge

The Pennsylvania German farmers had two other means of obtaining a little foreknowledge of atmospheric conditions and their possible effect on farm life in all its activities; the ruling planet for the year, and the One Hundred Year Almanac.

There were people, and there may be some still, who eagerly awaited the arrival of the new almanac to find out which of the seven planets would be the governor of the elements of nature in all its manifestations for the ensuing year. The ruling planet determined the character of the weather, the bountifulness of the harvest, and the health of the community. These planets rotated in succession; consequently the same general weather conditions were repeated every eighth year. This writer knew one grandfather who was always delighted when "der Jupiter" was "der regierende Planet."

Weather predictions are in the main dependable for only a day ahead; even the Weather Bureau makes forecastings for only two days. But by the year 1800 there appeared the One Hundred Year Almanac, which predicted the weather conditions for the next one hundred years. In a copy of "Der Neue Readinger Calender fuer 1819, gedruckt bei Johann Rutter und Comp., Reading, Pa.," we find that Jupiter was the ruling planet for 1819. His attributes are given as warmth and moisture; the year in general was inclined to be wet rather than dry, but also hot and sultry.

In this same Readinger Calender, is also found "Ein Hundertjaehringer Calender" for 1819. The narrative is rather long, tedious and prosaic, and the statements are mostly very general; e.g., "Der Westwind weht am meisten, bisweilen auch der Suedwind; Sommer ist anfaenglich kalt und feucht; Herbst regenhaft."

A few notable statements will be cited, and only such as still bear on present day operations; if it rains almost every day in spring, legumes like beans, peas, lentils, etc., should be planted in poor soil, otherwise they will finish their growth too soon and rot. How is one to know whether it is going to rain every day in spring, or not? We are also offered this bit of advice or wisdom; if the summer is dry, there will not be much to hemp and flax, and assuredly not much to any other crop.

Looking through several Hundred-Year Almanacs, we notice that they all run about the same. Very likely an effort was made to hold them to the proverbial tradition, for since the seven planets, already cited, rotate in succession, the same weather conditions will prevail every eighth year. Two of them, very noticeably, have the following prediction the same, word for word: "If an eclipse of the sun occurs in February, March, April, or in May, when either Jupiter or Mars is the ruling planet for that solar year, then the wine will be good." One might wonder at times how many of such forecastings were "stock in trade." And we believe this is the first time we heard it said that any eclipse had any effect on life, vegetable or animal.

One of these Hundred-Year Almanacs continues by listing all the diseases and sickness for the year. "By early autumn there will be much sickness, many diseases will prevail, which are really dangerous; in fact they are next to a pestilence, and likely fatal; there will be dysentery, diarrhoea, gout, skin eruptions, scurvy, paralysis, galloping consumption, fevers, jaundice, coughing, sore throat and other similar diseases, most of which result from having cold feet." A veritable gamut of human ills!

Humans may have gained remarkable foreknowledge of meteorology by means of scientific devices, but they are met by one insurmountable obstacle: the Almighty makes the weather. And humans cannot lay down rules for the Almighty to follow; the wind still bloweth "where it listeth."

Many old weather predictions mean but little to the present generation because they are a part of a great fund of folklore of which this generation knows little and seems to care less. Why bother with this old stuff; you can read the weather report in the newspaper or get it over the radio. So you can, but how prosaic and matter-of-fact it all is. Many of us can recall father saying the owl sits high, or low, tonight; the moon has a ring with a star in it; the roosters crowed loudly before midnight. His "batting average" based on the accuracy of his predictions was often times equal to that of the Weather Bureau.

It is to the credit and to the distinction of the Pennsylvania Germans that they have preserved this weatherlore, for it all belongs to their great fund of folklore, and a richer fund than this is not to be found in this country.

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Editorials

Moonshiners Still Busy

There were any number of officers of the law "in on the kill" when a huge and highly profitable moonshine still was uncovered in a barn near Virginsville on Thursday afternoon but to one detective Mike Reilly, goes the credit for literally getting the scent of the still and, like a bird-dog, leading the hunters to their quarry.

The account in yesterday's papers of the discovery and destruction of the still calls attention again to the undoubted fact that manufacture of illicit liquor is being conducted upon extensive scale because of the high profits that are almost certain in this business.

With excise taxes at their highest rate in history and with the cost of distilled liquors at a record in consequence thereof the temptations to illegal operations become overwhelming to any number of racketeers. Likewise there is great temptation to dispensers of liquor to buy the cheap stuff which the bootleggers can put upon the market. There is demand. Therefore there is effort to supply. At both ends of that business transaction profits are great if the officers of the law do not step in too early and inopportunely and wreck not only the big business plans of all concerned but also the big operating machinery which has been set up.

In the Berks County operation it is estimated that the still has been turning out alcohol for upwards of three months. The cost of constructing the still is estimated at about $50,000, and its output is estimated at 1600 gallons in a 24-hour period. (Stills require no rest and slave for their masters around the clock.)

If that still was in operation for three months, and if its product was sold, the racketeers who invested $50,000 probably received upwards of $400,000 for the output. So they can well afford to lose the still and some relatively small amount of raw materials. With their profits they can set up a new still. Perhaps they already have set one up elsewhere.

In this cat-and-mouse game between the officers of the law and the racketeers, the mouse picked an innocent looking farm in eastern Berks county for his little play-place. But the cat, in the person of Chief of Detectives Mike Reilly, heard the rumor of a mysterious sale of a farm somewhere in his large bailiwick. Every such transaction which had been recorded was examined into and found to be "clean." So search had to be made for an unrecorded sale. In that search, as a representative of the U. S. Internal Revenue Service put it, Mike Reilly "did not leave a leaf unturned in the county." His thoroness paid off. The still was discovered and the raid was made. The costly operation probably by now has been reduced to junk.

It was a big job and well done. In the story of the excellent detective work there may be some good suggestions to other officers of the law in other areas on how to make a big killing and achieve name and fame for themselves as well as do their duty by society.

Arsonists' Heavy Toll

It now has been revealed that two recent fires which cost the people of Boyertown more than $300,000 in property losses were the work of a young firebug who, like so many of his pathological type, took active part in with the fire department in fighting the blazes when once they had been discovered by others and alarm had been sounded.

The vast number of fires which come to be proven to be the work of arsonists is well known to the police and to the insurance companies. But there is much ground for belief that the arsonists have been responsible for many serious fires that could not be proven to be their work.

Some day, perhaps, it will become possible for psychologists and psychiatrists to discover in advance the minds which are going to develop arsonists, murderers and other types of criminals. Then it will be possible to treat such mental diseases in their incipiency and cure them before they have germinated into harm to life, limb and property.

Mack Trucks in Electronics

Announcement by Mack Trucks, Inc., that it has purchased two businesses which are engaged in the manufacture of electronics for aviation, naval and commercial purposes, is welcomed by this community which is deeply interested and vitally concerned in the welfare of this large, local industry.

In almost every field of big business in American industry there is effort to expand the variety of products. Great corporations are likely to have divisions engaged in the manufacture of completely unrelated articles. Thus if there be decreased public demand for one of their lines, they can hope for increased demand for some other line and a maintenance thereby of some balance in over-all productive activity.

In the local instance, there is no immediate indication of favorable effect upon local employment thru transfer to this city of operations for the new lines of manufacture. That too may come.

Whether or no, there will be local satisfaction in that in this electronic age, one of our most important industries is going to be tied in with important lines of electronics. And if Mack decides to engage in some of this kind of production in Allentown it will join almost a score of important electronic industries already doing business in this Lehigh Valley.

America's Guiding Star

Not in years has there been such steady emphasis upon the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln as has been given to the American people during this week in advance of the 146th anniversary of his birthday in Harden County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

Actors, orators and essayists have filled the air and crowded the pages of printed publications with eulogies of the great American. He has been an inspiration to our people for a full century. He promises to be a guiding star for this nation as long as it shall continue "under God" to live "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right."

Visitors Are Different

The United States Supreme Court, in its latest sitting, again engaged itself in the process of whittling down the police powers of the states. The decision was unanimous and it held that Illinois — or any other state— is powerless to deny trucks operating in interstate commerce the right to use its highways no matter how often some traffic laws are broken.

Illinois, like many other states, has a statute limiting the weight-load of trucks on its highways. The state law provided for fines for truckers who violated the weight limitations, and also it provided for revocation of the state license to use the roads. The present case went to the Supreme Court because one truck line ran up a total of 157 alleged violations of the weight limitation, and Illinois cracked down and ruled the company off the roads.

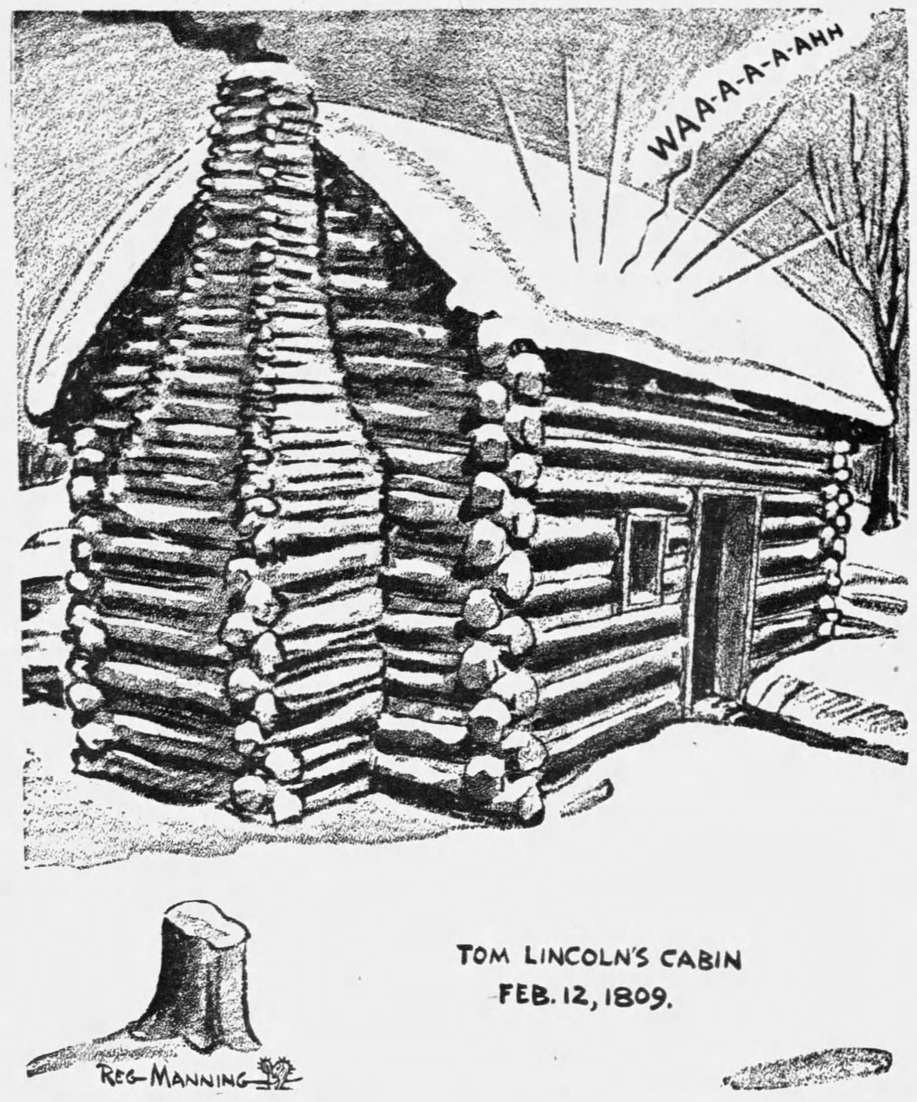
Speaking for the whole court, Mr. Justice Black said that although the Motor Carrier Act permits the states to regulate the size and weight of motor vehicles, the same law deprives the states of the power to determine what carrier could or could not operate in interstate commerce.

It is not difficult to see that under this rule the states have lost considerable control over the acts of freight lines: the big stick is broken, and all that the states can do now is to fine violators. But the case brought to the Supreme Court indicates that the right to assess fines is not enough. It is no secret that some truckers take such fines into consideration in loading their vans over-weight to begin with, and it is not improbable that the fines are passed on to the shipper anyway. Some truckers consider the fining system just another tax system on their weight load and they go merrily on violating the law.

The state laws having to do with limiting size and weight of vehicles were adopted for very good purposes. One is to keep over-sized carriers from crowding other motorists off the roads, and the other is to keep freighters from breaking up the state roads which taxpayers pay the major cost of building and maintaining.

It is clear, though, that the Supreme Court ruling opened up more questions than it answered. Is it fair to place interstate trucking above state law which remains on the books for trucks operating only within the state? And if a state cannot now rule off the roads a continual visiting violator, what happens to the state laws which direct the truckers which roads to use as truck routes?—Christian Science Minitor.

Most Important Sound Heard That Day



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

If it were left to just two men — President Eisenhower and Marshal Zhukov, the new defense minister in Moscow — there probably could be an era of peace and understanding in the world.

For there is an intensely human aspect to the friendship which developed in wartime between the Commander-in-Chief of the American and allied forces in Europe and the Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet forces.

Long before Gen. Eisenhower became President he talked to intimate friends of his meetings in Berlin in 1945 with Marshal Zhukov. From the statements made this very week in Moscow to newspapermen by the new Cabinet minister who will be in charge of all defense for Soviet Russia, it is evident that the friendship has not been forgotten by the Soviet leader.

Marshal Zhukov is a military hero in Soviet Russia and, if he alone were to decide on future policy, there would be much less to fear even though he has a military background. For, contrary to a rather curious impression that seems to have been fostered in pacifist quarters — where the word "militarism" is loosely used to describe a phobia to start fighting — the truth is military men usually do not want war and lean over backward to avoid it. Generals who have the responsibility of ordering young men to face death are often the last people to urge the use of war as an instrument of national policy.

If Marshal Zhukov could speak his own thoughts freely, he probably would say the same things that President Eisenhower has been saying against war. Actually, since Mr. Eisenhower has been in the White House, he has proved the very antithesis of the concept of a military man which has been so widely held.

Arrange Meeting?

But could these two men — Zhukov and Eisenhower — get together and talk things over? This concrete question was raised at the President's press conference this week, and he answered guardedly that he would have to take up such a proposal with his advisers.

Meanwhile, Marshal Zhukov in Moscow in an interview earlier this week with William Randolph Hearst Jr., head of the Hearst group of newspapers, and Kingsbury Smith of the International News Service referred specifically to the two times he had been invited by Gen. Eisenhower to visit America and expressed the hope that his dream of coming here might some day be realized. He said that he didn't think relations at the moment made it "suitable" for him to come at this time, but he hoped relations would improve.

What does all this mean? Plainly the rise of Marshal Zhukov is a significant development. Today, of course, he is an office-holder backed by the Communist party. He has to stick closely to their doctrine. If he came to the United States as an envoy of the present Communist regime, he would not get the same kind of reception as he might get if he were the elected representative of the Soviet people as a result of a free election.

There may come a time when some spokesman of a free government which has overturned -- perhaps with a bloodless revolution — the clique who rule Soviet Russia today, can visit the United States and be welcomed with trust. Such an occasion could arise if the people of the Soviet Union ever recovered their lost liberties. Today even a military hero in Moscow is the prisoner of Communist intrigue and Communist-party supremacy. For every soldier of high rank obeys an existing regime implicitly. It is something imbedded in his training — a habit of obeying orders. That's why some of the other things that Marshal Zhukov said in his interview this week will be discounted as the "official line." He has talked about America also in the past year in phrases that suggest he had a Communist mentor write for him the views he expressed.

Zhukov Promotion?

But the new situation in Soviet Russian could mean the eventual ascendancy of Marshal Zhukov to the top place. Since the death of Stalin, he has become the outstanding military man of the country, and his popular following cannot be overlooked by the politicians. The fact that they risked putting him into the government at all must mean that he has achieved a position of such commanding strength that he could no longer be ignored as he was during the post-war years when Stalin gave him an obscure post in Odessa and kept him out of the limelight.

As between the theory that the downfall of Malenkov portends a tougher Soviet policy, with a threat of war, and the prediction that an era with some sort of effort to reach an understanding with the west is about to begin, this correspondent inclines to the latter concept and would not be surprised if the man who now plays a prominent part in such a peace plan is Marshal Zhukov himself.

(Ctpyright, 1955)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

LINCOLN

This his birthday! One who came
From a simple cabin door,
Step by step to rise to fame
And be loved forevermore.

Lincoln! Leader of a host
Love of liberty inspired.
Strong when strength was needed most,
Wise when wisdom was required.

Calm, when furious was hate;
Patient under grievous care.
Never seeking to be great;
Wanting only to be fair.

Lincoln! Were he here today,
This his message brief would be:
Steadfast in the struggle stay.
Give your hearts to liberty.

(Copyright, 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Mrs. Smith, her arms filled with groceries, boarded the bus, followed by her 6-year-old daughter, who carefully dropped the fares into the coin box. "I'm paying the fares today," she explained in a voice that carried to the very back of the bus, "'cause Mom is loaded."

"I hope, my little man," said the pastor with an indulgent pat, "that you say your prayers every night."

"Not every night," admitted young Peter. "Some nights I don't want anything."

"In times of trial," boomed the visiting pastor, "what brings us the greatest comfort?"

From the rear of the church came the answer: "An acquittal."

(Copyright, 1955)

Factographs

The jaguar, an animal something like a leopard, is found from southern Texas south to Patagonia.

The hay fever that attacks some 6 million Americans every summer is caused by at least 200 species of pollinating weeds, flowers, trees and grasses. Yet 90 per cent of the cases are brought on by only five plants.

Called the ampersand in England, "&" is the oldest symbol representing a word in the world today. Originally it was one of the five thousand signs in a shorthand system that Marcus Tiro created in 63 B. C.

Six out of seven commercial airliners flying in the world were built in the United States.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WAR HETS GADENK'D: Yar bei jupps, war hets gadenk'd os die tzeit kaimt woh weibsleit die monsleit hame lawfa dada mocha won sie fert gaine bei mashine. Unglawblich wie sel is, wor sel da onner dawg ow'r der fol in Friedensville — un des noch so gore, 'n dawg wohs wedder glaws on noll g'shtonna hut.

'S wor so denna waig. Die Vera Close un ihra Mam die Grace sin on ra neia hamet baua nagshd on Friedensville nava on route 12. Der Corson Butz, un der Carl Beck dart fom shteddle hen der kontract fers gabei uf duh — yusht sis fershtonna os die Vera un die Grace aw alsa mohl halt aw shloga kenna fer die koshda hunna halta.

Doh 'm onnerra Sundawg wies so bidderlich kalt wor, hen die weibsleit poh ous gamocht fer die floora nunner sonda, un hen 'n sondmashine galain'd fer die hard arwet shoffa. Die maining wor, allas os sie tzu duh hetta wear hinna noh lawfa, un die mashine dade die arwet shoffa.

'S hut ow'r net long ganumma fer 'n lot larna fon sondmashina os sie dafor net gawist hen kotta, hen so gore die g'shicht net in der gong griega kenna. Iwwel odder wohl, hut die Vera, un woh die mashina grick'd hut kotta, ous gamocht fer gae der Corson Butz hola, un woh yusht 'n kartz shtick fon darta dahame is, fer na weissa wie die g'shicht tzu shtarta un handla.

Die Vera is nous mit ihra mashine fer der Corson hola, un er wor aw froh fer mit gae na weissa wie die g'shicht shoffa dade. Allas wor ol recht bis die Vera der Corson hame nemma hut wolla, un ferhoftich sei won die mashine ra net shtreidich werra is, un hut sie net ons gae griega kenna. Die Vera huts gore mechdich k'hoss'd, un sel wor ae mohl wohs weibsmensch, der mons — kerl hame lawfa hut mocha.

Die barichda sin, 'm Corson sei partner Carl Beck het g'sawt, 's sot 'n glaenie shwartzie gluck ihn picka, eb er mit da Vera uf die mashine gang'd — bardich wons so kalt wear wies wor wie sie der Corson hame lawfa hut mocha. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Vera 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

Geshter wohrhoft wors dreisich yohr os m'r unser airshder Pumpernickle Bill brief in druck kotta hen im Morning Call — un so wohr m'r lova, sheinds wie wons airsht fargeshter gawest wear.

Today's Text

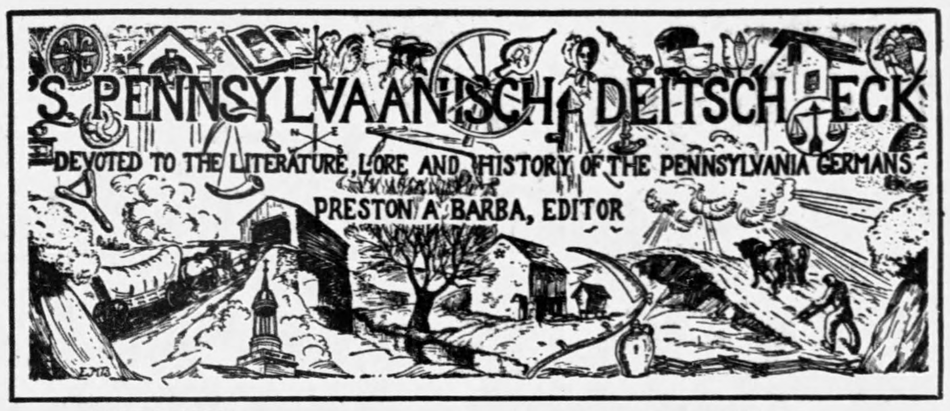
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 9:28-36

I am asking that we read the account of the Transfiguration as given in Luke 9:28-36 because of a principle involved when reading the Gospels, by which I mean this: When the same episode is narrated by more than one Gospel writer, read all the accounts, whether two, three, or four. One of the accounts may include a point not mentioned by the others. The first three Gospels give us the story of the Transfiguration. Matthew and Mark tell us that Moses and Elijah talked with Jesus (they must have known Him well in heaven for many centuries), but only Luke tells us the subject of their conversation, for in verses 30 and 31 he says: 'And, behold, men, who were Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish in Jerusalem.' Now the point that I wish all my readers to remember is that the Greek word translated 'decease' is exodus, meaning a 'going out' or 'passing out,' the latter expression actually used today for 'dying' —the spirit leaving the body, as when Jesus died, 'He gave up the ghost,' an old English expression for 'breathed His last.'

Horoscope

A smart business or vocational success may more than compensate you for a possible disappointment over some other financial matter. Today's child is likely to be exceedingly clever.



BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN TOMBSTONES. A Study in Folk Art. By Preston A. Barba. Drawings by Eleanor Barba. Volume XVIII of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. pp. 232 with 117 illustrations. — $5.00.

By FRANCES LICHTEN

The latest publication of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society is an authoritative work entitled **Pennsylvania German Tombstones. A Study in Folk Art** by Preston A. Barba. There is no question that this is the work of a scholar and a work of love as well. If to the word **scholar** we add the word **research**, that combination suggests the pursuit of knowledge in the quiet of libraries. If the research is of the archaeological variety, however, one fancies it taking place in the darkness of Egyptian tombs or in the burning sunlight of Mesopotamian deserts, or perhaps in the almost inaccessible dwellings of primitive peoples. Physical difficultues are part of such pursuits. But unless he craves strenuous adventure and discomfort, the researcher is indeed fortunate who can find in his own environment material which is provocative for study, particularly material which has hitherto been almost untouched. Dr. Barba has enjoyed this happy combination of environment and circumstance in his search for the material for this unusual book.

It so happens that this material lay right at hand in eastern Pennsylvania for the taking, had there been anyone as filled with interest in Pennsylvania German folk art as was Dr. Barba. Furthermore, to gather this material entailed no physical discomfort whatever. The subject was one which could happily be pursued in the brilliant sunshine of God's great outdoors, and in the quaintly dubbed "God's acres," as graveyards used to be called.

How I should have liked to be part of the many field trips which the finding of all the pictorial material for the book entailed. To be sure, when I was collecting similar material for a chapter in my book **Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania**, I acquired a certain sensing of the pleasures which the exploration of Pennsylvania German graveyards afford the researcher. But lack of time and transportation severely limited my explorations, whereas Dr. Barba, according to his foreword, was able to pursue his research for fifteen years, happy years, I have no doubt. I envy him.

Where could one find a more pleasant place to study than in a sunlit graveyard stretching out behind some hilltop church on a day when the apple orchards are in bloom, their rosy whites set off against the russets of freshly ploughed fields or emerald patches of wheat or rye. With warm pleasure I remember these hilltop graveyards around the churches. There are many of such churches; from far-distant points their steeples can be seen pointing heavenward. There is the Bergstrasse Lutheran Church in Lancaster County, from whose graveyard Dr. Barba shows some delightful examples of folk art. I remember Chestnut Hill Church in Lower Milford Township of Lehigh County, where certain tombstones were made of native slate — a material which permitted stone cutting of extreme elaborateness. And one — Hill Church in Berks County — which in retrospect seems to me to be incredibly charming because of its location in a region so hilly and seemingly remote that it has been called "Little Switzerland."

To wander about in these graveyards is a sheer delight, since so much gracious care is given to the upkeep of these rural resting places. The grass is neatly cut. No pitfalls trap the eager searcher after folk art motifs as he moves across these peaceful expanses in hopes of finding a tombstone decorated with a hitherto undiscovered device. One's goal is an ancient marker of worn red sandstone, glimpsed among the usual ranks of marble tombstones. It stands out conspicuously among its more fashionable white neighbors. Will it be adorned with a fresh interpretation of the familiar motifs or will one find that the motifs are old friends, seen many times before in other graveyards? If one may judge from the frequency with which the same motifs are met with throughout an area, one may conclude that stone cutters were rare in the 18th century, and picked up their commissions through a whole district.

As the book demonstrates with delightful clarity, the decorations on early tombstones in rural Pennsylvania German cemeteries differ greatly from those in other sections of 18th century America. In Pennsylvania German towns of that period the gravestones in the churchyards exhibit traces of the then prevailing Georgian influence. This is to be expected, for Georgian decorative elements in design were the common artistic language, not only of carpenters and builders but of the workers in stone as well. The cherub's head, the classic column, the baroque scroll were usual motifs, so that it was only natural that they would find their way eventually into the Pennsylvania German graveyard, executed, however, in engaging degrees of naivete. But in these quiet places, except in the first half of the 18th century, you will not find the gloomy skull and crossbones so common in New England. Instead you will discover — if Pennsylvania German folk art is your interest — the same motifs you have seen on dower chests, ceramics, on fractur and on textiles. These motifs are always recognizable, even though their translation into stone carving imposed certain limitations in representation. The familiar heart, the tree of life growing from an urn, the sun symbols, confrontal birds, angels, compass stars — all are here — usually, but not always — accompanied by inscriptions worked in fractur lettering, or in an 18th century German version of Roman capitals.

Because of their modesty of execution and their antiquity, many of the earliest tombstones touch the heart. At the present time many have dwindled to almost shapeless lumps of stone, split and worn by generations of rain, sleet and snow. As decoration they may bear nothing but a pair of initials, crudely cut, with perhaps a heart or tree of life reduced to its simplest elements. Indeed, their very crudity hints of a time when such markers were no doubt hacked out with whatever tools were at hand by some member of a family determined to provide some semblance of dignity to a dear one's resting place.

Furthermore, it is moving to see these familiar motifs of the homelands over seas used again in this freshly settled land. For the Pennsylvania German immigrants did not invent these motifs; long-standing tradition dictated their use, and when they were needed here, they were revivified in the folk memory. In pioneer days it was difficult, indeed almost impossible, to use the beloved symbols on doors, gateways and other architectural features as the settlers had been wont to do in their homelands. The log cabin did not lend itself to ornamentation. But despite this lack of meaningful decoration on buildings, the use of these very ancient, even powerful, symbols seems to have been felt necessary on grave markers.

In **Pennsylvania German Tombstones** Dr. Barba has presented the history of these ancient symbols whose roots are sunk in antiquity, in an interesting and appealing fashion. In recent years archaeological research in Scandinavian countries, as well as in northern Germany, has revealed the background of the remote ancestors of northern Europeans. In that region of long winters and short summers the sun and its movement across the sky was primitive man's deepest spiritual experience. What was more natural, then, that he should show his reverence for that mighty planet by devising symbols for it, since the sun was of such life-giving importance. It is these very same ancient symbols that we find incised on our local gravestones, though their religious connotations have unquestionably changed through the ages.

Interesting, too, is the historic background of other motifs so familiar to us in Pennsylvania German folk art. Here is the tree of life, which can be found on ancient Assyrian sculpture and on our Pennsylvania German tombstones as well. The tree of life is a motif which is integral to many ancient cultures. Recently I was privileged to see a rare collection of 19th century East Indian peasant embroideries. Not one of these lacked the tree of life — no matter how different the artistic interpretations — nor were the full, half, and quarter suns missing. What was conspicuously absent, however, was the heart — a subject which will undoubtedly provoke some scholarly speculations.

Absolutely indispensable to this book are the drawings by Eleanor Barba which illustrate it. Each one is worth the "thousand words" of the familiar phrase. Executed in pencil, they are vastly more successful in presenting the details of the motifs and texture of the stone than any photograph could be. Indeed, in their grace and sensitivity of drawing, they could not be improved upon. Together with the author's concise and readable text, they constitute a volume well worth owning — one which ought to promote some delightful excursions into Pennsylvania German land, excursions more rewarding than merely a search for a gargantuan meal or for genealogical claims.

WIE MER SCHPEIT AUSIEBT

Vum Astor C. Wuchter

The following hitherto unpublished poem is printed from the manuscript in the Pennsylvania German Archives of Muhlenberg College. The Rev. Astor C. Wuchter (1856-1933), a Lutheran clergyman, was for some years a teacher of languages at the Rudy Institute in Paris, founded by Charles Rudy, of Schnecksville, Pa. Few of our dialect poets have equalled Wuchter in metrical skill and in command of picturesque and idiomatic phrasing.

'S waar Lumperei! Der Marti
Kischt
Fallt datt vum Kaschebaam,
Un hot die Schulter sich verrenkt;
Sei Aarm waar schteif un laahm.
Mer meent net, ass so'n kleener
Mensch
So hatt yuscht falle kennt;
Wann er's gemacht hett wie die
Katz,
Hett's net so schlimm ge-ent.

's waar gaar net hoch un noch
zum Glick
Waar's net der Hals gewest:
Was hett's dann gewwe, wann er's
Gnick
Sich datt hett abgedresst?
Die Alt hot Druwwel ghatt genunk
Mit sellre Achsel datt,
De arryer ass sie schmiert un
reibt,
De arryer ass es watt.

Noh watt mol noch em Dokter
gschickt,
's iss nimmi auszuschteh;
Sell koscht un sell dutt owwedruff
Dem Marti deiwlisch weh.
Der Dokter kummt noh iwwerdem
Un fungert an em rum:
"Ya, ya! die Achsel iss verrenkt
Un gschwolle ass wie'n Drumm.

"Dich legt mer schlofe, 's dutt zu
weh,
Den Aarm zu setze so."—
"Bei demmet!" secht der Marti
druff,
"So ebbes gebt's net do."—
"All right!" hot noh der Dokter
gsaat,
"Do leg dich uff die Launsch,
's geht net so easy wie du
meensecht,
Wie's falle vun re Gaunsch."

Der Dokter dreht em noh der
Aarm
So paarmol in die Heeh,
Noh macht der Marti 'n Madder-
grisch:
"Ouch! Dokter, sell dutt weh."—
"Ya, Marti, hawwich dir's net
gsaat,"
Secht noh der Dokter zum:
"Mer legt dich schlofe noh iss glei
Die Wattschaft um un rum."

Noh haeppent's ass der Charlie
Tidd
Am Kreizweg driwwe schteht;
Der Dokter ruft en bei fer Hilf,
Wann 's ebbes gewwe daet.
Nau zqische 'm Charl un Marti
datt
Hot Lieb ken Premium grickt;
's waar 'n Lieb so zwische Biss-
nissleit,
Vergunnisch un verrickt.

Der Marti waar dem Charlie Feind
Wie'n Schofbock uff em Feld;
Er watscht sei chance, bezaahlt en
ab,
Wie'n Bock dutt unne Geld.
So Schulde regt die law net aa
Un oft ken Kaerrichebeicht;
Intresse warre gfoddert do,
Un driwwe aa verleicht.

Der Dokter macht en gsoffe noh
So darch die Naas un's Maul;
Des Chloriform schafft langsam,
schein's,
Wie'n Fitz beim faule Gaul.
Der Charlie schteht so newe draa
Fer helfe was er kann,
Un reecht em Dokter, wie er's
brauch,
Die Boddel dann un wann.

Der Marti, schlauer alter Fuchs!
Ziegt's Bee so langsam nuff—
Er hot sei groosse Schtiwwel aa
Mit Neggel unne druff:
Uf eemol gebt er 'm Charl en Kick
Graad datt zum Wambe nei;
Er fliegt datt uff en Haufe hie
Un flucht eens owwer drei.

Der Meiky schteht datt hinne draa
Un guckt dem Ding so zu.
Wie's abgeht fliegt der Charlie
graad
Datt uff den kleene Bu.
Es reisst en datt im Kringel rum
Un iwwer Hals un Kopp.
Er rollt datt unnich Bank un Disch
Graad uff der schwaze "Pupp."

Der Hund iss unnerm Disch datt
raus,
Ass wann er gschosse waer,
Un ab, geyohlt, zum Loch darch
naus
Graad noch der Kellerdeer.
's iss schneller ghaeppent wie ver-
zeehlt—
's waar 'n Schuss, en Knall un
Schmok;
's hot kens nix gsaat, 's waar net
viel Zeit,
Mit Chloriform, fer 'n joke.

Der Dokter hot em Marti noh
En gudi dose eigschenkt;
Er hot net lang an Neid un Schpelt
Un Deiwelschtreech gedenkt.
Der Charlie helft em Dokter noh
Un ziegt an sellem Aarm;
Er hot net viel Barmhazichkeit
Gewisse noch em Schtarm.

's waar glei verbei mit sellem
Aarm,
Er waar am alde Platz,
Wie unnerm Disch oft nausge-
yaagt,
Der Rover un die Katz.
Der Dokter froogt der Charlie als,
Wann er 'n so aryets sehnt:
"Was hot der Marti sellemols
Mit sellem Kick gemeent?"

Der Charlie lacht als, wann er 'n
froogt,
Un meent 's waer Gschpass ge-
west,
Wann's yuscht uff so me Chaplin
film
Fer 's show waer uffgedresst;
Er gengt bei Golly alle Woch
Fer's sehne eemol hie,
Un wann's aa 'n Vaddel koschte
deet,
's waer 's waut, die Marti-
Schprie.

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

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Editorials

State to Tackle Water Issue

The sumpathy of this entire community with the plight of some three hundred property property owners and residents in the Saucon Valley, where virtually all wells have dried or promised to go dry, is voiced and given concrete form in a bill which has been introduced in the House of Representatives in Harrisburg by our legislators, Mrs. Marian E. Markley and William Steckel.

Admittedly it is a difficult problem which our legislators have attacked. But it is to be believed that in its preparation Mrs. Markley and Mr. Steckel have had the advice of high legal authorities.

Certainly it is to be hoped that something concrete will evolve in this issue which now is entering its second year of perplexities, inconvenience and loss for hundreds of people in the area affected by pumping operations at the zinc mine in Friedensville.

The zinc company itself has not given up hope that by engineering methods the problem can be solved. Untold sums were spent on plans to prevent drainage of the area before the other large and costly operations were even begun. Hope and expectation continue that the great underground rivers and pools can be dammed and the waters kept under control. The company is just as eager to reduce its problems of pumping water from great depths as residents of that area are that their wells shall flow freely and fully once more. The problem is costly and bothersome to all the parties concerned. Desire that it be solved is unanimous.

Nationalists Slap Reds

For years the policy of the western world toward Communist China has been conciliatory, even encouraging, on the theory that China's brand of Communist poison was not so dangerous as Russia's. Our peace-loving propensities also prompted us to any steps which would not "get the Chinese mad," as this idea is expressed in the common parlance.

There is one group which it seems does not care a rap about Red Chinese feelings and capacity for anger and revenge. These are the Nationalist Chinese who, according to their own unconfirmed reports, yesterday upset some extensive plans by their enemies to invade coastal islands — the preliminary it is to be assumed for a promised invasion of Formosa.

According to the Nationalists they sank a considerable fleet of naval ships and transports together with several thousand troops. So if the Chinese are as calm and peaceful and indifferent as some would have us believe, then here is the action that might and should "get them mad."

Of course it is exceedingly naive on the part of any one to expect the Red Chinese to "pull" any of their punches if they have the power to deliver blows. They want Formosa, altho that island has been out of their control for almost sixty years, having been ceded together with the Pescadores to Japan in 1895 at the close of the Sino-Japanese war. Chinese leaders have expressed their determination to take Formosa. In order that they may not lose face, the Chinese Reds can be expected to continue their plans for the taking of that big island. Nothing that anybody can do will get them any madder than they already are and have been. Nor are they likely to look reasonably upon Mr. Dulles' kindly hints in his speech on Wednesday night that if they keep their minds and hands off Formosa and the Pescadores, it may not be too difficult to arrange that they get Quemoy and Matsu without firing a shot or losing a man.

The Chinese Nationalists, if their stories be true, have given the Reds something to think about. This is that the conquest of Formosa will not be a tea party. No matter how mad the Reds are, the Nationalists give the opinion that they are not going to cry to conciliate them. If they go down, the Nationalists seem to be ready to go down fighting.

Five-Year Mystery Unfolds

The five-year mystery in the false arrest of Hermann Field, a former resident of Cleveland, Ohio, and his incarceration in a Polish prison gives promise of being cleared up now that Field has arrived in London.

While Field was released by the Poles four months ago, he went into virtual hiding in Switzerland, presumably because of ill health caused by imprisonment in a cellar in Poland.

The astonishing thing about Field's story, as unfolded up to this time, is that the Poles — stooges of Soviet Russia, — gave him a clean bill of health, admitting that he had been falsely arrested and imprisoned. According to Field, they also paid $1,500 to cover the costs of his care during convalescence in Switzerland and gave him $50,000 to indemnify him for his false imprisonment.

Now Field and his English wife and young sons plan an early visit to his native land. Perhaps more can be learned about this high-handed act by the Warsaw government back in 1949 against an American citizen.

All thru the years the Department of State sought to effect Field's release. It all was like trying to budge a stone wall. Now it would seem that all is well that end's well. America will be glad to welcome one of its heroes in the cold war, the man who appears to have been an innocent victim of just about all the tyrannies that totalitarian government can inflict upon a man.

Religion on Up-Grade

"Religion in the United States is enjoying the most robust health it has ever known," states Clarence W. Hall, in a March Reader's Digest article condensed from McCall's. Let us pray that this is not an overstatement.

In support of this conclusion, Mr. Hall points to the sharp increase in church membership and in church buildings. Church membership has rocketed from 50 million in 1929 to more than 95 million today — a gain of 90 per cent, while the population was increasing only 31.4 per cent. During the same period 58,000 more places of worship were built, bringing the total to 295,000 churches and synagogues.

The author, who is executive editor of the Christian Herald, holds that the kind of churches being built and the uses to which they are put are more important than the quantity. "The unmistakable move is away from the old forms and styles, toward the contemporary — an amazing trend for churches, often considered the last bulwark of conventionalism," he says.

These modern churches are increasingly functioning as community centers, Hall writes. "With their doors open seven days a week, they hum with activity in men's brotherhoods and women's guilds; there are junior and senior choirs, Boy and Girl Scout troops, leadership training classes for adults — to say nothing of kitchens, gymnasiums, workshops and game rooms."

"Whatever the cause of the present revival, it has delivered into the churches of all faiths great legions of new seekers and searchers, and is delivering more daily," Hall concludes. "These new millions, with their fresh and imaginative approach, constitute the greatest challenge to organized religion — and the greatest opportunity — in all of American history." May the challenge by boldly and effectively answered!

Attack on Bern Legation

A dramatic episode has come to an end in the Romanian legation at Bern, Switzerland. A group of Romanian anti-Communists burst into this diplomatic outpost of their Soviet-ruled homeland, killed the legation's chauffeur, drove out the other occupants, and barricaded themselves in the building. After forty-two hours they surrendered to police and now face trial in Switzerland for the act.

Their announced purpose was to compel the Romanian government to set free five anti-Communist political prisoners. They have not succeeded in this objective, but they have reminded the world of the plight of their native land, which is among the countries of Europe that have fallen under the Communist heel. In a typical Communist reaction, the Bucharest government immediately described the anti-Communist raiders as "American hirelings and denounced traditionally neutral Switzerland for not apprehending them swiftly enough. The Swiss, while expressing regret for the occurrence, have found it necessary to point out the "unseemly tone" and "unjust accusation" of the notes from Bucharest.

The Swiss have courageously rejected the Romanian demand that the legation raiders be returned to Bucharest, where they undoubtedly would face immediate death. Instead, their case will be dealt with in Swiss courts according to Western ideals of justice. One need not condone violence of this type in order to see in it a new example of the desperation to which Communism can drive those who have suffered under it. Whatever the outcome of this tragic incident, it adds a grim footnote to the history of Communism in our times. N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Stop to Think of It—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Most of the emphasis in the news nowadays is on the Far East, so it is natural that the discussion on Wednesday night by Secretary of State Dulles about the islands off the coast of China received primary attention, but the fact is there was something far more sensational to be read between the lines of the same address. It was the subtle yet deliberate approach to the people of Soviet Russia over the head of the existing government.

In times like these, speeches by the Secretary of State are not casual affairs. They have their genesis in memoranda prepared after many hours of consultation by planning staffs and specialists in particular fields of international affairs. So what Mr. Dulles said to the people of Soviet Russia — for his speech was widely broadcast throughout the world — is especially significant because of its deliberateness.

He declared with respect to the recent repudiation of Malenkov as Premier:

"Undoubtedly what we see is in part an elemental, personal struggle for power. But also one can perceive the outlines of a basic policy difference. There must, in Russia, be those who are primarily concerned with the welfare, the security and the greatness of the Soviet Union and its people. But there are others who would have the Soviet Union and its power serve primarily as a tool of international communism and as a means of achieving its worldwide ambitions. These two ends, the one symbolized by the state and the other by the (Communist) party, do not always coincide.

"To us, the party and the state in Russia usually seem indistinguishable, because many individuals serve in dual capacities. But Lenin and Stalin constantly emphasized the distinction between the two. 'The party,' said Stalin, 'is not and cannot be identified with the state power.'

"We also should keep that distinction in mind. The time may come — and I believe that it will come — when Russians of stature will patriotically put first their national security and the welfare of their own people. They will be unwilling to have that security and that welfare subordinated to the worldwide ambitions of international communism. If their point of view should prevail, then, indeed, there could be a basis for worthwhile negotiation and practical agreements between the United States and the new Russia. Then there might be reactivated the historic friendship between our countries and our peoples."

The foregoing paragraphs constitute a masterpiece of diplomatic expression and could have a tremendous influence on the course of world affairs if they are given the emphasis abroad that they deserve.

For it will be noted that Mr. Dulles plainly calls for a reawakening of Russian patriotism, a return to the spirit of national pride which enabled the government of Moscow in past generations to play a vital role in the maintenance of the peace of Europe.

The distinction is clear — the Communist party is not satisfied to confine its ideology to Soviet Russia but must carry on a "cold war" and engage in tactics of infiltration to undermine all the other governments of the world in what has become known as Communist imperialism. But there are men — Mr. Dulles calls them "Russians of stature" — who will "patriotically put first their national security and the welfare of their people."

Who are the men to emerge as leaders in that movement? Mr. Dulles mentions no names, but one wonders if he wasn't thinking of a group which is typified by Marshal Zhukov, who, like other military men, fought solely to defend Russia and who now look askance at meddling beyond Russia's own borders in a worldwide conspiracy that can only lead to eventual war.

What Secretary Dulles is calling for is the rise of a government in what he terms "the new Russia." This, he says, would bring a "basis for worthwhile negotiation and practical agreements between the United States and the new Russia."

This is a better formula than "coexistence," because it does not assume a continued domination of the satellite states nor the continued oppression of the masses in Soviet Russia with armament burdens. It implies also the establishment some day of a free government in Moscow, or at least one that is not ruled by a dominant political party which is so tied into the government as to commit it to worldwide imperialism aimed at the conquest of other peoples.

The speech by Mr. Dulles lays down a platform of idealism which ought to have the enthusiastic support of our allies and bring great encouragement to the people behind the Iron Curtain.

(Copyright, 1955)

Public Opinion

Home Owner Protests a Park & Shop Act

To the Editor —

I have read and analyzed your fine editorial concerning Parking - The Citys' Concern.

Park and Shop's main objective has been met-finding parking space for shoppers who come to our progressive business district, but Park and Shop Inc. may not have a "one track mind."

In bringing about this admirable removal of parking congestion, it has also created unfavorable conditions.

Park and Shop Inc. has just demolished the property adjoining my dearly loved home.

It has left me (the innocent victim of circumstances beyond my control) with an unsightly tattered old patchwork quilt wall.

Park and Shop Inc. will not assume any responsibility for this defacement, (claiming it is my wall) but will generously cover this eye-sore with another eyesore, namely, billboards!

Do you see ugly billboards on any of the merchants' stores or on Call - Chronicle buildings, defacing and depreciating their property?

Must a profit be made thru the rental of billboards, ignoring the aesthetic values, and blighting the very area it is trying to preserve?

They have run roughshod over too many small home owners, like myself, creating unsightly bombed out areas, with no regard for the very shopping district they are striving to maintain.

Where is Park and Shop's sense of justice and fair-play, in doing unto others as they would have others do unto them?

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Minnich
115 So. 7th St.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ALTA SHWOVA G'SHICHTA: Doh sin etlicha g'shichta os m'r doh kartzlich k'hoert hen fon da Shwova — sellie leit woh fon Shwovaland kumma sin, un ol rum g'sholda worra, fer dum sei.

TZWAE MOHL FERSOFFA: Im airshda blotz worra die Showva so fernotter'd iwwer gakochda bohna, un sin shier fon sich kumma wie sie om sae uff nuf galoffa sin, un hen 'n tzwae bushel sock bohna sehna nava om waig leia.

Nadierlich hen sie die bohna haisa mit gae, ow'r ken kessel kot fer sie kocha. Endlich hut ainer nous uf der sae gaguck'd, un g'sehna wies wosser sich tzu shaum gadray'd hut wies iwwer die shtae rei kumma is. Die "dumma" Shwova hen gamaint der sae wear so hase os es wosser kocha dade, un ous gamocht fer ihrra bohna in der sae lara, uns sae wosser die bohna kocha lossa.

Wie die bohna weil im wosser worra, is ainer fon na tzum wosser nei gadiffa, un hut sich ummechdich g'shlofa wie er der kup uf 'n shtae garent hut. Wie er net grawd tzurick rous kumma is, hen die onnerra Shwova gamaint er wear drunna im wosser om bohna essa, sin aw tzum wosser nei, un ol sin fersoffa.

Nohn hen m'r doh kartzlich aw noch 'n onnerrie g'shicht k'hoert ferwos die Shwova so rohr sei solla—selar fertzailer hut 'n gons onnerrie uhr soch kot—ow'r doh aw widder sin sie fersoffa.

Die sawg is, die Shwova hetta mohl ous gamocht fer 'n brunna grawwa, un weara noch fiela diefer nunner wie sie nagshd on Friedensville runna sin fer zinc grawwa.

Wie der brunna fartich wor, hen sie net recht aenich ebber kenna wie dief os er wear, dale hen g'sawt finf hunnerd foos, un onnerra worra shure der brunna wear ocht hunnerd foos dief. Der beshd waig fer 'n messa hen sie gamaint wear, fer der graish'd un shtarricksh'd Shwobe halt nemma on da wartzla fon ma grossa aicha baum nav^ om brunna, un die bae der brunna nunner kanka lossa. Noh sot der nagshd shtarrick sich sel'm on de fees hanka, un so aw nunner, bis der aller ledshd shwobe budda raicha dade mit da fees—sel gaduh kaimta sie rous un dada sich in der shwom laiga, un kenta leicht ous finna wie dief os der brunna wear.

Allas is gute gonga so wie unser fertzailer uns net long tzurick fertzailt hut hinnich 'm Bloe Barrick, bis sie shier gore drunna uf 'm budda worra. Noh hut der ewwershd da onnerra gagrisha sie sotta gute halt aw greifa, sei handa dada so drucka fiela, er wot in die hand shpoutza. Sel g'sawt, un gae galust wor ains, un ol die Shwova sin nunner in der brunna g'failа un fersoffa — die uhrsoch selra g'shicht noh, ferwos es heit tzu dawg so wenich Shwova hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S biskotza grout is die sawg wear om bleea in da shwam—'n baweiss os es free yohr nimmy tzu arrick weit ob sei kon.

Today's Text

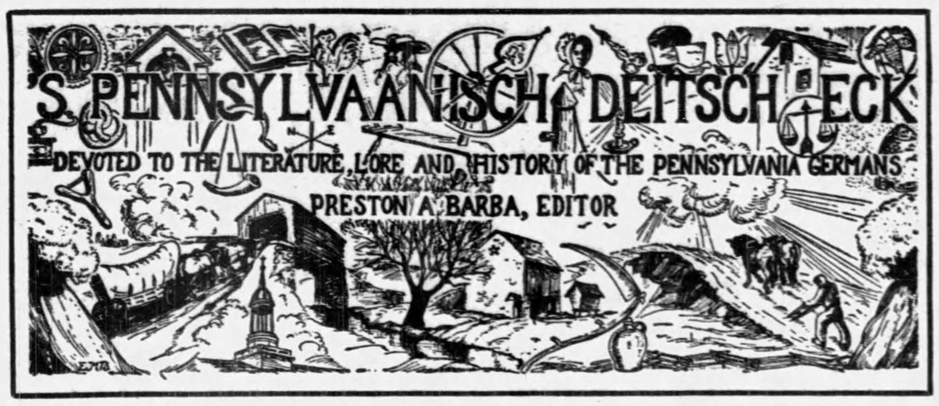
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 17:2

Let us have an interesting 'word study' this morning and for several days, hoping to learn one method of Bible study which can show us how helpful and interesting the study of a single word of the Bible can be, for naturally the Word of God consists of words. A reference to the Greek text will be necessary, and I sincerely wish that all my readers could read the New Testament in the language in which it was written. The 'proverbial expression' so often heard, 'That's all Greek to me,' has done much harm! To encourage as many people as possible along this line, remember that Cato, the great Roman, is said to have begun the study of Greek at 80 years of age. Well, enough of that. Both Matthew and Mark tell us that Jesus was 'transfigured' before them. In Greek they wrote that He was 'metamorphosed' before them (that is, the disciples), a verb which reminds us of a related noun, metamorphosis, and of a related adjective, metamorphic the latter used most frequently by geologists (metamorphic rocks, for example), the former by biologists, when speaking of the process by which a caterpillar in time will become a butterfly. Literally, the word means 'a change of form.' Luke says: 'The fashion of His countenance was altered,' 9:29, instead of transfigured.

Horoscope

Guard particularly against sudden changes. You may notice that the child born today is restless and excitable, needing a careful upbringing for success.



SNYDER COUNTY'S EDWIN CHARLES

by HEINZ KLOSS

DID you ever stop to wonder why comparatively few Pennsylvania German authors hailed from counties west of the Susquehanna? Of course Harbaugh and Fisher, the great beginners, came from western counties, and so did Harter whose dialect book **Boonastiel** went through four editions, a success paralleled only by Harbaugh and Horne. But by and large the position of the Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch language seems always to have been somewhat weaker in the mountainous sections on the other side of the river. Why is it, that up to let us say World War I only single localities, or at most, townships, were lost to the **Mudderschprooch** on the eastern fringe of the Dutch speech island, in Bucks or in Carbon, in Lancaster or in Schuylkill, while in the west whole counties were silently drowned in the English flood — Perry, Cumberland, Franklin, Bedford and others?

The last question was a rhetorical one. There are several answers to it — as to most knotty problems — and I suppose I know some of them. But be that as it may, the fact remains that the trans-Susquehanna counties as a whole contributed less to dialect literature than their cis-Susquehanna fellow counties.

The fact that he was a true-born Snyder County man is one of the reasons why Edwin Charles has a claim to our attention. But it is certainly not the only one. He not only wrote in the dialect, but he could write in it, and that's something different.

Who was Edwin Charles? He was born at Port Trevorton, Union Township, Snyder County on September 28, 1870. His ancestry was three-fourths German and one-fourth Scotch-Irish, but his Scotch-Irish grandfather spoke no English, only Pennsylvania Dutch. For 25 years Edwin Charles taught in the public schools of Snyder County, and from 1909 to 1922 he served his home county as registrar and recorder. For short intervals he was first in the ice-cream and later in the hardware business. In the Eighties he had worked on the Pennsylvania Canal as a boatman, and from 1900 to 1933 he was Secretary-Treasurer of the Ex-Canal Boatmen's Association. In 1926 he became a printer, and from August, 1928, until his death on June 7, 1933, he was co-proprietor and editor of the "Middleburg Post," in which, under the pen-name of "Unkel Yarrick," he can a column in the Pennsylvania German from August 2, 1928 until his death. More facts about his life will be found in my history of the dialect literature (1931, p. 265), and in the "Pennsylvania Dutchman," (No. 7, Nov., 1952). In the latter some of the dates differ slightly from those which Edwin Charles himself gave me when I saw him in 1931).

The "Dutchman's" pronouncement, that the dialect letters of Edwin Charles were "very closely patterned after Thomas Harter's dialect letters" seems to me an over - simplification. When did **Boonastiel** create a folk-myth around a modern invention as Unkel Yarrick did around electricity? The following appeared in the "Middleburg Post" for Nov. 27, 1930 (the original spelling has been retained):

Der Aleck Drisity Eig'shpond

Yaw, de alda tseida sin fert. Mer hen en willicha shlawf, un mer dravala schnell.

Fer alders hen de leit sich g'blogt we net g'sheid, un hen g'mand se misda olles selver fun hon du. Un se hen es aw g'du fer milyona fun yohra.

Un yetsd darrich ol de longa tseida wor en res (giant) gadeer im himmel rum g'rawsd, un g'blitsd un g'dunerd, un hut ebmols uf de erd g'drada, de bame ferissa, hiser un shira aw-g'shteckd un mensha dod g'shlawga. Des gadeer hut wedderlacht g'hasa.

Ow'r amol ay dawg wor en long-keppich boovly g'bora in Boston. Der hen se Benjamin Franklin g'dauft. Des beevly iss uff-gewoxa un iss ins hondwarrick mit sei bruder. De boova sin mit nonner ousg'folla iver em safe-kucha, un der Ben iss darrich gonga un iss noch Fildelfy kumma. Now er wor ken dumkup. Na, er wor net, fer er hut billich en bushel un en holps harn g'hot. Es arshda dings dos er g'du hut in Fildelfy wor des: Er hut drei labe brod gessa. Es shamadel hut ivver en g'locht, un er iss rum g'drad un hut se g'hierd. Se wor en becker's duchter. Noch selm hut er en druckerei g'shtart, un hut en kalennar g'mocht, un en feiar kumbany in der gong g'brucht. Un derno en duckter shule, un hut en uffa g'mocht fun eisa un derno en bicher shtub, wu de leit he sin fer lasa un larning greega, un er hot der decklarashun fun freiheit unnershtitsd. Yaw, er wor shmard.

Amol ay dawg hut er in sinera deer g'huckd om shmoka, un es iss en gwittera shtarm uff kuma, un es wedderlach wor uff-reerish. Der Ben hut tsu sich selver g'denkd: Sel iss en shtarrig wasa. Won mer sel fonga kend un es eishponna mer kend de weld rum draya mit una de kom-retter shmeera. Now, won der Ben en idee in sinera denk shawl grickd hut, hut er se bletslich on de arwet g'du. So, iss er nous un hut en luft-fugel fleega lussa feshd on en longa bendle. Es wedderlach iss om bendle runner kuma fer em mon noch, ow'r der mon wor g'sheid un hut es ob-g'drad mit en shlissel. Der Ben hut de gnechel ivver der shlissel g'tusga un es wedderlach hut g'blitsd. Bei mit dem dings shpela hut er es wedderlach fela soch du mocha. So wie uf en drod donsa un feiar funga blitsa. Der Frank-lin hut ous-g'funna we er des dings rum feera kon. Derno hut er g'witter-rooda g'mochd un hut se uf de karricha turm (steeples) g'du, so won es wedderlach base wart dos es net de grishda ol dode shlockd in era sinda. Er hut fel g'larnd fun dem wedderlach un hut em der nawma geva, Aleck Drisity.

Wu der Franklin fert iss, hut er der shlissel tsum wisenshoft fun em Aleck Drisity nivver geva tsu onera g'sheida chaps. Ains fun denna karls wor der Sam Morse. Der Sam hut der Aleck g'draind neichkada shnell darrich en drod shlafa. Sel wor wunnerbor. Es hut der Washington about feer monad g'numma fer wart fun Virginny nuf nemma tsu Erie. Ow'r der Aleck Drisity hut es fela wider g'numa fer der Morse in tswa segunda. Un now mit wennich besser gshar un draining un bekonda waega, dut er now de budshofta fun en hunert milyona mensha anich aryets in de welt he nemma in por minuta.

Onera nochkumer hen mit em Aleck Drisity g'shpeld, un mit de tseid iss en mon bei kuma dos Tom Edison hasd. Er hut der shlissel der rechd waeg g'drade un er un der Aleck sin nonner gud bekond wara. Der Aleck iss ebmols weed-ich wara, ow'r der Tom hut sei nadur fershtona un hut g'wisd grawd we en tsu handla. Er hut en net sana kenna yushd won der Aleck base iss wara un hut g'blitsd. Des blitsa hut der Tom wunnerfitsich g'mocht un er hut g'frogd, "We dusht du sella helling mocha?" Der Aleck Drisity hut g'sawt, "Des wil Ich der sawga, un wil fela socha du fer dich, won du mer fulga dusht. Ow'r du mushd mich net awraga, shunshd shlawg Ich dich bletslich dod os we en g'solsna magerel." Der Tom hut fershprucha un der Aleck hut g'sawt, "Wos sul Ich du fer dich?" Der Edison hut g'ondwart: "De wiver fun de welt wora long im shmuts mit inshlich lichter mocha, un now sin se net fela besser ob mit koleale shmok butsa." — "Well," sawgt der Aleck, "Ich hop blendy helling, sel konshd du duch sana won Ich un der Dunner uf en shpree gana, un housa rum un ferisa socha olles tsum dihenker. Ich gleich dich un won du mer es rechd g'shar mochsht, don wil Ich brauf sei un licht mocha fer de Bevvy un de Kass un de onera weiver."

Der Tom iss on de arwet do on Sonberry, un hut es recht mos grickd fun em Aleck Drisity. Derno hut er en grup kumet un gshar g'mocht un es wedderlach iss nei 'gshlupd un hut g'shnart un g'kickd bis de funga g'fluga sin iveral rum, un endlich hut er de dunkel nocht in de awigkeid g'shlawga. Sonber-ry iss wocker wara un iss on de arwet, se hen g'mand es war dawg.

Des hut der Tom un der Aleck g'lecherd un se hen en pardnership g'mochd, un so fela helling um de welt rum g'shickd, dos fela leit mana mer kenda du unnich de sun un der moond un de shtarna. Onera sin derno in der shop kuma un hen g'hulfa. Dale sin forwitsich wara un es wedderlach hut se bletslich dod g'shlawga. De onera wora ochtsum un der Aleck, hut fun de guda bekonda g'sawt se machda en awraga, won se net tsu grup wara, won se glawsna udder gumma henshing aw dada.

Well, de shofmon un der Drisity hen net yushd lichter g'mochd, ow'r aw onera socha, bis heit dun mer kucha, un hitsa, un wesha, un bigla, un kara un koffy maula, un grosa mushena, un rigelwaeg kars, un meela tseega un grosa shiff im sae driva.

Yaw, des wedderlach, wos mer Aleck Drisity hasa, iss arrick kommodadich. Wy gewiss, won mer shlechta leit hut, un dunse eilawda fer in en bardicha shtule hucka ruga, dut der Aleck se shnel in de awig ru shicka.

Er dut so fela socha fer de mensha dos mer bol ol foulenser sin, un wella gor nix mae du, yushd fer de gons nocht sich blessera mit em Aleck sinera lichter, un derno darrich der dunkel dawg shlofa. Es daed node mer het lecktric darrick fer uns ous em bet hava moryets. Unser eldera hen ols nochts g'shlofa, un wora dawgs wocker, ow'r des wedderlacht hut de welt rum g'drad fer uns.

Der Edison iss ols nuch om shofa mit onera brentis. Ains fun denna hut der Aleck g'frogt: "Konshd du moosick shpela?" — "Yaw, Ich kon anicha argel shpela won der mich net saend." So iss der hex draw un hut en koshda g'mochd un hut es radio g'nawmd. Der Aleck Drisity hut sich nei fershteckeld, un won mer en kitsld dut er anich inshtrumend shpela.

Ebmols wart er es ladich, derno housd er un gnart in de box rum, we won der divel en huchtsich pardy im gong het. Se hasa de tsuft "Extatick," udder ebbes so.

Der Aleck Drisity iss fro de menshd tseid fer shoffa un shpela un er dut noch fela socha fer uns won mer en besser bekond sin un duna en fulga.

The above specimen, it seems to me is rather unlike Boonastiel. It has an unmistakable ring of its own — or rather of Edwin Charles.

Whether the dialect writings of Edwin Charles would warrant a printed volume of their own, I do not know. But if it ever comes to the long-needed anthology of Pennsylvania German prose including specimens (uniformly spelled, to be sure) from all the better prose-writers, then Edwin Charles ought to be included, and that in his own right and not merely because as a Snyder Countian he helped to represent the country west of the Susquehanna.

KASCHEBAAM WAAHRHEIT

Lang zerick in der alde Zeit
Ver em Revolushon Grieg,
Heere mer vun Grookepp-Leit
Dass es iss nix im Gelieg.

Es waar drunne in Virginny
An em Rappahanny Rewwer,
Wu die gleene pickaninny
Hen geyohlt fer Mosch un Lewwer.

Hot gewuhnt en schtandhaft Bauer,
Der hot gheesse Washingdon,
Hot ghatt en yunger Suh, awwer
Der voll mischief dann un wann.

Aa yetzt en gudi Mudder
Hot der gnitz glee Yarrick ghatt;
Hot en gfiedert Brod un Budder,
Boi un Kuche, dick un satt.

Noch Middaag in siesse Draam
Schockelt sie datt uff der porch;
Erblickt sie noh der Kaschebaam,
Graad gerufe: "Kumm haer, Tschortsch!

"Rotkasche sin so siess un marreb,
Des iss yetzt der lieblich Moi;
Geh un ropp mer voll der Karreb,
Dernoh mach ich dir en Kascheboi."—

"Farriwell, mei liewi Mammi,
Des duh ich so hazegaern;
Grick der Karreb, Neger Tommy,
Noh geh mit mer in die Aern."—

Mudder geht nei in die Kammer
Un legt sich hie fer schlofe;
Awwer Buwe, Haerriyammer!
Gehne fatt die Kasche schtrofe.

Kaschebaam waar glatt un hoch,
Un die Ropper unne Leeder;
Nuff zu schinne Kasche nooch,
Waar gans hatt uff weisse Gleeder.

"Geh du nei in es Holshaus,"
Schpricht der Yarrick zu em Tommy,
"Hol mer sell nei hatchet raus,
Awwer weck yo net die Mammi."—

Alsball iss er widder kumme
Mit em hatchet in der Hand;
Der Tschortsch hot es Gscharr genumme—
Was iss ghaeppent, iss bekannt.

Es Obscht waar nau gans schnell geroppt,
Verschmiert die Hend un Meiler;
Die Yunge waare voll geschtoppt,
So rund wie Schtiemboot-Beiler.

Oweds kummt der Daadi heem,
Sehnt der Baam datt leie;
Eens vun seine beschde Beem,
Des fangt ihn aa zu reie.

"Ich wunner was hot des geduh,
Weesscht du, mei gleener Yarrick?
Ich denk du waarscht en schlechter Bu—
Es iss gewiss zu arrig."

Schpricht der Bu zum alde Mann:
"Die Waahrheit muss ich saagge;
Du weesscht dass ich net liegge kann,
Es weist mer in de Aagge."

"Ich hab es Beemli umgemacht
Mit dem gleene hatchet."—
Der English Tommy hot gelacht:
"Hie, hie hie! he'll catch it!"

"Yarrick, was bin ich so froh!
Was machscht du mich so herrlich!
Der Baam iss nix, mei liewer Bu,
So lang dass du bischt ehrlich!"

—Der Onkel Yarrick

See Snyder County's Edwin Charles by Heinz Kloss elsewhere in this issue of the Eck.

DER KREIZWEEG SCHTOR

Waarscht du im Land vleicht uffgebrocht,
Dann weesscht vum Kreizweeg Schtor;

Wie vun der ganse Nochberschaft,
Ass des der center waar.

Die Bauer wollen wie gebraucht
Ihr Zucker, Mehl un Sals;
Un schwappen aus was iwwerich iss
Vun Oier, Butter, Schmals.

Finnscht net yuscht Lewesmittel do,
Awwer alle Sadde Gscharr;
Reche, Phosphate, Binder-twine,
Eel Darrbedien un Darr.

Muslin, Schpelle, Neetz un Knepp,
Macht nix aus wie's heesst;
Hab die mail schier gaar vergesse,
Wu der Poschtmeeschder lest.

Nei-ichkeet um die Nochberschaft
Iss do am Schtor verzeehlt;
Vun des un sell iss wennich gschwetzt—
Es geht net viel verfehlt.

Mannsleit uff en Winter Owed
Kummen beigeloffe;
Langen oft ins kracker barl,
Schpautzen wedder der Offe.

Vun politics watt dischbediert,
Vun yeders seine Geil;
Vun Obscht zu blanse, wie un was,
Un Weibsleit ihre Schteil.

Do sin die Leit ihr eegge selbscht,
Wie'd sie gleischscht zu finne;
Ken Hochmut un Abweises rum
Fer dei Gunscht gewinne.

Sie meenen, was sie saaggen do,
Saaggen was sie denken;
Ken Zweiwel, schtatts Uffrichtichkeit,
Sehnscht du do rum henke.

Denk an der Kreizweeg Schtor alsmol,
Fer deel Zeit verdreiwe;
Es bringt dei alte Daagge grick—
Deeten sie yuscht bleiwe!

In June 1933—RALPH S. FUNK

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
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PERCY B. RUHE, Editor.

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Editorials

Beware Charity "Rackets"

Because of the generosity of the American People and their disposition not to let their right hand know what their left hand is doing and to close their eyes as to the results achieved from their largesse, their splendid spirit often is abused and the fruits of that spirit are misused.

Two sharply contrasting phases of American philanthropy and the treatment accorded it by its administrators has been supplied in two recent developments in the field of Americans' concern for the unfortunate and the persecuted.

The first story is that of CARE, the great organization which was set up to encourage the preparation and shipment of useful packages of foods to millions of needy people throughout the world. Americans, who did not have the time to buy and pack foods and mail them, welcomed the opportunity to lay down a flat sum of money and be assured that a highly practical package of food would be delivered to some needy person and that results such as he could not possibly achieve would be attained.

CARE in recent days announced that, as of April 8, it will no longer accept money for and deliver CARE packages to Great Britain, France, Belgium, Austria, Norway, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and West Germany. The reason given is that economic conditions have improved in those countries to the extent that Americans no longer need consider it their duty to send help to people in those countries. So, unless disasters occur, no more charity of this type is going to be handed out in those countries. However, food and textile packages and so - called "self help" supplies will continue to be shipped to Italy, Greece, Finland, Yugoslavia and West Berlin. Economic conditions there have not approached the same stage where it is felt a discontinuance of the gifts is now in order.

This action by CARE will be applauded by the American people. It will serve to increase the great confidence which has been reposed in its work — a work that has brought about the distribution of more than seven million packages to those European countries since 1946 and cost generous Americans almost $85 million.

In other words, CARE was set up to solve a problem. Once the problem has been solved it considers it proper to go out of business in the areas where the problem has been solved. That should be the aim of any and all emergency charitable projects: To exist only for the period of the emergency, and not to become a leech upon the body of American generosity.

By contrast with this position is the state of affairs revealed in an investigation by a committee of New York's legislature into a number of fund-raising agencies in that State. This investigation showed that unconscionable organizers and operators of drives for popular causes took most of the money which the people poured into the campaigns, made no reports and used little, very little of the money for the purposes that prompted the generous giving.

In the case of the defense for the "Trenton Six" — youthful Negroes who it was contended were being railroaded to death for a murder allegedly committed by them", more than $300,000 was raised. Yet less than $6,000 was spent in legal efforts to defend them. It is charged that some of the money was diverted to the defense of the eleven Communists who were convicted in a Federal Court of teaching and advocating violent overthrow of the government. It also was charged that other funds, contributed by the public civil rights and philanthropic purposes, were diverted to Communist causes.

The American public, open - handed and generous to a fault, well may be wary after these exposes of the shameful ends to which their money has been put. But they can take great cheer from the work of such an organization as CARE which does not want to stay in business a day longer than necessary and has made it possible for every dollar of charity to go the limit in its benefits to the recipients.

Thus in both positive and negative ways these two cases emphasize for our people locally the desirability of knowing where their money goes and how it is being spent. These cases emphasize the desireability of being most generous to our local institutions whose work is right here for any and all to see.

When you give to the Community Chest, or to those other local enterprises not associated with the Chest, it is your opportunity to see the work that they are doing and determine whether it is worth while. It is your privilege to see their books and know whether the work is worthy of its cost.

There is a sound economic adage to the effect that we should patronize our home-town business folks. It is just as sound to patronize our local charities and welfare enterprises to the fullest extent possible for us.

That $20 Tax Reduction

In one of the shrewdest and best - timed political moves in a generation, the House of Representatives has voted a $20 income tax reduction for every taxpayer and for each and every one of his dependents effective next year. The reduction, it is estimated, will cost the debt-ridden Government fully $2,000,000,000.

An election year is right ahead of us and $20 per head is a figure considerably higher than the ward - heelers in the best organized areas ever though of paying to get out the vote and have it vote "right."

There almost certainly would be widespread condemnation of the idea of letting the nation sink deeper into the quagmire of public debt, now close to $300,000,000,000, if it were not for the fact that almost simultaneously Congress voted itself an increase of $8750 per member, per year.

Beside an annual increase for a congressman of $8750, a mere $20 bill looks inconsequential to the taxpayer altho he may remind himself that while there are only 531 members of Congress there are upwards of a hundred million in his unofficial status.

There will be an argument for the $2 billion refund, in effect, in that this money will be poured into the channels of trade instead of into the bottomless pit which is the Federal government. But if that argument is to be pressed to its logical limit then the ideal development will be elimination of all taxes and the pouring of all such monies that would be spent in that manner into the general economy instead of into government.

But it is an inescapable fact that taxes, like death, cannot be avoided. The Government, as President Eisenhower has been contending, should operate upon a balanced budget. It cannot do it without taxation. Taxes which are avoided this year and next, deficits this year and next, will have to paid sooner or later. The longer the payment is deferred the more difficult it will be to face the inevitable straitening of our circumstances or go thru another era of destructive and demoralizing inflation.

Horoscope

Let moderation in all things be your watchword throughout the next year, and success will be yours. Today's child may be a tremendously hard worker and very ambitious.

Switch Hitter



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

How many people know what is meant by the expression "a stable dollar"? yet whether America is to have a sound dollar depends upon the number of voters throughout America who understand the meaning of that term.

Hence, when the President of the United States explains it in the simplest language, his words are worth printing in exactly the form in which he uttered them. Paraphrases of condensed dispatches do not always convey the full meaning. And basic education on the importance of the dollar as a unit of purchasing power has been neglected. Only when the dollar begins to buy less and less does the public awaken to the dangers and begin to ask questions as to why the catastrophe has happened.

President's Observation

Mr. Eisenhower explained his concept of the dollar when he was asked at his press conference what he thought of the proposal of the majority of the Democrats in the House of Representatives to give everybody a $20 tax cut. The President did not say that tax cuts couldn't be granted while the budget was unbalanced. Indeed the correction of inequitable tax rates last year led actually to an expansion of business and an increase in the total tax receipts. He did say, however, that a tax cut which ignored sound principles of taxation and resulted in inflation was dangerous to the economy.

"Any proposal to reduce taxes," explained the President, "is, of course, popular, and at first glance this is a kind of proposal that should make an appeal to low income brackets. Let's take a little closer look at this proposal and start off with this observation:

"Whenever you have inflation, the immediate effect is to hurt the people of fixed incomes — white-collar workers and others who for the moment, at least, are on relatively fixed incomes. But, in the long run, the person who is hurt most is the person who lays aside savings in the form of pensions, insurance plans, and savings bonds for use in his older age.

"For example, anybody who paid up all of his share of a pension by as early as 1939 was getting in 1953 half of the worth of the dollars, of the worth of the pension plan he had bought.

"Now, when we talk of decreasing revenues at a time when the government, in spite of every saving we have been able to make, is still spending somewhat more than it takes in, we are reaching some kind of heights in fiscal irresponsibility, and because this does have on the surface a popular or appealing appearance, these people apparently hope it may be passed.

"Now, we inherited in 1953 a budget that contemplated a 9.9 billion deficit in federal financing. By hard work — and I assure you it is hard work when you realize that every bureau of gvernment feels it should have more money — we have reduced that to an expected deficit in 1956 of something less than 2½ billion, or in that neighborhood, as estimated.

Deficit Spending

"Now, (if we increase the deficits) we are going back to deficit spending, the most insidious thing that can happen to a free economy, and particularly in its bad effects upon low income groups. I should like to call your attention to a statement by economists of the American Federation of Labor, which said the year 1954 was the finest overall salary year of their history. In spite of the fact that their salary increases were only 5 to 9 cents — in general insignificant or small as compared to salary increases of the past — their purchasing power, due to the stability of the dollar, their over-all position in the salary angle, was the best of their history.

"In the last two years, the cost of living has varied less than ½ of 1 per cent. From 1939 to 1953, the dollar went from 100 cents to 52 cents. It is that kind of thing that must be stopped if we are to preserve the principles on which this country was established. It is based on a free economy which in turn is based on a stable dollar, which in turn is more important to all low income and fixed income groups than it is to rich people.

"Rich people can buy equities (stocks), can afford to invest in equities, and as the dollar goes down, cheapens, the amount of dollars that they have invested goes up and up. But the fixed income group — the man who is buying an insurance policy or looking forward to living on his pension — is the one that is hurt. We simply cannot have this kind of thing in responsible government."

The President advocated tax revision that is "thoroughly worked out" so as to achieve stability in living costs and the proper distribution of taxes. This was started, he said, with the tax changes last year, and it has resulted in an upswing in business and a return of confidence.

This is the main difference between the policies of the Republican and the Democratic party, and should interest those who sometimes say they can perceive no difference between the two major political parties in America today.

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 5:13

'Hear ye Him,' as He says to His own: 'Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.' In the recent version of the Bible, the first part of this verse reads as follows: 'You are the salt of the earth; but if salt has lost its taste, how shall its saltness be restored?' We cannot fully appreciate the impact of godliness upon the world until we can answer the question as to what the world would be like if it were not for true religion. The answer could be: 'The race would putrefy!' Salt is a preservative, and makes insipid food savory to the taste. To have a 'form' of godliness, but no spiritual power, is salt without savor. To be Christian only in name, but without real power, can perhaps be described in other words, also spoken by Jesus, in Revelation 3:15-18, as neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm. Such, He says, I will spew out of My mouth. Not much hope for such: not rich, as they think, v.17, but wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked. As Christians, we should be filled with the Spirit (Ephesians 5:18).

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The morning after the reunion dinner with his old buddies from overseas, Caswell was definitely inclined to a conciliatory attitude to his wife. "Honest, darling," he assured her, "I have not the slightest memory of how I acquired either the lipstick all over my face or this terrible black eye." "I wouldn't know about the lipstick," she replied sweetly, "but I can tell you that when you staggered home last night you did not have the black eye."

A real gone bopper wandered by grave mischance into a museum of art, stopped short before a display of a full suit of medieval armor. He flipped the visor back and forth a couple of times in a tentative manner, then assured the guard, "You fellows have sure picked a crazy spot to stand a mail box!"

Cow trees that grow in the tropical forests of Venezuela and Brazil yield a white nutritious sap that is almost indistinguishable from true milk. It can be drunk, used in cooking or made into whipped cream.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE MARIE ARDELLA BEIDLER KRATZ UN IHRA RAWN: Sei lebdawg wor ken lebdawg un ooving im Bobby Strausser seim shtore in Macungie, os wie da onner dawg der fol wor, wie die Marie Ardella Beidler Kratz fon da Main shtross, wissa hut wolla wos der "Miracle Whip," rawn wear, woh der Bobby tzu ferkaufa hut. Glawb ferleicht os die Marie wunnerfitzich werra is darrich 'n TV Show woh sie un die Helen Neumeyer net long tzurick g'sehna hen in Nei Yarrick.

Die Marie un die Helen worra dart niver fer 'n dawg odder so, un woh die Marie sich shun fer wocha long dafor fohr g'sehna hut mit postal korta. Die Marie gleich'd net so fiel os wie 'n dawg fon hame gae, mit ous ol ihra freind dahame korta shicka — un sie hut freind wohever os sie onna guck'd. Fer tzeit uf mocha in Nei Yarrick, schreibt sie ol ihra korta dahame ous shun wocha long eb sie gait — sel is die uhrsoch ferwos ol ihra freind korta griega won sie fon hame gait. Allas noh tzu duh is die korta mit noch Nei Yarrick nemma un die darta maila, uns gray'd ken hawna danoh, os sie die korta dahame ready gamocht hut.

Ow'r sel TV show woh sie ei ganumma hen wor ebbes tzu sehna. Sie ken konna rawm kot, un nonner fershpritzt os sie naicher gaguck'd hen wie Grishdbame os wie menscha. Die Marie un die Helen hen sich bol gronk galocht, uns sis leicht tzu fershtae, os die Marie woh fer yohrra in ihr'm Pap John seim shtore g'shoft hut, grossa indressa namme het solla in da sama ort rawn konna, os der Bobby Strausser a hut — un wie sie aw gayus'd hen uf TV.

Bissel wunnerfitzich wie die Marie is nava bei, hut sie der Bobby noh g'frok'd wie in da welt os m'r don so ebbes yusa dade — un aw ferwos os der rawm gute wear. Der Bobby hut noh g'sawt er dade wetta os ihra Jakie 's moul shlecka dade bis on die ohrra, won sie so rawm mit hame nemma dade fer uf gakanda parshing, bindebbel, kucha odder g'frohrner rawm duh — gawainlich gakent ols ice kream.

Die Marie hut noh gamaint sie dade glawwa sie dade 'n kon bovierra, un hut gawunnert wie in da welt os m'r der rawm, odder ewwa "Miracle Whip," rous graich'd. Der Bobby hut ra ous galaig'd 's wear 'n glainer gnub owwa uf da kon woh m'r druf dricka mist — us sel is aw grawd wos die Marie gaduh hut. Sie hut aw net yusht uf der gnub gadrick'd, ow'r der glae grawna grawd noch ihr'm g'sicht garich'd un der rawm is shtraima weiss iwwer sie nei, wie wons' 's aller arrick'shd milich un rawm rayerra dade.

Der Bobby hut gagrisha "Drick net druf, drick net drug," un os der "Toolie" Downing net tzu ma fenshter nous g'shprunga is wor allas. M Bobby sei fraw wor aw im shtore, un woh sich fershlupt hut hinnich 'm kounter, un die obworter hut g'sawt, "Harry yessus wos 'n selerrei."

Uns wor aw 'n selerrei. Bis die Marie endlich der dauma fom gnub ganumma hut wor sie badeck'd mit rawm im g'sicht os sie bol nimmy tzu da auga rous sehna hut kenna, un ihra glaider worra aw e' ae rawm fon kup tzu foos. 'S Straussers' hen ra lumba gewwa fers g'sicht ob butza, un die Marie Ardella is hame gapadd'ld un hut aw shier gaguck'd wie 'n Grishdbaum ob gatrimm'd mit shnae un ice. So wie m'r fershtaina, wil die Marie gore nix may wissa fon so ma rawm waisa in konna, un sie wase aw now os m'r net noch Nei Yarrick uf TV gae brouch fer so'n rawm selerrei howwa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Die freeyohrs blumma sin ols om rous shluppa navich unser'm Fegelskoshda — geshter worra in da fartsich gaila krokus blumma uf.

Guest Editorial

The Growth of Brotherhood

This is published in the interest of Brotherhood Week, Feb. 20-27, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

By ROY A. ROBERTS
Editor, Kansas City (Mo.) Star

In these recent years the spirit of tolerance and good will has had a steady growth in this country. Where any opposite feeling has found expression it has been short-lived. The plain reason is that prejudice and antagonism, racial or religious, cannot flourish in the American climate.

From its earliest days this country has been made up of diverse human elements. As it grew and expanded its population represented numerous races, nationalities and faiths. They had their differences, to be sure. They still have their differences and no doubt will continue to have them for many years to come. At times there have been movements that stressed such differences and also agitators who tried to use them for selfish purposes.

Yet those efforts showed themselves up for what they were and they did not last. To the extent they recur hereafter they will have added difficulty in surviving.

Just now, more than ever before, this country needs to afford an example to the rest of the world and especially as a rebuke to the Communist areas that generate strife and ill feeling and deny the individual right of conviction and belief. We need to show, and can show, that the freedom of our democratic system is broad enough to include all races and creeds, that we can prosper and live in security under its protection.



DES ISS WINTER

The following verses were sung by a group of 200 men at the recent 1955 dinner meeting of the Grundsau Lodge Nummer Vier an der Doheck (Groundhog Lodge Number 4 along the Tohickon). These verses were done by Henry C. Detweiler, Quakertown, Haabtmann of the Tohickon Lodge. They were sung to the tune of "Juanita."

Ya, des iss Winter,
Wott's, emol yuscht Friehyaahr waer;
Viel Schnee un Schtarrem
Iss noch ver der Dier.
Winter, kalter Winter,
Kalt un krank — es geht mit nei,
Winter, kalter Winter—
Muss geduldich sei!

Kumm an der Offe,
Mit der Scheier faddich bischt!
Hock dich hie un warrem dich
Uff die alt Holskischt.
Seh die Fraa am Backe
Frische Brotwarscht in der Pann,
Gut fer eenicher Keenich,
Gut fer eenicher Mann.

Wann Sopper ghatt hoscht,
Beim alde Kohleel Licht,
Les dei Kalenner, sehn was er bericht.
Wann die Fraa watt schleefrich,
Sears un Roebuck dutt sie weck—
Gehn mit nanner schlofe
Unnich der Fedderdeck.

Chorus:

Winter, kalter Winter,
Kalt un krank—es geht mit nei!
Winter, kalter Winter—
Muss geduldich sei!

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Die Pennsylvania Deitsche yuse des Watt "Mach" riwwer un niwwer un sie yuse es aa am rechte Blatz. Die Englische verschtehen des Watt gaar net.

Awwer wann die Deitsche es Englisch Watt "make" aadreffe, noh duhne sie es iwwersetze mit "mach," un aa der anner Weeg rum. Datt iss wu mir aareme Deitsche uns in Druwwel griegge.

Loss mich paar Beischpiele gewwe. Der klee Willi iss drauss im Hof. Es iss kalt un watt als kelder. Em Willi sei Gsicht iss rot, sei Naas beheeft sich schlecht un sei Fiess sin so kalt ass er yaemmert fer Schmaze.

Doch kummt er net ins Haus. Iwwerdem guckt sei Mammi zum Fenschder naus un sehnt der Willi. Sie iss net kalt. Nee, sie iss rot heess. Owwe druff iss sie aa noch so Deitsch wie Sauerkraut. Nau browiert sie Englisch zu schwetze zum Willi in ihrem Zann. Sie greischt, "Willi, make yourself in here." Sie meent sell waer Englisch. Awwer es iss net. Was sie saagge will iss, "Willi, mach dich do rei."

Wie mir noch kleene Buwe waare, sin mir arrig gewest fer uff alles graddle. Mir sin uff Beem, uffs Schoppdach, an der Leeder nuff, un ewwe iwwerall ass mir nuff hen kenne.

Nau unser Mammis hen sell nie net gegliche. Es waar arrig gfaehrlich. Die Yunge kennte runner schtatze un sich dod falle. Noch schlimmer, sie kennte sich verkripple fer ihre Lewe. Ich hab oft Mammis heere greische, zu ihre Yunge uff Beem, "Make yourself down there." Sie hedde es besser gsaat in Deitsch. Noh waer's gewest "Mach dich datt runner."

Mir hen all Druwwel ghatt wann mir de Leit in Englisch saagge hen welle, "Close the door." Mir hen's Deitsch Watt fer Watt iwwersetzt. Es Deitsch waar, "Mach die Dier zu." Noh hen mir als oft uns vergesse un hen gsaat, "Make the door shut." Vun Licht hen mir gsaat, "Blow the light out." Mir hen gewisst was mir saagge hen welle. Awwer die Englische hen sich schier dod gelacht iwwer uns.

Des iss was deel gsaat hen, wann sie in die Schtadt gange sin: "We stand the corners on, walk the alleys in and look the peoples at." Doch hen die menschte Deitsche viel besser Englisch schwetze kenne wie sell.

WAS MER HEERT

MEI Paepp hot mir als gsaat, wann du dei Ohre uffhaltscht un dei grooss Maul zu, heerscht ebmols ebbes, ass gut iss fer dich. Graad recht! Der Paepp hot net viel Zeit rumgebrocht in Schule, awwer er hot guder Geilsverschtand ghatt. Wenn ich yuscht genunk gewisst hett, fer zu duh, was er mir gsaat hot!

Nau will ich awwer schreiwe vun Sache, ass mer heert uff der Schtrooss un ass eem gaar nix badde. Mer deet besser fiehle, wann mer's gaar net heere deet.

Heit bin ich an der Neint un Cumberland in Lebanon gewest, un hab en yunger Kall heere schwetze mit me Mann, awwer weil des gedruckt watt, darref ich net schreiwe, was er gsaat hot. Er hot schwere Wadde geyust. Yedes Watt hot ebaut en Dann gewoogge. Es aerscht hawwich gemeent, er deet en schwer Watt yuse zu allem anner Watt. Iwwerdem hawwich awwer gheert, ass er meh schwere Wadde geyust hot ass wie annere. Ich kennt die Wadde aa net schpelle, wann ich sie schreiwe darreft.

Der Paepp hot als gsaat, wann ebber gflucht hot, "Wisst dihr ferwas er so flucht?" Wann mir gsaat hen, mir deede's net wisse, hot der Paepp als geandwatt, "Seller Kall iss zu dumm fer greftich schwetze. Er weess net genunk Wadde, un fer sell flucht er so." Ich glaab nau, ass mei Paepp recht ghatt hot.

Well, der Yung hot als fattgemacht mit seim Gfluch. Wie er faddich waar, hot er gsaat, er hett sei Automobil "uffgsopt." Sie saagge mir, sell deet meene, er hett sei Auto so gfixt, ass er wunner schtarrick gingt. Die mensch Zeit hen sie ken Schparr ass hebt, un noh kumme sie uff eem los, wann mer uff der Schtrooss iss.

Well, mei liewe Leit, wann ich so en Narr sehn mir entgeegge kumme mit seim "uffgsopte" Automobil, darref ich net schpautze, weil mei Haz in meim Maul iss. Un wann ich schpautze deet, deet ich's bei Tschudas verliere. Mer waer besser ab, wann so en Kall schiesse deet noch eem. Weesscht, en Kuggel iss net so grooss ass wie en Automobil.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

An Early Amish Colony in Chester County

By MAURICE A. MOOK
Associate Professor of Anthropology
The Pennsylvania State University

One of the most interesting communities in the early history of Amish settlement in Pennsylvania is the "Society of Amists Brothers," as it is called in a Chester County deed of 1787. (Deed Book C-2, 265; all legal records here cited are at the Chester County Courthouse at West Chester, Pa.). According to Amish tradition and family history, the settlement of this group in eastern Chester County began in the early 1770's. It was much reduced in size by 1827, when a deed of that date informs us that the "Great (Chester) Valley Ominist Society" had become nearly extinct (Deed Book E-4, 310). The last Amish family is reported to have moved from the area in the early 1830's.

This community, which survived some sixty years, is of special interest for two reasons: local records clearly indicate the community's early acceptance of non-Amish ways, and the group is unique in being the first Amish congregation in America to build a meetinghouse. The latter was a departure from the already century-old Amish tradition of worshipping in private homes. A "church house" is, in fact, A-typical of Amish practice throughout the 250 years of their New World history. Memory of the Chester County meetinghouse still persists through tradition among the present-day Amish residents of neighboring Lancaster County. The stone-wall foundations of the building are also still discernible. Evidence for the acceptance of non-Amish practices by the members of the community consists largely in records of Amish young people marrying non-Amish mates and joining other churches in the vicinity. The meetinghouse itself is also an example of the acceptance of a non-Amish institution. It has even been claimed that the structure of the building was patterned after the plain Quaker meetinghouses, three of which existed in the near-vicinity of the Amish community in Chester Valley.

It is hoped that the present attempt to briefly record the history of the group may be of interest, not only because of the importance of the community from the standpoint of culture history, but also because such materials pertaining to the group as have been published have appeared in local and fugitive sources, most of which are difficult of access to the average reader. These consist of a privately printed local history, now out of print; two privately printed family histories, both out of print; an article in a church paper more than 50 years ago; two more recent articles in a local historical series since discontinued, and a recent graduate thesis in history at the University of Pittsburgh. The bulk of the material for the complete history of the community remains unused in the Court House at West Chester, Pa., and in sources collected, classified, and catalogued at the Chester County Historical Society Library, also at West Chester. The present essay will deal particularly with the family names found in the written records and with the material cultural marks of this community—specifically its meetinghouse and the graveyard associated with it. The acculturational aspect of the community life, as evidenced in the still largely unused sources just mentioned, will have to await future study.

The Chester County "Society of Amists," or "Ominist Minist (Amish Mennonite) Society," as it is called in a later deed (Deed Book M-C, 331; deed dated Dec. 28, 1816) did not exist as an organized "society" in the usual sense of the word. It was merely a local group of Amish families who lived and worshiped together as a congregational community. Their meetinghouse was used both as a place of worship and as a sectarian school for the Pennsylvania German-speaking young people of the community. This building, with its cemetery across the road from it, was located in northern East Whiteland Township in eastern Chester County. A local newspaper in 1928 described the ruins of the former meetinghouse as located "in the heart of the beautiful Chester Valley, about four miles north of the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad." It is elsewhere described as "a short distance west of the Cedar Hollow Lime Quarries on Moore road."

With these descriptions in mind the writer spent several hours attempting to locate the site in December 1954. The road leading west of the lime quarries is now cut off by the Pennsylvania Turnpike. No "Moore road" is marked by either maps or road signs in this vicinity. However there is a Morehall Road which extends northward from Malvern toward Devault. One-half mile south of Devault a narrow unpaved road leads westward from Morehall Road. The site of the meetinghouse is near the north side of this road one mile west of Morehall Road. The small site, now overgrown with bushes and small trees, is surrounded on three sides by a cultivated field. Directly across the road from the ruins of the church is the wall-enclosed cemetery. The wall still stands, as do several dozen gravestones. The ruins of the meetinghouse were razed in the 1930's and what stones remain are now somewhat scattered. However, the foundations of the walls are still vaguely discernible. Probably some tombstones in the cemetery lie now buried in topsoil. The site is one that deserves at least superficial archaeological excavation, if such could be negotiated.

A photograph of the meetinghouse "as it appeared in 1899" was published in 1911. However there are published reports of the building having been destroyed by fire in 1895. Photographs of the ruins of the building, with its four walls partly standing, were taken in 1937 and are on file at the Chester County Historical Society. These photographs and the still discernible foundation stones indicate a building of modest proportions. It was perhaps 18 feet wide by 35 feet long, or 20 x 40 feet at the most generous estimate. The photographs clearly indicate a one-story building. There may have been a chimney and fireplace at the east end of the structure. The length of the building paralleled the road and the earliest known photograph shows a door and a window in the east gable end, with two doors and three windows on the south side of the structure which faced the road. When used as an Amish meetinghouse it would have been furnished with backless benches and with no rostrum or pulpit. Men and women still sit separately in all Amish meeting places, and it is probable that the two front doors were for the seprate entrance of male and female worshippers.

The size of the graveyard and the number of burials in it, as well as the dates on the gravestones, clearly indicate that the cemetery was used longer than the meetinghouse served as a place of Amish worship. The former was visited in the 1930's by staff-members of the Chester County Historical Society, who were able to decipher inscriptions on 39 stones. It was then described as in a state of neglect and deterioration—a fair statement of its condition when viewed by the writer in December, 1954. It has had some care, however, for the wall is in repair and the burial area is not as overgrown as is the meetinghouse site. The enclosing wall is approximately 50 x 100 feet in width and length, with the longer side of the rectangular enclosure facing the road. Several dozen gravestone inscriptions are still decipherable; many more graves, however, are marked by small, irregularly shaped, flat fieldstones which carry no inscriptions. There are also undoubtedly numerous unmarked graves. Unmarked graves, gravestones without inscriptions, and general neglect are still characteristic of small Amish community cemeteries in Pennsylvania. The Amish meetinghouse, was sold in 1827, and the last Amish family, as earlier stated, removed from Chester Valley in the early 1830's. The death dates on many of the inscribed tombstones in this cemetery are later. The cemetery is referred to in nineteenth-century sources as the "Union Grave Yard," indicating that it was later used by families of non-Amish affiliation (as was also the meetinghouse). Accordingly there are burials of individuals with such non-Amish and non-German names as Davis, Hall, Harley, Meconkey and Ruth.

The site of the cemetery and meetinghouse is 1½ miles west by south of Devault and 4 miles north by west of Malvern. It is on the Phoenixville Quadrangle of the United States Geological Survey maps for this part of southeastern Pennsylvania. It is less than one mile south of the modern Pennsylvania Turnpike, the hurried traffic over which can be seen from the century-and-a-half old site of the meetinghouse. The early Amish farms were scattered in the area, north, east, and southwest of the meetinghouse. The westernmost farm that can be identified as Amish was located near present Exton, the easternmost in Tredyffrin Township, and the northernmost in Charleston Township. Most of the farms were in East Whiteland Township, with a few in West Whiteland. The Amish community was thus located on and north of the present Lincoln Highway (U. S. Route 30), largely between the towns of Exton and Malvern. The settlement is referred to in Mennonite literature as the "Chester Valley," "Whiteland," or "Malvern" community or congregation.

To be Concluded

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Crime Costly to Wrongdoer

Punishment for malicious mischief always should include the full cost of such mischief to its victims. This is simple justice for the latter. It is good also because the requirement that the cost of the mischief be paid by the perpetrator is likely to be the best lesson he ever will learn and will serve as a deterrent to further depredations upon society.

President Judge Henninger emphasized this principle yesterday when he directed that every cent of damage which a group of six teen-age boys perpetrated in Allentown's 19th Ward must be paid by them out of "their own legal earnings."

The judge, in the role of a Solomon come to judgment, has told the boys that they must learn the hard way that it is mighty serious business to destroy other people's property; that by the sweat of their brows and by patient saving of earnings they alone can pay off their debt to society.

They may have thought it lots of fun to destroy and steal. They will not find it so funny during the hours that they will be required to work to amass more than $750, which is the estimated cost of their depredations and thefts.

Young people, who have embarked upon a career of mischief and petty crime, should learn early that crime does not pay. In fact, they should learn that it is costly to themselves not only in time, toil and pride, but also in money.

It's Your Red Cross

The annual Red Cross campaign has been launched and the first report of the small army of workers, announced at their meeting yesterday, was encouraging to the participants.

This is cheering because Lehigh County desires that everything that is done in the interest of worthy causes be done thoroly and well. This has been the case in the past. It is to be hoped it will continue in the future.

Certainly the Red Cross is close to our hearts for it is one organization that claims virtually universal membership of Americans. Likewise the services which this organization has provided in the past and is prepared to furnish in the future are services which the American people approve. They include work among the men of the armed services both in war and peace: care for disaster victims and their communities, and the standardized local programs for better health and greater safety which are conducted the year around.

Americans are gratified that they are a vital part of the organization every time that services, such as the Red Cross best can provide, are called for whether in army camps, on battlefields, in flood-stricken areas, in communities that have been swept by fire or any other disaster.

The time to be preparing for the handling of these contingencies is here and now. The money for the emergency programs must be on hand so that there can be immediate response in strength to any and all demands, whether at home or abroad.

The time for the accumulation of the necessary funds is during this month of March when thruout the United States communities like our own are engaged in the annual Red Cross campaign. Every American will wish to continue his membership in this great organization by continuing his financial support for it.

Preparing for Emergencies

The Allentown - Bethlehem - Easton Airport, beautiful and splendid in its functionings, never has had a serious fire altho it is engaged in a business where highly combustible fuels constantly are in use and are consumed in great quantities.

It is a matter therefore of intelligent precaution that the fire chiefs of our three cities, as well as other public officials who are concerned with public safety, were called together yesterday at the Airport to learn what the trained force of fire - fighters at the field know about newer techniques in fighting fires in and around planes. They also wish to learn how the cities' departments best can aid in the event of emergency calls.

In turn, the airport firemen want to learn from the cities' departments all that they know about the latest fire - fighting methods.

All this is foresighted work and preparation for which it is to be hoped there never will be a need. But, if need should arise, it will be happier for all parties concerned to have anticipated trouble and to have prepared for it as far as possible.

Helen Keller's Good Will Trip

Almost daily news dispatches from far corners of the earth tell of the journey of Helen Keller on her 40,000 mile goodwill visit to the Far East where blindness is one of the commonest of human handicaps.

Her journey should serve to bring some cheer to millions thruout the world who live in darkness for Miss Keller on her departure took with her the heartfelt respect of Americans for one of the most distinguished persons in our times; and she is gaining that same respect wherever she goes.

It is a measure of the simple, unaffected soul she is that the 74 year old deaf and blind woman should express utter amazement at these messages of affection when they were presented to her by the American Foundation for Overseas Blind of New York, a sponsor of her journey.

Pres. Eisenhower, former Pres. Hoover, Secretary of State Dulles, Adlai Stevenson, Chief Justice Warren — these are just a few of the more than 100 leaders who interrupted busy schedules to pay homage to Helen Keller.

Said Pres. Eisenhower: "As you undertake another good will tour abroad, I extend congratulations on your unique contribution to understanding among peoples of the world."

Herbert Hoover called Miss Keller "the most courageous woman on earth." Adlai Stevenson urged her to "hurry back, for we in this country need your great heart as much as do our friends abroad." Her accomplishments, said Vice-pres. Nixon "have brought hope to the handicapped and inspiration to all."

Miss Keller's trip, wrote Secretary of State Dulles "gives me deep satisfaction." He praised her "courage, perseverance, patience and wisdom." Helen Keller "is indeed our ambassador of good will" said America's Ambassador to the UN, Henry Cabot Lodge. "You are the uniquely great lady of our time" he added.

Another UN leader, Dr. Ralph Bunche, said: "I never cease to marvel at your complete dedication to humanitarian service. In the annals of courage, good will and compassion for your fellow men, your name will be eternally writ large."

"No one could be more effective as an ambassador of good will to peoples whose understanding and friendship our country seeks earnestly to win. You stand as a symbol of courage in the mind and heart of every American" said Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Chief Justice Warren called Miss Keller's journey "wonderful news," adding: "I know of no one who would better represent our people and offer more inspiration for a richer life, not only to the handicapped but to everyone who learns your story."

"Your continuing dedication to the welfare of others will serve as a guidepost for this and coming generations" said Harold E. Stassen, Director of the Foreign Operations Administration. Chester Bowles, former U. S. Ambassador to India, wrote "we know how much (your trip) will mean to the cause of peace throughout the world . . . we are deeply grateful."

Also joining the tribute to Miss Keller were Senators and Congressmen, officials of Rotary and Lions International, the AFL and CIO and dozens of prominent people in private life.

Helen Keller, as much as any person of our age, is a symbol of personal courage, and of the promise of America. As she undertakes this difficult journey to the Orient to bring aid to the blind and the deaf, this newspaper wishes to join in wishing her a sincere Godspeed.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

When Ben Franklin was publishing his newspaper, a subscriber's death was recorded by error in the obituary column. The subscriber, very much alive, was not amused. In fact, he raised the roof.

Countered Ben Franklin, "We're truly sorry, but there isn't much we can do about it now. My best suggestion is that we put you in the Birth Column in tomorrow's paper, and give you a fresh start."

Believe it or not, Joe Frisco, the stammering comic, once appeared on the same bill with Enrico Caruso. It was a monster benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House. What's more, Frisco, no respecter of reputations, grabbed the puzzled tenor by the arm and warned him, "Listen here, Rickie Boy, I've got a tip for you. I don't know what you're planning to warble out front tonight, but just you lay off 'Bye Bye Blackbird.' I do that for an encore."

Horoscope

Be watchful in all actions and enterprises, then you will prosper. A fine, generaous character may be developed in today's child.

Little Sir Echo



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower really doesn't want to be renominated in 1956. There's nothing artful or deceptive about his reluctance. It is genuine.

For many months, however, his closest friends and the members of his official family and the political leaders of the Republican party have been talking to him about their hopes that he would consent to renomination. They take it for granted that he will finally accede to their wishes.

But the position of Mr. Eisenhower as outlined in his latest press conference is revealing. He was asked how he felt about the view of Republican leaders that he was indispensable to a party victory. The reply by the President was as follows:

"Did you ever think what a fate civilization would suffer if there was such a thing as an indispensable man? When he went the way of all flesh, what would happen? It would be a calamity, wouldn't it? I don't think we need fear that."

President Is Logical

Now Mr. Eisenhower is absolutely logical about it, but he overlooked one important fact—namely, as long as there is an "indispensable man" around, he will be kept in his office. It does not always matter, either, whether he is in full physical vigor or beyond 65 years of age, as witness the fact that Winston Churchill at 80 is still the most popular and politically the strongest leader the Conservative party in Britain can get at the moment to keep the Labor party out of power.

The words "indispensable man" have a familiar ring to some of us who covered the three-cornered Presidential campaign of 1912. It was Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic nominee, who was using the phrase then against Theodore Roosevelt. The latter had served two terms in the presidency — one when as vice-president he succeeded McKinley in 1901 after the assassination of McKinley, and the other after his own election in 1904. But nevertheless Mr. Roosevelt was being called a "third termer" in the 1912 campaign and was being offered as an "indispensable man" by the "Progressive" faction of the Republican party as against the regular nominee, President Taft. Here is what Mr. Wilson said about it in his formal speech accepting the Democratic nomination in August, 1912:

"A presidential campaign may easily degenerate into a mere personal contest and so lose its real dignity and significance. There is no indispensable man. The government will not collapse and go to pieces if any one of the gentlemen who are seeking to be entrusted with its guidance should be left at home. But men are instruments. We are as important as the cause we represent, and in order to be important must really represent a cause."

Mr. Eisenhower can agree with that argument and find himself accepting the nomination of his own party in 1956. For the President today does represent a great cause—the nation's mandate that he find the way to an honorable peace.

Mr. Eisenhower probably is convinced at the moment that, if his party had to turn elsewhere, it could find a good man who would make an effective campaign based on the Republican record. But this is something to which the party leaders cannot turn their minds as long as Dwight Eisenhower doesn't say the fateful words—that he would not accept if nominated.

Those are words which, on the other hand, Mr. Eisenhower is never likely to say. They run counter to his high sense of duty. As a military man, he has been accustomed to receiving assignments not geared to his personal convenience or desire. He has learned to recognize instantly a call to duty. He, to be sure, had achieved eminence as the commander in chief of Allied forces in Europe in the biggest war in history and he mad made a great record. He needed no more honors.

Gen. Eisenhower made it clear in 1948 and in 1951 that he didn't want a political career. But he succumbed eventually to the argument that it was his duty to serve if the people so desired. And when the people of the country — not just the Republican leaders—say he is needed at the helm in perhaps one of the most dangerous periods in all history, it seems certain that Mr. Eisenhower will put aside his desire for a private life in retirement and continue to serve in the presidency.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ROTTA SHITZ: Wons so fiel hawsa, fersonta, harsh un barra het in da Sond Shpring gagend unnich Schnecksville, os wie rotta, don breich'd ken shitz may denka fer noch da Pokonose un Konadaw gae fer yawga, un niemond kaimt lare hame. 'S wor ow'r net bis doh gons kartzlich os der Lawrence Wotring woh der Sond Shpring park summers runn'd, ous g'funna hut wie levandich fol rotta os sei nochberschoft is.

Ow'r kayose wies sheina mawg, die rotta hen noch nee mohls ken uffendhalt kot im park, un so aw net im Lawrence seina gabeier. Da rotta ihra hamet wor im shwom woh der Lawrence ols sei anda un gens garais'd hut, un woh der nei "Turnpike" now darrich gait. Die pike leit hen gabeier bei gabrocht fer ihra g'shar drin halta, un jucka middawgs immer dart om alta Sond Shpring shule hous rum fer ihra middawg essa. Nadierlich fertzottla sie 'n lot grimmla, un shmeissa oft mohls weck wos sie net essa kenna.

Ferol os der Lawrence ken tzeit tzu seim gawissa die rotta g'feeder'd hut, sheinds, dada sie ihra neiie koshd gleicha. Uf wos sie dafor galaibt hen wase er net — ow'r missa gutie kosh'd kotta howwa weil dale dafon bol so gross sin wie halb ous gawoxna kotza. Der Lawrence wor 's airsht gabutta wie er die rotta sehna hut dart im shwom rum groddla wie sie awfonga hen uf filla fer der pike. 'S Gebt net yusht 'n brick darta ons Shnd Shpringer shule hous, ow'r aw 'n hochie grund bank fer der "Turnpike" iwwer die brick nemma.

Die airshda paar dawg os der Lawrence uf da rotta yocht wor, hut er ols 'n dudsend odder so g'shossa. Ow'r g'sheind wie rotta ewwa sin, huts ken tzeit ganumma bis sie ous g'funna hen os selar kerl mit da flint bisnis maint, un hen sich fershlupt alla mohl os er kumma is. Fon da shoffleit om pike, her noh ols in ocht ganumma eb rotta rum weara, un 'm Lawrence gawunka won sie aryads aenie sehna hen gae. Sella waig hut er noh noch paar dudsend may rotta g'shossa. Sis numma tzu shawd maint der Lawrence os rotta hide ken wert hen im grossa marrick — won sie hetta, het er ken gons shlechter winder kot.

Noch ebbes os der Lawrence aw shun gawinsch'd hut is, os die pike leit 'm paar guck lecher unnich 'm pike darrich gamocht hetta so os er niver noch 'm Park gucka kent ous seinra kich. Eb der pike wor hut er immer shae niver sehna kenna, ow'r now mit da hocha grund bank g'shwishich seinra hamet un 'm Park, is sel ferbei, un mus alla mohl unnich da brick darrich eb er der Park sehna koh.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'S nei huls on da weida bame wert g'wida gail — 'n baweiss os die soft om shoffa is, un os die tossla un bladder iwwer dem rous g'shlupt kumma, 'n baweiss os es freeyohr un der summer nimmy weit ob sin.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 7:6

'Hear ye Him,' as Jesus says: 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again, and rend you.' (It is interesting to know, as a word study, that the Greek word for pearls is margarets, the word Margaret used as a girl's name). We were told in the preceding verses not to judge, yet the words, dogs and swine, in our verse for today would indicate the necessity for discrimination as to those to whom we may present sacred and holy truth (represented by the words, holy and pearls). We are not asked to act without judgment, for there are those who are definitely set not to admit truth, and who will merely be irritated and aggravated if spiritual truth in presented to them, much as we would like to speak with them and help them. The evil spirits more than once attacked Paul simply because he was bringing the Gospel of salvation on to Satan's territory, and more than one ambassador of Christ has been killed, and churches have been burned, in our day and generation by those who objected to the preaching of the Gospel.

Mount Etna, Sicily's 10,636-foot volcano, has had more than 50 major eruptions during recorded history. Its last violent outbreak occurred in 1950. Etna is Europe's tallest active volcano.

Take Spring in Your Hand

HAYDN S. PEARSON

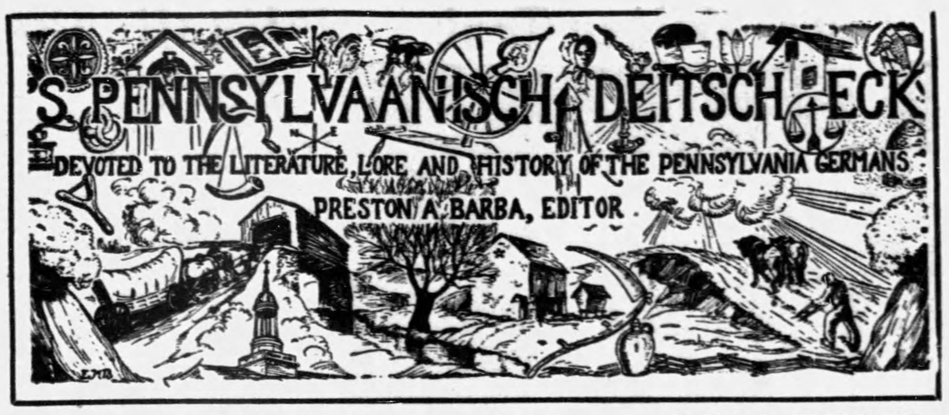
Take a single bud in your hand and you hold the miracle of spring. In March it is interesting to watch for first signs of life resurrection and each has a favorite omen that strikes a responsive chord on the heart strings. Some listen for the haunting cries of the northward-bound wild geese; some fasten their hopes on the first bluebird and some conservatives wait for the swamp peepers to start their choral chanting.

But if one finds hope and courage in small things, a bud can tell him spring is here. Now the willows are ready to open their buds and the alders' catkins are lengthening. Toward the end of the month, the forsythias shake out golden ribbons and the lilac buds on the bush by the kitchen door begin to swell.

Few realize that a tree's buds for the following season's branch growth and blossoms are complete by July. The annual growth season of twigs and branches is a brief one—only a few weeks in May and June. The next process in a tree's annual cycle is the formation of buds. They come in many shapes and sizes; the gray beech has a slender, shining brown bud; the spice bush of the swamplands has greenish-yellow globes. Even in the heart of winter there is interesting color and beauty in the tightly-wrapped capsules, each bearing within its heart the spark of life that is fired when winter is done.

If you are looking for a new nature experience, take up the stdy of buds. Hold a bud in your hand; slice it with a sharp knife; study its colors and formations beneath a magnifying glass. Walk a country road and study the gray, brown, tan, red and silver dots on twigs and branches. Notice the various types of scales: the simple scales of willows and sycamores, the maples' paired and precise coverings, and the spirals of other trees. Inside the scales the future flowers and leaves are packed in orderly arrangement. Soon the blossoms will be shining in the sun and soon green leaves will clothe brown and gray branches. But now, if you will, you can experience the heart-lifting reassurance of the resurrection — and reverently, humbly, take spring in your hand.

(Copyright 1955)



An Early Amish Colony in Chester County

By MAURICE A. MOOK
Associate Professor of Anthropology
The Pennsylvania State University

CONCLUSION

Amish tradition has it that this community was established by Moritz Zug, who with his brothers John and Christian, their families, and perhaps a few other Amish people, moved to Chester County in the early 1770's. They came from the earlier "Northkill" Amish congregation in northern Berks County, which had been disrupted by a series of Indian raids during the French and Indian War. (See the ECK for August 21, 1954). Moritz and Christian remained and died in Chester County, while John (Johannes) Zug removed to Honeybrook Township in northwestern Chester County where he died in 1790. Christian Zug, Sr. had a son, also named Christian, who became a minister and leader of the Valley community. His name, and that of his cousin, Moritz Zug's son Jacob, occur most frequently in contemporary references to the Amish in this area. Preacher Christian Zug's twelfth child and last-born son, Henry Zook, married to Christiana Kurtz, was with his children the last family of Amish connection to reside in Chester Valley. The family removed to Lancaster County in 1834. Moritz Zug's son Jacob Zook is repeatedly mentioned in contemporary records as "Trustee" for the "Society of Amist Brothers." He died at Exton in 1829. He and his wife, Gertrude Kenege, had a family of thirteen children, all born in West Whiteland Township. There are other Amish family names, such as Coffman, Lapp and Rickabaugh, to be found in sources pertaining to this community. However its terminal dates, as well as its dominant personalities, are in the record of the first three generations of the Zug family in America. The dates c. 1770 and c. 1834 mark the period during which entire families of definitely Amish religious conviction occupied the area.

As is well known, there are relatively few characteristically Amish family names to the present day, and there were still fewer in the years of early Amish settlement in America. These names are a helpful, although not infallible, guide to the identification of persons of Amish connection. Deeds, wills, and other records indicate the presence of persons with Amish surnames in this area from c. 1770 to the present time. However, later individuals and families — subsequent to the 1830's — are clearly non-Amish in their religious affiliation. One student has examined recorded wills for the period of Amish occupancy of Chester Valley and found five of them pertaining to members of this community. A preliminary inventory recently made by the present writer revealed more than five such wills, but the reported five range in time from 1786 to 1826 and refer to 18 individuals representing four Amish families, as follows: Coffman (2 individuals), Kurtz (2), Lapp (5), and Zug (9). There are also three wills by Rickabaughs recorded from 1805 to 1848. Of the foregoing names that of Rickabaugh is the least familiar as an Amish eponym. However, in a quit-claim of 1792 Adam Rickabaugh is listed among the names of eight "persons of the said . . . Society of Amists" (Deed Book G-2, 200) and his own will also bequeaths money to Jacob Zook who is named as a trustee of "our religious society" (Will Book L-11, 88). The name Zug is also spelled Zook in local records dating from 1787, and Coffman is spelled Kauffman in the earliest sources for the community. German names were thus soon Anglicized.

It is possible also to identify persons of Amish connection in recorded County deeds to property. Miss Dorothy B. Lapp, on the staff of the Chester County Historical Society and a descendant of early southeastern Pennsylvania Amish ancestors, reports seven deeds ranging in time from 1787 to 1827, in which there are references to 13 representatives of four Amish family names, including 4 Coffmans, 5 Zooks, 3 Lapps, and one Rickabaugh. Miss Lapp advises me that her survey of deeds is incomplete, having been made from time to time incident to other duties. It is thus possible that additional deeds will reveal a few more family names. Some names in the deeds repeat those in the wills, but allowing for probable duplications in the twelve documents there are references to 24 individuals who by their first and family names may be identified as members of the Amish community. They all occur in documents dating from 1786 to 1827, both of which years are well within the terminal dates marking the duration of the local Amish group as a living community.

Miss Lapp is the Historical Society representative mentioned earlier as the transcriber of the 39 gravestone inscriptions still decipherable in the East Whiteland Township "Union Grave Yard." Among these there are 7 Zooks, 7 Coffmans, 5 Lapps, and 2 Rickabaughs. Not all individuals of these surnames were Amish, however, as is clearly indicated by their non-Amish first names and by their dates of death. Among the 7 Coffmans, for example, are the wife and two daughters of one "Isaac Z. Coffman, M. D.," who as a professional man could not have been Amish. Several of the individuals are clearly Amish, however, for their names are also recorded in legal documents relating to the "Amist Society." There are, in addition, the graves of several Amish women whose names are lacking in the legal records, but whose husbands' names occur in these sources.

It is thus possible to rescue five family names of members of the community from wills, deeds, and gravestone inscriptions. However, it is impossible from these to offer an estimate of the size of the community, for it is improbable that all family names became a matter of record and moreover here, as elsewhere in Amish communities, the number of family names is no indication of the size of the total community. There were here, as in most Amish communities, several resident families representative of each family name, and there were also in this small community several individuals with the same given as well as family name. Thus two Adam Rickabaughs are buried in the cemetery, one who died in 1804, and the other in 1825. There were also at least two Christian Zugs, father and son, one having made his will in 1786 and the other in 1836. The presence of identically named individuals in the same local community is commonly met with in Amish history.

From "genealogies, deeds, wills, and Mennonite historians" Miss Lapp has compiled a list of 15 local Amish families. Her list is undoubtedly incomplete, for she tells me that she made her compilation without access to the Mast Family History which lists a number of Chester Valley Amish families related by marriage to the Lancaster County Amish Mast family. The Hertzler family history is also valuable in this connection, for the Hertzlers were releated to the Zugs by marriage. Some of these Chester County families were large, with as many as from 9 to 14 children. Thus John Coffman and his wife Mary Mast (a daughter of Amish Bishop Jacob Mast of Lancaster County) had 14 children, as did one of the Adam Rickabaughs and his wife. Jacob and Gertrude (Kenege) Zug had 13 children; Christian and Magdalene (Blank) Zug had 10; John Zug and his wife Elizabeth (Mast) had 9; another John Zug and his wife Catherine also had 9; Henry Zug and his wife Christiana (Kurtz) had 8; etc. That the typical Amish family has always been large is immediately apparent from perusal of the numerous privately published Amish genealogies, over forty of which have been printed to date.

A feature of interest and importance, which will be developed in a separate paper, is that family records indicate that many of the children of Chester County Amish families married non-Amish mates. Those who married out of their faith did not all move from the area, however. On the other hand, the Chester County Amish young people who married Amish mates chose them largely from other Amish communities and then moved to those communities. The Chester County community thus lost members by out-marriage and also by geographic removal. The younger members of this community either married out and joined other faiths, or married within the faith and moved away. Meanwhile, older members of course died, and the community thus gradually also expired.

Although it is obviously impossible to estimate the size of the community from the size of the family when the number of resident families is unknown, we are not entirely in the dark with respect to the size of this community. The first census of the United States, taken in 1790, which enumerated by named heads of families as well as by size of household, listed 10 family heads with Amish surnames in 4 townships of eastern Chester County. These ten families had a total of 106 individual members, an average of 10.6 persons per family. Published family histories show that this census was decidedly incomplete for this community, and that the overall under-enumeration for the group may have been as high as half of the total number. Past experience has proved that the Amish people have never fully cooperated with voluntary religious censuses, and it is also known that they unenthusiastically comply with laws requiring official enumerations. It is also well known that our first federal census was the least accurate one ever taken by our government. It seems therefore reasonable to surmise that there may have been from 15 to 20 resident families, with from 175 to 200 individual members, in the Amish community at this time. It was apparently largest in the late 1790's, toward the turn of the century.

Population decline soon set in, however. The "Big Valley" Amish colony in Mifflin County was established in the early 1790's and Chester Valley Amish families are known to have contributed to the early growth of this new settlement in central Pennsylvania. Some Chester County young people found their marital mates among the Amish of Lancaster County and removed to that area, as we have seen. The original Chester County Amish settlers died in the late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries. By 1816 the Amish group was so reduced in size and also so adjusted to non-Amish neighbors that the "Ominist Minist and German Baptists Societies" were sharing the meeting house both as a "House of Worship and school for the use of the said Societies" (Deed Book M-3, 331). In 1817 a member of a small group of Bernese Anabaptists who were journeying from Philadelphia to Ohio reported that "On the 16th of October we went 23 miles from Philadelphia to a settlement of five Amish families" and that "On the 17th we then went (on) to the Pequa. Here we stayed a week." Pequa refers to the Lancaster County Amish colony, of course, and the reference to the "five families" 23 miles from Philadelphia clearly locates them in Chester County. Ten years after the date of this visit Jacob Zook, "Trustee of the Great Valley Ominist Society in Chester County," petitioned the Pennsylvania Legislature to sell the land and buildings thereon held by him as trustee for the group, the reason given being that "the Great Valley Ominist Society by death and removals had become nearly extinct" (Deed Book E-4, 310). In March 1827 the property was sold to John Malin, who in turn deeded it to five non-Amish "Trustees of (the) Valley Creek School." The building was thereafter used as a school, Baptist Church, and place of public assembly for the non-Amish inhabitants of the region. Finally, the last Amish family moved from Chester Valley to join co-religionists in Lancaster County in 1834.

The Chester County Amish congregational-community thus declined and finally became extinct as the result of the deaths of its older members, the geographical removal of those who remained Amish, and the outmarriage and acceptance of a non-Amish religion and way of life by those who remained in the Valley. Here, as elsewhere in the history of religiously centered communities, we find that small groups who accept secular beliefs and customs can not survive as sectarian societies.

The Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pennsylvania.

EN PSALM VUM LEWE

Saag mir net in all deim Elend,
's Lewe iss gans hohl un leer;
Alle Daag vun seinre Yuchend
Schwebt der Mensch yuscht hie un haer.

Wahr un aernschtlich iss des Lewe,
Un es schtoppt net in dem Graab;
Loss uns fescht den Glaawe hewe,
Unser Seel iss meh ass Schtaab.

Net Blessier, un aa net Driebsaal,
Nemmt in Voll all unser Zeit;
Schaffet all, dass in dem Weltdaal
Marye besser iss wie heit.

Die Kunscht iss lang, die Zeit geht rum,
Un wann mir uns aa freehe;
Die Hazer globbe wie en Drumm,
Der Dod kummt uns entgeegge.

In de Welt mit ihrem Schtreite,
Reddi muss mer immer sei;
Net wie's Vieh, mer muss fatt arbeite,
Bis es Lewe iss verbei.

Uff die Zukunft verloss dich net,
Was verbei iss, iss verbei;
Duh graad was geduh sei sett,
Mit Gottes Hilf gewinnscht du glei.

Groosse Menner gemaahne uns draa,
Besser kenne mir gut duh;
Wann mir fatt sin, denke Leit draa,
Denke an uns in der Ruh.

Un des helft Leit in ihrem Lewe,
Wann sie darrich die Welt gehn noh;
Laafe kenne sie gans ewe,
Weil mir aa moll waare do.

Loss uns dann duh was mir sedde,
Mit me Haz voll frisch rot Blut;
Des iss gut, des will mer wedde,
Un mer bhalt en guder Mut.

—The Rev. Pierce E. Swope
(Translation from Longfellow)

ENGLISCH DENKE UN DEITSCH SCHWETZE

Es iss gut wammer Deitsch un Englisch schwetze kann. Deel englische Leit verbabble sich arrig, wann sie Deitsch schwetze wolle. Deel verschtehne des Deitsch besser wie sie es schwetze kenne. Sie lese un denke in Englisch un wann sie dernoh Deitsch schwetze wolle, griegge sie halt an de letze Wadde. Do sin en paar Beispiele:

En yunger Parre hot en aldi deitschi Fraa besucht. Sie hot ihn eigelaade zum Esse zu bleiwe. Sel Andwatt waar: Nein, ich danke. Mudder; ich habe schon gefressen."

En annerer yunger Parre hot die Leichtbreddich ghalte fer en arrig alder guder Mann. Er hot gsaat: "Der Vadder hot lang gelebt, awwer endlich iss er doch verreckt."

Wann en Dokder zu eme Kranke gerufe watt, fiehlt er gewehnlich es aerscht der Puls un beguckt die Zung. En yunger Dokder hot en kranki yunge Lady besucht un zu ihr gsaat: "Schtreck emol dei Deixel raus."

En yunger Dokder hot en Maad dinge welle un hot gheert, dass amme gewisse Blatz im Land zwee gude Meed in ere Familye waere, die uff Bletz waarte deede. Er iss hie gange. Nau des englisch Watt fer "dinge" iss "to hire." Die Mammi hot die Bortsch abgekehrt un do hot's des Gespreech gewwe:

Dokder: "Guder Marye, Mammi."

Mammi: "Guder Marye."

Dokder: "Ich hab gheert, ihr hett zwee Meed un bin kumme fer eeni devun zu heiere."

Mammi: "So? Welli hettscht du gaun?"

Dokder: "Es macht mir nix aus welli. Ich denk eeni iss so gut wie die anner, wann sie gut schaffe kann."

Mammi: "Kennscht du mei Meed?"

Dokder: "Nee, awwer ich hab gheert, sie waere schmaert, un ich deet gaun eeni heiere."

Mammi: (sie hebt der Bese uff un will ihn schlagge) "Wann du dich net fattmachscht! Du saagscht du kennscht mei Meed net, awwer du witt eeni devun heiere, un es macht dir nix aus welli!"

Der Dokder hot net denke kenne, was letz waar bis er sei Elend eme Freind geklaagt hot. Der hot ihm ausgelegt, dass des englisch Watt "hire" net "heiere," sondern "dinge" meent.

Adapted from Daniel Miller's **Pennsylvania German,** Vol. 1, 1904.

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Editorials

Critical Days Ahead

There is wide difference in opinion, but a very considerable volume of thinking about the Asian situation inclines to the belief that the world is on the brim of the volcano of a third World War which may erupt within a few weeks.

This threat grows out of the truculence of Red China concerning lands still under the control of the forces of General Chiang. Red China in effect has taken an oath to seize those lands from Chiang and in the Orient it is imperative that men, both in large and small matters, shall fulfill their oaths and promises, or lose that most precious oriental possession, "face".

While the principal and the announced objective of Red China is Formosa, it seems that it will be necessary to take Matsu and Quemoy islands as a preliminary. Then they can establish advanced bases upon those islands for future attack upon Formosa.

To take these islands the Red Chinese are reported to have built up enormous forces, some of them of fantastic type of operation. It is believed that the bulk of a two-million-man army is in the southeastern China area and in readiness for large scale invasion of Formosa, after the way stations of Matsu and Quemoy are in their possession. Great air fields are said to have been built up in that same area of southeastern China. More than a thousand jet fighters are said to have been delivered by Russia to the Red Chinese.

Included in the invasion forces that will attempt to take the islands, according to the stories coming out of Red China, are vast numbers of well - trained men who are expected to cross the narrow straits on two-man rafts, land almost anywhere upon the rugged coast and begin guerrilla operations. In addition it is reported that vast numbers of "frog-men" will swim the channels and attempt to go ashore for action against the Nationalist Army defenders of the islands.

This is the situation which General Chiang and his soldiers face, virtually alone. There is no assurance to them that the American 7th Fleet or the plane from the fleet's carriers will strive to aid the defense of the islands. It may be that this is the last chance which is going to be afforded to General Chiang and his army to show what stuff they are made of; whether they are ready to defend themselves without call for help. Or it may be that the Red Chinese will be tempted to be bold in the hope that they can be crushed in their initial move and be discouraged and prevented from making even so much as a token attempt to seize Formosa. Any such attempt we now know is going to commit the United States to attack the Red Chinese.

The Chinese have been told in language as plain as anything that can be spoken that they must not attack Formosa, the Philippines and Japan; that these are now regarded as America's frontiers in the Pacific.

Military upstarts and dictators in the past have overreached themselves. Red China well could be content with possession of the former mainland territory of China and forget about Formosa. But overweening ambition has prompted the Communist Chinese to make pseudo historical and ethnical claims to that big island. They have taken a step which they must follow up unless they wish to lose face with their people and especially with all the other Asiatics who will cry shame upon them if they fail.

That is the current situation, according to what appears to be the best information. A few weeks, perhaps only a few days, will bring the answers and decide whether or not the Communists want a third world war at this particular time. Ultimately they will demand it and get it.

Peace at Others' Cost

While the people of the United States are thinking about the possibilities of clash with the Chinese, it will be good to get a slant upon what Great Britain and India are trying to do in their very proper desire that there shall not be another war.

Sir Anthony Eden has been spending some recent days with Prime Minister Nehru and he has just returned home from India.

Their meetings seemed to have the common ground of willingness to give other people's property away in order to protect themselves, just as Prime Minister Chamberlain before World War II was ready to give Hitler and Mussolini everything that they asked, providing of course that they did not ask for British possessions.

The formula which Eden and Nehru seem to have agreed upon is that the Chinese Nationalists shall evacuate Matsu and Quemoy to Red China in return for Red China's agreement to end her war with Nationalist China and establish a cease-fire.

It is a little ironical that the proposal comes from the representative of Great Britain which is striving, desperately, to hold on to Hong Kong, and from Nehru, whose benevolent attitude and desire for the achievement of peace are a bit difficult to explain. It is to be remembered that he has thousands of troops in Kashmir to defend a highly debatable position which India has taken. Despite the recommendation of the United Nations that a plebiscite be taken in this predominantly Moslem nation, M. Nehru has yet to do anything about it.

It would be a lot simpler to solve the problem if it was guaranteed that evacuation of the above islands would be followed by an enduring peace. But, as our experience in Korea has proved, the Red Chinese are not thinking of enduring peace. They are thinking, as all Communists think, of enduring war — war until all the world is conquered and brought into their way of life and under their control. All of southeast Asia is within the greedy view of the Communists of China. All of western Europe fills the greedy eyes and stimulates the appetite of the Communists of Russia.

It is just a question of when, and where, somebody will stand up and say: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" and mean it. If that gives them reason to pause, there will be peace. If not, it will mean war and, according to all indications, the worst conflict in the history of man and, perhaps, his last.

Is Uncle Sam Surprised!

There have been so many scandals growing out of the "windfalls" of enormous profits on government work that a refreshing story coming out of Chicago is going to get a lot of circulation and favorable comment.

The story is that of a Chicago manufacturer who got a big contract upon a fixed price basis to manufacture electronic equipment for the Navy.

As the work went on and improvement in manufacturing processes made profits greater than had been expected, the company decided that it would reduce the cost to the government by $345,000, altho there was nothing in the original contract to call for any alterations in price. Story of that virtual refund did not get into the press at that time. But in recent days another reduction in price in the amount of $390,000 was made so that the grand total of virtual refund is $735,000. Then the story was told.

And why did the company make the refunds? The president explains: "The government is the people, and we're the people. We don't believe in gypping the government." Not so bad! In fact, it's very good.

Villain or Hero?



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The fact is astounding that Billy Graham, the evangelist, could fill Madison Square Garden in New York with an estimated 5,000 standing on the street, on a cold, wintry day, listening to a loud speaker. Although about 25,000 people is not an enormous number in ratio to the total population of New York, it is larger than a prize-fight, a basketball game, or a political speech draws in this city.

Reason for Popularity

The question must then arise: Why is Billy Graham so popular?

The answer is quite simple: He He talks religion. Too many clergymen, in their sermons these days, do not talk religion. They talk about everything else. They review books of temporary value; they review Broadway plays; they are amateur psychiatrists; they go in for social action; they turn the pulpit into a political forum. But they do not talk of man's relations to God and of the evil of sin and of the consequences of infractions of the moral law.

And except for the very few who possess extraordinary histrionic and forensic talents and the other few who do, exceptionally, devote themselves to the task of being God's messengers, their sermons become tiresome and are often trite, and the congregants find golf more amusing or give themselves a few hours to "Do It Yourself" occupations at home.

That is why Billy Graham draws such crowds. The man is not a great preacher, in the style, let us say, of Henry Ward Beecher, but he reaches the conscience of an era that seeks God all over again.

The clergy of all denominations might learn something from the phenomenon of Billy Graham, just as they might have learned something from Bishop Fulton Sheen or Norman Vincent Peale. I have heard Catholics criticize Bishop Sheen for being a showman, but he reaches men's minds and hearts and they understand what he says and they find comfort and guidance in his ministrations.

I once had quite a quarrel with a Protestant clergyman over Norman Vincent Peale. This clergyman arbitrarily insisted that Peale was not a Christian because he did not preach his particular brand. The clergyman, incidentally, preferred communism to catholicism, although he abhorred both. So I made the point that Peale — this was before his astounding success as an author and on radio and television — could fill his church with people who would not go elsewhere.

People Turning to God

In our disturbed period, men and women turn to God for peace and comfort. They want to hear God's word. Call it escapism, if you please, but they are not escaping to voluptuousness and drunkenness. They are escaping from the unreality of fear of the atom to the reality, for them, of the life eternal. It is a wholesome response to the challenge of the confusions of our times. For many, who have been lost in the maze of argumentation and confusion, it opens a door to a new and rich experience.

The churches of God are not public forums nor are they substitute pews for the couch of the psychoanalyst. The clergy are not important as editorial writers who read complex studies on social problems. There are others to perform such wonders. The following paragraph was issued by an important religious denomination:

". . . There is growing up over against communism a fanatical negativism. Totally devoid of a constructive program of action, this negativism is in danger of leading the American mind into a spiritual vacuum. Our national house, cleansed of one demon, would invite by its very emptiness, the entrance of seven others. In the case of a national crisis this emptiness could, in the high sounding name of security, be occupied with ease by a Fascist tyranny."

Issue of Our Times

What is the constructive program? I do not see it in the document. I do not see a statement of fundamental Christian doctrine such as Billy Graham preaches and such as his immense following craves. The clergy who fail to recognize that their function is a particular one, fail to meet the issue of our times which is how to bring God back into the home, back into the school and the workshop, back into the church.

I have come across clergymen who are humanists. Man is the center of the universe. Man is everything. They avoid mention of God, but they capitalize science. That, of course, is their privilege, but what are they doing in churches and synagogues?

(Copyright, 1955)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRAWD WIE BEI DA SHOEMOCHER: Sis shun weit rum, un long bakont, os da shoemocher ihra kinner gawainlich bore feesich lawfa. Der shoemacher hut immer tzeit fer onner leit ihra shoe flicka — ow'r net so mit seinra familia. Ow'r shoemocher odder net, sellie sama socha halta aw ous in fiel onnerra g'shefta — ungfare so os wie beim Ray Hausman fon New Tripoli, un woh 'n ale truck fohrt fer die Co-op on Chapmans.

Der Ray kess'ld die gons welt ous mit seim ale un gasoline truck. 'S ale gawinlich wert gayus'd fer heiser hitza, un 'm Ray sei rote is immer, fers ewwershd dale fon da ale tank im hous fol halta, so os es ken dumhata gebt mit da unnershda helft.

Wel aenicha waig, der Ray un sei LaRue, un woh in da New Tripoli bank shoft, hitza aw ihra hous mit ale. Denk sie sins shliver hocka un kola shebba laedich werra, un hen 'n ale heater ins hous. Ale is aw 'n shaenie hitz — des is so long so ale in da tank is fer hitza — ow' rwon die tank lare is, uns hous wert kalt, kon m'r net shpringa un paar tzeitinga in der offa shtecka, odder n parshing karrab odder tzwae ferbracha un in der offa duh uns hous is glei widder iwwer shloga. Wons ale ol is, sel is die tzeit woh die kelt ei reiss'd — bardich wons so kalt is wies da onner owet wor wie der Ray un sei shoff kummerrawd Carl Loch, shpotzierra gonga worra.

Der Carl shoft aw fer die Co-op — fohrt 'n ale truck, 's same wie der Ray. Wel aenicha waig, woh die boova worra mocht ol nix ous, der Carl is grawd ins bed wie er hame kumma is, ow'r net so der Ray. Der Ray hut 'n lot druvel kot — Shoemocher's druvel maich'd m'r ferleicht sawga — odder ewwa, die sama g'shpichta wie aw der Shoemocher hut won sie kinner borefeesich rum lawfa.

Wie der Ray hame kumma is wors hous net yusht ice kalt, ow'r sei LaRue hut sich in siva blankets un komforts gawick'ld kot, un uf ma lecktrick heater k'huck'd fer sich warm halta. Wos noch mainer is, der Ray hut gore net wunnerra breicha wos om aw gae wear — die LaRue hut glei loud fon sich gewwa, un der Ray hut bletzlich gamoodmos'd die ale tank wear lare — un wie sie aw wor.

Fer die socha noch fiela shlimmer mocha, wor 'n Ray sei ale truck lare un die welt wor 'm ferlaid. Endlich is es 'm bei g'falla os der Carl, un woh aw in New Tripoli wohn'd, sei truck dahame het, un der Ray hut garufa, wunnerra eb er noch ale im truck het. Der Carl wor shun im bed, ow'r hut ferwillich'd fer uf shtae, un 'm Ray ale gabrocht so wenich nocha da halb nocht. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Ray die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns os sei ale tank drucka wor.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'S wor noh noch ol recht ons Rays' wies fire ous gonga is — die LaRue hut sich eimummla kenna, ow'r wos hetta 's George Jonsea da onner dawg gaduh, wie ihna aw 's fire ous gonga is, un hens hous noch fol p'such kot.

Ol hen k'huck'd mit da koats un iwwerreck aw — un der George hut druf g'shtonna 's ale wear net ol — der Carl Loch het die tank yusht g'fill'd — un wie er aw kotta hut.

'N Offa Docktor hut die g'shicht glei widder om shpringa kot, un der aintsich'd shawda worra paar fire rota nase.

South Side of the Woodlot

HAYDN S. PEARSON

If man knew all the growth processes of a folded bud, an open flower, or a lone blade of grass, he would indeed know infinitely more than he now does. For though man struts earth proudly because of his conquest of material problems, he does not know the secret of life. He who has wisdom and understanding is humble before the great unknown; factual knowledge is no substitute for what one needs in heart and soul to experience true satisfaction while he walks his path of years.

Go to the south side of a woodlot in March when the brown, bare band of moist earth is widening beneath the rays of the climbing sun. There you gain inspiration that you will never experience in the rough-and-tumble of the market place. For as long as man sets his goal short of the Golden Rule, he will try to outwit and out-distance his fellows under the rationalization that the end justifies the means. On a mild March day on the south side of a grove, one can relax from harsh pressures and frustrating tensions. The pleasant warmth of the sun is a harbinger of the new season; the sponginess of the soil is advance proof of the resurrection-miracle soon to be re-enacted. You can smell the pungent, heady fragrance of rich humus, the primal stuff of all life in our flowering world.

The plaintively-sweet carol of the first-arrived bluebird comes from the old sidehill orchard, and the hearty-extrovertish calls of the early robins tell one to be of good cheer. Granular snow and sheets of porous ice still cover fields and lowlands; snow still lies deep among the evergreens and along the northside slopes of upland ridges. But here on the brown belt of bare soil on the south side of the woodlot, the promise of Spring is plain to see. The ground is moist and dark; no green grass tips yet poking up to sun and moon and stars. More snow and sleet, more cold and freezing temperatures may come. But the south side bives its promise — and that promise, never, never fails.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

ANTIQUES

Tea pots, cups and saucers, jugs,
Tables, chairs and shaving mugs;
Cruets, cradles, sofas wide,
Things new styles have thrust aside.

Time was in the years long flown
These some one was proud to own.
Antiques now, but this is true
Time was they were bright and new.

Things grow old and disappear,
Men progress from year to year.
Then some long discarded chair
Proves to be an antique rare.

We are modern, but we know
To the attic things must go.
But of our possessions some
Rare and cherished may become.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 7:26-27

These are the last words of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount: 'And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it.' It does not require the wisdom and experience of a contractor to know that the nature of the foundation of a house is all-important: in other words, to know the difference between a rock and sand as a foundation. Jesus always spoke in concrete instead of absbtract terms, familiar to such as constituted the multitude to which He was speaking. The responsibility of those who hear and know the truth is great, and if they refuse it, reject it, or disobey it, they will be judged in the light of their opportunities which they had to learn it. Notice that the same kind of afflictions came to the foolish as to the wise man, but the result was different. The building may have been fine in both cases, but the weakness was 'underground,' meaning, spiritually, in the secret place of the heart. 'The fundamentals were wrong!'

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

My old Uncle Herbert from Vermont, visiting New York, was appalled by the heavy traffic choking every thoroughfare. "You gotta nice town here," he opined, "but it looks like you fellers let yourselves get quite a bit behind in your haulin'!"

(Copyright 1955)

Horoscope

Exercise great care in relations with others, otherwise your outlook is moderately propitious. A somewhat secretive nature may be looked for in today's child, but persistence of aim is indicated.



HEX OR IMP?

To the Editor of the Eck:

A leading article in **The Morning Call** of Thursday, February 3, 1955, bears the headlines: OLD HEX FORMULA, MEANT TO KEEP DEMONS AWAY, DISAPPEARS FROM EAST TEXAS BARN.

Now, on the surface, that would be good news, were it not for the confusion of superstitions that even the headline presents. This strange charm which is said to have disappeared and attributed to the **hex** belief by some students of Pennsylvana folklore, is neither as rare nor as uncommon as some would have it.

When my father died in 1944 he left a large collection of materials dealing with the folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans. Among this material there are several such charms which were found not only in Lehigh, Berks and Montgomery Counties, but as far afield as Snyder County. The key to these charms is the one which was found in Snyder County.

As with the East Texas formula, these charms were found nailed in the rafters and beams of the barns. Sometimes they were folded triangularly, and nailed with a large spike through the center. The German text of the one found in Snyder County, similar to the one of East Texas, reads (although defective in parts) as follows:

Trollekopf, ich verbiete dir mein Haus und mein Hof, ich verbiete dir meine Pferde — und Kuehstelle, ich verbiete dir meine Bettstelle . . . bis du alle Berge steigest . . . und ueber alle Wesser steigest. Da kann denn lieber Friede in mein Haus im Namen Gottes des Vaters, des Sohnes, un Gottes des heiligen Geistes. Amen.

The interesting feature is that the formula or charm is addressed to **Trollekopf.** Here is the clue. Nowhere is the word **hex** mentioned. Instead, it is the **troll** who is the object of exorcism. And with the **trolls** we are in a far different category of folklore than the world of demons and **hexes.**

It is an ancient belief in Germany, as well as in other Germanic lands, that houses, barns and stables are inhabited by **Hausgeister,** (house spirts) who are blamed for whatever goes wrong in them. There are many different names for such mischief-making little spirits: Nisspuk, Kobold, Klaubauterman, Troll and others. In almost every area in Germany this little spirit has a different name. Here in Pennsylvania we call it the **bucklich Mennli,** a tricksy little household imp, who makes the butter not to churn, who pulls out the newly-planted onions, who scolds when the cows are milked, who makes the soup to boil over, and who plays the many pranks around the house which cause irritation and annoyance. (See **Des Bucklich Mennli** in this Eck).

The word **troll** in our formula from Snyder County is of Nordic origin. It occurs only rarely in English, more frequently in German. In English folklore this spirit is better known as Robin Goodfellow, and better still as Puck, whose name Shakespeare has immortalized in his **Midsummer Night's Dream,** a delightful sprite in the service of Oberon, King of the fairies. Puck is certainly a cousin to our **bucklich Mennli.** It is most interesting to observe that Shakespeare attributes to his Puck the same sort of tricks that the little hunchback, our **bucklich Mennli,** does here in Pennsylvania more than two centuries later.

Says the Fairy to Puck:

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

If a bowl of curds and cream were not set out for this fellow by the dairy maid or the Knecht of the farmyard, the next day he would burn the pottage in the pot, make the cheese not to curdle, or cause the ale not to have a good head. He led horses into bogs, all in fun "to make a merry hour" but without any intentional evil.

Surely this little fellow is neither hex nor devil, nor any other malignantly evil spirit. Shakespeare calls him "sweet" Puck, and sweet, but mischievous, he is. To identify this little fellow with the witches and demons of the devil's kingdom is to completely distort the meaning. Indeed, we are here in two different and contrasting realms. Puck is a mischievous fairy, not an evil spirit dragged from the dark unconsciousness. Surely we have heard enough about these weird and strange superstitions which some would foist on the Pennsylvania Dutch, for we hear on all sides claims about hexerei and demon-worship. These are exaggerations.

The common hex theory is grossly misinterpreted. The Hex is a witch. Belief in witches was prevalent in medieval times, as shown by the witches in Shakespeare's Macbeth. During the seventeenth century witches were violently proceeded against, and many were burned and hanged. The first proceedings against witches were in Sweden and the mania came to a violent head in Salem, Mass. But a witch is not a demon, but a human being turned sour, who has become the tool — and perhaps even the unwilling tool — of evil. Nor is a witch ever a mischievous little **puck** or **troll.**

New England was the center of the belief in witchcraft, not Pennsylvania. We find but one trial here for witchcraft and the good old lady was acquitted. Match this with the record of the Puritans in old and in New England, where they proceeded against harmless old women without regard for tender feelings.

The charm that disappeared from the East Texas barn was neither a formula to keep the witches off nor to exorcise the demons, but merely a charm to keep the mischievous little imp, call him Puck or **des bucklich Mennli,** from fouling up the work of the farm. This is a far cry from the strange and fearful world of demons and witches that have been conjured up.

We have been unhistorical in assuming that exorcism and the charms that go with it connote a belief in the dark world. Christ himself cast the demons out. Did He believe in hexes and demons? Did he worship them? Or rather in whose name did he cast them out? The old faith healing of powwow medicine is the casting out in the name of the Trinity of those various demons which cause disease. Even the text in the East Texas formula (as also in the one given above from Snyder County) uses the Trinity to cast out Puck! Which world dominates, the pagan or the religious? The answer is patent.

Norristown, Pa. JOHN JOSEPH STOUDT

AT PENN STATE

The readers of the ECK will be interested to know about the following activities at Pennsylvania State University to promote Pennsylvania German studies and interest in the Pennsylvania Germans throughout our State, under the direction of Professor Albert F. Buffington.

1.—A master's thesis and a Ph.D. dissertation treating Pennsylvania German subjects are now in progress under the direction of Dr. Buffington at Pennsylvania State University. For his master's thesis Mr. Earl Haag is comparing the phonological, morphological, syntactical, and lexicographical features of the Eastern Rhenish Palatinate dialects with those of the Pennsylvania German dialect. Mr. Walter Boyer is writing his doctoral dissertation (also under Dr. Buffington's direction) on the "Pennsylvania German Broadsides." Both Mr. Haag and Mr. Boyer plan to complete their studies this Spring.

2.—Dr. Buffington continues to give his courses in the Pennsylvania German dialect and in the Life and Culture of the Pennsylvania Germans. These are regularly scheduled 3 credit college courses open to all students at the University. Penn State and Muhlenberg College are, so far as we know, the only institutions in the country that offer such courses for college credit.

3.—In this year of 1955 the Pennsylvania State University is celebrating the 100th anniversary of its founding, and as one of the features of the celebration, the University has set up a Speaker's Bureau, composed of certain members of the faculty who have been chosen to speak on their specialities to various groups and organizations throughout the State. Professor Buffington has been scheduled to give 8 speeches on the following subjects: **The Pennsylvania Germans: Who and what they are; the Languages of the Pennvylvania Germans; Pennsylvania German Folksongs.**

4.—Dr. Buffington, widely known as **Der Nixnutz,** continues to present his Pennsylvania German broadcasts every Sunday at 1:15 over Station WKOK (AM-FM), Sunbury. This past Sunday he gave his 437th consecutive Pennsylvania German broadcast. The chief purpose and objective of his broadcasts is: 1. to tell the Pennsylvania Germans in the area covered by the broadcasts something about their European origins and their history in this country, a history of which they have a right to be proud; 2. To introduce to the people of this area the representative poetry and prose writings of our Pennsylvania German dialect writers; 3. to introduce them to our rich heritage of Pennsylvania German folksongs; 4. to increase their knowledge of other aspects of the culture of the Pennsylvania Germans; 5. to present entertaining as well as educational material.

(An added feature of Dr. Buffington's broadcasts during the past three years has been the singing of his daughter Lorine, who is now 13 years old. She sings regularly two Pennsylvania German folksongs every Sunday, and, judging from the amount of fan mail and gifts she receives from her listeners, is a very welcome addition to the Professor's broadcasts.

This year, as in the two previous years, Lorine did the entire Christmas broadcast herself, reciting Solomon DeLong's **Der Belsnickel** and singing **Ihr Kinderlein kommet** and Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's dialect translation of **Stille Nacht).**

5.—Dr. Maurice A. Mook, Professor of Anthropology at The Pennsylvania State University and one of the country's leading authorities on the Amish, has been making significant investigations relating to the Amish. Some of the results of these studies have been published during the past year in the ECK. Professor Mook is scheduled to give an illustrated lecture on the Amish before the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society at Selinsgrove on April 30th.

DES BUCKLICH MENNLI

(The Little Hunchback)

Wann ich in mei Gaertli geh,
Fer mei Zwiewlin planse,
Hockt des bucklich Mennli do
Un fangt aa zu danse.

Bucklich Mennli, du maagscht danse,
Loss mich yuscht mei Zwiewlin planse.

Wann ich in mei Gaertli geh,
Fer mei Zwiewlin rette,
Kummt des bucklich Mennli nei
Un dutt mir sie vertrete.
Bucklich Mennli, du maagscht trete,
Loss mich yuscht mei Zwiewlin rette.

Wann ich in mei Gaertli geh,
Fer mei Zwiewlin roppe,
Schteht des bucklich Mennli datt
Un dutt mir sie verkloppe.
Bucklich Mennli, du maagscht kloppe,
Loss mich yuscht mei Zwiewlin roppe.

Wann ich in mei Schtelli geh,
Fer mei Kiehli melke,
Hockt des bucklich Mennli do
Un fangt aa zu schelte.
Bucklich Mennli, du maagscht schelte,
Loss mich yuscht mei Kiehli melke.

Wann ich in mei Kichli geh,
Fer mei Sippli koche,
Hockt des bucklich Mennli do
Un fangt aa zu boche.
Bucklich Mennli, du maagscht boche,
Loss mich yuscht mei Sippli koche.

Wann ich in mei Schtiebli geh,
Fer mei Sippli esse,
Iss des bucklich Mennli datt
Un hot mir's schunn gefresse.
Bucklich Mennli, immer am Fresse,
Loss mich yuscht mei Sippli selwer esse.

Wann ich in mei Kemmli geh,
Fer mei Bettli mache,
Hockt des bucklich Mennli do
Un fangt aa zu lache.
Bucklich Mennli, du maagscht lache,
Loss mich yuscht mei Bettli mache.

Wann ich mich in mei Bettli leg,
Fer zu schlofe geh,
Gwiss liegt des bucklich Mennli datt
Un schnarrickst die gans Nacht fatt.
Bucklich, bucklich Mennli du!
Loss mich yuscht schlofe in der Ruh!

(The above Lancaster County form of the ballad was adapted from the Rev. John Baer Stoudt's **The Folklore of The Pennsylvania Germans,** 1916).

Des bucklich Mennli, the little hunchback of the above ballad, may seem crude and grotesque beside Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream, whom Shakespeare's genius makes a dainty sprite of mirth and melody, a worthy compeer of Peablossom, Cobweb and Mustard-seed, doing service to King Oberon and Queen Titania in their gossamer fairy world; Puck, who boasts he'll "put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes"; Puck, who laughs and exclaims "What fools these mortals be!"

But how very like Puck is our own Pennsylvania German **bucklich Mennli** in his love of mischief and playful trickery, in his roistering laughter at the discomfitures and aggravations of us mortals.

He must have been very popular among our ancestors as the variant forms of the ballad would indicate. One form which the Editor of the Eck received some years ago from Mrs. Mary A. Wright, Quakertown, reads in part:

Wann ich in mei Haus nei geh
Odder in die Felder
Schteht des bucklich Mennli datt
Un fangt aa su schelde.

Wann ich in mei Schtubb nei geh
Fer an Hemmer naehe,
Geht des bucklich Mennli naus
Un fangt aa zu maehe.

Among our Pennsylvania German cousins in Waterloo, Ontario, the first two stanzas run as follows:

Ei, ei, was mach ich dann,
Ei, ei, was mach ich dann,
Mit mei bucklich Mennle?
Will ich in mei Kemmerle geh,
Un will mei Bettle mache,
Noh kummt mei bucklich Mennle rei,
Un fangt aa zu lache.

Ei, ei, was mach ich dann,
Ei, ei, was mach ich dann,
Mit mei bucklich Mennle?
Will ich in mei Gaarte geh
Un will mei Zwiwwle hole,
Noh kummt mei bucklich Mennle rei,
Un fangt me aa zu yohle.

The ballad, no matter how it was modified in Pennsylvania, was undoubtedly brought along from the Fatherland. In the Palatinate there is a diversity of forms, of which we give only the following:

Will ich in mei Gaertche geh
Will mei Blumme giese,
Steht e bucklig Mennche do
Un fangt aa ze niese.

Will ich in de Kueche geh,
Will e Sueppche koche,
Steht e bucklich Mennche do,
Hot mer alles zerbroche.

Setz ich mich ans Raedche hin,
Will mei Faedche drehe,
Steht e bucklig Mennche do,
Laesst mir 's Rad nicht gehe.

Will ich in mei Kemmerche geh,
Will mei Bettche mache,
Steht e bucklig Mennche do
Un fangt aa ze lache.

Will ich in mei Kellerche geh,
Will e Schoppche zappe,
Steht e bucklig Mennche do,
Tut mir 'n Krug wegschnappe.

P. A. B.

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Editorials

Vocational Training Advance

Substantial advance in Allentown's program of vocational education will be assured when the large addition to the high school building at 17th and Linden Sts. is completed under a contract awarded at a meeting of the School Board on Wednesday.

Under this contract a magnificent building is to be erected on the north side of Linden Street and extending from the Palestra to 18th St. At its eastern end and junction with existing units of the school it will be two stories in height. At 18th St. it will have four stories.

Carefully planned by the school authorities, who understand the needs of those young people who elect vocational training courses, the additional assets in this program should serve to attract even more young people than now elect these courses. They should serve to hold their pupils over an even longer period of training than some now take. They should serve produce graduates in these courses who will be better fitted to enter various trades and vocations than it now is possible for them to be.

All this is going to be highly satisfactory to a vast body of public opinion. This opinion over the years has felt that our schools should be broad enough in their offering of education to embrace not only those young people who are looking ahead to college and university careers and preparation for fine arts and scientific careers but those who expect to enter the crafts and various phases of business.

Great advancement has been made during the comparatively few years since the idea of widely varied vocational training was adopted by our educational system. It is not too much to say that the sustained pressure of public opinion as developed by many local leaders and the trades unions, had much to do with local adoption and implementation of the idea.

It is a nice thought therefore of the School Board that, in the construction of the large addition, tribute shall be paid to those individuals and groups. Certainly they had a hard and a long fight in the ara of change in ideas concerning general education and the breaking down of ancient traditions that everywhere in the country fortunately were fighting a losing fight in this modern age.

An Unbeatable Safety Team

It is gratifying for motorists to learn almost every day of some new local activity on the part of the State Department of Highways. All is being directed to the end that greater safety for the travelling public shall be assured.

It is sad of course that this intense activity had to be spurred by many deaths and injuries and vast property losses in collisions upon local highways. But it also is to be noted in all fairness that officials now responsible for this activity are newcomers on the scene. Whatever errors of omission in the past are chargeable to the State Department of Highways are not chargeable to them. But they have vigilantly assumed the burden in the few weeks of their incumbency of important office.

Now that they have assumed this burden it is to be hoped and expected that they will go all out in a cleanup of conditions which have brought about accidents, injuries and deaths on the highway or are certain to result in such accidents unless there be corrections.

A splendid job already has been done on Highway 22 near Fogelsville, scene of the injury of Senator John Van Sant and the death of Herbert Ralston.

In addition to the work of the Department of Highways toward greater safety, the State Police have cooperated effectively by more thoro supervision of the highway and enforcement of reduced speed regulations.

An unbeatable combination in this matter of safety has brought results. The Department of Highways is improving highway conditions. The State Police have put a curb upon the speedsters and reckless drivers.

This combination well may extend its appraisal of hazardous conditions on other highways under their control. There are other local highways on which the speed limit is 50 mph altho there are dangerous curves and the highways are only two lanes in width.

Let it not be said that it is necessary for prominent people to be maimed or killed in order that obviously dangerous conditions shall be improved by the State Department of Highways and that the State Police shall enforce the speed and other highway laws.

These two splendid agencies of our government have shown already what can be done by earnest, coordinated action. Let it be shown that they can do this same kind of a job on every State highway in this area.

At Work: The Safest Place

As accidents, injuries and deaths upon the highway unfortunately increase, there happily is reduction in injuries and deaths in industrial plants thruout the country. This fact is brought to attention once more in the award of a safety trophy during recent days to the Fogelsville plant of the Lehigh Portland Cement Co.

This trophy, which was awarded because the plant had no disabling injuries to its men thruout all the year 1954, also recalls the fact that in thirteen of the past twenty-six years such a splendid record has been achieved.

There was a time when the fears of men and their families were great as they left their homes for work in many industries which had a reputation for hazards.

Today the accident records of many industries are far better than the accident records of the American home and especially the accident record of our highways.

Today it is safer for men to be at work in such industries as the cement mills with their quarry and mill operations and the heavy machinery that is involved, than to be riding in cars upon our highways or to be pursuing ordinary activities and duties in the home.

Accident figures are pretty well agreed upon this conclusion.

'Incident' Closed

There has been gratifying good sense in several quarters in the disposition of the case of the tanker Aruba that is carrying a cargo of jet fuel consigned to Communist China. The British made it plain that the tanker could not refuel at any port under the Union Jack. The United States made it plain that it did not propose to create an international "incident" by ordering our naval forces to intercept the ship. The Chinese Nationalists made it plain that if the ship entered the lanes into a Red China port it would be intercepted. The Finnish crew made it plain that they did not wish to enter such lanes. The Finnish owners have now declared that the crew is within its legal rights and that the ship will not become a blockade runner.

This is a good object lesson on the value of keeping a cool head. This situation could have been promoted into an "incident." As it stands the incident is closed. There will be no moral violation of the United Nations declaration that war materials should not go to an unrepentant aggressor. There will be no necessity of raising the vexed question of "blockade." Sensible men — and that Finnish crew rank high on the list — have acted sensibly. — N.Y. Times

Municipal Utopia

When Uncle Sam builds a hydro-electric project, he normally builds a town first to house its workers. For example Boulder, Nev., near Boulder Dam, and the town of Coulee Dam in the State of Wshington.

These are not ordinary towns, with ramshackle as well as prosperous sections. They are resplendent throughout. That is because Uncle Sam still governs and operates them to this day. The cost, incidentally, is one that is not included in the rigged calculations of the bureaucrats who contend public power is cheaper than private.

Recently the University of Washington undertook a study of Coulee Dam's (the town) federally paid operations costs. On the basis of its findings, Gov. Arthur B. Langlie announced:

The general overhead cost of Coulee government was $13,400, as compared to a $7300 average for 10 other towns of similar size in the state.

The police force there cost $8600, as against $6800 in the other 10.

The fire department cost was $13,000; the average in the others, $2308.

Street lighting came to $6200, and $2200 in other towns.

The streets cost $16,000 annually in Coulee Dam, $9600 in the others.

Parks and recreation were $20,000, as against $2000 in the others.

Garbage collection there cost $22,500 a year, compared to a $5,270 average in the 10 like communities.

The kindergarten morale, of course, is that when a town's residents pay for their own municipal services through local taxes, costs are held down; when they are met gratis by Federal Government — meaning from taxpayers' funds everywhere — anything goes. In Coulee Dam, it has been going on for 18 years. St Louis Globe—Democrat

Long As He's In There Pitchin'—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The famous "Yalta papers" now made public after 10 years of secrecy merely confirm what was suspected at the time — namely, that moral principle was flagrantly disregarded by Messrs. Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill and that the Atlantic Charter, with its professions of high purpose, was torn to shreds.

The world has known the main facts—that the people of Poland were sold down the river and that Stalin was appeased again and again. The blunders made at Yalta have altered the whole course of modern history.

Already the apologists are crying out that "it's all water over the dam anyhow," but they forget that, unless the facts of historic conferences are clearly revealed, no lessons can be learned that will prevent a recurrence of the same mistakes in the future.

Talking Same Way

For today many of the ardent advocates of "peaceful coexistence" are talking the same language of surrender and appeasement as was heard at Yalta. It matters little to such advocates that more than 30,000 American boys gave their lives and 110,000 were wounded in Korea in a noble attempt to maintain the principle of collective security. Again, for "practical" reasons, it is being urged that an aggressor nation must be accepted in the United Nations.

It is precisely this sin of expediency which is disclosed repeatedly in the "Yalta papers," and that's why it is important for the whole world to read now what happened when well-meaning men like the late President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill mistakenly put their trust in Stalin and in the professed intentions of the Communist regime.

It may be true that there was Communist infiltration in the American delegation at Yalta, that Alger Hiss was hypnotized by Communist philosophy and that he helped create the atmosphere of trustfulness which permeated the Yalta conference when he was there as an adviser for the State Department. But the philosophical prejudices of Alger Hiss or the readiness of Harry Dexter White, then assistant secretary of the treasury, to recommend a $10 billion loan to Soviet Russia do not explain the timidity and the softness which both Roosevelt and Churchill manifested in their dealings with Stalin. There is evidence that both the American and British leaders overestimated the military and political importance of Soviet Russia and made concessions that have brought on the "cold war" of postwar years.

Few people will read the full text of the "Yalta papers," which runs about 500,000 words, but the leaders of thought in America as well as members of Congress and others throughout the government charged with responsibility for future steps in world policy will want to examine carefully the tragic record of appeasement written in those documents lest the same mistakes be made now.

This correspondent wrote just after the Yalta conference many criticisms of what was done there, and unfortunately stood almost alone as a critic in those days. One newspaper editor in a small city in New York state wrote a letter at the time taking this writer to task for his views and pointing out that many of the larger newspapers had not, in their editorials, opposed what was done at Yalta but had argued in favor of it as a practical step. This was unhappily and example of the conformity of thought which some observers then believed was essential, and it certainly shows now the importance of criticism of government policy, even in wartime.

In Partisan Politics

Naturally the "Yalta papers" have since gotten into partisan politics. The Republican national platform of 1952 denounced the decisions made at Yalta, while the Democrats have always felt they must defend what happened there. The truth is there has been an appeasement sentiment right along in both parties. It cropped up this very week in connection with the Far Eastern crisis, as a number of first-year Democrats in the House of Representatives called for a new "declaration of foreign policy" which savors of the same kind of thing that emerged from the Yalta conference.

Their talk is of a "plebiscite" for Formosa and a trusteeship, but the tyranny of the Communist tyrants on the Chinese mainland and the need for a free election there is ignored. The idea of "coalition" of any kind with the Communists has been proved worthless—and, indeed, the nationalist government in China was undermined by the same tactics on the part of some American officials.

So the lessons of Yalta are plain, and they add up to the fact that compromise with and concession to gangsters is never justified, and that deserting the principle of self-determination of peoples in free elections does not bring stability or a coexistence that is peaceful.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 8:21-22

'And another of His disciples said unto Him: Lord, suffer (allow) me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him: Follow Me, and let the dead (the spiritually dead) bury their dead.' This saying of Jesus seems cruel, but only because we have not become thoroughly aware of the urgency of the commission which Jesus gave to His Church, to follow Him and to preach the Gospel to the lost. There are many things which ungenerate people can do, says Spurgeon, but if we are called to preach the Gospel to the lost and dying world, nothing should hinder us from carrying out Jesus' commission. It must be Christ first, and father next, according to v. 22. There would be some one able and willing to tend to funeral arrangements. Living commands must take precedence of duties to the dead. Soldiers cannot be excused from war on account of domestic claims. Let not the higher worker entangle himself with what worldlings can do quite as well as he can. Do we really believe that without Christ men are eternally lost? It doesn't seem to worry us much!

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

GARDEN KNOWLEDGE

There's a way to have a garden,
But it's not an easy trade.
First your hands you have to harden
With a rake and hoe and spade.
And your back must start to aching
As your muscles stronger grow.
For the flower beds you're making
There is much you ought to know.

When you've done the simple seeding,
From the springtime through the fall,
There's the constant task of weeding
You must learn to know them all.
There are spots some things won't grow in;
Without sun they'll quickly fade.
There are others you must sow in
Places damp and dim with shade.

This you have to be prepared for:
Many a rose is like a child.
Left unguarded, and uncared for,
It is likely to run wild.
One must battle a a duty
Drouths and rains and killing frosts,
But a garden's gift of beauty
Is worth every pain it costs.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ALTIE G'SHICHT: 'S wor 'mohl 'n drup monsleit omma bush um hocha—tzaea monsleit, ainer wor iwwermaishder. Allas is gute gonga bis 'm iwwermaishder sei gelt beit'l weck kumma is, un hut 'n naryads finna kenna. Weil er net fom grund wor, un niemond shunshd wor rum fer 'n nemma, hut er ous gamocht ainer fon seina nine shoff leit hets 'm g'shtola—ow'r kenner huts uf gaaigen'd os er der gelt beit'l ganumma het.

Sie hen 'n alter aisel bei sich kotta fer bleg tziega, un hen g'shlofa imma tzelt. Endlich hut der iwwermaishder g'sawt, er wear fersicher'd os ains fon da nina sei gelt het, un hut na g'sawt er dade der aisel froga—er kents 'm sawga.

Er hut der aisel noh ins tzelt gabunna woh 'n niemond sehna hut kenna bis es drin wor, un hut da nine mon g'sawt, sie sotta sich ousa wenich inna roy shtella, un ainer noch 'm onnerra mist nei tzum aisel gae 'm aisel der shwontz shtreicha mit da tzwae hand, un wie selar der aisel awraiga dade os 'm sei gelt beit'l ganumma het, dade der aisel 'n hefticher blarrer ous lossa—sel wear der waig wie er ous finna kent war 'm sei gelt ganumma het.

Die monsleit sin nei tzum aisel ainer noch 'm onnerra, ow'r der aisel hut ken larma gamocht. Wie sie in roy g'shtonna he eb sie ins tzelt tzum aisel sin, so hut der iwwermaishder sie aw widder sich hee shteella mocha wie sie rous kumma sin. Wie der ledshd hous wor, hut er na g'sawt sie sotta ihra hand nous hava, un is on da roy nunner un hut garocha on yader'm seina hand.

Trixfol wie der iwwermaishder wor, hut er 'm aisel sei shwontz gariva kot mit grutta bols'm tae. Ol woh nix gawist hen fom gelt os weck kumma wor, hen der aisel shwontz g'shtricha wie na g'sawt wor os sie sotta, un ihra hand hen garocha noch 'm tae. Selar ow'r wohs gelt ganumma hut kot, wor bong der aisel dade blarra won er 'n awraiga dade, un sei hand hen net garocha noch 'm tae, un hut sella waig shnell ous g'funna war sei gelt beit'l ganumma hut kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis wunner bore tzu denka os 'n dreck shnae wie geshter falla sot noch ol 'm shaina freeyohrs wedder os m'r kotta hen im noch winder.

Won des der tzwivla shnae wor (wie m'r net glawwa os es wor) sots da summer tzwivla shlutta gewwa 'n yord long.

M'r hens ols hoerra sawga, die diefichkate fom tzwivla shnae dade badeita wie long os die tzwivla shlutta werra dada.

Try & Stop Me

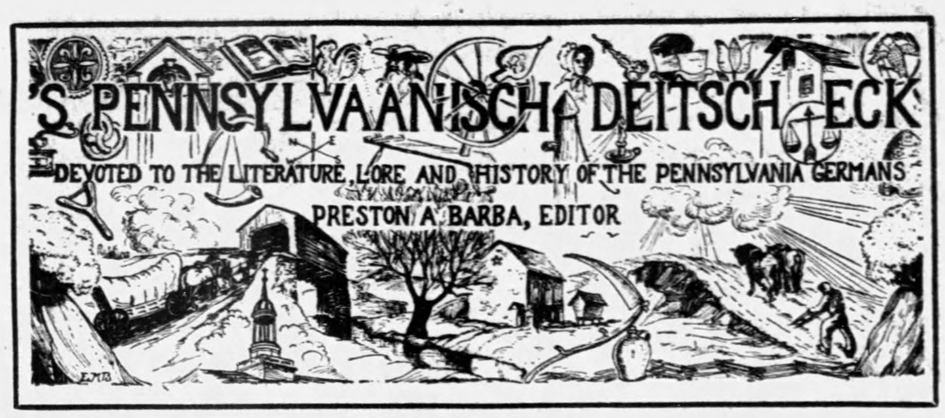
By BENNETT CERF

Broadway "angels" who invest in new musical shows are supposed to know what they're doing, and little sympathy is wasted on them when they get clipped. One fellow, however, brought a tear to the eyes of even the toughest producer. He had lost so much backing turkeys that when his wife discovered he had a $3,000 interest in still another play, she raised the roof. So he sold out his interest not only once, but twice.

Needless to say, this production became a smash hit. Every time he got a hefty check from it, he had to send personal checks to the two investors on whom he'd unloaded his interest. The very first success in his "angelic" career virtually bankrupted him!

When Max Perkins, late and great editor, was vacationing in the White Mountains, friends tried hard to persuade him to join in a hike to the summit of Mt. Washington. "You can tell me about it when you come back," he assured them. "Put me down as an anti-climb-Max!"

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AN OLD LETTER

FEW of the many thousands that emigrated to Pennsylvania from the valley of the Rhine and adjacent German principalities remained in contact with their kin in the fatherland beyond their immediate generation. Some, to be sure, could not write, others were "schreibfaul," still others were too occupied with the stress and labor of establishing themselves in their new world, and postal service, as we know it, was non-existent. The historian and the genealogist can only regret that so few letters, whether received here in Pennsylvania from the folks that remained behind in Europe, or in Germany from their kin in far-away Pennsylvania, have survived the ravages of time and circumstance.

A notable exception has come to the attention of the Editor of the Eck through the courtesy of Dr. Luther A. Pflueger, sometime Assistant Professor of German at Muhlenberg College. Through him we have learned of the remarkable correspondence that has been maintained, though sometimes irregularly, between the German and the American branches of the family down through the generations for more than 135 years. We know of no similar instance.

Information concerning the European origins of the Pflueger family (the cognomen signifies "plowman") was toilsomely unearthed by consulting the church records of several centuries at Schopfheim (near Loerrach and Basel) in the Black Forest area, the original home of the Pfluegers. It was a difficult task, for there were times when the churchbooks were carelessly kept, other periods when there were gaps, especially during the harassing time of the Thirty Years War (1618-1648), when the land was laid waste and the population in flight. Various members left their ancestral home, of whom some were lost for the future genealogist. One, the common ancestor of the Pflueger family, John Jacob Pflueger, emigrated to Pennsylvania. His decendants are today scattered throughout the United States.

The original Pflueger family was evidently one of the most respected and influential in Schopfheim, where their occupations and titles of honor: members of the city council, mayors, judges, etc., bear witness to the esteem in which they were held. In our own day the European branch of the family consists very largely of men of the upper middle class, business and professional men. In America the Pflueger family has given to the nation numerous Lutheran clergymen (the late Rev. Oscar E. Pflueger and his brother the Rev. Asher Pflueger), physicians (the late Dr. Charles Pflueger, Dr. Charles Pflueger II, and Dr. George Pflueger) musicians, public school teachers and college professors.

The ancestor of the American branch of the Pflueger family, John Jacob Pflueger emigrated to America with his wife and four children in 1817, a few years after the devastating Napoleonic wars. Economic conditions were in Germany, as elsewhere on the continent, still very bad. The family was evidently poor, and set out for America, as so many others, in order to better their condition. One child, an infant, Karl Friedrich, died either on the voyage or shortly after landing. The second son, a boy of nearly fourteen, remained in Germany, making his home with a friend of his father's at Oettlingen. Later this same son bought the hotel Zur Krone in Loerrach, in which town most of his descendants, who form the German branch of the immediate Pflueger family, still live today.

A most interesting description of the journey to America, its difficulties and hardships, and the experiences in a new land, has been preserved in a letter written by John Jacob Pflueger from Pennsylvania to his friend, a Mr. Tschira of Schopfheim. Its contents indicate that it is the first letter written from Pennsylvania by John Jacob Pflueger. The following English translation was done from the original by his descendant, Dr. Luther A. Pflueger:

North America, June 9, 1919.

Dear friend and god-father, John Christian Tschira:

I take the liberty of writing to you. Dear friends, I wish to inform you in this letter that we are still alive and well, and we will rejoice heartily if this letter also finds you in good health. As to what concerns us further I wish to tell you something about our voyage. We spent five weeks on the Rhine and two in Holland. You can imagine how wretchedly we fared, for you know well in what poverty we departed. A bargain was struck for the voyage on the high seas to America. They are unwilling to accept passengers unless they can pay their ocean fare, or at least three-fourths of it. A carpenter of Tuellingen had half the sum, but in vain, they would not take him. You can judge then of our feelings. We shivered and shook. We thought surely, as you can readily believe, that we should have to turn back. But then was the proverb justified: "God is a very present help in a time of trouble." We were lodged, being poor people in a peasant's barn, so that it might not cost so much, but for all that it cost a great deal. I worked tht whole time, so that we had enough to live. There were more than fifty in the barn. When everything looked blackest there came two wealthy Swiss peasants into the barn and asked: "Where is that man Pflueger?" "Here I am," I cried. They same up to me and said: "Don't worry, we have come to tell you that we shall pay for you and your family if you are not accepted at the office." So I was once more full of hope and went to the office. After answering a few questions I was accepted for the voyage to America. And so we came upon the high seas, where we had a very long and stormy voyage. I and my wife were dreadfully sick. In the month of August we arrived in Philadelphia. My wife and I were both sent to the hospital. The little boy Karl Friedrich died. The other three children I was of course obliged to sell, in order that we might come free from the ship. So we came then from the ship, but I and my wife very ill. I, however, soon recovered my health.

Then I rented a house two hours on foot from Philadelphia, and then I took my wife, still ill, from the hospital, and brought her to the rented house, where she lay eight long months seriously ill. You can imagine how I felt; I found myself childless, my wife sick, and, as you know, wretchedly poor in a strange country. And yet from the very hour that we came to this country we had lack of nothing. I always met good people from time to time, and so with the help of God my wife got well again. After that we moved away from there and live now seventeen hours from Philadelphia or one hour from Bethlehem, where I am having good earning. I have bought my children free, and we now live happily together. We only wish that John (he is the son who remained in German. — Tr.) were also with us, then we should be together again. Tell our son John that he can make his fortune here easier than with you. If he will come he need have no fear that he must be sold like his brothers and his sister. I, as his father, will buy him free from the ship. Only let him see to it that he comes in a merchant-ship, and when he reaches Philadelphia he has to write to Christopher Kaucher, cooper and brewer of Bethlehem. This Kaucher is the nephew of the Kaucher in Schopfheim, and he used to work for his uncle. Now he is in Bethlehem with the Moravians in a brewery, where he earns every month thirty Spanish dollars, and in addition good board. I can truthfully tell you that it is good to live in this country. A man who is willing to work can save money, and at the same time live well. There is no lack of anything here. We wish daily that my wife's sisters and their families were here, as well as all our other good friends. It is, to be sure, a fearful and dreadful journey, but after the voyage is over one lives here in a good and a free country.

We are very anxious to hear where Mr. Hopfer and his family are. We can find out nothing about them. If he has written let me know where he lives. We have heard nothing from any of our acquaintances since we left the ship. We live here in a fine, beautiful country and earn good wages. Any one here who will work can earn lots of money, but one can not easily buy for himself. The land that is good is too dear, and the houses as well. We wish, therefore, to stay here for some time and earn money. Then we shall move further back into the country where an acre of good land can be bought for two dollars. Therefore we wish that our son John come soon if he wishes to come. He will never repent it if he comes, nor will our other good friends. We have never been sorry for it. If we had only come here ten or twelve years ago! If we only keep well I hope in a few years to have my own house and land enough, but not in the region where we now are. Therefore we wish that son John come soon, if he wishes to come. He can easily find us now, as well as our other good friends, because we live in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

We should very much like to know whether father is still living and how he is getting along. We are with you daily, but only in our thoughts. You were perhaps offended because I moved away, but I have found a better living by going. It grieved me very much, but it had to be so. Therefore I beg of all whom I have offended that they pardon me from the bottom of their hearts, just as I have pardoned them from the bottom of mine. I thank most heartily all the good friends who helped us to set out on our journey. We got so much that we could pay our way as far as Holland. But then we had nothing any more. But with God's help we successfully undertook the great journey from Holland to America without money, without anything. But as I have already told you, I had to sell my children, in order that we might get free from the ship. I redeemed first the youngest, Kunigunda, and now the boys. We are all free again, and our journey is paid, and we have the hope, if we keep well, to acquire something of our own, and in addition we lack for nothing.

We have at this writing four pigs in the stable which we shall butcher next winter. We eat here in one month more meat than with you in a whole year. It is the gospel truth that I am writing you. I must also tell you that the boys can already write, read and speak English, and that Maria Kunigunda could not speak a single word of German any more when I bought her free. She was nine months in Philadelphia with quite English people, where she was to serve for twelve years. I bought her free first, but it cost me more than the man paid on the ship, and so it was also with the boys. That also was very hard for us, but now we are, God be praised, free again.

Dear friend, Christian Tschira, I beg you to tell my brother-in-law Mautz and the boy John Pflueger that he shall come before he has to serve his time in the army. And if he comes he is to write us when he is coming. Also I beg all my good friends to help him as much as possible, so that he can undertake the journey. Remember me also to my father, old John Pflueger, also to our benefactors Conrad Sutter and his good wife and his whole family, as well as to all my brothers and sisters-in-law, and also to my brother's children, and to all our other relatives and acquaintances.

I know of nothing else to write. There is not much news here. We all live in peace and quiet. One thing more . . . remember me to the mistress of the Post-Exchange Hotel (the hotel where the stage-coach horses were changed.-Tr.) in Steinen, and tell her that her sister had already been dead for fourteen months when we arrived in Philadelphia. I was in the house in which she died. The people who now live there said that she left nothing, that she had barely enough money to be buried with. Further news I can not give.

I shall conclude my letter. I beg you to answer soon. Address your letter to the above mentioned Kaucher in Bethlehem, because I do not know how long I shall be here. But Kaucher always knows where we are. Now fare well. Greetings to all our good friends, our relatives and acquaintances. Fare well for ever.

I remain your sincere friend,
JOHN JACOB PFLUEGER

In the above letter we were informed that the parents had redeemed their children from their indenture and that they were all once more happily united. The infant, Carl Frederick is dead, Kunigunda, the one daughter, is mentioned, but the other two sons, John Frederick and John Christian, are not mentioned by name. It remained for Dr. Luther A. Pflueger to discover in our own day a very interesting sequel to the narrative of the above letter, according to which the ancestor, John Jacob Pflueger, did not reveal the full truth about his children, when he wrote of having redeemed all of them and having all of them at home once more. Perhaps he was too embarrassed to admit that through no fault of his own he had lost every trace of his son John Christian.

It is now known that when the Pflueger family landed in Philadelphia in 1817 a Mr. Taylor took John Christian, then a boy of twelve, as an indentured servant, and took him with him, first to North Carolina, and thence, after a short stay, to Tennessee, near to the point where the Tennessee River crosses the line into Kentucky. And here, a few years later, young John Christian heard from the captain of a boat that plied up and down the Tennessee River that a family of Pfluegers lived near Bethlehem, Pa. He wrote and connections were once more established between him and his family. Correspondence was continued for some years and then somehow it was dropped. John Christian remained in Tennesse and continued to work for Mr. Taylor long beyond the period of his bondage, and when he was married, about 1831, Mr. Taylor gave him as a wedding present 300 acres of land. Part of this was fertile bottom land along a creek that flows into the Tennessee, part was on the bluffs above the creek. John Christian built his own log cabin before marrying and made all the furniture for it. The big stone fireplace and chimney are still standing, but a new house was built around it. Until a few years ago a granddaughter of John Christian occupied it with her family. They say of John Christian that he was a large man, neatly dressed when he went to church; that he had the most beautiful flower garden in the neighborhood, and that he was well thought of by every body. He had brought his German schoolbooks with him from Germany and used to read and re-read them so as not to forget his native tongue. He now lived in a community that was entirely English-speaking, but if he heard of a German passing through the country he would try to find him and speak German with him. John Christian had ten children, of whom four sons and four daughters reached maturity. Today there are more Pfluegers in Tennessee than in Pennsylvania. One of the Tennessean Pfluegers possesses a letter addressed to John Christian which reads as follows:

Lower Saucon Township, Northampton County, Pennsylvania. January 13, 1824.
Dear Brother John (Christian):

We have duly received your letter of the 7th day of May and were happy to learn that you are still well, we are all the same likewise. Our dear father departed this life on the 7th of November last and on the 9th his earthly remains were committed to the grave. He had been sick for two years with a kind of consumption. (This was the immigrant ancestor, John Jacob Pflueger.—Ed.)

We now live all together on a lot of 3 acres of land two miles from Bethlehem, namely mother, Maria Kunigunda, myself and little brother, of whom you hardly know anything, as he is not yet two years old. (The latter was James Levin, the grandfather of Dr. Luther A. Pflueger.—Ed.) I had intended to come out and pay you a visit next summer, but father's death prevents it, but we hope that you will come home as soon as you are free (after serving his time as an indentured servant.—Ed.)

Brother John Frederick

But the brothers never visited each other, and the descendants of each went their way for more than a century, until in 1943 Dr. Luther A. Pflueger once more established contacts. Today, despite time and distance, the German Pfluegers in Baden, the Tenesseean Pfluegers and the Pennsylvania Pfluegers know of each other through friendly intercourse, either by letter or visits.

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Editorials

Your Last Chance Today

There is not an adult person in this county who, after today, will have a right to complain about any one except himself if his name is not included on the permanent registration lists and he is therefore ineligible to vote at the primary elections in May.

Certainly the County Commissioners and their permanent registration office, plus the newspapers, have done everything except supply taxi cabs to bring eligible persons to the Court House annex or direct them to the various spots in the county where temporary offices for registration were set up in recent weeks.

Despite all this there is a considerable group of persons who, altho 21 years of age and over and residents of Pennsylvania for a year or more and residents of the election district in which they now reside for a period of sixty days or more, have not placed their names on the books.

A last chance is offered to these persons today. Altho it is a Saturday, when most public business shuts up shop, the Court House annex will be open all day and until 8 p.m. for the accommodation of the late-comers, the procrastinators, the forgetful ones and for those who have been injured or ill or for some other reasons have not been able to attend to this important personal business up to this time.

While a lot of persons may now be indifferent and cool to the forthcoming primary elections, they may become "all steamed up" within the next few weeks when the campaigns of hundreds of candidates become more intense and more interest-stirring. Then will come the disappointments if participation in the primaries will have been denied by the individual's own neglect. Then will come satisfaction if there be knowledge that participation in the primaries will be possible.

If you have not yet registered, do so today. It is your last chance.

Those Perfidious Reds

The utter impossibility of getting along with Russia and Russians even in such matters as concern the pursuit of peace and reduction of world tensions is demonstrated again in a bitter experience in London where representatives of five nations have been conducting a disarmament conference.

The purpose of this conference has been noble. Ostensibly it is based upon the sound premise that if all the world were disarmed, if its armies were disbanded and its navies sunk, universal peace almost necessarily would result. Most of all, atomic weapons would be destroyed or converted to peaceful uses.

It is safe to say that the western nations entered this conference with honest purpose. The record of the United States in the pursuit of the idea of disarmament, for example, is clear and positive. The world must not be permitted to forget the Washington Disarmament Conference in President Harding's day and the thorough job that the United States made of sinking its powerful Navy in evidence of sincerity. Nor should the world be permitted to forget that the United States could hardly wait for World War II to end before millions of men gleefully tossed their uniforms away and the world's greatest army was reduced to virtual impotence almost over night. Other nations like Russia may protest their desire for peace and shatter their lungs in boastings but American example that in one instance scrapped a great navy and in another smashed an all-powerful and invincible army should speak louder than words.

With that kind of an unimpeachable record the United States went into the London conference. And what has happened?

The Russians persistently have employed the conference for their own propaganda purposes and self-praise. The most flagrant example occurred within recent days when the Russian representative, contrary to rules of secrecy, tattled to the Reds news agency and told a story which was calculated to put Russia only in a bright light. This was a story that Russia has agreed to disarmament and, what is more important, "inspection" by the United Nations of the armament of any and all countries.

Never has there been any question in the western world about a desire to disarm but it would be done only subject to uncontrolled and unintimidated inspection of every nook and cranny in Russia where arms were being made and stockpiled. That has been the western world's theme since the war. It has been consistently rejected by Russia. Now very suddenly, and slyly, Russia gives out the impression that she is ready to agree to inspection. The terms are so general that the western world is certain it would be inspection without power to act. In other words, a trap is smelled. The western world would disarm in all honesty, as we did twice before, and lay ourselves open to the conquest which Communism is determined to effect.

The British Government seems to have been the first to sense the Russian deceit. It has declared that Russia, by its breach of agreements to maintain secrecy temporarily concerning the disarmament conference has shown clearly "that she is all out for propaganda and not for talks which might make progress." Washington has followed with the charge that a "shocking breach of faith" has been committed.

Everything that is done with the Russians seems to be just so much waste of time and energy.

Tribute to a Great Teacher

Swimming meets do not attract cheering crowds like those which fill the seats of football stadia and baseball parks for those highly popular games but they do serve to emphasize a sport that is one of the most useful in which men, women and children can engage and which, in fact, can be pursued by its devotees virtually from the cradle to the grave.

This explains why the plaudits of an entire populace may go out to a championship football or a baseball team and the coaches while they may be singularly missing from the reactions of a community to a championship team of swimmers and divers and their coach.

Fortunately, Allentown is going to do something about this next week. On Wednesday many of the swimmers who advanced their knowledge of this sport under Coach David Hacket at Allentown High School are going to hold a banquet in his honor and give him a great sendoff on his anticipated trip to the next series of Olympic Games in Australia.

Certainly Allentown has been proud of its unusual water record. For forty years there has been strong emphasis upon the teaching of swimming and the assurance of water safety. A lot of kindred spirits have been engaged in promoting the facilities for enjoyment of this sport and providing safety for all persons who enter or go near the waters of our streams and pools.

In his particular field, which has been the teaching of swimming, Mr. Hacket has occupied many places where thousands of young people have come under his competent tutelage. His has been a mass recreation and teaching job, as well as a specialized one in the training of the outstanding girls and boys who have made up the many championship teams that he has selected and coached to high achievements.

It is not indicated how many persons are going to attend the testimonial dinner on Wednesday evening. The number well could be thousands. During his nearly forty years of intensive work with our young people and older ones as well, both during the summer at bathing beaches and during the winter in the city's indoor pools, he has benefited and trained hosts of them in one of the most satisfactory and in one of the most useful sports that it ever has been their good fortune to take up.

It is entirely fit and proper that recognition shall be given to a person whose work with our young people has been so inspirational and helpful. Almost every family in this community can say that it has been touched favorably by the patient teaching of Davy Hacket in a sport that is useful life-long.

Giving Ourselves Away

The way we pinch pennies at home while squandering billions abroad on schemes to raise the living standards of foreign peoples is deplored in the April issue of The American Legion Magazine by Eugene Castle, author of the best-seller, "Billions, Blunders and Baloney."

Pointing out that our giveaway programs frequently benefit those who are at best "neutralists," unwilling to help the United States and sometimes antagonistic to us, Mr. Castle suggests that Americans consider using this money at home on a multitude of projects held up or hampered for reasons of economy.

As a case in point, dramatizing our extravagance when it comes to overseas expenditures, the Castle article describes America's generosity to Nehru and his Indians.

"Washington has a bottomless purse for needy foreigners," writes Mr. Castle. "When Nehru needs money for his Indians he can count on an emphatic 'Yes' from Washington. In the last three and a half years Nehru's Indians who are lined up against us in a neutral and unfriendly corner in our Asiatic situation, have received gifts, loans and pledges from the United States totalling $421,000,000."

By way of contrast he describes the "familiar and pathetic sight," in Washington of the tribal heads of American Indians making their pilgrimages to Congress "asking Congress to give the reservation Indians a better deal. The usual reply is that Uncle Sam has no more money to give them."

Mr. Castle declared that the U. S. foreign aid program bristles with inconsistencies, adding:

"How often veterans, for instance, have encountered niggardliness and we - haven't - got - the - money attitudes in Washington while observing wryly the unquestioned outgo of multi-billions abroad. . .

"The same Congress which pinched pennies at the expense of needy American veterans did not hesitate to appropriate more than 5 Billion Dollars for the Foreign Operations Administration to be spent almost entirely for the benefit of countries in Europe and Asia.

"How foolish can we get?"

Mr. Castle warned that continuance of U. S. "giveaways" could lead to economic disaster. He cited these as the economic facts of life:

1. This year we face a deficit of over 4½ Billion Dollars on our federal balance sheet.

2. Additionally, we're paying upwards of $12 billion a year to meet interest charges on our past deficits . . .

3. Congress recently authorized a peacetime increase in our statutory debt limit from $275 billion to $281 billion.

"These are stop - look - listen signs of approaching government fiscal difficulty in any business rule book," declared Mr. Castle.

Man Without A Country



Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

The next wide screening of Hollywood will be a federal production prepared by Congress' own movieland expert, Bill Wheeler, of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

The screening is being directed by Rep. Francis E. Walter, (D-Pa) chairman of the committee, who hopes this will be the final review of what little remains of pro-Communist activity in the movie sector.

Congressman Walter, Easton, is representative of Carbon, Monroe and Northampton Counties.

Mr. Walter is far more interested in the defense production areas in and around Los Angeles than he is in probing the film world. But after all these years of controversy, he wants one last hearing on what's happened to the crushed Commie apparatus in and around the studios. He plans to hold such a hearing later in the spring or early this summer.

To prepare the final script on the Hollywood story, Walter ordered Bill Wheeler back from the coast earlier this year. Wheeler brought with him several over-flowing cabinets which hold the clues to whatever is left underground in L.A.

2,500 Suspects

These cabinets were jampacked by a Los Angeles police official, now dead. They contain over 2,500 names of suspected subversives and their records. The official, who was a specialist in subversive activities, left the files to his son when he passed on.

Rep. Walter reports that the son sold them to the committee. The son is working with Wheeler on the files — which are dated, but which are believed to have leads on current Commie rings on the West Coast.

Rep. Walter did not want this story to leak piecemeal lest it be misinterpreted and somehow twisted into a report of further probes of the movie studios. This would be unfortunate, for the producers have long since cleaned house.

Walter's Statement

So Walter, for the first time, now puts it all on the record here in this fashion:

"The Los Angeles hearings can't be set up for some time. We're working on the list in these cabinets and from the reports submitted by Mr. Wheeler who spent several years right on the spot in L.A.

"This police list appears to point to some activity in Hollywood and in the vital production centers around Los Angeles.

"There are some camps out there, near the city, we want to probe. I believe we have evidence to prove that some of these childrens' camps are being used to indoctrinate children with Communist ideology.

"I have this very solid. We will be out there for hearings just as soon as the camps open and the youngsters have moved in and the 'trusted' personnel in those places is in action.

"These camps are in the country not too far from the city, but I want to make clear that we refer only to very few and that there are camps in the area most definitely not involved and most definitely worth sending the youngsters to.

"Because I want to save transportation costs, we will probably run a series of hearings on Hollywood, on the defense centers, on the camps and whatever else turns up in these files.

"I want to wind this up, once and for all, so that no innocent person is hurt and no innocent person's reputation suffers from what went before."

Some of those in the entertainment world who have been probed have nothing to do with the film industry itself. They are actors who planned to set up theater workshops and outlying playhouses in the vicinity of our atomic and thermonuclear installations.

A representative of Actors Equity reported such activity to the FBI last year, and it can be presumed that these so-called theater people reported by Equity's man have been under surveillance.

U. E. Workers' Activity

Just as important now is the activity on the west coast of the United Electrical Workers.

The notorious U.E. which still has a grip on thousands of workers in vital electronic plants, has been shifting some of its key people westward. Some of them are ducking subpoenas from eastern investigatory committees. The union is also reported to be anxious to keep whatever strength it has on the coast, for it is losing heavily in such centers as New York, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and the midwest industrial belt.

All this will be probed, publicly, before summer is out so the script can be marked finished and filed.

(Copyright 1955)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LAVERWERSHT UN PONHAWS MIT FLIEGEL: Sis net oft os druvel eireiss'd iwwer 'm shlocha wie doh net long tzurick der fol wor wies Roy Wotrings' fon Neffs g'shlocht hen uf ihra bauerrei, mit da boova Donald un Carl fer die schlochterrei darrich sehna. Sie hen uf kours noch hilf kot—worra tzu 10d im shlocht hous wies laverwersht flaish fliegel grick'd hut, un is fert g'floga—un nadierlich wie sellie socha fert sin, is der ponhaws aw hinna noh weil aenich ebber wase os m'r ken ponhaws kocha kon won ken bree deh is.

Fer die wohret tzu sawga, die boova wissa heit noch net wos g'shaina is—ebs fire tzu hase wor, odder 's wosser im kessel tzu nidder. Aenicha waig, 's gons flaish waisa is na so hesseldawnish awgabrent os sie nimmy 's hartz kotta hen fer laverwersht mocha, un nadierlich huts noh aw ken ponhaws gewwa. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wolla die boova die socha aw net hous howwa—un arbadich net os sie finf si unna gross rins shtick um garissa hen kot.

KOTZA IM IWWERFLUSS: Die gons Jonas gagend drowwa om awfong fon da Pokonose sin die barichda, wear so g'saigen'd mit kotza os die leit sich nimmy seckondierra kenna. Der Jimmy Wenner—des is 'm wert Paul Held sei wusslicher barkipper un Schwar, hut doh net long tzurich sexa dote g'shloga in aim dawg, un noch etlicha g'fonga un ous gadailt tzu freind in da Ledder Eck Poshda gagend.

Der Carl Betz glawwa hut drei grick'd, un der Charlie "Gem" Leisenring aenie. Der "Franc" Roth hut aw paar nemma solla, ow'r sei Gertie hut sich gahairich uf g'shtruv'ld wie sie g'sehna hut wos fer 'n druvel un aeland os der "Gem" kotta hut mit seinra kotz. So nagshd os der "Gem" un sei freind ous mocha kenna, mus die kotz woh der Jimmy 'm gewwa hut, wildkotza blute in sich howwa—un ferol os m'r wase mawgs aw 'n recht shoffendie wild kotz sei.

Der "Gem" kon die kotz yusht net im hous halta, un woh er sie howwa hut wolla fer 'm die rotta un mice fonga woh bol so dich rum har shpringa, wie sie ols sawga, die hoar uf 'm hund. Ow'r die kotz bakimmert sich nix um die rotta un mice, sie wil yusht drous im freia sei, un frest sich so shtarrick tzu da wond nous os der "Gem" die lecher widder tzu nog'ld. Er hut die kotz aw in der kaller g'shpart, ow'r hut sich rous gagrawwa wie won sie 'n grundsow wear, un wie er sie uf der garret g'shpart hut, hut sie der dochlawda uf gamocht, un der "Gem" hut ufs hous doch grodla missa fer sie fom sharnstae griega woh sie fer drei dawg k'huck'd hut, un hut gagrisha os leit sie k'hoert hen drei mile ob.

Allas os m'r uf kours wissa fon da gonsa kotza bisnis, is wos 'n Fegelchie uns gapifa hut, un won sel net bei da wohrhate gabliva wor mawgs sei os m'r aw abissel g'shnitzt hen.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis 'n "Papa Is All," g'shpiel widder uf 'm waig—des yohr gebt der Bedlaham Civic theatre 's g'shpiel, da airsht un tzeet, un fom sex'd bis 9'd Obril, uf da Alta York shtross, Bedlahame.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

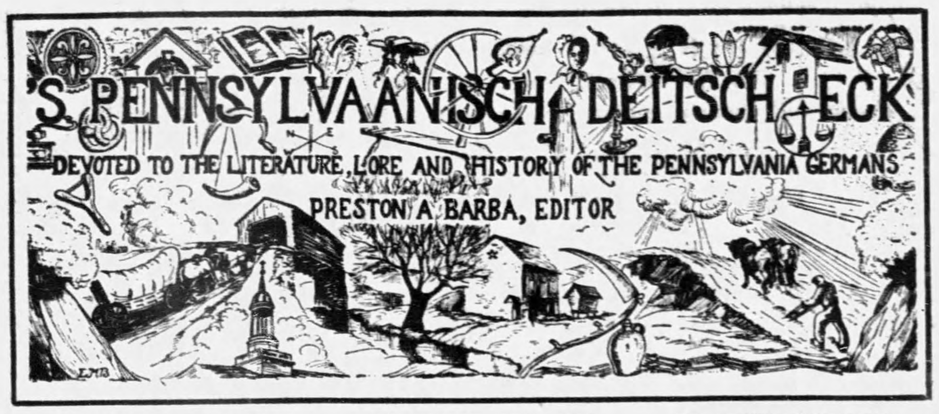
Matthew 9:10-13

When Jesus asked Matthew (Levi) to follow Him, Luke 5:28 says that he left all, rose up, and followed Him, but we might add that 'he left all but his pen and ink' which he took along in order to write a book about Jesus, the Gospel according to Matthew! When we suggested yesterday that Jesus selected His disciples from among the humbler walks of life, there were undoubtedly exceptions to such a general statement, for Matthew seems to have been an influential man, and certainly St. Paul, who was chosen later, was a man learned in the Law, who was headed for a promising career. All this, however, he laid aside when he met Jesus (Acts 9). Luke, in 5:29, tells us that Matthew prepared a great feast for Jesus in his own house, to which he also invited other friends of his, spoken of as publicans (tax-gatherers) and sinners, as well as Jesus' disciples (Matthew 9:10). The self-righteous Pharisees, seeing this company, asked why Jesus ate with such people. When He heard this, He said: 'They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance.'

Horoscope

MARCH 26

Business and financial prospects are excellent. Today's child may be endowed with brain power above the average.



BOOK REVIEW

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF GERMAN CULTURE IN AMERICA TO 1940. Henry A. Pochmann, Compiler, and Arthur R. Schultz, Editor. The University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1953. — $6.50.

This monumental work has lain too long on the reviewer's table, partly because of the difficulty in giving it adequate treatment in the space at our disposal. While it can hardly be said to be of interest to the general reader, this Biblography will remain indispensable for all scholars and researchers in any way working in the field of German-American cultural relations, whether political, social, religious, literary, ethnographic, economic, or artistic. It cannot be denied that in the development of our American civilization the German element in the United States is, next to the British, the largest and earliest in settlement and continues to maintain its importance.

Henry A. Pochmann, Professor of American Literature at the University of Wisconsin, most scrupulous and capable bibliographer, has labored through two decades in compiling from some 30,000 books, articles and documents 12,000 items relative to the field. These have been carefully edited by Arthur R. Schultz, Professor of German at Wesleyan University.

In the admirable Introduction the compiler surveys the American depositories of source material, but points out that much of the material bearing on German-American cultural relations still remains relatively inaccessible. He also modestly recognizes that the work is not final, but is to serve rather as a point of departure for the more definitive special bibliographies that should and will be undertaken in the future. At the same time it must be admitted that this is the most comprehensive and complete general survey of the subject that has hitherto been published.

To indicate to our readers to some degree the comprehensiveness and care with which this work has been executed we can do no better than to turn to that part of the work which has to do with the more immediate subject matter to which our ECK is devoted. In doing so it must however be remembered that this Biblography only lists items up to and through the year 1940. For items which have appeared since that time students must refer to the **Biblography of Americana Germanica** published annually since 1941 in the April number of the American-German Review published by the Carl Schurz Foundation in Philadelphia.

Let us turn to the Index. Under **Pennsylvania** (and let us remember that we have to do only with German activities in the state) the areas, under each of which many items are listed, include: agriculture, antiquities, artcrafts, arts and architecture, bibliographies of church-music books, of early diaries, journals and records, churches and religious life, education and schools, ethnology and genealogy, folklore and folkways, history, immigration, industry, professions and trades, journalism and printing, musical culture, etc.

Let us turn to **Pennsylvania Germans** where we find many items listed under these topics: their characteristics and traits; their history; the life, manners and customs of the Pennsylvania Germans; the literary treatment of the Pennsylvania Germans in drama and fiction.

We delimit our interests still further and turn to **Pennsylvania German Dialect,** where we find items concerned with handbooks and manuals, dictionaries, newspaper columns, revival of interest in the dialect, linguistic studies, orthography, vocabulary and relation to other German dialects.

Under **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writers** our readers will find such familiar names as Brendle, Birmelin, Barba, Gruber, Jobst, Moll, Rauch, Reichard, Singmaster, Troxell.

Under Brendle, Thomas R. (Egypt, Pa.) are listed: "Die Hoffnung" (play produced at Whitehall High School, Lehigh County, Pa., 1936); "Die Mutter" (Play produced at Hershey meeting of the Pa. G. Society, 1934):— with Lick "Plant names and plant lore among the Pa Gs" (Pa.G Soc. Vol. 33, 1925); — with Unger "Folk medicine of the Pa Gs (Pa.G. Soc. Vol. 45, 1935).

Under Jobst, Clarence: "Alde Pikters." Dramatic adaptation from Harters "Boonastiel." Produced at Emmaus, Pa. 1930; "En Quart Millich un en halb Beint Raahm." Pa. G dialect play produced at Emmaus, Pa. 1938; "Es tion of More's story "Es Wach Heller's Chrischtdag's Zug." Produced at Emmaus, Pa. 1931; "Die Kaleine Browierts." Pa.G dialect play produced at Emmaus, Pa. 1930; "Salz." Comedy. Produced at Emmaus, Pa. 1933.

Under Reichard, Harry Hess: "Doctor Johann Andreas Eisenbart." The Penn Germania, vol. 14 :1913); "Pa G dialect writings and their writers." Pa G Society, Vol. 26, 1915); "Pa G Verse. An anthology of representative selections in the dialect popularly known as the Pa Dutch." Pa G Society, vol. 48, 1940.

The compiler has not overlooked our local P.G. columnists: Arthur D. Graeff's "Scholla" in the Reading Times, begun 1939, and William S. Troxell's "Pumpernickle Bill," Allentown Morning Call (since 1924); so also our "Eck." The book reviews as well as original contributions that have appeared in the "Eck" down through 1940 have been carefully listed. So too the publications of the Pa G Society and of the Pa G Folklore Society are entered in this Bibliography.

AN ANNIVERSARY

TWENTY years have passed since the first issue of the ECK appeared in the Saturday Morning Call for March 23, 1935. It would be intreesting to the Editor to know how many of the readers of that first Eck are still among the living.

For twenty years the Eck has been headed by the same title picture, a **pot-pourri** of objects which has at times puzzled the reader. It may therefore be permitted on this anniversary occasion to reprint the explanatory comments which appeared in the fourth issue of the ECK on April 13, 1935:

It was the desire of the artist to offer in what at first may seem only an arbitrary array of objects, the length and breadth of Pennsylvania German life at a time when that life was still more distinctly defined than it is today. At the same time it is to call to mind some of the contributions made by the Pennsylvania Germans to our larger national picture.

The large sheaves of wheat at either side serve to remind us of the rich harvests that once supplied bread for Washington's hungering soldiers at Valley Forge. The ploughman following the furrows into the setting sun, as well as the straw beehive just above, are indicative of that zeal for work that has become a byword throughout the nation. The Swiss barn with its gayly painted overhang (Vorschuss), as well as the old stone gristmill, have added a distinctive note to our Pennsylvania landscape. The Conestoga wagon, which originated in Lancaster County, later became the covered wagon, or prairie schooner, that bore our nation on its epic westward course. The church steeple symbolizes the intense religious life of our German forefathers, whether Lutheran, Reformed, Moravian, Mennonite, Amish, Dunkard, Methodist or Schwenkfelder. The open book along the upper margin will remind many of our older readers of the large folio Bibles brought by our ancestors from their Palatine or Swiss homes, or perhaps too of Arndt's **Wahres Christentum** or Stark's **Gebetbuch.** Still other readers will be reminded of the monumental achievements from the printing presses of the Ephrata Brethren and of Christopher Sauer at Germantown.

The German scythe, still preferred by some, mowed the rich meadows with their cool springs and little stone spring houses, and the little glazed jug, pride of the potter's art, was not absent, for our forefathers did not easily forego the gladdening vintage that was theirs in the Palatinate. The sickle, with its gracefully swung blade, was adequate in the small grainfields of the fatherland, but became irksome enough in harvesting the wide acres of eastern Pennsylvania. The powder horn suggests the misnamed Kentucky rifle perfected by our Pennsylvania German forefathers. The goose yoke restrained unruly geese that furnished mountains of downy feather beds. The barn decoration in the upper left-hand corner is one of the many designs that are often conveniently, and sometimes with malice, called **Hexefiess.** While the learned have furnished reasons for these designs, the farmer himself — strange irony — knows no other reason beyond the fact that he, like his forefathers, loves to see them on his barns and household furnishings. Weathervane and the scales (Libra) within the circle express the interest in the weather and the signs of the zodiac which were such determining factors in Pennsylvania German rural life. The doorway, the log pump, candlestick, snuffers, bellows, coffeemill and bretzel, as well as twisting wheel and cradle, indicate the domestic side of life, the sphere in which the Pennsylvania German housewife lived and moved and had her being. The tulip and the plate in the upper right-hand corner are indicative of the quaint old painted dower chests, baptismal certificates and fine slipware pottery, that are now sought and cherished by the art curators of our metropolitan museums.—P.A.B.

Our own Lehigh Valley has not been neglected: its history: education in the Lehigh Valley: family records: German church history: the German dialect, etc. We find listed Edwin M. Fogel's "Lehigh Church" (Lehigh Co. Hist. Soc. Pro., Allentown, Pa., 1939). Nor has Ben Trexler's precious little book "Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale" (Allentown, 1886) been overlooked: nor Amos A. Ettinger's "An Allentonian in Florida during the Civil War: the Diary and Letters of Alfred C. Pretz, 1861-1865 (Lehigh Co. Hist. Soc. Pro., 1939).

Among the 12,000 items we even find the local dialect plays listed, among them "Die Verrechelte Rechler" a dialect dramatization of Charles C. More's unpublished novel of the same title, produced by Der Deutsche Verein, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., May, 1933. It would seem that nothing has escaped the ferret-eyes of the compiler. But we remind the reader again that this bibliography does not include items since 1941.

In thus arbitrarily focussing attention upon items within the area of our own immediate local interests the reviewer has wished to indicate with what care the compiler has penetrated the remotest recesses of the vast field of his endeavors.—P.A.B.

IM DEITSCHE ECK

The title picture that weekly heads the ECK incited an early reader to write the following verses. They are from the pen of the late Edwin C. Miller, author of MILLER'S PROSE AND VERSE, Allentown, Pa., 1924, and appeared in the ECK for April 13, 1935.

Im Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Eck
Sehnt mer Dinge, die sin eweck;
Kann mer naame was sehnt mer datt,
Dann weess mer ebbes vun der alde Satt.

Es Welschkann Heisel, wie's datt schteht,
Unne schmaal un owwe breet.
Ferwas brauch en Bauer so ee Haus?
Wer's net weess — browier, finn's aus!

Datt schteht die Bump gemacht vumme Block,
Un newe draa der alt Lichterschtock;
Die Bump hot 'n Dach fer's Loch zu decke,
Un 'n eisner Hendel fer winders zu schlecke.

Die Sichel henkt am S seim Hoke,
Unne draa geht der Wagge Conestoga:
Die Geil ziegge fer iwwer die Dachbrick,
An der Miehl am Giwwelend henkt 'n Schtrick.

Die Sunn iss nidder, der Bauer hinnichem Bluck,
Im Fense-eck schteht 'n groosser alder Gruck;
Der Gruck hot mannich mol gelockt wie'n Gluck
Un gewwe zum Bauer mannicher guder Schluck.

Viel Leit wisse nix vun re deitsche Sens,
Un raar iss 'n Riggel-odder Schtaage-Fens;
Heit sin die Fense nimmi uff Schteil—
Sie sin gange der Weg wie aa die Geil.

Am S seim Hoke henkt des Pulfer Harn,
Unne draa schteht der Kaerriche Tarn;
Sell sin zwee Dinge wu Leit nimmi verlange—
Sin relics vun Daagge wu sin vergange.

'M Keenich vun Frankreich sei Emblem iss do,
'S iss dic Fleur de Lys, 'n Blumm so bloo:
Iss net geegge Hexe, Gewidder odder Feier,
Awwer yuscht fer schee uff de alde Scheier.

En Beiyo, en Blosballick, en Ieme Karreb,
En Bredsel, en Dulleblumm vun scheener Farreb;
Des gemaant em alles an en frieheri Zeit,
An en simpel Lewe un aldfrenkische Leit.

Was ait iss heit, des waar mol nei,
Was nei iss heit, des watt mol alt,
Awwer 's Neie iss net immer besser,
Heit breiche mer Aerwet, mer breiche meh Schlesser;
Die Leit fer alders hen Aerwet ghatt,
Sie waare ehrlich, hallich un satt.

DER DOD

Wammer yung un gsund iss, will mer gaar nix heere vum Dod. Mer saagt, "Der Dod iss en Schrecke." Un des iss gewiss aa waahr. Awwer es gebt ebmols gschpassiche Schtories, iewen vum Dod.

Lange Yaahre zerick waar en groossi Familye uff re Bauerei gewuhnt. Es waare alle Sadde groosse Buwe un Meed in daere Familye. Etliche vun ihne waare schier ausgewaze.

Sie hen en Schopp uff der Bauerei ghatt un datt waar en Owwerdenn druff. Unne im Schopp waar alle Sadde Maschienerei.

Eens vun de Meed hot gsaat, sie kennt Hand iwwer Hand amme Schparre nuff bis Middes ins Dach. Sell waar gans drowwe im Faerscht. Wie sie datt waar hot sie gsaat, "Ich kann nimmi weider un kann's aa nimmi lang aus halde."

Noh hot's awwer Lewe gewwe. Sie hen die Maschienerei weckgschowe unnich ihre. Noh hen sie en groosser Haufe Schtroh datt hie un hen's Owwerdenn uffgerisse.

Wie sie geh gelosst hot, iss sie zwische zwee Balke nunner gfalle. Sie hot kenner gedroffe ghatt. Sie iss flach uff der Schtrohhaufe gfalle un hot gans ruhich gelegge.

Eener vun de groosse Buwe hot gegrische, "Liss, lebscht odder bischt dod?" Sie hot noh die Aagge uffgemacht un iss uffgschtanne un weck geloffe. Der lieb Gott gebt gemeenerhand acht uff die Kinner.

Sie hen moll en Kall eigschparrt ghatt. In paar Woche hen sie ihn henke welle. Der Schrief iss zu ihm un hot gsaat, "Wie iss dihr's?" Der Kall hot geandwatt, "Ich waer all recht, awwer mei Graenaagge duhne mer so weh." Du Yammer! Unner so Umschtende hett ich nimmi an mei Graenaagge gedenkt.

Der Deitsch hot en Grott sehne hupse. Er hot gsaat zum Englische, "Vat iss datt?" Der Englisch hot gsaat, "That is a toad." Der Deitsch hot noh gsaat, "Nee, er iss net dod. Er hupst."

Die zwee Kalls hen aa en Schlang sehne graddele. Sie hen ihre paar Schtee uff der Kopp gschmisse. Der Deitsch hot gsaat, "Nau iss sie dod." Der Englisch hot gsaat, "Nee, sie iss net dod. Ihre Schwans zawwelt noch." Der Deitsch hot gsaat, "Ya, sie iss awwer dod. Ihre Schwans weess es yuscht noch net."

Alles in daere Schtori vum Dod iss gschpassich. Loss uns awwer nau wennich verschtennich sei. Mir welle nau schwetze wie der Parre als dutt in der Kaerrich: "Sei gedrei bis in der Dod."

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Germany Back in the Air

After being grounded for almost ten years as a penalty for the war, Germany took to the air again yesterday. Henceforth we shall probably hear more and more about the restored and reinvigorated Lufthansa which was such a big name in aviation before World War II.

Much like Pallas Athena who, mythology says, sprang full-armed from the brow of Zeus, the Lufthansa rose into the air over Germany in American planes of high speed and magnificent equipment. They must have thrilled the German people as they flew over the nation from Hamburg to southern Bavaria and from Munich to Hamburg. Within a few weeks the Lufthansa planes will be visiting London, Paris and Madrid and in early June they will be winging their way across the Atlantic from Hamburg to New York.

By next year they expect to have four super Constellations which can make 335 mph. Then the famous German salesmen, carrying their traditional briefcases, can be expected to invade Africa and Latin America, in a search for the business that was lost by German industry and business as a result of the war. By 1956 the famous air service also expects to go into the Near and Middle East — another German Berlin to Bagdad move, but this time by air instead of by rail.

Government subsidized, as was the case with Germany's great ocean liners before the war, Lufthansa can be expected to step out smartly to develop new business and possibly to grab business now in the hands of the large number of trans-oceanic and European lines.

American air lines have taken a principal part in this renascence by the German aviation system. Not only are the planes which flew yesterday and those which soon will be delivered of American make but Pan American and TWA pilots and navigators are in Europe to train the German staff of World War II pilots and navigators in operation of the new ships. They also are training a crop of youngsters who were mere toddlers when the war began.

Thus the United States, which did so much to knock Germany out of the air, is the most conspicuous figure in setting her off once more into the blue skies. From here on German vigor and initiative can be expected to make Lufthansa known once again practically all over the world.

Another Airlift Challenge?

Somebody in East Berlin has thought up a new scheme to embarrass the West and probably by a blockade of business to drive the people of West Berlin into the hands of the Communists who have been sturggling to capture their bodies and minds ever since the gigantic mistake was made of permitting Germany's biggest city to be an island in the midst of the Reds.

Almost seven years ago the borders of West Germany were closed by the Russians. It appeared that the Germans in West Berlin (more than two million of them) would be starved out, deprived of employment and, if they held out until winter, frozen thru lack of fuel.

Then, almost over night, the celebrated Berlin airlift was set up. Hundreds of the world's largest airplanes converged from all points of the compass upon Frankfort and Hamburg. In a few days a vast freight system was built up and food, fuel, clothing, medicines and just about everything needed by the people of a big city was flown into the heart of Berlin. Finally, when the futility of the blockade became apparent even to the Russian dunderheads, the blockade was removed, motor and rail travel was renewed and the airlift was discontinued.

Now there is challenge anew to the West. Obviously it has been prompted by the rebuffs which the Soviet has received in its furious efforts to prevent the rearming of Germany and the forming of the Western European union for defense.

Setting up the airlift cost the United States many millions of dollars but its purpose was fully accomplished. Since the current blockade consists of the imposition of outrageous tax upon every truck and car entering Berlin from the West, it probably could be answered by paying the tax instead of setting up a costlier airlift.

A lot of difference applies in the present situation since the United States no longer has the responsibility to Berlin that it had in 1948. Germany is virtually a sovereign state today whereas seven years ago she was an occupied country. If she needs help seriously, it is probable that it will be forthcoming. Nothing can be permitted long to stand in the way of restrengthening Germany as a buffer state in central Europe.

Black Market Polio Vaccine

Not until April 12 will authoritative information be given to the public in a report on the inoculation of children with an anti-polio vaccine last year. But in hosts of places there is not merely a consuming curiosity as to the findings in that report but there are business interests which can be defined in terms of millions of dollars.

If the report on the Salk tests are highly favorable, then it is virtually certain that tens of millions of people will want to get the vaccine at once. Not only will this be true of parents with children of school age but those with little children.

So the competition for the available supply of vaccine will be tremendous. In New York City, for example, the medical fraternity already fears enormous "black market" operations in the procurement and sale of the vaccine.

Since the National Foundation will have only enough of the vaccine to treat 250,000 children in New York City (each child to receive three injections), that will leave about 1,300,000 children of school age in the big city who will not receive such vaccination free thru the Foundation. Many will be the parents who will clamor for vaccine and will be willing to pay almost anything to get it.

Since the pharmaceutical houses have taken a big chance and have manufactured even more vaccine than the Foundation is going to demand for its nationwide program, there will be some surplus. Medical societies in New York have taken proper steps to bring about fair distribution of the surplus vaccine and to prevent price gouging.

The President and His Church

Senator Neely's charge that President Eisenhower put on a religious personality and joined a church only for political motives manifestly was beyond the pale — the pale of even the most partisan standards. And perhaps that is all that need be said about it. Since Dwight Eisenhower did join a church only after he entered the White House, something more important should be said: that there is a much more believable answer than the ungenerous one offered by the West Virginia senator.

Other occupants of the White House have been accused of being irreligious who, fundamentally, were deeply religious. Two of them, Jefferson and Lincoln, never did assume church membership even under the burdens of office. Yet Jefferson once wrote to John Adams:

It (my religion) is known to my God and to myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which regulated it cannot be a bad one.

No doubt Jefferson and Lincoln would have found greater inner as well as outer strength had they also found a church "home" in terms of more than brick and mortar. Dwight Eisenhower was reared in a churchly as well as a religious family—adherents of a sect of the Mennonites. It is hardly surprising that as a younger man the somewhat itinerant military career neither impelled him to churchliness nor supplied a church home. Since he has found one now, his fellow citizens, we believe, have rejoiced for him as well as for themselves. — Christian Science Monitor.

End to 'Junk Mail'

A week was not set aside to mark the occasion but an important change was effected during recent days by the U. S. Post Office Department in a discontinuance of encouragement to the handling of so-called "junk mail."

Originated by Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield in order to raise revenues for a department that always is in "the red," the practice has been discontinued by him because it has proved to be a nuisance. The public simply did not want junk mail and said so as plainly as possible. They did not want circulars addressed to no one in particular which cluttered up their mail boxes. They consumed time either in the reading or the cursory scansion of the material lest something really valuable and desirable be thrown away.

Mr. Summerfield's motive was good. But it did not prove practical for the American people.

When Officials Clam Up



Washington Report

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

President Eisenhower is "leaning" toward defense of Quemoy and Matsu, but has made no final decision as yet.

At present, a Communist attack on these coastal islands would be deemed as an assault against Formosa, but the question of American military intervention in behalf of the beleaguered Nationalists is still undetermined.

The President also disclosed he is not planning to increase Army strength.

"There is no intention to reconsider our cutbacks in funds and manpower of the Army," the President told the bi-partisan leaders of the House. "The U. S. now has double the military strength at the height of the Korean war. We believe we have all the forces necessary to meet any contingency."

Defense of Islands

Speaker Sam Rayburn (D-Tex.) bluntly raised the question of defending Quemoy and Matsu following a briefing by Secretary of State Dulles on major foreign problems throughout the world.

"Mr. President," said Rayburn "have you made a decision yet on what we're going to do about defending Quemoy and Matsu?"

"No, I have not," replied the President.

He went on to explain that the most authoritative military information indicates the Reds will launch an offensive before May or June. Also that the Nationalists are capable of withstanding "limited attacks," but will need American assistance against "an all-out attack."

"Would you consider a sea and air invasion of Matsu and Quemoy as an attack on Formosa itself?" the President was asked.

"Yes, I would," said the President. "I would at present. What particularly concerns me is that the Communist leaders continue to stress their intention to seize Quemoy and Matsu as part of their plan to 'liberate' Formosa, as they call it."

"Then from what you say, Mr. President, your position is that if the Communists seize the coastal islands, we would intervene."

"That is correct," said the President. "If it's an all-out invasion of this area."

Rep. James Richards (D-SC) chairman of the Foreign Affairs committee, asked why the President didn't say this publicly.

"Why don't you tell the world that?" said Richards. "Why don't you announce that we will defend these offshore islands if the Communists attack them?"

Secretary Dulles interrupted with a sharp objection.

Not Wise at Present

"I don't believe such a statement would be wise," Dulles held. "The President must have all the flexibility that is possible in this extremely complex and delicate situation. Things haven't reached the crisis point yet, and the kind of a statement you suggest is inadvisable at this time."

The President seconded Dulles' argument stressing that the best information available indicates the Reds "have neither the capabilities nor intention of launching an invasion before May or June."

"From everything you have told us," said one Democratic leader, "is it correct to say that you are leaning toward a defense of Quemoy and Matsu but have not made a final decision?"

The President nodded and then added, "Yes, that is correct."

Rep. Joseph Martin, Mass., Republican floor leader, inquired if the Chinese Reds could effectively oppose the U.S. in a war.

"I don't think so," replied the President. "they are handicapped by many big limitations."

Note: After the meeting, Speaker Rayburn, in saying goodbye, remarked, "There are too many statements being made by generals and admirals these days. It would help a lot if they kept their mouths shut." Grinning broadly the President replied, "I agree with you wholly."

(Copyright 1955)

The Big Change

HAYDN S. PEARSON

No one can foretell exactly when the great change will come. Man cannot put his finger on a date and say, "This is it." Nature, unlike man, does not follow a mechanical arrangement of time segments. But usually along in the second half of the fourth month there comes a day when a man is certain. When he goes across the farmyard at dawn to do the chores, he stops a minute to savor the weather. A warm breeze has come during the night; there's a heady, pungent fragrance from warming soil; robins and bluebirds are singing in the old orchard behind the barn and red-winged blackbirds are whistling in the swamp.

As morning works along and the sun climbs into the sky, one can hear, see, and feel added proof. Song sparrows call cheerfully from fence posts, and woodpeckers drum on weathered telephone poles.

From now until June solstice, life forces surge forward with irresistible power. Each day one can see the change; there is soft color as trees break their buds and a misty loveliness tints the woodlands as leaves push out to sun and rain, and change hardwood ridges from gray-brown to fresh, light green. Man is often inarticulate in the presence of the eternal verities; but in his heart he feels the miracle of the resurrection and from it gains assurance to face the problems that beset him.

(Copyright, 1955)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE HARD WAY

Not the easy, but the hard way
is the road to lasting pride.
The goal that you are sure of,
will but little thrill provide.
The test of skill and courage is
the victory that's earned
And standing up to failure 'til
the tide your way has turned.

There's no glory in a triumph
that was easily attained.
From those last few final minutes
of endeavor, that is
gained.
And the victory you'll remember,
when there's silver in your
hair,
Is the one you had to fight for to
the last against despair.

That silver cup so proudly you
display upon a shelf,
More than triumph o'er a rival
means a triumph o'er yourself.
You had doubt out there to
master; with fatigue you were
beset,
And the thought you couldn't
win it was the strongest foe
you met.

(Copyright, 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Milt Kadison, of the New Rochelle Kadisons, blew his top when his wife insisted on taking driving lessons. The first day she was alone at the wheel, he told his friend, he saw her wobbling down Westchester avenue. He rushed into the house, double-locked the door, ran up three flights of stairs to his private office, and took refuge under the desk. "It's wasn't any use," sighed Kadison. "She got me anyhow."

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

B. DR. R. R. FRITSCH

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH
John 11:26-32

Jesus asked Martha whether she believed the words which Jesus spoke about Himself as the resurrection and the life. She replied in these words: 'Yea, Lord, I have always believed (perfect tense) that Thou art the Christ (the Messiah), the Son of God, the One Who was to come into the world' (Phillips' translation). Having thus stated her faith in 'the Coming One' (so the Greek), Martha went to call her sister, Mary, telling her that 'the Master has come and is calling for you.' Mary arose quickly and came to Jesus, Who was still on the road to Bethany, where Martha had met Him. The Jews who were in the house of Mary, when they saw her leaving the house so hastily, followed her, thinking that she was going to the grave of her brother, to mourn there. But when she came to where Jesus was, she fell down at His feet, saying the same words which Martha had addressed to Him: 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother would not have died.' As a bit of Bible study, notice that whenever we see Mary and Jesus, she is at His feet. In Luke 10:39 she is sitting at His feet, learning of Him. In John 12:3 she is anointing His feet, and in our passage for today, in her sorrow she has fallen down at His feet, pouring out her heart to Him.

Horoscope

Exercise restraint and you should enjoy a year of average fortune. Look for an ambitious, hard-working individual in the child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERWOS SO WENICH FENDUA: Dawg fer dawg hoert m'r leit wunnerra, "Ferwos huts heit tzu dawg so wenich fendua?" Un noh fonga sie aw blauderra, wie fiel fendua os es kotta hut fartsich, fuftsich yohr tzurick, un wie dale leit da fendua noh gonga sin dawg fer dawg fers mid-dawg essa woh immer garish'd wor. Fiel fon da fendua worra ken grossa — bauerreia worra sel tzeit glae — fon paar ocker nuf tzu fuftsich sechtsich ocker, un gawainlich gakent ols 'n tzwae, fier, odder sex geil bauerrei. Glaina bletz worra gakent ols lutta.

Fiel fon da bauers leit sel tzeit worra awfanger—dale fom lond, un onnerra sin fon da shtedt nous kumma ufs lond, un woh sie gamaint hen die gabrodna dauva dada na tzu da meiler nei fliega. 'S hut wenich ganumma fer awfonga bauerra. 'N goul odder tzwae, paar kee, 'n wogga, 'n blug un 'n aig, un der mon wor 'n bauer. Imma yohr odder tzwae wie die keffer die grumbierra shteck g'fressa hen kot, die si hen die kolick grick'd, un die kee sin dick werra un fershprunga — sel wor tzu fiel shlecht glick, uns hut fendu gewwa. Onnerra widder sin alt werra uf 'm lond un hen ous ferkauft — un mit ol die fiela glaina bauerreia un lutta rum har, worra alla free yohr 'n lot fendua wie ainer net long tzurick g'sawt hut, "Im mohnet Martz, hut m'r dawg fer dawg noch fendua gae kenna."

Tracktors un onner shwear bauerra garaidschoft hut ow'r 'n grossie annering gamocht so weit os die bauerreia aw gaina. Glaina bauerreia un lutta werra tzomma ganumma, so gore aw fier un sex geils bauerreia fer ae grossie bauerrei mocha fon ungfare paar hunnerd ocker. In fiel gagenda fon Lechaw kounty hut ae mon, odder kumpany, heit tzu dawg 's lond woh arwet wor fer 15, 20 familia, fuftsich yohr tzurick.

Ferwos so wenich fendua? Wel sellie socha sin leicht tzu fershtae, un yohr fer yohr gebts ols noch wenicher un wenicher, bis wos m'r ols' gakent hut, "die bauerra fendua," so tzu sawga gore nimmy rum sin. Ow'r wons fenda gebt — don gebts grossa — un wie m'r shun hee un doh kotta hen.

GLWWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wos uns wunnert is, wos fon da alta fendu leit sawga dada woh gaglicha hen da fendua noh tzu gae yusht fers essa, won sie tzurick kumma kenta heit tzu dawg, un woh bol naryads ken essa may garish'd wert uf fendu dawg.

BOOK NOTES

MARKET HOUSE MYSTERY. Adventure in a Pennsylvania Dutch Market House. By Ann Hark. Illustrated by Georgia Bloch. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia and Toronto, 1955. —$2.50.

The public has in recent years been treated to some fine tales about characters, both historical and fictitious, playing against a Pennsylvania German milieu. We need only mention Mildred Jordan's **One Red Rose Forever** (1941); Elsie Singmaster's **A High Wind Rising** (1942); Conrad Richter's **The Free Man** (1943), and Henry Castor's **The Spanglers** (1948).

But since that remarkable novel, **Liberty For Johnny**, by Adelaide H. and John C. Wonstetler (1943), there has been no mystery tale with the Pennsylvania German region as a backdrop.

A mystery story from the pen of Ann Hark comes as a surprise, but that the author of **Hex Marks the Spot** (1938), **Blue Hills and Shoofly Pie** (1952), and co-author of **Pennsylvania German Cookery, A Regional Cookbook** (1950), should lay the scene of her latest work among the "plain people" of Lancaster County was only to be expected.

It is an uncanny tale beginning one night in the darkness of the old Market House in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. We hardly expect a mystery tale to be enacted among the simple, pious Amish folk, but it may be said at the outset that none of the criminal participants in this weird tale are of the Amish. The mystery of the phantom of the Market House becomes increasingly baffling, when, bizarre as the fact may be, those two adolescents, Merry and Jinny, discover priceless pearls and rubies imbedded in a large Lancaster County cheese! With the aid of those typically 20th century kids, Whitey and Jax, the two girls (together a delightful quartette) solve the mystery, but not without the powwow doctor, old Doc Snavely. Of course in the end the large-scale professional jewel robbery is exposed and the criminals are, as they should be, brought to justice.

The plot of this tale could be enacted anywhere, but in the hands of the author it is blended with the history and the traditions of the local Lancaster scene and its people.

Market House Mystery is a piece of fiction created primarily for advanced juveniles, but grown-ups who still retain a fragment of those happy youth-years will follow the Market House mystery with suspense.

* * *

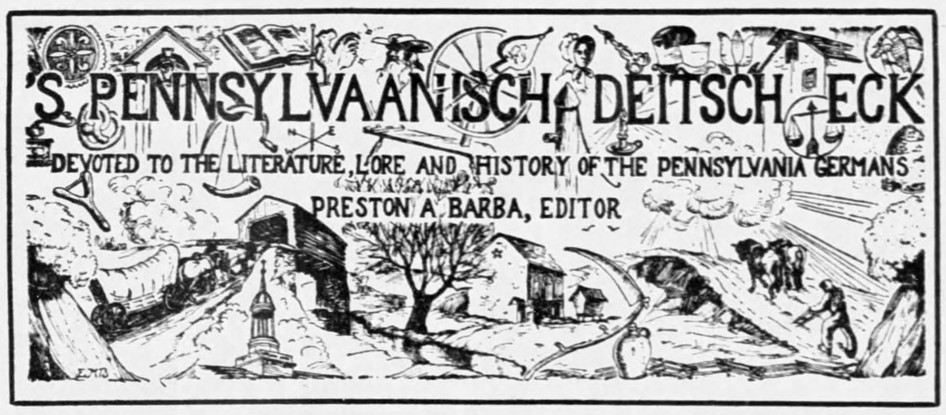
The Editor of the Eck has had the unusual experience recently of receiving a copy of a magazine published on the other side of the globe. It contains an article entitled "Some Observations on Things Pennsylvania German." The magazine is the December 1954 issue of the "North Japan College Review," published at Sendai, Japan. The writer is Carl S. Sipple, son of the Rev. Dr. Simon Sipple, Allentown, Pa. Professor Sipple has been associated with Chinese and Japanese missions for well nigh a quarter of a century and is now active as Professor of English at North Japan College.

The article, meant presumably in the first place to inform the Japanese reading public about us Pennsylvania Germans, briefly treats the following topics: Origin of the Pa. Germans; Religious Backgrounds and Belief; Pa. German Church Services; Miscellany (Folklore and Superstitions); the Dialect Literature. That the author should produce so excellent an article so far removed from the scene of his subject and with very limited access to sources is a matter of wonderment. We were pleased to note that he has occasion to refer to the Eck, copies of which have come to him from time to time from his parental home. As examples of the dialect the writer includes Russell W. Gilbert's recent translation of the familiar hymn "What a Friend we have in Jesus" and parts of Harbaugh's "Alt Schulhaus an der Krick." In conclusion the writer points out the love of humor which the Pa. Germans possess despite their stolidity and conservatism and quotes from a speech which the Rev. Dr. Henry Harbaugh delivered in the dialect. Said Dr. Harbaugh: "Es gebt siwwer gelehrte Sproche, English un Deitsch. Lateinisch un Griechisch un Hebraeisch; sell sin finf. Die sechst heesst Pennsylvania Deitsch, die siwwet iss German Reformed," at which point the speaker was interrupted by shouts of laughter over the entire hall.

We can only hope that Professor Sipple's readers will do better by his English article on the Pa. Germans than the Editor did by another article in the same magazine entitled "Studies on Shakespearean Tragedy" in the Japanese language!

HENRY HARBAUGH: A biographical sketch of Henry Harbaugh (1817-1867) with portrait, whose **Harfe**, containing such unforgettable dialect poems as "Es Alt Schulhaus an der Krick" and "Heemweh," was a household necessity in the days of our grandparents, appeared in "Pfaelzische Biographie," 1954, a supplement of the perioical "Pfaelzische Familien—und Wappenkunde," devoted to genealogy and heraldry of the Palatinate. It was written by Dr. Fritz Braun, well-known genealogist of Kaiserslautern. This biographical sketch traces Harbaugh's ancestry in detail. It is especially interesting to note here that Dr. Braun contradicts the statement in the Introduction to Harbaugh's **Harfe** that the great-grandfather, Jost Herbach, had come to America from Switzerland. He proves from the church records at Otterberg that the Herbachs had lived some 30 years as tillers of the soil on the Gerswellerhof near Kaiserslautern before Jost Herbach, the poet's great-grandfather emigrated to America.

—P.A.B.



EN AERSCHTE ABRIL SCHTORI

The custom of playing tricks on the first day of April is widely spread among the European races. In France the one who is tricked is called an April fish; in the United States and Canada, an April fool; and in Scotland he is a cuckoo. The custom is of uncertain origin, although some see in it a remnant of the revelries that accompanied the ancient Roman New Year's celebrations.

Playing a trick on a person on the first day of April is called in German "in den April schicken" (to send into the month of April) and the one sent is an "Abrillekalb."

DIE Peggy Green waar Witt-fraa. Ihre Mann waar paar Yaahr dod. Sie waar dreiunzwansich, scheeguckich un fleissich. Sie waar deheem in me scheene gleene Bunglo an der Grick drunne. Mit em Inshurens Geld vun ihre Mann haer hot sie paar Acker gut Boddemland kaaft, un iss ans Wassermelone un so Drockwese bauere, un ans Hinkelreese. Die Oier un die annere Sache hot sie verkaaft zu de Leit was der Weeg gange sin. Sie hot aa ebmols Draewweler g'halde iwwer die Nacht. Sie waar schmaut un hot en badsich Lewe gemacht.

Etliche vun der Schtedtler Chaps sin aus ihrem Weeg gange fer sich aamache mit ihre. Sin hen sich aagebodde fer schaffe fer sie, un in annere Weegge gebrowiert fer hendich zu sei. Awwer sie hot ihne all die kalt Axel gewwe. Des hot die Buwe versucht un sie hen sich net lang verseimt, un waare innerlich schpeidich.

An der Neiyaahr rum iss der yung Dokter Blake beikumme vun der Schul un hot en Offis geffent im Wattshaus. Er waar schmaut un aa powerful gutguckich. Es waar verschtaunlich wie schnell Grankheit ausgebroche iss in em Schtedtel, baddich unnich de Kelwerlieb-meed. Sie waare wiedich gebloogt mit Koppweh, Zaahweh, Hatzrummadis, Waarze, Pocke, Graehnaagge, eenich ebbes fer en Ausret geh der Dokter sehne un sich bekannt un schmeechlich mache.

Der Dokter hot ne die Pulse gezeehlt, die Zunge bedracht, hot ne griene Droppe eigschitt, bidere Pille g'fiedert, un sie gut gschmiert mit Gensfett. Er hot awwer noch viele Schulde ghatt, un waar hatthazich, un hot die Meed gut bezaahle mache fer sich adverteise. Sie waare nix zu ihm, yuscht customers. Des hot sie verzannt un sie sin nimmi hie. Awwer sie sin zamme kumme un hen lang kunsiddert wie mit ihm ewe kumme. Sie hen die Buwe in die Grieg-council gerufe fer helfe Blans leegge.

Fer zwee Veggel schmeisse mit ee Schtee, hen sie ausgemacht en Brief schreiwe zum Dokter, in en Weeg dass er meene deet er keemt vun der Wittfraa.

Des waar der Brief:

Lakeville, Maz 31, 1931.

Liewer Dokter Blake:

Wann es net zu viel gfroogt iss, schtopp an mei Blatz marye wann du der Weeg faahrscht. Ich hab ebbes dass ich gaern iwwer—schwetze deet mit der. Wann es dich suut, kumm baut zehe Uhr maryets.

Aernschdlich
PEGGY G—

Sie hen der Brief in die Poschtofis. Der Dokter hot der Brief oweds grickt, un hot gewunnert, was nau uff iss. Iss die Wittfraa aa narrisch, iss sie grank odder was meent des? Er hot driwwer gschlofe. Maryets waar es noch in sei Gedanke. Ich geh ungaern. Die Schtedtler blaudere unne Ursach. Awwer ich verschteh sie halt sich frei vun Mannsleit. Ennihau ich halt mich frei vun ihre. Of kors wann sie grank iss? Es iss mei Bissniss fer sie gsund mache, un die Drip iss fimf Daaler waut.

An halb neine iss er der Weeg nunner gedrollt. Die Pshimper hen hinnerlich gewatscht. Es hot sie gekitselt dass es Meisli der Kees gschluckt hot. Was hen sie doch ge-celebrate.

Wu der Blake an der Blatz kumme iss, hot er die Wittfraa verwischt uff em Holsblatz am Holshacke. Er hot sie en Weil bedracht. Sie hot die Ax ghandelt wie en Buschmann. Sie hot en weisser Frack aaghatt, die Backe waare rot vun Gsundheit un vun em Holshacke. Bannert hot sie kenner aa ghatt, un ihre keschtebraune Haar hen in em Wind gflattert.

Der Blake hot gedenkt, die Fraa brauch ken Dokter. Die iss gsund. Bei Golly, was sie es Hols fliegge macht! Ich wunner was sie will? Ich hab en mind ich geh widder heem. Nee, ich bin nau do; ich finn aus was sie bloogt.

Er iss hie geloffe yuscht wie sie die Ax fescht ghackt hot in en Eecheglotz.

"Gude Marye, Fraa Green, do bin ich."

Sie hot ihn net gsehne ghatt, un sei Wadde hot sie verschreckt. Sie hot gebloscht un hot gsaat: "Gude Marye, Dokter Blake, ich seh du bischt do."

"Was kann ich duh fer dich?"

"Wann du so kammedeedich bischt, maagscht du der Glotz verschpalte fer mich."

"Well, ich kann sell duh, awwer ich bin net haere kumme fer Hols hacke."

"Ferwas bischt du dann kumme?"

"Ferdass du hoscht mich haer bschtellt."

"Gewiss hawwich net. Ich mach ken Bschtelling mit Mannsleit."

"Well, was meent dann der Brief?"

"Loss mich der Brief sehne."

Er hot der Brief gelangt. Sie hot en gelese un hot aafange lache.

"Mei liewer Dokter, des hawwich net gschriwwe. Heit iss der aerschte Abril, un ebber hot dich in der Abril gschickt. Des iss net mei Handschrift. Des hen die Schtedtler geduh. Ich glaab ich ken sell Handschreiwes.

Der Dokter iss rot waare un hot innerlich gflucht. "Ich warr ewe mit ihne" un hot gemacht fer fattschritte.

"Ach, Dokter, warr net bees, sie sin am Gschpass mache un welle dich retze un mich aa."

"Ennihau, sie hen fer schur Narre vun uns gemacht, abaddich vun mir.

Ich heer seilewe net es End devun."

"Nau zidder du do bischt, sei net so unruhich fer fatt. Ich kenn dich, awwer du kennscht mich net. Mer sin als in die Schul mitnanner im Groddedaal."

"Bei Golly! Ich glaab du waarscht die Peggy Frye."

"Ya, ich waar, un ich bin froh dich zu sehne, wann sie aa en Narr vun der gemacht hen. Ich heer du kummscht so gut aa mit em Doktere.

"Ich hab fer en Weil en grooss Bissniss ghatt, awwer es iss abgfalle, baddich die granke Meed. Ich deet gleiche deel devun vergifte."

"Loss sell dich net baddere, die Meed sin net so schlecht."

Die Wittfraa waar blauderich, waar andlich un freindlich, un die Zeit iss verbei gflogge, un es iss geegge Middaag gange.

Er hot widder gemacht wann er geh misst. Sie hot en widder gschtoppt un hot gsaat: "Es iss schpot, bleib do fer Middaagesse, dernoh gewwich der en gschriweni Eilaading fer haerkumme esse, deweegge dass mer alde Kumraade waare. Ich duh der Daadum zerick setze en Woch, sell kaansicht du schpeeder ihne weise un der Drick iss uff sie."

"Du bischt en graecker Tschaeck! Bully fer dich. Nau hen mer die Keffer gfange!"

"Hack du en aarmvoll Hols un hol es nei. Ich les der Schatz voll Schpee un mach es Feier aa."

Glei sin die Wolke vun em Schannschtee geeich em Schtedtel gerollt. Was hot sie en Esse gerischt fer zwee — Schunkefleesch, gemaeschde Grumbeere, Pissabet Zelaat mit hattgekochte Oier, Weissbrot un geeler Budder, heesser Kaffi un Keeskuche.

Er hot die Holskischt voll Hols gedraagge. Vun em Wattshaus hen die Yunge runner geguckt mit me Schpeiglaas, un hen net ausmache kenne was aageht.

Wu es Esse reddi waar hot sie en gerufe. Er iss neikumme. Sie hot em en Weschschissel voll heess Wasser gewwe fer die Hend wesche, un en pinklich sauwer Handduch, un hot en gut abgewaart.

Dernoh sin sie an der Disch un gesse un geblaudert vun de alde Zeide. Was hen sie sich entschoit,

Sie iss uff fer em en Schtick Keeskuche griegge. Er iss uff vun seim Blatz am Disch un hot sich fer sie gschtellt, sie in die Aagge geguckt, un hot blumps raus gsaat: "Peggy, ferwas kennte mir des net immer uffhalde?"

"O, gewiss, Dokter, du witt net es Wattshaus verlosse un bei mir in die Koscht geh."

"Du weesscht gut genunk, was ich meen. Loss uns mit nanner der gans Weeg faahre."

Sie hot der Keeskuche falle losse, un hot em die zwee Hend gereecht, un dernoh — sell waar gsettelt, awwer der Keeskuche waar verhunst.

Sie hot es Gscharr gewesche, un er hot es gedrickelt. Er hot sie mit Wasser gschpritzt. Sie hot en gschmisse mit em Schpiellumbe. Sie hen nanner um der Disch rum geyaagt. Endlich hot sie gsaat: "Es iss nau ball halwer drei Uhr. Wann mer mit nanner faahre welle, grick du mei car raus, bis ich die Sunndaagsfeddere aa duh.

Er hot der car raus un hot es Hann haddich geblose. Sie iss ball kumme un hot en gscholde fer so en Yacht mache. Dernoh sin sie fatt, hen die Babiere grickt, sin zu em Parre un iwwer der Besemschtiel getschumpt.

Saagt sie: "Wu hie nau?"

"Noch em Wattshaus fer mel Zuck."

Die "gang" waare die Hochzich schunt bekannt, un sin beikumme fer de Heiraat Paerdi wohlwinsche.

Der Dokter un die Mrs. Blake hen es all gut aagenumme. Dernoh hot er gsaat: "Ich will eich all danke. Dihr hett mich in der Abril gschickt, awwer dihr hett ken Narr vun mer gemacht. Eier Schpuchte hen mer es beschde Glick un die bescht Fraa in der ganse Welt gebrocht." — "Nau" saagt sie, "dihr seid all eigelaade fer nunner kumme an unser Haus fer en Hochzichesse."

"Ya," blaart widder der Dokter, "un wann dihr grank watt, ich weess alsnoch wie biddere Pille mache."

—DER ONKEL YARRICK

(Onkel Yarrick is the pen-name for Edwin Charles (1870-1933) of Snyder County. For further information see "Snyder County's Edwin Charles" by Heinz Kloss in the ECK for Feb. 19, 1955).

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Editorials

Five Atomic Power Plants

Extensive development of nuclear reactor plants for the production of power in the United States has been predicted for a number of years and now seems to be getting under way.

Announcement from the Atomic Energy Commission in recent days shows that four large groups of investors in Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan and Nebraska have been granted permission to build plants at a total cost of about $15 million and calculated to produce 450,000 kilowatts of electrical power. In addition to these large projects is that of the Consolidated Edison Co. of New York City which is building a 250,000 KW plant at Buchanan, N. Y.

To stimulate this power development the A.E.C. is waiving charges for source and special nuclear materials for a seven-year period. A.E.C. also will perform some research and development work in its laboratories. But the companies which are getting the licenses to build and operate these plants will be required to pay for materials consumed in the demonstration projects and for services of the A.E.C.

The wide area in which the effect of this atomic power production will be felt is indicated by the scope of the four plants:

1. Chicago area—180,000 kilowatts, to be completed in 1960; proposed by the Nuclear Power Group which consists of American Gas and Electric Service Corporation, New York; Bechtel Corporation, San Francisco; Commonwealth Edison, Chicago; Pacific Gas and Electric Company, San Francisco; Union Electric Company, St. Louis, Mo.

2. Western Massachusetts area—100,000 kilowatts, to be completed by late 1957; proposed by the Yankee Atomic Electric Company of Boston, organized by twelve power companies serving the New England States.

3. Detroit area— 100,000 kilowatts, to be completed by late 1958; proposed by Central Hudson Gas and Electric Corpora-Gas and Electric Corporation, Consumers Power Company, West Jackson, Mich.; Delaware Power and Light, Detroit Edison, Long Island Lighting Company, Mineola; Philadelphia Electric Company, Rochester Gas and Electric Corporation, Toledo Edison Company.

4. Nebraska — 75,000 kilowatts, to be completed in 1959; proposed by the Consumers Public power district of Columbus, Neb.

With the Consolidated Edison plant the total production will be about 705,000 KW. Lest any one in the coal and hydraulic electric generating business becomes alarmed and believes this to be a serious invasion of their field, let it be noted that 705,000 KW will be a mere drop in the bucket, something well under one per cent of the total present generating capacity of American plants.

One per cent may not come even near the increase in demand for power in the areas that the new plants will serve.

Freedom After 10 Years

Another step toward the restorations of sovereignty to the German Republic and an ending to occupation of West Germany by American troops was taken on Thursday when President Eisenhower signed documents to this effect.

This act followed by almost ten years an equally important historical occasion — the day in May, 1945, when General Dwight D. Eisenhower, as supreme commander of the Allied Forces in Europe, signed the document demanding Germany's unconditional surrender. That demand was yielded to and two days later brought about the end of the war in Europe.

When he signed the documents on Thursday, the President told of his deep regret that it has taken ten years to restore freedom to the German people. That delay in no measure can be blamed upon the American people and their government, just as the continuing occupation of Austria is not an expression of American desire. The fact is that Russia has tried by all means in her power to withhold independence from Germany, just as she continues to withhold independence from Austria.

Now Germany has been freed by action of the United States and only two of the NATO nations — The Netherlands and Denmark — have as yet failed to ratify the agreements. These two countries are expected to act favorably so that within a month or six weeks Germany can begin the formation of her army of half a million men and otherwise act as a sovereign, free nation should be able to act.

Bank Robbery Increase

Surveys repeatedly have revealed that mankind's highest interest in news is in stories concerning love and those concerning money. Accordingly, in the latter category, the story of the million dollar robbery of Brinks in Boston has never lost interest for American readers. And in the same fashion is the story of the daring robbery on Wednesday in New York where $305,000 in cash, mostly paper money of low denomination, was taken by a gang of at least four criminals.

The marvel is that, with all the modern devices which are expected to assure safety for bank funds and for those who are in charge of them, clever plotters and thieves manage to circumvent both men and protective measures.

Another marvel is that bank robberies are increasing in number so that exploits of such fabulous bandits as Jesse James and his equally daring brothers are fading into insignificance when compared with the jobs of the bank robbers of today. The moderns seem to be able to plan their work more carefully and, with such modern aids as the ubiquitous motor car and radio, they are able to move about more freely and speedily than was the case either with the hard-riding horsemen, the James brothers, or the yeggs who used freight trains for fairly fast transportation.

With a record of 517 bank robberies last year, compared with 248 in 1953, it can be understood that the FBI is worried. So it is urging police officials everywhere to meet with the bankers in efforts to protect their local institutions.

In this age of electronics and of instantaneous communication it should be possible to set up effective warning devices which no robbers would find possible to circumvent and defeat.

Echo Park: A Necessity?

The United States is still a young country, in its thinking as well as in its chronology. Yet Americans, whether they like it or not, are at the point where they must set their thinking in a more truly historical framework.

They must think, for instance, of breathing space for the millions of future Americans. And they must think of developing and husbanding natural resources on which the livelihood of those millions will depend. Because these two imperatives often collide, wise answers are a must.

The time is upon us, too. The United States has multiplied its population 32-fold since 1800, doubled it since 1900. The same space must accommodate four persons today which held but one 80 years ago.

Only 40 years ago did Americans bring the matter of breathing space to the point of action. Then the National Parks Act went into effect setting aside wilderness areas of great beauty. It has meant a continuing battle to secure these areas and to protect them.

There are still vast expanses of vacant land left in America. But not too many preserves of wilderness beauty. That is why, just a year ago, we said with reference to the dam proposed for Echo Park within the Donosaur National Monument:

The overriding issue is whether wilderness "pleasuring grounds" once set aside to give future crowded Americans breathing space and quieting contact with unspoiled nature shall be invaded for any cause other than dire national emergency.

These national preserves often embrace sites important to the development of natural resources. It is conceivable that under some circumstances the values of wilderness beauty may have to give way to the more mundane needs of making a living. And we said at another time that the water resources of the dry Upper Basin of the Colorado eventually must be developed even if it should prove necessary to build a dam at Echo Park.

But has it been proved necessary? There are still so many doubts, so many more questions raised than answered.

If the canyons of Donosaur Monument should be filled by a manmade lake, with its shorelines during the long "drawndown" periods, their beauty would be gravely impaired, if not ruined, for centuries at least. The alternative is prior construction of one or more of the several Upper Basin projects planned to follow anyway while Echo Park receives further study — small price for insurance against what could be a calamitous and irrevocable mistake. — Christian Science Monitor.

According to Scripture

PROPHECY: For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.—Psalms 16: 10.



"HE IS RISEN"

FULFILLMENT: And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—Matthew 28: 5, 6.

These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

In ancient lore, it is said that King Solomon wore a ring upon which was engraved certain Hebrew letters. When asked what they meant, this wisest of men translated them into the phrase, "These too shall pass away."

And who shall say on Easter day that so optimistic an idea can be unwise? For Easter is a tale of 1922 years ago and it is still being celebrated, not so much as the story of a death as it is the saga of life, of life eternal, of the rhythmic resurrection of all that lives in this world.

In this age of science, we are beginning to grasp what the theologians always knew, namely, that there is no death. Nothing totally disappears. There may be change: there may be an alteration of form or even of substance, but in the economy of nature nothing is lost. There is no destruction without a fall-out, which returns to the earth what left the earth. This the men of God always knew — "I am the Resurrection!"

Maimonides, the 750th anniversay of whose death is to be observed this year, in his "The Guide for the Perplexed," wrote:

". . .Even the existence of this corporeal element, low as it in reality is, because it is the source of death and all evils, is likewise good for the permanence of the universe and the continuation of the order of things, so that one thing departs and the other succeeds. Rabbi Meir therefore explains the words 'and behold it was very good'; that even death was good. . ."

St. Augustine Quotes

St. Augustine speaks the same thought but more emotionally:

". . .O what said he, I will lay me down and sleep, for who shall hinder us, when cometh to pass that saying which is written, Death is swallowed up in victory? And Thou surpassingly art the Self-same, Who are not changed: and in Thee is rest which forgetteth all toil, for there is none other with Thee, nor are we to seek those many other things, which are not what Thou art: but Thou, Lord, alone hast made me dwell in hope. . ."

This noble uplifting of the human spirit is inherent in the idea of the Resurrection, in the gamut of tense activity in all of nature when that which during the winter months looked drab and brown and barren, suddenly again comes to life in a fierce struggle over the chilling, freezing death which we thought was upon us. As the sun grows warmer and the grass green again and the buds break out upon the trees, we know that there is no death. We see that there is always life.

Those who live in fear cannot know the glory of the eternal life. For what is there to fear? The same philosopher, Moses Maimonides, as he is called, ended this sage work, "The Guide for the Perplexed," which had such a vast influence on Thomas Aquinas, with this ultimate paragraph:

"God is near to all who call Him, if they call Him in truth, and turn to Him. He is found by every one who seeks Him, if he always goes towards Him, and never goes astray. . ."

Easter Happiness

And this is the reminder of Easter. The world is dark; the clouds are black; the clamor of fierce noises are upon the earth. Men speak of war and look upon their sons in disappointment. But Easter comes and the sun shines. It is spring and the flowers soon will bloom. He Who died has been resurrected and all that dies will be resurrected. And so, we cast our cares aside and put on our Easter bonnets and go among our neighbors with cheer and song.

Nothing ever dies. Life is everlasting and eternal. That is God's way. Were it not so, there could be no hope, nor love, no life. Were it not so, populations would not increase, for why should the hopeless beget others who can only be hopeless. The lie is given to the materialist, who sees nothing in life but dust to dust, by the constancy of the increase of human life. We multiply because life is good and those who really live do not fear death, for in their progeny they recognize the eternity of life. Nothing real stops because some make wars and not even the hydrogen bomb can frighten because it cannot really kill the spirit of those who trust God and are therefore not afraid.

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Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

LITTLE BOY LEAVES

When he washes his face and he brushes his hair,
And comes to his mother to straighten his tie,
When at evening he chooses his best suit to wear
You should know the reason without asking why.

When his coat pocket flashes a handkerchief clean,
And he hasn't forgotten to polish his shoes:
When at last he desires to be fit to be seen,
The boy you once had you're beginning to lose.

When you don't have to tell him, as often before,
His appearance is truly a shame and disgrace,
That wild little boy will be with you no more,
For a man growing up will have taken his place.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

BEIM JOHN LINDE NEI G'SHTOPT: Yar bei jups won m'r net 'm Dunnershdawg gaduh hen wos m'r shun long gatzailt hen kot tzu duh—hen fer 'n kartzie tzeit ob g'shtopt beim John Linde un seinra Lucy on Levans Junction. Shun fer 'n longie tzeit hen m'r fershproch fershprocha kot fer mohl ob shtoppa ons Lindes' — ow'r sis kayose wie m'r die socha ob sheabt fon dawg tzu dawg, bis es oft tzeita tzu shpote is.

Der John hut shun fer yohrra druvel mit seina auga—is now so tzu sawga blind, un kon da g'shefta nimmy noh gae in da Trexler bingert woh er fer yohrra der iwwermaishder wor. Now os er nimmy sehna kon, hut er tzwae socha woh er gons arbadich fiel indressa drin nembt — uhra, un fonographs. So weit os uhra aw gaina, hen sie net yusht fon da alta hocha uhrra in yaderra shtub im hous, ow'r hen die wend aw fol koo-koo uhra hanka —aenie die shtake nuf gons arbadich shae mit fiel schnitzlerrei, un onnerra gross un glae— un ol gaina.

Noh hut er aw halb hocha uhra, kicha uhrra, uhra bei da hilly un filly — wos ols 's wesh hous wor hinna om hous is fol uhra fon end tzu end. Dale hen so gore hiltzna uhrawarricka, un fon da shpaiterra sin gamocht ous brass. Wos noch mainer is, der Jon kon der lavenslawf sawga fon bol yaderra uhr os er hut. Un so wie er uns g'sawt hut, sin aw sel net ol die uhrra os er hut, ow'r hut noch fiel drous in da shire, un kon sie bol ol nanna bei nahma.

So weit os die fonograph bisnis aw gait, sellie hut er fon alla orta. Die gons alta runda Edison reckord mashine, un 'n ort noch fiela elter — der John secht sie dada har shtomma so fon da 1890 rum. Sel wor neiichkata tzu uns weil m'r immer uf ra maining worra die Edison mashine mit da rohrra fer in die ohrra shtecka, un woh der Henry Hunsicker ols fon hamet tzu hamet ganumma hut shpiela fer wos g'falla is, wear fon da airshda "talking mashina" gawest, ow'r der John secht net.

Noh hut er aw 'n wunnerborie grossie kollection flatta reckords fon alla orta, un woh immer an grossie tzeit — fer — dreib sin tzum, die weil os er net sehna kon. Die mashina mit ra runda rolla hut er uf 'm shpeicher, un woh er uns paar shticker g'shpielt hut, un die onnerra hunna uf 'm airshda shtuck. Reckords shpiela wie sel sin 'n grossie tzeit fer dreib tzu ma mensch os nimmy sehna kon — un so aw die uhrra, un woh er ol selwar fix'd won aryads ebbes letz is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Ebbes hut uns shun gawunnert — ferwos noch niemond draw gadenk'd hut fer 'n kontest mocha noch da Oshterra, fer sehna wem der Oshter Haws die shanshda oyer bring'd.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Frank Graham tells this story about a typical, dyed-in-the-wool Brooklyn Dodgers fan. Gil Hodges, in the throes of a slump, stepped up to bat in the fourth inning. "Git dat bum outa dere!" yelled the fan. "He can't hit his way outa a paper bag!"

Toots Shor, sitting behing the fan, warned, "Lay off that guy. He's a pal of mine." "Okay," conceded the fan reluctantly, "but tell me, Mister, how many udder bums on dis team is pals of yours?"

"Well," figured Toots, "There's Campanella, and Snyder, and Jackie Robinson, to name only a few."

"Holy smoke!" fumed the fan. "Lemme outa here, Mister. You ain't gonna stop me from enjoyin' dis game!"

A distinguished Viennese analyst was addressing an Oxford University group. "You must be lenient about my English," he apologized at the outset. "I learned it in the United States."

Sign in a cooperative Park Avenue apartment house: "No mendicants, baby carriages, insurance salesmen, or foreign automobiles allowed in this lobby."

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Horoscope

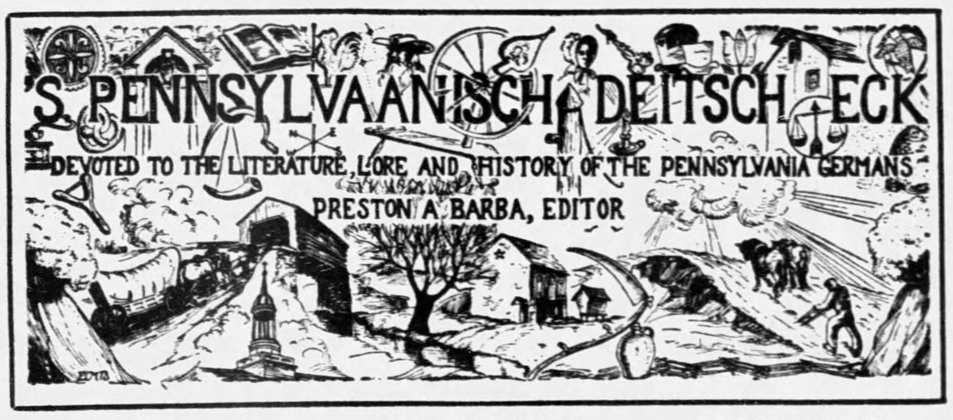
A year of steady progress is foreseen for you. Today's child may be a profound thinker.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

John 19:38

When Jesus had died on the cross, Joseph of Arimathaea, a secret disciple of Jesus, asked permission from Pilate to take the body of Jesus away for burial in his own new tomb, which request was granted. In Matth. 27: 57, this man Joseph is described as 'a rich man.' In order to appreciate this adjective, let us turn to the 'crucifixion chapter' of the Old Testament prophetical books, Is. 53:9, where we read that Jesus was considered as a mere criminal, and therefore the authorities had thought of burying Him with the wicked. But His Father had other plans, for the next line speaks of His grave as with the 'rich,' because He had done no violence. This use of the word 'rich' by both Isaiah and Matthew would seem to be an evidence of the inspiration of the Scriptures. The earthly life of the Son of God began in a virgin's womb and ended in a 'virgin' tomb, for no body had previously lain in it. But this was not the end of the story, for Jesus took up His body again on Easter morning, the first day of a new week and of a new dispensation, in which we, fortunately, are living, for we have a living Saviour.



BOOK NOTES

THE DUTCHMAN—published quarterly by the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Inc., Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. Single copy $.75. By subscription $3.00 per year in the United States and Canada; elsewhere fifty cents postage extra.

During the last 80 years there have been a number of attempts to establish a magazine devoted to the literature, lore, history, etc. of the Pennsylvania Germans. Such magazines either perished after the first few issues or lingered a time longer with chronic ailments.

Edward H. Rauch, encouraged by the enthusiastic reception given his dialect letters in the political campaigning paper "Father Abraham," over the pen-name of "Pit-Schweffelbrenner" in 1868, undertook the publication of a magazine. **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** appeared in January, 1873. It had the ambitious program "not only to furnish amusing and popular reading matter for all who understand the peculiar dialect or compound of German and English known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," but also profitable and interesting instruction for all who may desire to become familiar with this language, and the customs, aspirations and peculiarities of the Pennsylvania Germans, constituting a very "numerous, substantial and worthy class of people of the Middle and Western States." Alas, this "numerous, substantial and worthy class" were willing to read newspaper columns but unwilling to subscribe to magazines. **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** ran through three issues and vanished. Succeeding magazines announced similar programs and succumbed to similar fates.

The Pennsylvania German, a monthly magazine, most successful to date, was begun in 1900 and struggled valiantly until its end in 1914.

Sim Schmalzgesicht's Own Magazine, modest in form, not even pretending "to fill a long-felt want," died in early infancy after the third number (1913).

In the fall of 1943 appeared **Der Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eileschpiggel, En Zeiding, Schwetzbrief un Plauderschtick far die Deitsche,** edited by J. William Frey, then of Lehigh University, with Associate Editors Ralph C. Wood and Alfred Shoemaker, a chatty mimeographed paper which appeared six times during its first year. In the second year the paper took on a smaller format under the sole Editorship of J. Wm. Frey, now of Franklin and Marshall College. After six numbers (between Nov., 1944 and spring of 1946) Till Eileschpiggel, the nimble trickster, became lethargic and Rip-van-Winkle-like, fell into a deep sleep, only to awaken in April, 1949, when the Editor, appealing to his former readers, announced a weekly tabloid to be called **The Pennsylvania Dutchman,** to be published by the recently instituted Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center at Franklin and Marshall College. The editorial staff consisted of Alfred L. Shoemaker (Folklore, Arts, Crafts); Donald H. Yoder (History, Religion, Genealogy); J. William Frey (Dialect, Literature, Music).

The first number of **The Pennsylvania Dutchman (The Weekly Devoted to Pennsylvania Dutch Culture),** announcing "the long-felt need for just such a unifying force in Pennsylvania Dutch culture" appeared May 5, 1949. Its breezy style, its air of intimacy and the assurance that it would be a popular and not a learned magazine (as announced by its academic editors) invited a wide patronage among our people. Never before had such a wide range of subject matter been offered to the reading public. Nothing even distantly related to the Pennsylvania Germans, remained untouched, however lightly. **The Pennsylvania Dutchman,** ranging in the number of its imprints from 3,500 to 6,000, continued as a weekly from 1949 down through 1952

Beginning with the fourth year of publication the Pa. Dutch Folklore Center announced a bigger and better **Pennsylvania Dutchman,** in new format to make for easier reading and binding, and to appear 18 times a year, twice monthly from November thru April and monthly for the rest of the year. In the last two years the **Dutchman** has imbibed sustenance from the proceeds of the popular Pa. Dutch Folk Festival at Kutztown. Henceforth the **Dutchman** is to be self-supporting and to that end 1200 new subscribers are solicited. The first number of this new and better **Pennsylvania Dutchman** appeared in May, 1953, and the last on April 1, 1954. In the latter its dynamic Editor, Alfred L. Shoemaker, announced to the readers that "a completely new — and better — Dutchman is about to appear." It was to become a quarterly.

This new and better magazine appeared in June, 1954 with the following editorial staff: Editor, Alfred L. Shoemaker; Asst. Editor, J. William Frey; Antiques Editor, Earl F. Robacker; Crafts & Folk Art Editor, Olive G. Zehner; Art Editor, Kiehl Newswanger; Food Editor, Edna Eby Heller; Design Editor, Roy Gensler; Photographer, Clifford Yeich. The old **Pennsylvania Dutchman** has now burst forth from its homely chrysalis into a beautiful magazine with colorful covers and profuse illustrations, the most elaborate and pretentious yet undertaken. The first four numbers are devoted largely to Pa. German folk art in its various phases, so popular among those who have wearied of modern sophisticated individualistic art. It is apparent that the **Dutchman,** now stripped of the endearing attributive word "Pennsylvania" is to appeal particularly to those discerning "outsiders" who think of us Pennsylvania Germans as those "plain people" that so picturesquely defy the age in which they live.

Has the new Dutchman betrayed his own people? Whither now do the benighted Pennsylvania Germans turn, who want to learn the why and the whence of themselves? Many will miss the lusty rusticity of the old **Pennsylvania Dutchman.** Is there nothing left for them but to feed their nostalgic hunger upon the folksy newspaper columns of Graeff, Swope, Rupp, Troxell and Barba and to look with estranged pride upon the elegant **Dutchman** now cutting his swathe in a larger world?—P.A.B.

ALDE KARAKTER

Deel dausend Yaahr zerick, un meh,
Sin Leit in die Welt kumme:
Sie sin gewandelt uff un ab,
Hen alles eigenumme.

Noh waar'n sie datt im Paradies
Un gucke alles noh:
Es waar'n so viel Gediere datt,
Meh wie im Barnum show.

Der Adam waar en yunger Mann,
Er hot geguckt fer'n Fraa;
Er gleicht die Evaa arrig gut,
Deel annere awwer aa.

Der Belzebub iss datt rum gschniekt
Un hot des Ding erblickt;
Sie hen der Abbel gesse ghatt—
Er hot der Grutze grickt!

* * *

Der Moses saagt zu seine Leit,
Sie waere gschtroft zu hatt;
Der Keenich hett yo ken Verschtand,
Sie gingte mol datt fatt.

Sie waar'n im Land en langi Zeit,
Waar'n ehrlich un gedrei:
Doch waar'n sie yuscht die Schklaawe datt,
Sie waere nau gaun frei.

Der Pharaoh gebt ne Adders noh,
"Ihr Schklaawe, nemmt mei Watt,
Gehn naus un schaffe uffem Land,
Ihr gehne mir net fatt."—

"Nau loss uns doch in Friede geh,
O Pharaoh, sei gerecht;
Un geb uns Leit die Freiheit nau,
Duh's eb die Freindschaft brecht.

"En dunkli Wolk kummt dir ins Land
Mit Pein un Not debei;
'S iss fer dei Ungerechtichkeit—
O Keenich, geb uns frei!"—

Die Yudde sin in Egypt fatt,
Der Pharaoh waar der Keenich datt:
Er laaft datt rum in Lemmerheid;
Doch waar er wiescht zu seine Leit:
Er Sphinx un Pyramids hot ghatt—
Die hen noch niemand viel gebatt!

Der Moses saagt noh zu de Leit,
Der Pharaoh waer yo zu ungscheit:
Die Yudde gschtroft, ya arrig hatt,
Sie packe uff un gehne fatt.

Der Pharaoh iss ne nohgeyaagt—
Wann er sie grickt hett, dann hett's gschtaabt!
Sie waare nau am Rode See.
Der Grund waar blos, der Mos saagt, Geh!

Der Wind blost do zu ihrem Glick
Un dreibt sell Wasser all zerick;
Sie sin datt darrich so zimmlich schwift,
Uff drucke Land, so saagt die Schrift.

Der Pharaoh will sie datte fange,
Sin nei gemautscht, so iss es gange;
Es Wasser iss zerick geloffe—
Sie waare drin, sin all versoffe.

* * *

Der Noah waar gedrei un schtill,
Sunscht rum waar en groossi Zucht:
Die Leit datt waar'n vun Gott eweck,
Die Sinder waar'n verflucht.

Es waar en groossi Flut am Kumme,
Der Noah waar schunn alt;
Die Sache hot er all gewisst,
Doch hot er 's net gebrallt.

Er baut en Arrich wie en Haus,
Mit Schtubbe un mit Wand.
Fer sich un sei Familye nei,
Un Diere allerhand.

Hot sei Family neigenumme,
Un Kreadure aa:
Gehn zwee bei zwee zum Kaschde nei,
Do waar'n sie fleissich draa.

En Paar vun alle Kreadur,
Der Leeb un Kangaroo:
Der Tiger un der Eelphant,
Un dutt aa Leis dezu.

Moschgieters un die Schnooke aa,
Un Hummle sin am Brumme;
Der Walfisch un der Hawwergees
Hot er datt nei genumme.

Uff sellem Schiff waar grooss Geyohl,
Geyammer vun viel Vieh:
Der Hund gratzt sich die Haar ball raus,
So beisse ihn die Fleeh.

Der Noah guckt zum Kaschde naus,
Er guckt es zwedde Mol:
Drauss waar en schwerer Wolkebruch,
Die Aerd waar iwwer voll.

In vazich Daag kummt Sunneschein,
Dutt groosser Friede in sell Volk:
Die Sunn scheint in der Himmel schwaz,
Dutt Reggeboogge in die Wolk.

Un noh so ball die Sunn hot gscheint,
Er schickt die Daub mol fatt;
Sie hot geguckt fer drucke Land,
So wie's mol widder watt.

Die Daub bringt ihm en drucke Blaat,
En gudi sign gewiss:
Die Aerd nau widder drucke waar,
Die Flut nau gfalle iss.

Der Noah waar so freehlich nau,
Er hot der Kopp genuckt:
Sell hett er selwert sehne kenne,
Hett er yuscht nausgeguckt.

1948—D. George Knecht

EASTER EGGS

The egg is Mother Nature's wonder-work. From time immemorial it has been the symbol of life. It was an easy and natural transition from pagan to Christian times to associate the egg with Eastertide as a symbol of the new life in the resurrected Christ

The spread of Easter eggs and the Easter rabbit in this country we may attribute to our Pennsylvania German pioneers, who only perpetuated here the widely spread customs of their fatherland. Hunting Easter eggs, rolling Easter eggs, rolling Easter eggs and egg duels ("picking") are all widely spread Easter traditions in Germany.

But why colored eggs and an Easter bunny? No one knows just how the tradition arose. Some folklorists have tried to trace a connection between Ostara, Germanic goddess of Spring, and an ancient Egyptian Venus, to whom the hare, like the egg, a symbol of fertility, was sacred. Even in ancient pagan times scarlet eggs were given as gifts and in some parts of Germany red is still the favorite color of eggs that German girls present to their male friends. It is interesting to observe here that decorated goose eggs were found in a sarcophagus unearthed in a Roman-Germanic burial ground near Worms in the Palatinate, dating back to the first half of the 4th century A.D.

Our Pennsylvania German grandmothers liked to dye Easter eggs by boiling them in onion skins that had been carefully collected during the year. Some took delight in putting crude designs of wax on the eggs before immersing them in the boiling onion skins, a custom which they no doubt also brought with them from across the sea. It is claimed by some that this use of wax was introduced from Java in the 18th century when Europeans first became acquainted with the batik process of dyeing.

Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach, able antiquarian and frequent contributor to the Eck, points out that Pennsylvania Germans who had settled at Frederick, Maryland in colonial times, used Brazil wood for coloring eggs. In this connection Mr. Hollenbach also refers the Editor of the Eck to a very interesting description of coloring Easter eggs which he discovered in a little book called "Der Frantzoesische Koch," translated into German and published in Hamburg in 1665. We have translated the archaic 17th century German passage as follows:

If you would color eggs as is done at Eastertide, first wash them in a pretty warm lye, especially prepared of wood-ash, water and a little coarse sand. When they have been well dried, put them in a pot or kettle with enough water to cover them. Strew bits of pulverized Brazil wood with some green vitriol over them and let the eggs boil in this solution for a considerable time, gently turning them from side to side, so they will not break. When they have taken on enough color, remove them from the fire and let them grow quite cold before removing them from the colored water. If you wish to have yellow eggs, use saffron, and for blue eggs indigo is used: if brown is desired, take the bark of the elecampane or the soot from the chimney, or use the green bark of walnuts.

FIEHL NET ZU GROOSS

Es Grooss Fiehle iss en wunnerbaari Sach. Deel Leit kumme in der Druwwel wu der Bullfrack neikumme iss. Der Bullfrack hot newe an der Krick ghockt. Iwwerdem iss en grosser Ox hiekumme. Der Ox hot sei Maul ins Wasser un hot gsoffe un als widder gsoffe. Der Bullfrack hot inn vun Wunner aageguckt. Er hot zu sich selwer gsaat, "Ich wett en Halb-beind Keschte-iggel ass ich graad so grooss warre kennt, wie der Ox wann ich so viel Wasser saufe deet."

Noh iss der Bullfrack ans Saufe, meh un als meh un noch widder meh. Er iss uffgschwolle wie en Drumm. Es hot ihm wehgeduh im Leib. Doch hot er net gschtoppt saufe. Uff eemol waar en doder Grach. Sell waar's letscht vum Bullfrack. Er iss in gans kleene Schticker verschpritzt

Ich hab schunn Leit gsehne ass sich dick rund voll uffgeblose hen mit Hochmut. Es wunnert eem ass sie net vershpritze. Sie duhne ebmols ebbes so Dummes ass die Leit sich schier gaar dod lache iwwer sie. Noh fallt ihne der Hochmut. Ebmols kenne sie sich net so dick uffblose wann sie aa gaun deede. Sie hen als ver lenger gsaat vun so Kalls, "Grickt haddich en Schpell un schtech sie in seller Kall, un loss der Wind raus."

Die menschte Leit wu grooss fiehle duhne des fer ebbes ass sie nix geduh hen devor, zum Beischpiel:

1.—Die Meed fiehle so grooss weil sie so schee un hibsch gucke. Ferwas gucke sie so? Weil der lieb Gott sie so waxe hot losse. Was hen sie selwer geduh defor? Ferwas sedde sie grooss fiehle?

2.—Deel fiehle grooss weil sie reiche Eldre hen. Sie breiche net viel schaffe. Sie waare gebore mit me silwerne Leffel im Maul. Die aarme Kinner in reiche Familye! Wie viel sin gscheit genunk fer acht gewwe uff 's Geld wu sie gearrebt hen vun reiche Eldre?

3.—Zum Schluss. Deel fiehle Grooss weil sie Groosskepp sin un hen immer bei de Groosskeepp gelebt. Loss uns widder froogge, "Was hen sie geduh fer sell?"

Mei liewe Leit, loss uns net grooss fiehle. Schunscht schtolpere mir verliecht un falle.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Two Highly Merited Awards

Not alone for accomplishments in the civic interest during the year 1954, but for work during many years and for assurance of continued striving, the Allentown Rotary Club has been properly honored and, in a small measure rewarded by presentation of the Benjamin Rush award thru action of the Lehigh County Medical Society, as announced yesterday.

Hand in hand with this award to the organization which the physicians considered outstanding, was the individual award to Abram Samuels. Significantly he is the president of Allentown Rotary this year and the physicians, from their own experience and knowledge of local affairs, believe he "has contributed immeasurably to the health and welfare of the community," to quote from their citation.

The twin awards, which in effect go to the same institution, recognize cause and effect: The terrific drive of an individual and the inspiration which it has given to a large and a dedicated group of his fellow-men.

Allentown Rotary was engaged in superb work for many splendid activities in years long before Mr. Samuels was born. But it has reached its apex of achievement in wide and varied fields during the years in which he has been rising in the regard of the club's membership and in the council of the leadership which carefully has planned so many excellent projects. Allentown Rotary saw the value of this young man — scion and fourth-generation representative of one of Allentown's most useful families — and steadily has advanced him to positions of greater influence and power.

That his merit was more widely known and appreciated was indicated when in recent months the Junior Chamber of Commerce named him in its annual award to the oustanding citizen of the community for the year 1954.

The two awards, announced and presented yesterday, express the opinion of our large group of excellent physicians and surgeons. They also reflect the opinion of this community which knows the fine works of Rotary's hand. Among these are provision of nursing scholarships at our local hospitals; the rehabilitation of Camp Dent, the development of youth leaders, operations of a scholarship fund for young college students, presentation of awards for scholastic achievement and many others.

Among these many others is the constant support for established services and the institution of new services for crippled children and adults.

In Allentown Rotary the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society has found one of its stoutest and most dependable allies at all times. Thru this Society Rotary has worked for the establishment of the nursery school for children who are the victims of cerebral palsy. It had a large part in encouraging the clinic for pre-school-age children who have defective hearing. It has provided equipment for retarded and crippled children and has had a large part in promoting those joyous weeks that many of our crippled children are able to spend in summer camps under the care of physicians, nurses and therapeutists.

In an awareness of all this work, this community praises the Lehigh County Medical Society for its award of the Benjamin Rush honors. There will be hope that even higher honors will come both to the organization and to its dynamic young president when the State Medical Society makes its annual awards covering achievements thruout this commonwealth.

Dirtiest of Ditry Business

The nastiness and the meanness of the people with whom the United States is dealing in the current cold war with the Communists, long have been evident to our people but they are especially emphasized in the recent reaction of China to the crash of an Indian airliner while it was on its way from Hong Kong to a conference of Asian leaders in Bandung.

Immediately China charged United States "imperialists" with sabotage, to which our State Department has answered: "Preposterous."

That word only mildly describes the viciousness of the Chinese attack. Anything and everything that occurs is turned, if at all possible, to Communist advantage. "All is grist that comes to their propaganda mill."

They may fool some persons but they will not fool thinkers who know that the plane was owned by India and was manned by an Indian crew. It flew from a British airfield, and the British have been maintaining friendly relations with the Chinese in order to hold Hong Kong. There is not the slightest evidence that any American touched or even saw the plane from the time that it took off until it crashed. People know that other planes have crashed, without benefit of "American imperialists," but by reason of weather, fires, structural defects in planes, mistakes of pilots and so on.

The Chinese charges of sabotage are deliberately made to fan blind hatred of the United States in Asia and especially in the breasts of the Asian lade leaders who are meeting in Bandung.

China wants to be regarded in that conference as a martyr and the poor, innocent victim of the powerful and heartless Uncle Sam.

It is just about the dirtiest kind of dirty and contemptible business.

'Kill-Joys' After 'Mr. Fix-It'

It is nothing new to hear from the statisticians that the greatest number of accidents occur in the American home and that, statistically at least, it would appear that just about the most dangerous hours of the day are those which are spent under the family roof. More is being heard about this topic with increase of power machinery in the home and the widest encouragement both to women and men to "do-it-yourself" when matters of repair and improvement to the home are necessary and desirable.

So just about the time women and men enter joyously upon their programs for home improvement, along come "kill-joys" who sound loud notes of alarm about the hazards which are being incurred.

In the meetings of safety engineers much is being made these days of the many casualties incurred in the handling of poisonous insecticides, paint sprays and in the handling of power tools. Of course they do not forget that modern man and woman can smash a finger with a hammer just as their fathers and grandfathers also were wont to do.

At a recent meeting of the New York Safety Council it was reported that more than six hundred thousand persons suffer disabling injuries while doing their own home repair work. And it was reported that such casualties are increasing for women who become "Mrs. Fixits." Here is the accident pattern, as reported by one expert:

"One hundred and fifteen thousand people a year were injured as a result of doing their own carpentry repair work; 98,729 had accidents occurring as a result of making their own furniture; 95,000 got hurt while replacing broken window panes; 76,000 (casualties) were accounted for as a result of painting the outside of houses; 57,000 had accidents while cleaning or oiling or repairing gutters and troughs.

"Forty - seven thousand were hurt putting up or taking down storm windows; 33,000 accidents occurred while trees were being pruned; 32,000 were hurt repairing roofs, 31,000 while doing interior painting, 11,000 while repainting chimneys and 16,400 while putting up TV antennas."

Ladders were involved in 300,000 accidents, power tools in 180,000 cases and carpentry hand tools in 72,000 cases.

All of this emphasizes the importance of reasonable care and in the case of power machinery, of a healthy respect for whirling saws and sharp knives. For all of these there should be substantial guards. And no work should be performed unless those guards have been made secure.

A lot of beauty and contentment has been brought into the American home thru all the encouragement that has been given to men, women and children to improve their surroundings. A pity it will be if anything shall happen to bring pain, suffering and unhappiness to people who mean so well and who are getting such a good time out of making themselves self - sufficient and of beautifying their environment.

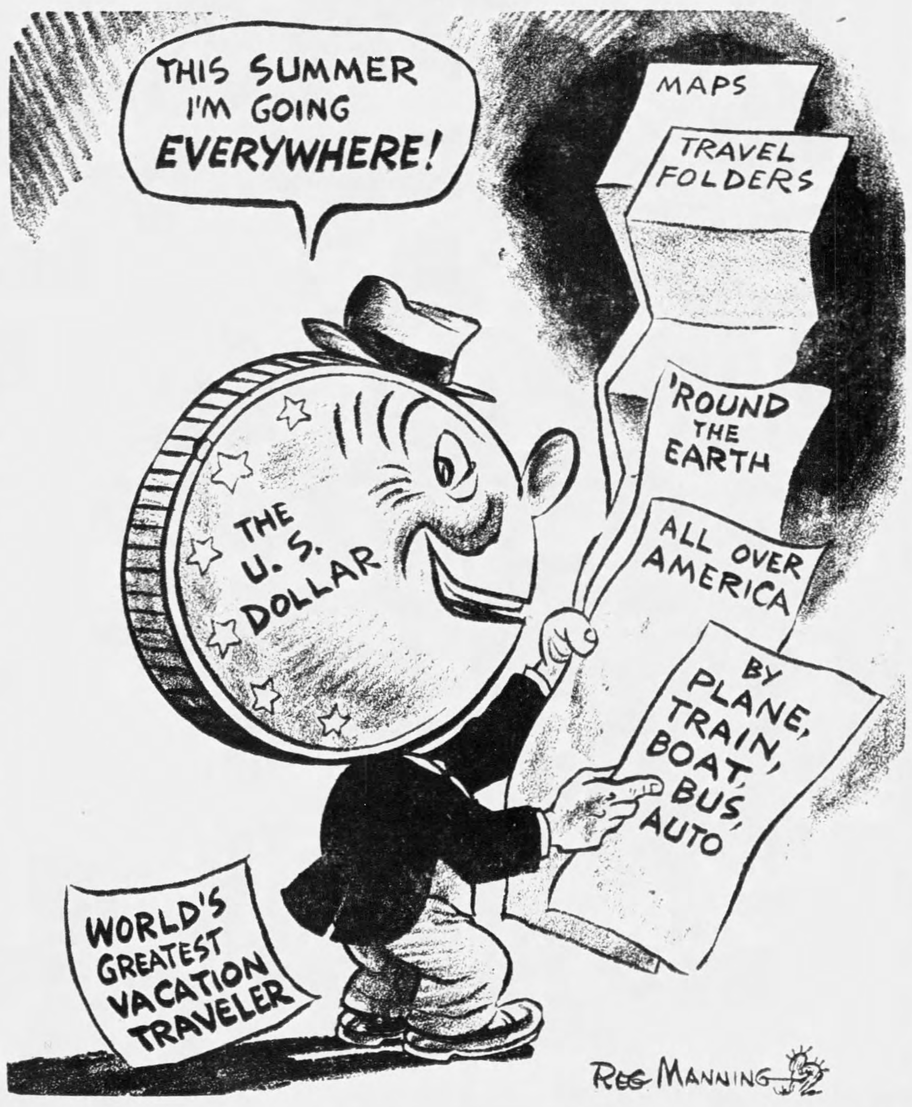
It Can Happen Even to Police

That it can happen to just about any one is the lesson to be drawn from the theft or the practical joke that was played upon local police on Tuesday night when a cruiser car disappeared from the vicinity of City Hall.

Like any driver of a car, a policeman can forget to remove the key from the switch when leaving the car to perform some small errand. Men's minds are busied with so many matters that ordinary precautions some times may be neglected.

Because motorists, whose cars have been stolen, ofttimes are upbraided by the police upon reporting the thefts, and their own carelessness, those motorists will be doing some laughing up their sleeves at the discomfiture of a captain (no less) and a patrolman who neglected an ordinary precaution and lost their car, temporarily, thereby.

Ready to Go



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Within a few days the Senate Foreign Relations committee will ask Secretary Dulles some questions about the alleged "leak" of the Yalta papers. The fact is that one newspaper did have a copy in advance of the other newspapers but that all newspapers finally published simultaneously the story of the documents.

Judging by the self-righteous outcries from some members of Congress about the need for investigating this supposed "leak," it might be imagined that senators and representatives do not "leak" confidential information.

Not so many years ago the late Paul Mallon, then with the United Press, managed to get and then publish the roll call on a presidential nominee who was being voted on in executive session. These roll calls usually had been kept secret. After that episode, all such roll calls were published. A public service resulted from that "leak."

Again and again senators and representatives get confidential documents from the executive branch of the government, and often the contents are "leaked" to the press. Uusually it is to promote some cause that would be aided by publication and hurt by suppression.

Recent Case

Only recently, when the secretary of state offered to send the Yalta papers in confidence to members of Congress in key places, the invitation to examine those documents was promptly declined. One wonders why. Among the reasons advanced was that the members of Congress didn't trust each other not to "leak," and those who would keep faith feared they might be wrongfully accused. The truth is that "leaking" information is a common practice on Capitol Hill and elsewhere in Washington.

Now, the fact that the New York Times for several hours had an advance copy of the Yalta papers is acknowledged. It also is a fact that the Department of State had decided to make the documents public and wanted to find some newspaper which would print them in full text. This involves the newspaper in a big expenditure — perhaps $50,000 or more in extra printing and paper costs. What newspaper or newspapers would agree to print the full text of such a voluminous record as that contained in the Yalta papers — more than 400,000 words?

Release Plans

It was assumed at the State Department that the New York Times, which has printed full texts of many lengthy documents heretofore, might be interested. So it is understood that the Times was approached and did agree to print the documents in full. To do this meant the sending in of an advance copy a day or two ahead, so that typographical composition could be begun before the release date. This is often done in Washington with lengthy papers. Usually, of course, the understanding is that the document or announcement will be held for simultaneous release in all newspapers. There are occasions when the documents are later withdrawn because of some change in policy, and the public never sees the material at all.

Can it be said that, in such circumstances, a person outside the government has received "confidential" information improperly? Is the newspaper editor or his reporter to be regarded as engaging in some violation of security by the official because an advance release is given out? If so, then presidential messages and other documents of a highly confidential character before the hour of release comes would have to be held up so there would be no charge of a "leak."

But the end result would be a disservice to the American people. For if documents of 400,000 words are dumped on the desks of the reporters in Washington at the last minute when release is permitted and without a chance for advance reading, the consequent newspaper articles must necessarily be sketchy and errors of omission and commission will be enco...tered.

The "leak" to the New York Times didn't turn out to be a leak to the public, though an official has the right to single out one publication or one reporter and give him a "scoop."

When Harry Truman was President, he gave exclusive articles to favored reporters and indeed his administration gave to the New York Times alone the secret and confidential record of what happened in a military conference at Wake Island in the Pacific between President Truman and Gen. MacArthur. No Democratic senator rose in Congress to criticize that action. In fact, a stenographer, with the administration's knowledge and consent, was stationed surreptitiously just outside the door to eavesdrop on Gen. MacArthur.

This was a piece of "wire-tapping" which, strangely enough, none of the so-called "liberals" has ever denounced, while they prate loudly today that informal chitchat at the Yalta conference should never have been made public even thought it is a part of the official records — and it wasn't surreptitiously recorded, either.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERNARRA KALTA: Ich denk ow'r wos bei jupps, 'm Dunnershdawg owet der 14d April 1955, sin m'r mohl hinna rum gatzoga werra — un so aw der Jay Claude Frantz, die tzwet dier weck fom wertshous in Egypt. M'r sin all bait gleader fon da Laurys Grange No. 1570 fer may wie fartsich yohr. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, die Grange hut 'm Dunnershdawg owet ihra 42d fesht g'fir'd un wohs uns shun long g'sawt wor bei da Verna Frantz, lecturer, sie wot 'n "This is your Life," program uf griega, in ehr tzum Jay Claude. Ow'r noh widder uf die onner hond wor 'm Jay Claude g'sawt, des sot unser "This is your Life" program sei. Un ich kon eich sawga, ra'r sin alla bait gross ordich hinna rum gatzoga werra.

Die uhrsoch fer tzwae howwa da sama owet, wor, weil m'r alla bait awenich feranderlich sin so weit os noch da Grange gae aw gait. Der Jay Claude shoft on da Bedlahame shtawl un mus oft tzeita nochts shoffa, un mier sin so wie der wind bloast so weit os aryads onna gae aw gait — ferleicht sin m'r darta, un ferleicht aw net. 'S sin heit tzu dawg so fiel socha om gae — un woh m'r sei sot, os m'r mohl shure net long tzu lava het, won m'r immer allas einemma wot woh m'r sei sol. 'N alter mon hut uns mohl g'sawt, m'r het yusht ae lava, un sot ocht druf gewwa — die uhrsoch ferwos m'r alsa also mohl die holfter shlippa un dale socha ous weicha.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzum Dunnershdawg owet, hut die Katerina widder ken eifer kot fer mit noch da Grange gae, un hen unser alter freind, Richard W. Peters fon 847 Nord 8d shtross garufa, eb er mit gang'd. Er hut g'sawt er dade, un liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, won net unser battery dote wor uf 'm Studie wie m'r nous sin fartel noch da siva fer noch Laurys gae. 'S airsht hen m'r 'n gas station garufa ow'r hen uns net helfa kenna, un noh der John Yarrick garufa ons Peters Motor Co., un woh m'r gawist hen os ken shoffmon rum wor sellie tzeit fom owet. Ow'r ferhoftich sei won der John net der "Sam" Semmel grick'd hut fer uns 'n battery bringa, un sin noch Laurys kumma kartz noch dem os die meeting im gong wor.

Der grange hall wor feller os m'r 'n shun fer long g'sehna hen, un ol huts g'sheind, weara soh uns tzu sehna — un arbadich so der Jay Claude Frantz. Nadierlich worra mir aw froh ihn tzu sehna, weil m'r ous erfohring wissa, os nix ferdreaslicher is won m'r 'n program uf grick'd wie m'r gawist hen os die Verna Frantz om shoffa wor fer 'n Jay Claude sei "Lava" weissa, un sel woh gaehet sot werra kaimt net bei.

Wies tzeit wor fer der program, hut die Verna g'sawt, sie het 'n "Bind'l program" un ihra boo Stirling Frantz dade iwwer nemma. 'N program wie sel wor nix neias on Laurys, 'm ledshd yohr wors der Oscar Yehl woh fohr gatzoga is werra — un des yohr hen m'r gamaint der Jay Claude Frantz — sel wor ol recht bis die Verna g'sawt hut, "And this is your Life, Bill Troxell." Ol hen uns aw gaguck'd un awfonga blotcha un locha, un m'r hen gawist wie aw der Ralph Edwards sei leit fohr nembt os m'r fernarra kalta worra. Der Stirling Frantz hut iwwer ganumma, un wil gross donk sawga tzum sel'm klassmate fon 1913 — warever os es wor, woh da Verna unser klass buch gewwa hut. Darta dadarrich hen m'r fiel socha erhola missa os uf g'schriva sin, un aw fiel onnerra socha — so gore bis es fartich wor, is der Jay Claude garufa werra fer fertzaila fon unserrra airshda shprings wogga ride mit da Katerinah hame fon ra Pomoma meeting on Pleasant Korner tzurick in 1916. Die Katerinah is noh hinna rous kumma, un so aw der boo LaRoy un sei Miriam un die tzwae boova. Tommy un Bobby. Noh wor so tzu sawga unser "lava" fartich, ow'r 'm Jay Claude seins wor noch tzu kumma.

'M Jay Claude un seinra Carrie ihra kinner un kinds kinner worra aw ol darta, wie der Frederick "Fritz," net, un woh shoffa hut missa. Un so is uns yader 'm, 's heffel uf gadeck'd werra fon alta fergessna socha, un dabei sin m'r aw gaehrt werra, fer die fiela yohr os m'r shun gewwa hen tzu Grange arwet.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r wolla gross donk sawga tzu da Verna un Stirling Frantz, fer der shae owet — un won sie uns aw hinna rum gatzoga hen — un so aw tzu da weibsleit woh die fiela kucha gabrocht hen fer der owet helfa fartich mocha in da ess shtub — un sel kumt uns, un unserra familia net yusht fon hartza, ow'r so aw 's Jay Claude Frantza.

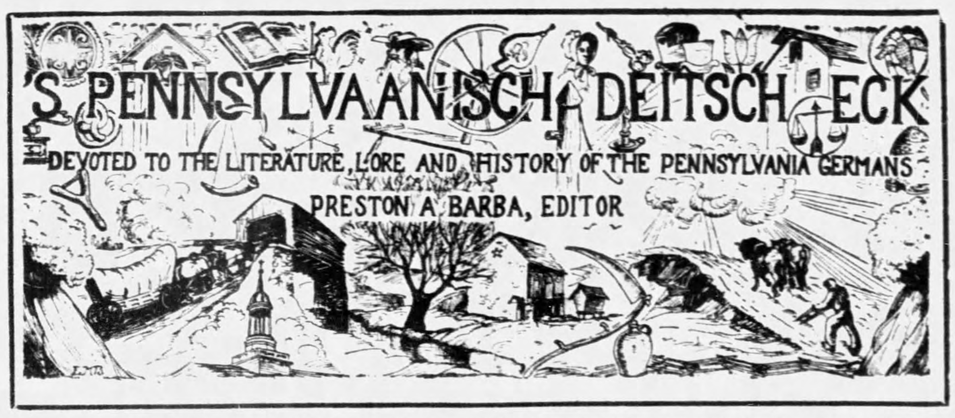
Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Immediately after Jesus had vanished from the sight of His friends, they returned to Jerusalem, quite excited, since they had seen their risen Lord. They at once got into touch with 'the eleven,' telling them what they had recently experienced at the table in their home. Suddenly Jesus appeared in their midst to their great amazement. Although He used the age-old greeting, Peace be unto you, they thought they were seeing a spirit: so He sought to calm their fears, and asked them to behold His hands and His feet (probably because of the nail-prints) so as to be assured that it was really He. Then He opened their understanding, v.45, that they might understand the Scriptures. John 20:19-29 gives a fuller account of this appearance of Jesus in the room, the doors of which were shut. The episode concerning Thomas, who was absent, the first person on record 'To have missed a Sunday evening service,' is given by John alone. He could not believe that Jesus had risen from the dead until the next Sunday evening, when he was present and confessed Jesus as his Lord and God. Jesus then said: "You believe, because you have seen, but blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

Horoscope

Your business will probably prosper during the next year. Look for artistic ability in today's child.

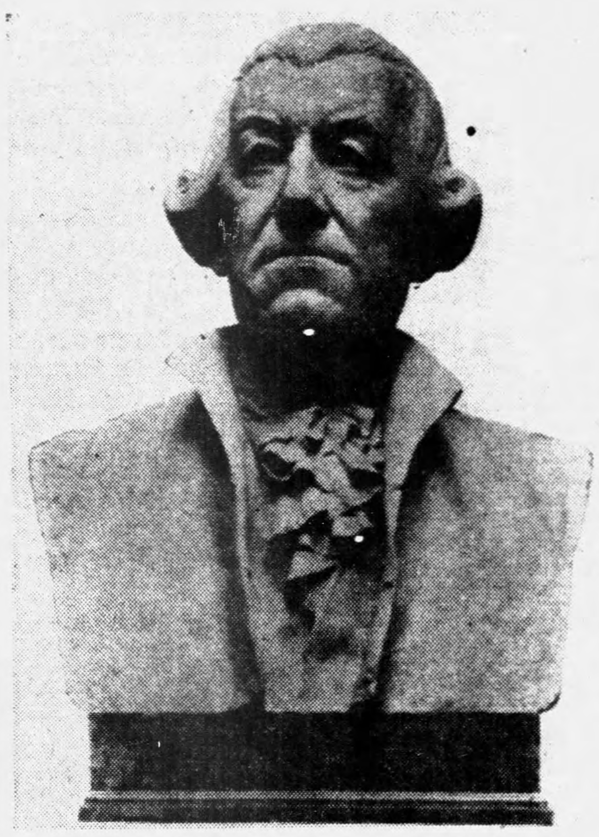


JOSEPH JOHNS: GERMAN AMISH CITY FATHER

By MAURICE A. MOOK
Professor of Anthropology
The Pennsylvania State University

The citizens of Johnstown and vicinity, in western Pennsylvania, are well aware of the fact that Joseph Johns was the founder of the village which grew to become their city. They also know that Joseph Schantz (or Johns, as the name is usually spelled in local literature) was an early pioneer of German ancestry. The average individual, however, probably does not know that the man for whom this community was named was a "professor in the Amish communion," as an early writer has it, and that the Amish sect is and always has been adamantly committed to a strictly rural way of life for its members. The mores of the Amish religion prohibit living in large towns and cities and eschew many of the community activities and services for which Joseph Johns made provision in his charter for a community which he dedicated to the future inhabitants of the area.

That Johns was the pioneer founder of the community and that he was of German derivation are facts scarcely to be ignored by residents of or visitors to the present community. As one approaches the city, state highway signs announce "Johnstown, named for Joseph Johns, German Pioneer Settler." Another highway marker, erected by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, informs one that "Johnstown (is) named for Joseph Johns, the Pioneer Settler." As one encircles the business section of the city, he does so on Johns Street, and in another part of the city one finds a Joseph Avenue. At the intersection of Levergood and Vine Streets, in the central area, there is a plaque on the First Christian Church commemorating the site as the location of Joseph Johns' pioneer cabin, said to be the first house ereected where Johnstown now stands. At another near-central location stands Joseph Johns Junior High School, appropriately built on ground which Johns gave to "future inhabitants . . . for the purpose of erecting Schoolhouses." Finally, as one approaches Central Park, named by Johns and long known as "Market Square," one sees a monument, surmounted by a bust of the founding father, with a bronze tablet which in German announces that the monument was erected by and given to the city by its citizens of German descent.



Bust of Joseph Schantz (1749-1813)
Created by J. Otto Schweizer, German-American Sculptor

This statue, erected through the efforts of the Johnstown Branch of the German-American Alliance, is the work of J. Otto Schweizer, a German-American sculptor then a resident of Philadelphia. A Mennonite genealogist of the Schantz family, himself descended from a German Amish ancestors, has stated that "the sculptor . . . has formed the bust with a true type of the facial appearance of the early Schantzes." Such a claim is only tentatively admissable, either with or without further genealogical research. Such research would be undoubtedly fruitless, for the Amish people since their origin have had a Biblical testimony against pictures or any kind of living likeness. Photographs were unknown in rural areas in Joseph Johns' day, and no picture or any other kind of representation of the appearance of the early Schantzes is in existence. The first photograph of an adult representative of the family was taken in 1904, at which time Joseph Johns III, who remained Amish to the day of his death, said "Some of the children have theirs, but I don't need it." However, he was prevailed upon by his children and friends for a photograph, and finally consented to have one. It was printed in 1904, in a Souvenir Program booklet published by the Johnstown Deutschamerikanische Bund. It is a fact of record that the sculptor modeled his bust of Joseph Johns I from this photograph of his grandson. But that Joseph Johns III resembled his grandfather in facial expression would be genetically a generous assumption. The bust does show, however, the firm facial expression of determination that may well have been a principal characteristic of a pioneer in this part of the western Pennsylvania wilderness in the 1790's.

The genealogist just cited also states that the bust by Schweizer shows Joseph Johns "in full early pioneer Amish costume." This is a statement which can be accepted only on faith until more is known concerning the costume of the earliest Amish migrants to the New World. The bust shows Johns with a shirt ruffled at the neck, hatless, with his long hair in rolled curls on either side of his head, and with another long curl of hair extending down his back between his shoulders. These were modes of the day, but so far as is now known they were sartorial liceties never permitted by the plain clothes Amish sect. On the right side of the monument there is a bronze plaque which shows "Joseph Johns directing the work of laying out the lots and streets of Johnstown according to his plans." This plaque shows Johns wearing a snap-brim hat, shirt with ruffled cuffs and collar, knee breeches, and shoes embellished with buckles. These characteristics of dress were "outward cumbers and superfluities," to use an old Quaker phrase for the corresponding traits. Dandiness of dress, so far as we now know, has always been denied members of the sect to which Joseph Johns belonged. It must be admitted, however, that research has not yet established the exact period when rules requiring plain dress came to be marks of Amish nonconiormity to the non-Amish world. Also in some respects, to be soon noted, Joseph Johns seems to have been an atypical member of his Amish group. But that he was on the whole "a faithful member of the Amish Mennonite Church" and that "among his descendants are numerous active workers in the Church, some in the ministry" are claims recorded in a standard Mennonite encyclopedia-dictionary which can not be denied in the light of present knowledge. Both Joseph Johns II and Joseph Johns III were lifelong members of the Amish church, and numerous defections from this faith among the direct descendants of the founder are not noted in the Johnstown area until the fourth generation.

Not only do we not know Joseph Johns' manner of dress, but many other details of his life are uncertain and await future investigation. For example, the historical marker at Joseph Johns Junior High School is "In Memory of Joseph Johns, 1749-1810." But it has been suspected by scholars since 1904 that 1813 is the more probable date of his death, and similar uncertainty surrounds the date of his birth. The inscription adds that Johns came from Switzerland to Philadelphia in October 1769, that he settled at what is now Johnstown in 1793, and that in 1800 "he laid out Conemaugh Bottoms in town lots, later known as 'Conemaugh Old Town.'" Of the foregoing dates, the only one that can be verified is that in 1800 Johns chartered the town and laid it out into lots, at least on paper. The practical work involved in surveying the lots probably occupied him for months after the writing and recording of his charter and plan for the community. The charter, in which he is referred to as Joseph Johns, but which he signed as Joseph Schantz, is on record at the Somerset County Courthouse in Deed Book II, pages 246-7. He signed this charter "the third day of November one thousand eight hundred," it was witnessed as his "act and deed" by a Somerset County justice on the same day, and it was officially recorded on November 4, 1800.

The charter refers to "one hundred and forty one Lots, Ten streets, six alleys and a Market Square, as by the plan thereof will more fully and at large appear." This "plan" or plot of the proposed town presumably accompanied the charter, but it has since disappeared and is no longer to be found among official county documents. Fortunately, however, it was several times reproduced before the disappearance of the original. It diagrams streets and alleys west of present Franklin Street (so named by Johns) in downtown Johnstown. The chart is so well done that its locations can be transferred easily and accurately to a map of the present city. The street grid of present downtown Johnstown conforms essentially and in detail to the ecology of the original community. Some of Joseph Johns' alleys have become city streets, but the essential pattern is remarkably the same.

TO BE CONCLUDED

EN FRIEHYAHRSLIED

The following Pennsylvania German "Spring Song" appeared in the German newspaper **Der Morgenstern,** Doylestown, Bucks County, for June 18, 1851:

Wann die Veggel singe,
Zu de Maed die Buwe springe.
Was gleich ich sell so gut!
Sagt die Betz: "Mei Liewer,
Kumm zu mir do riwwer,
Was fiehl ich nau so gut.

By Courtesy of Ralph C. Wood

DER SCHREINER

Die Schreinerkunscht iss hoch geehrt
Beim ehrlich fromme Mann;
Er weess graad wie un was zu duh,
'S iss in seim Kopp en Plaan.

Wann er dann unser Heiser baut,
Un alles iss bereit.
Noh uff sei Wisenschatt der Kunscht
Henkt unser Sicherheit

Mit Schreiber, Winkel un en Lein-
Do legt er alles aus,
Un noh mit Seeg un Meesel scharf
Schafft er die Schticker raus.

Mit Eifer dreht der Bohre rum,
Dreibt Zoppe noh ins Loch;
Er seegt un kloppt un kloppt un seegt
Die ganse liewe Woch

Es iss sei Sinn ass alles basst,
Doch halt's net immer aus;
Wann gebt's en Schtick karz odder lang,
Des schmeisst er recht gschwind raus.

En guter Schreiner freet sich hoch,
Zu schaffe so mit Hols.
Un iss sei Gschefft mol faddich dann
Iss mit der Aerwet schtols.

Mir sin all Schreiner, uff en Weeg
'S iss wennich Unnerschitt:
'S iss uns en Plaan aa ausgelegt,
Maagscht saagge was du witt.

Es Gscharr iss wennich annerschter—
Schtatts Hols die Leweszeit,
Wu mir mit schaffen — un's Gebei
Iss fer die Ewichkeit.

Mir missen seege graad wie er,
Un kloppe als so fatt;
Un's kummt druff aa wie gebt mer acht
Es Gschefft net winnisch watt.

Es Fundament muss schtarrick sei,
Der Darrichzuck schkweer uff;
Die Weil mir weiter baue duhn
Muss oft der Winkel druff.

Die Knarre un es faule Hols,
Die daufen gaar net nei;
Zu viel grie Hols un vleicht verdreht,
Verschwecht mol schur 's Gebei.

Es Fundament iss 'solid' wann
Es iss nur Gottes Watt:
Druff miss' mer baue alle Daag
Darrich die Yaahre fatt.

Der Darrichzuck, die Lehre all,
In Karrich un deheem,
Wu hen mir ghatt un Yugendzeit
In selle Zeit genehm.

Die Knarre sin die kleene Sind,
Wu uns zufalle maag;
Faul Hols die Aagewehnete,
Wu wachsen alle Daag.

Grie Hols die Selbschtsucht in uns all,
Wu eigeht mit de Elt;
Verdreht Hols iss Bedriegges vleicht
Un Liegges oft fer Geld.

Wann lebt mer schkweer un ehrlich aa,
Dann kann's net annerscht sei;
Es Gebei schteht in der Ewichkeit,
Un mir sin Schreiner trei.

1955 —RALPH S. FUNK

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
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Editorials

Penalty for Forest Fires

People who wander about in the forests, or even in clearings and fringe areas, have a serious responsibility to be most careful in their handling of fire in any way, whether it be in tossing away matches after lighting cigars, cigarettes or pipes, discarding smouldering cigarette ends and pipe ashes and in building small camp fires.

If it were not for the organization of fire wardens and their capable work, in spite of the handicap of water shortage, Pennsylvania's forests would be burned up faster than they can be planted. The work of many agencies and land owners, who are striving to restore Penn's Forests and to make Pennsylvania green, would be undone.

Altho it is very early in the season that lures thousands into the open, Carbon County's chief fire warden reports that already there have been almost fifty forest fires in his area. They were fought by the members of the Carbon County Foresters' Association. Nearly five hundred acres have been burned over and the timber thereon destroyed.

That is a terrible indictment of carelessness for W. R. Reabold, the Carbon warden, declares that each and every one of these fires was man-made and preventable.

But the careless ones are not going to be left off with some anonymous scolding and the arousing of a lot of public indignation. Up in Carbon County the authorities are going to make the guilty ones pay for their carelessness and their disregard for life and property.

Two men already have been detected as the persons responsible for two blazes. They are going to be assessed for the loss in timber which was occasioned and for the wages of the firefighters who responded to the alarm and extinguished the fires.

A lot of people in Carbon County are taking great pride in the restoration of forests. They and the general public do not want their laborious efforts nullified by careless people. They are planning the planting of 300,000 trees during the next few weeks. They do not want to see their equivalent burned over and destroyed within a few hours.

When once it becomes costly and a stigma for people to cause forest fires, a decrease in the practice can be expected. Carbon County proposes to get tough with this kind of careless and inconsiderate people. Every other community in the state well may adopt the same program. It is time to give the forests a chance to flourish and grow and bring about all the blessings that stands of timber will provide for our state and her people.

Top Surprise in Years

Every day that the Bandung conference continues in session, matters look rosier for defeat of the purpose of Red China and a few others to organize the nations of Asia and Africa against the west, the United States and Great Britain in particular, and to accept the leadership of Nehru or Chou or of both and put the stamp of approval upon them in the name of the more than half the earth's population which is represented at the conference.

It has been refreshing every day for the west to hear that the nations which value democracy and are striving to achieve a greater measure of freedom stand up boldly and defy the Communists of China. Thus Iraq, Pakistan, Thailand, and the Philippines already have dared the Communists of China with as little fear as if they were attacking a paper tiger. Turkey also took an unexpected swipe at the entire Communist idea, citing her own sad history of an attempt at peaceful co-existence with Russia. Her representative told all the wavering, uncertain nations at the conference that "to take the line of least resistance and to hope that, by shutting one's eyes to danger, one may find security is a course which is perilous. The only way to stop aggression and maintain peace and security lies in union of all countries where the love of freedom and independence is deeply rooted."

China and India loomed large before the conference began. So far other nations' representatives have captured the spotlight. Reports are that India's Nehru does not like it one bit, that his philosophical calm has been ruffled, his temper has been edgy and his behavior anything but what was to have been expected from the meek and gentle Gandhi's successor.

If Bandung had been expected to be a place for formation of an anti-western bloc of Asiatic and African nations, that expectation seems likely to be defeated. Instead it appears that a strong democratic coalition is forming. It is forming because it fears the Communism of China and the ruthlessness of the people who administer the government of that country. It has ridden itself of colonialism and it has no quarrel with capitalism.

At the end of the first week the conference looks like a major surprise of the post-war world. It will take some bold strokes on the part of Chou and Nehru to recover the ground lost in the early, brilliant, and scathing attacks which have been made against them.

Farmer Is Hard to Boss

The population of East Germany has not changed greatly, altho flight over the border to the western world is achieved by upwards of five hundred persons a day.

The area of the country has not decreased. Therefore the arable land is the same as it was some years ago.

Weather conditions were not extraordinarily difficult for agriculture during last year. But something serious has happened.

East German production of two staple crops — grains and sugar beets — reached a miserably low figure despite the careful planning of the brilliant thinkers and expert planners in the infallible totalitarian government. These worthies demanded high production. And what did they get?

According to the East German premier, Otto Grotewohl, production of grain showed a decrease of 800,000 tons, or more than fifty million bushels last year when compared with figures in 1952. Sugar beet production fell off by 500,000 tons.

Because of the former the quality of German bread and beer has been lowered while because of the latter sugar rations must be decreased.

It is a funny thing about land and farmers. They just don't like to take orders. Old King Canute learned that he could not command the tides to stand still. The men in the Kremlin some day will learn that they neither can command the earth nor men to do either impossible or disagreeable things.

Man, and particularly the man upon the soil, likes to live a life of freedom. He does not like to be told what he may and may not do and how he should do it. Especially he does not like to be told what to do by people who manifestly do not know what they are talking about but hold the lash or the club over the heads of those whom they command.

The Revolution's Daughters

The Daughters of the American Revolution are about as reliable an organization as we have. They are good and patriotic ladies, we are certain, each and every one descending from a person who took a respectable part in the Revolutionary War, and they never get together without displaying an amount and degree of antediluvian prejudice that, even after many seasons, astounds the thoughtful observer.

Just now they have been meeting in Washington, full of good intentions and good works, to demand, among other things, that United Nations "interference" in the affairs of this unfortunate land of ours "cease immediately and completely." They passed, by what sounded like acclamation, a resolution stating that the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization is "patterned exactly after the Communist teaching of Soviet Russia." They would not listen to a speaker who urged that the D.A.R. send "accredited observers" to see what the U. N. was really up to. It seemed better, as another speaker put it, not to "undignify" the D.A.R. by examining the facts in this — or perhaps any other — situation. The second speaker was applauded when she proposed instead that the ladies "go after them with clubs, like our forefathers."

Some day the D.A.R. will disappoint those of us who look to it for harmless amusement. But not yet. Not this year. N. Y. Times.

Viennese Waltz



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

EN ROUTE TO EUROPE — The answer to the greatest worry of the American people today is somewhere in Europe. For, while the problems of Asia are often acute and threatening, they are after all only a part of the checkerboard of Europe where the real struggle goes on for a balance of power that can set the stage for or prevent a third world war.

To a degree perhaps unrealized by many people in the United States, the life and the future business welfare of the nation now is dependent on the outcome of those European maneuvers that seek some form of security but which history tells us have often led to war.

No one capital — Moscow or London — is able to supply the answer. For a crisis can come out of events in Italy or France or even out of the Balkan states that now are under the Soviet yoke. The whole situation is interrelated.

Does, for example, the new effort by Soviet Russia to make a deal with Austria foreshadow another move to appeal to the people of West Germany? For it is obviously Moscow's game to grant a form of independence not only to Austria but some day to a reunited Germany. It's the battle over a rearmed Germany and her future that causes real concern. Will Moscow ever be content until she has somehow gotten a tight hold on Germany through either economic or political ties?

Also is it to be assumed that the Soviet has given up hope of recovering Yugoslavia and presenting Italians with a worry on their northern border as Communists inside Italy keep up their unremitting propaganda which continues to exploit conditions of poverty?

Need for West Solidarity

These are questions that confront the western powers as they prepare to rearm Germany. If the Western alliance were solid and invincible, instead of wavering and volatile due to internal dissensions and the poisons of political-party strife, there would be less hope for Moscow to realize her ambitions.

But the weaknesses of Britain, France, Germany and Italy cannot be glossed over. Precisely because some of the statesmen there know this, they grow uneasy when an Asian crisis arises which could divert to the Far East some of the manpower and supplies that might be needed to defend Europe.

To survey some of these situations, this writer plans to visit the principal countries of the western alliance. It is conceded that Marshall Plan aid has saved Europe from economic chaos. But there is as yet no plan or prescription to save Europe from the follies of its politicians.

There are elections coming in Great Britain. Maybe also there will be an election soon in Italy. The French parliamentary situation is fragile. Curiously enough, only Spain has political stability, and it is on Spain that American military planners are placing great reliance. With bases there along the Mediterranean that can be used by the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy, the American people have been paying for an alternative bastion—one that can be relied upon if the bases in Britain and France should some day be withheld from our use. This could result either because of fear of atomic reprisals from Moscow or because of an ill-conceived program of appeasement of Soviet Russia which has its progenitor in present-day talk of "peaceful co-existence."

It is not to be overlooked that the British Labor party insists that the British government must hold a veto over the possible use of the atom bomb by American forces stationed in England. If the Parliament has to debate whether planes carrying the atom bomb shall be started from British airfields toward Russian territory once an attack has come to some part of the United States, the delay might be a fatal one. Yet involved in these very political uncertainties is the fate of the American people and their capacity to retaliate in an atomic war.

In these days when a journey to Europe by ship is just a long week end and by air is only overnight, the opportunity is given without loss of much time to cross the Atlantic and make a firsthand examination of the factors that can mean unbalanced budgets, continued high taxes, and military service for American youth at almost a moment's notice. For in Europe, with Soviet Russia stretching her authority over a vast area, is the key to many an American problem of legislative policy.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 10

The book of Acts is the answer to the question: 'What happened after Easter?' Since Jesus was crucified, according to the closing chapters of the Gospels, as an antonement for the sins of the world, and in obedience to His command, given to His disciples after His resurrection to tell the story to the nations, missionary activity began at once. In Chapter 8 we read of the conversion of an Ethiopian; in Chapter 9, of that of Paul, and now a Roman centurion, living in Caesarea as the head of a state police contingent, was brought under the influence of the Gospel. Eager to know how to obtain spiritual peace, he was told in a vision to send for Peter, who was staying at that time in Joppa, a coast city a few miles south of Caesarea. Although it was not considered proper for a Jew to enter the house of a Gentile, we learn, by reading this chapter, how Peter was brought to do so, for the Gospel makes no distinction between Jew and Gentile, since God so loved the WORLD, that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for every man who will be believe and receive Him as Saviour and Lord. The interesting story continues tomorrow.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The pastor of a small town was awakened in the dead of night by a suspicious noise. Out of the darkness came a voice: "One move, and you're a dead man! I'm hunting for your money."

"Let me get up and turn on the light," begged the cleric. "I'll hunt with you."

When Monsignor Harold Martin was a parish priest in Ogdensburg, N. Y., he turned his skill as a baseball pitcher into an asset for the church. Under the name of O'Reilly he took the mound once a week for a crack semi-pro outfit, contributing what he earned to a fund for the church playground.

Bishop Conroy learned of that extra - curricular activity. "I hope I have not offended," said the young priest humbly. "Hmmph," mused the Bishop. "What do they pay you for pitching?" "$75," answered Father Martin.

"Not bad," observed His Excellency, who used to play the game himself. "Ask them if they can use a good first baseman for $50."

(Copyright, 1955)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

SEASONABLE CHORES

Done with bitter winds that blow.
Done with shoveling off the snow.
Here it is, as long before.
Time to beat the rugs once more.

Done with ice and rain and sleet.
Done with wet and muddy feet.
Winter's gone, and this it means:
Time for putting up the screens.

Done with grate fires, wood and coal.
Done with draft and heat control.
Now among the sprouting seeds,
Time for sorting out the weeds.

Now we're working out of doors.
Done with all the winter chores.
They will come and pass again.
Time to cut the grass again.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S TROXELL

DIE SCIENCE FAIR: Oy duh welt wos wear der Porra A. R. Horne, woh 'm Horne "Sei Pennsylfawnish Deitsh Buch" g'schriva hut, net 'n harlicher mensch won er noch doh sei het kenna fer die 9d yairlich Science Fair ei nemma woh widder k'halta is werra im Muhlenberg College Physical Education gabei, uf da Chew shtross doh in da shtadt. Der Porra Horne hut tzurick in da 1890, rum, bicher g'schriva fer alla orta experiments in science mit ra maining os die shule maishder fon da tzeit sie tzu yuse mocha deck in ihra shula. Sei tzeiting, der "Normal Educator," wor aw fol dafon, ow'r 's hut g'sheind wie won er ae mensch wear in da gonsa welt os der wert fon sella socha sehna dade — wenich fon seina socha sin ous g'fiehrt werra.

Un grawd wies sei tzeit shule maishder kotta hut mit da augua tzu, so huts aw noch dale heit tzu dawga — soicha os liever shtae in der waig shmeissa dada, os wie fer die shulder dawedder duh un helfa sheeva fer die Science Fair ols noch graiser un besser mocha. Won numma old die indressa drin nemma dada so wie der Warren Buck fon da Quakertown shula; der Ernest Papp fon da Northampton shula; der Ray Leibenguth fon da Parkland shula, un noch fiel onnerra—wos wears net 'n shpeckdawgle tzu sehna wos onnerra kinner aw noch duh kenta.

Wos unser lond heit tzu dawg brouch, sin leit os fohrraw sehna, leit os net yusht wissa wie shpote os es is won sie 'n uhr aw gucka, ow'r aw fershtaina wos die uhr shprangd, hut sie gawichter, shprings, odder leck-trick fer sie gae mocha. Un so aw mit 'm menscha karaber, blonsa un bame, un die nadure gons darrich, mit ol da ledshd un beshda inventions os hous sin fers fers menscha lava ols noch besser un fergneachder mocha. Grossa fohrshrit os shun ganumma sin werra in da ledshda fuftsich yohr in inventions sin gore nis-s' sin noch fiela graiserra socha tzu kumma—uns sin die maid un boova heit tzu dawg in da shula, woh morya un iwwer morya 'm Steinmetz un Einstein ihra bletz nemma.

Net alla ains os socha gawissa hut rei kumma kenna in airshder blotz, ow'r huts howwa maiga wos es gawolt hut, huts 'n lot galarnt bis es so weit wor, un is now ready fer 'n onner yohr fielsa besser duh. Kumts darrich die shule des free yohr, gaits fert noch da Kollege odder University, un bleibts tzurick fer 'n onner yohr nocha mohl in die Fair gae, kumts ferleicht rous in airshder blotz. Un onnerra woh des yohr net dabei worra—now is die tzeit fer der tziehl shponna uns nagshd yohr sei glick brovierra, won die 10d yairlich Science Fair rum kumt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r wissa net won m'r ebbes shanners g'sehna hen, os wie die fiela maid un boova da onner owet wie m'r on da Science Fair worra mit unser'm kindskindt Tommy, — die maid un boova sehna ihra friend weissa, wie die socha g'shoft hen os sie gawissa hen.

Horoscope

In the months ahead gain is likely in several ways, and some losses may be suffered. Today's child may be very determined, even obstinate, but some good fortune is envisaged.

S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK

DEVOTED TO THE LITERATURE, LORE AND HISTORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

PRESTON A. BARBA, EDITOR



JOSEPH JOHNS: GERMAN AMISH CITY FATHER

By MAURICE A. MOOK

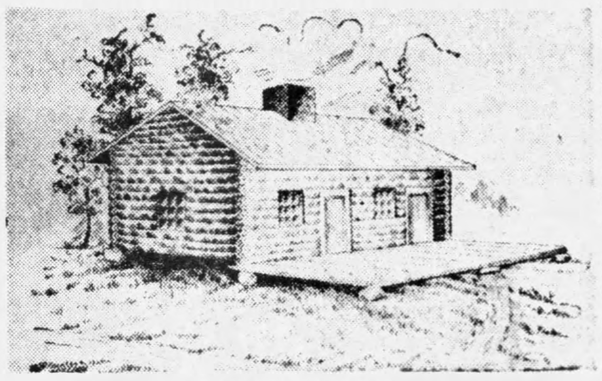
Professor of Anthropology
The Pennsylvania State University

Conclusion

Not only did Joseph Johns show the vision of a more modern city planner; he also foresaw and encouraged the development of certain essential urban institutions. For an adherent of a non-conformist, rural, and socially separatist sect, this shows prescience not far short of prophetic. His charter is so sociologically significant that it should be reproduced in its entirety. Space prohibits this, however, but certain of its provisions will be here offered in the language of the original document. The preamble advises "all People to whom these presents shall come" that "Joseph Johns hath laid out the said town on (certain) principles and conditions." There are seven of these provisions, among them the following:

The first is that the town "shall be called and hereafter known as the proposed community "Conemaugh Old Town," as averred by most historians. The latter eponym was an earlier designation, which referred to a former Indian village, allegedly located in the near vicinity. Settlers, however, persisted in calling the new community "Schantz's town," which was Anglicized to Johns' town, and in 1834 legalized as Johnstown.

The second provision specifies that the purchaser of each lot shall "upon the payment of the purchase money agreed upon" receive a "Deed regularly executed for the same." This business-like provision has seemed hard-headed to some. The city's most scholarly historian has called Johns' venture "purely a speculation" and a former mayor of the city wrote that "while (Johns) did not seem to be sure of his correct name, he knew a good dollar when he saw it." Unbiased scholarship demands that both of these aspersions should be denied and refuted. The fact of the matter is that, whereas contemporary public documents vary in the spelling of his name, Johns himself consistently wrote it the same way. His signature appended to the charter and to all his deeds for town lots that I have seen is unmistakably clear and consistently correct according to the canons of German orthography. The spelling of the surname is uniformly Schantz, which some, however, who are ignorant of German script, have mistaken for Jantz or Yantz. His well-worn family Bible is now in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Aaron Swank, 96 years old, of Davidsville, Pa. (interviewed by the writer in November, 1954). In this he has recorded in his own handwriting the births of his five children, and he here spelled the name of the boys Schantz and the name of the girls Schantzin. His use of the female suffix for his daughters has been confused by some as an example of Johns' variant spelling of his own family name! His family Bible (Christopher Sauer edition of 1776), a family copy of the beautiful Ephrata edition of **Martyrs' Mirror**, as well as all examples of his handwriting prove that he was incontrovertibly a literate man. His wife, however, cosigned their deeds for Conemaugh town lots with her mark. Illiteracy was not, of course, an uncommon characteristic of our pioneers.



First House in Johnstown
Erected by Founder, Joseph Schantz, in 1794

The foregoing remarks concerning Johns' business activities, although consonant with the popular stereotype of the parsimonious—not to say stingy — Pennsylvania German, seem peculiarly ungenerous in the light of the other five provisions of Johns' charter for Conemaugh. He declared the "market square, streets and allies" to be "public Highways" and guaranteed to the future inhabitants of the place "free and undisturbed use of them henceforth forever." The "market square" was for many years used as such, but in recent years has been a central city public park. As earlier noted, it is at present the appropriate location of the monument erected in memory and in honor of the community's founder and earliest benefactor. The use of the streets is not now entirely "undisturbed" by congested city traffic, a phenomenon entirely unforeseen, of course, by anyone in Johns' day of horseback transportation. What is really surprising is that he allocated as much space for streets as he did in this pioneer plan for a frontier community.

He also bequeathed "two certain lots of ground situate at Market street and Chestnut street (now Market and Napoleon streets) . . . for the purpose of erecting Schoolhouses and houses of public worship free and clear of all incumbrances whatsoever." A superintendent of Johnstown's public schools fifty years ago observed that the first step in providing for schools is to provide land on which to build them, and that, in this sense, Johns was the founder of the city's public system. A small school was built on this site in 1811, two years before Johns' death. This lot at one time contained three schoolhouses, was long known as "Schoolhouse Square," and, since 1811, excepting for nine years following the Johnstown Flood, has been continuously occupied by school buildings. It is now the site of Joseph Johns Junior High School, named, of course, for the founding father. In the light of Johns' Amish background his provision for "erecting Schoolhouses and houses of public worship" is all the more remarkable. His sect in his day, and usually since, has held its worship services in private homes. Also the historic Amish objection to public education beyond the elementary grades is a well known, but little understood, attitude of the group. Yet this Amishman seems to have foreseen public schools more than thirty years before the state system of public education was started in 1834.

The fifth provision of Johns' charter gave "to the inhabitants . . . free and clear of all incumbrances whatsoever, a convenient spot of ground . . . not less than one acre for a Burying ground for the inhabitants of the said town and neighborhood." This grant was located between Chestnut Street on Johns' chart (later Carr and now Napoleon Street) and a bend in Stonycreek River. It was used as a burial ground for many years and is so designated on early maps of the city (on file and inspected by the writer in the City Engineer's office at Johnstown). Since 1950, however, this ground has been occupied by the Cambria County War Memorial, an arena-type building used for sports events and as a convention hall. It seems anachronistic to realize that this building, erected as a memorial to lives lost in war, and devoted to sports, conventions, and public assemblies, occupies a site given to the community by a man who as an Amishman was conscientiously committed to peace and opposed to war, and who was, moreover, a member of a sect which has always opposed most forms of public and all forms of commercialized amusements. In November 1954 signs on this building advertised hockey games and bingo, and placards in front of it advised young men to "Join the Marine Corps Reserve" and to "Ask About the U. S. Air Force." Were Joseph Johns living today and still a member of the Amish sect, he would almost certainly most emphatically disapprove of the use to which his gift of ground is now being put.

The sixth provision of his charter reserved four lots at the intersection of Main and Market Streets (so designated on his chart and still so named) for "a County Court house and other public buildings" and promised that "as soon as the . . . Town becomes a seat of Justice to convey the same to the County for the purpose, free and clear of all incumbrances whatsoever." In 1800 there was talk and hope of creating a new county which would include the town of Conemaugh. Cambria County was created in 1804 and Conemaugh was included in its southernmost limits. But the county seat, doubtless to Johns' disappointment, was established at Ebensburg, a somewhat more central location in the new county. The four lots designated in this provision have, however, remained public property. Johnstown's City Hall, built in 1900, a century after Johns' charter for the community, stands on one of these lots, while the other three at opposite corners of the intersection are unoccupied by buildings, thus constituting the present city's "diamond" or public square.

The downtown business section of Johnstown was and is located, as everyone who has read of the Flood of 1889 knows, at the confluence of and in the triangle of land formed by converging Stonycreek and the "Little Conemaugh River. Johns' land was, as his charter describes, "situate in the forks of and at the confluence of" these streams. The seventh and last provision of his charter declared that "all that piece of ground called the 'point' laying between the said Town and the junction of the two rivers or creeks aforesaid shall be reserved for commons and public amusements for the use of the said Town and its future inhabitants forever." This section of land, ever since John's day known as "the Point," was an unoccupied and un-built-upon piece of public property until the last few years, when the present "Point Stadium," with a seating capacity of 17,000 persons, was built upon it by the city.

Undoubtedly discouraged by the failure of his town to become the new county's "seat of Justice," Johns sold his remaining Conemaugh property to another party and in 1807 moved to a farm he had purchased nine miles south of his Conemaugh tract, near the present town of Davidsville in northern Somerset County. Other Amish were then in residence in this area; in fact Davidsville is named for David Stutzman, an Amishman whose farm included the site of the present village. Johns died on his farm in 1813, and is buried in a family cemetery located on a ridge just back of the original (and also the location of the present) farm buildings. His tombstone reads "Joseph Johns, Died Jan. 18, 1810. Aged 60 y. 2 m. 10 d." The date on this stone which was erected years later by his grandson, is, as we have seen, incorrect as proved by subsequent research in legal records. His wife survived him by some thirty years and is buried at his side. Her stone reads "Fannie, Wife of Joseph Johns, Died Dec. 15, 1833, Aged 76 y. 8m. 18 d." Here also are buried Joseph Johns II and III; and here also will probably be buried the present occupants of the family farm and homestead, including Joseph W. Johns, a grandson of Joseph Johns III, and the present descendant's son, Joseph M. Johns. These men are the last direct male descendants still residing in the Johnstown area who carry the family name.

Our certain knowledge of Johns, minimal though it be, reveals a pioneer of over a century and a half ago, a humble farmer by occupation, and a member of a sect strictly committed to severe separation from the secular world. Yet he planned for and laid out a town, and gave land for streets, buildings, and institutions which he hoped would be used for the service and welfare of members of the local community. He showed by his generosity an alert concern for and an understanding of the necessity of satisfying man's basic social needs. A first-generation German - speaking immigrant, whose cradle rocked in Switzerland, but whose grave rests in the earth of a western Pennsylvania family farm, is revealed by his benefactions as a man of uncommon intelligence and foresight, and — if we take into consideration the time in which he lived and the sect to which he belonged—he presents himself to us as a person of creative courage and prophetic vision. He is the only Amishman (and one of the few German Americans) to have his name recorded among the urban placenames of the United States. This strikes one as modest remuneration for his pioneer contributions to a new community way of life in the western wilderness of colonial Pennsylvania. It seems not unreasonable to enroll him among those individuals — certainly among those of Amish connection —who "built better than they knew."

The Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pennsylvania

DIE MAUD UN ICH

The following is one of the earliest poems in our dialect literature. It is one of a number discovered by Dr. Albert F. Buffington and included in his monograph "Henry Meyer—An Early Pennsylvania German Poet" which will appear shortly in the Nineteenth Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

Der Schnee is fort, es Freejohr kummt,
Un 'sis jo warm wie im Abbrill:
Die froh Fessannt so fleisig drummpt,
Un oweds greischt der Wipperwill,

Mer haert im Feld die Doddeldaub,
Im Busch, 'm Thrush sei frehlich Lied:
Der Weide dreibt schun greene Laub,
Un Kersche Beem sin weiss mit Bleed (Bliet).

Die Maud un Ich mer gehn' eblang,
Noch unser alte trysting Bletz.—
Die scheene Bletz am hoche Hung (Hang),
Bedeckt mit Moos un Violets.

Mer suche selle grumme Pehd,
Wu Nachts die Ficks die Haase jaage;
Ach, 's waer uns g'wiss zu arg verlehd,
Wann mer ken Kschpass ebmols kennt hawwer.

Mer schluppe dorch die Hecke, weit,
Trailing Arbutus drin zun finne:
Un viel zu schnell geht rum die Zeit,
Deweil mer Posies zumme (zamme) binne.

Mer dehte gleiche wieder, lehnich,
Geh suche die Erbeere Bletz;
Mer ginghte ob (ab) so froh un ehnich,
Un dehte awwer gar nix letz.

Noh picke mer die rohte Beere
Un ochte net wie sie beflecke,—
Un duhne wieder karessiere
Im Schatte vun die Huller Hecke!

Ach, weil sie sitzt uf meine Beh
Guck ich in ihre blooe Ahge,
Un was ich seh bedeitet meh
As all die Werte (Wadde) sie mecht sage (saagge).

Ihr Hoor, in Roole lang un weich,
Sie henke nunner uf ihr Hips:
Erbeere gucke dull (doll) un bleich
Beseit die Maud ihr crimson Lips.

Ihr Bocke (Backe) feele (fiehle) zart wie Flees (Fliess),
Un ihre Hend wie Seite (Seide) Velvet)
Ihr Kisses sin wie Honig, sees (siess),—
Ich habs versucht, ich legels net.

1867 —HENRY MEYER

(The poet's own spelling has been retained, except in cases where the spelling is so unphonetic that it might be difficult for the reader to determine what word Meyer is trying to represent. In such cases the words have been rewritten according to the system of orthography used in Buffington's and Barba's "Pennsylvania German Grammar" (Allentown 1954)

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Editorials

State to Hold Dr. Salk

Pennsylvania, by rare good fortune, came to be the adopted home of Dr. Jonas Salk. Pennsylvania should strive to retain this most illustrious scientist as a citizen.

Governor George M. Leader promptly and very properly has taken steps to insure this. In an announcement in Harrisburg, on Thursday, the Governor said that the State will establish a professorship of preventive medicine in the University of Pittsburgh, where Dr. Salk conducted his monumental work. Dr. Salk is to be the first occupant of that chair.

For this, the State is expected to appropriate $25,000 annually. This will include Dr. Salk's salary, provide a secretary and take care of some miscellaneous expenses.

The legislature is expected to take action on the proposal on May 10. It is the same day on which Dr. Salk is scheduled to speak at a joint session of Senate and House of Representatives. It can be expected that Governor Leader's proposal will be endorsed unanimously.

Defeat in 'Negotiations'

Last week, after Austria tentatively came to terms on a peace treaty with Russia, announcement was made that the United States will be ready to "negotiate" with Great Britain, France and Russia to the end that the little country soon can enjoy peace once more after ten years of military occupation.

In recent days, President Eisenhower followed up some remarks by Premier Chou of China at the Bandung conference by allowing that the United States is ready to "negotiate" with the Red Chinese, but without the presence of Nationalist China, on matters pertaining to the Formosa area.

Against the optimism of our leaders, who must make and be responsible for the decisions, is the pessimism of many Americans who are asking the questions which have been submitted to the American press by Alfred Kohlberg, the New York textile man who at times has been termed the "one-man China lobby."

Mr. Kohlberg submits three questions with obvious answers in the conviction that we are in for more delays and disappointments if not in fact another complete defeat:

Name one conference with the Soviets, from the first Roosevelt-Litvinov negotiations of December 1933 to the Geneva negotiations of last May, that has been useful to the USA?

Name one of those conferences whose agreements have been lived up to by the Soviets, or broken by us?

Name one available American negotiator who hasn't already been "rooked" by the Reds at Moscow, or San Francisco, or Teheran, or Yalta, or Potsdam, or Nanking, or Berlin, or Paris, or Panmunjom, or Geneva?

Certainly in the negotiations with respect to Austria there must be no compliance with the Russians' very evident desire to put their hands upon the many thousands of refugees from behind the iron curtain who are living in Austria and presumably do not want to go home. They have had years in which to make such a decision and have not done so. Almost certainly they do not wish to do so now. But the Russians seem determined to go over the same ground that was covered in Korea when Red propagandists were sent into the camps of prisoners to convert them to Communism. The Russians want to do the same thing with the refugees in Austria, altho they are not prisoners as were the Chinese and North Koreans. And there are a lot of other booby-traps in the tentative terms of the Austrian and Russian treaty of peace.

In the matter of the negotiations respecting the Formosa area, there must be no abandonment of Nationalist China. She continues to be about the only hope against the wider spread of communism to the big island where eleven million people are getting on remarkably well under a democratic system and do not want any part or parcel of the Red totalitarian system.

Since the West did very well at the Bandung conference, altho unrepresented, the advantages gained there must not be thrown away in any of the discussions and negotiations with respect to Matsu, Quemoy and especially Formosa.

What the United States desires is a cease-fire in that area. The tensions that continuing warfare around Matsu and Quemoy aggravate can be eased by agreements to have peace.

May-Day—Pray-Day

May 1, or May Day, long since was seized by the Marxists of Europe and by their counterparts in other parts of the world for noisy demonstrations and a showing of strength by belligerent elements of society. In Russia, where Marxism has been the cloak for deeds that must make old Karl turn over in his grave, May Day has been the big occasion for stirring of class hatred, altho any and all days are quite fully used by them in that activity.

In New York in recent years the police have found it the part of wisdom to ban the traditional parades by our own Reds in order that disturbances and violence shall be prevented. They have not been denied the right of public assembly but they have been denied the privilege of engaging in acts which could be predicted would be seriously challenged, almost certainly more to their own harm than to any one else's.

In almost every community therefore the May Day demonstrations of pre-World War I days have lost their popularity and motivation.

Because of the godless philosophy that is back of the May Day celebrations, wherever they continue to be held, it is pertinent that the people of this community thru our pastors and our Junior Chamber of Commerce have decided that tomorrow, the first day of May shall be known as May Day — Prayer Day.

In common with similar groups in cities thruout the country, our people from Mayor Diefenderfer on are urging that there be return, by any who have lapsed, to the church of their youth.

As the noted evangelist, Billy Graham, has observed, the American people have attained a leadership in world opinion that hardly any one can comprehend and that with such leadership there have come "responsibilities unparalleled" perhaps in all the world's history.

Graham points out that: "Our country was founded upon a supernaturalistic concept — a belief in God and a belief in the book we call the Bible. Our early settlers came to this country, landed on our shores, with a Bible in their hands and they worshipped God and made the belief in God the heart and the basis upon which government was to be built. The Mayflower landed in Plymouth in 1620 and the Mayflower Pact acknowledged God — but more than God — Christ as Master.

Nearly every state constitution of the 13 original colonies recognized God as supreme majesty. On September 11, 1777, the Continental Congress voted an expenditure of $300,000 to buy copies of the Bible.

The ethical and moral concepts of Christianity are found completely through the Declaration of Independence. Our government officials in the early days when the Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia were at loggerheads and were about to break up and form 13 separate nations when Benjamin Franklin arose and said: "Gentlemen, let us pray. Perhaps in the midst of our prayers, God will speak to us." And out of that prayer meeting came the immortal document, the Constitution of the United States.

The American people must be strong religiously if they hope to have any chance of success in defense against the irreligious philosophy of our avowed enemies who also are the enemies of the Church.

As the Jaycees have stated in their encouragement not alone to May-Day — Pray-Day but also to emphasis upon May as "Come to Church Month," the back-to-church movement is "a religious program to assist the individual Jaycee actively to do something about his religion, to help him increase his participation in activities of the church or synagogue, and to encourage him to contribute to the financial support of a religious institution."

They are beginning with themselves, which is the proper point of departure in any program.

May their example be followed widely thruout America in return, if there has been some veering, to the landmarks established by the Founding Fathers and to the course which has been set during the several thousand years of Judaeo - Christian belief in one and one God only, and belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Happy Landing



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

LISBON — Nowhere in the world is more convincing proof to be found of the double-talk and hypocrisy of Prime Minister Nehru of India and some of his colleagues at the recent Afro-Asian conference than right here in Portugal.

For, despite all those professions of high purpose—such as non-violence and non-aggression —the Portuguese can give you an account of the territorial greed and aggression by India which makes all the pious utterances of Nehru about "anti-colonialism" seem rather hypocritical.

Portugal has for 400 years owned Portuguese India. The largest of its three districts is Goa, a small territory of about 1,350 square miles on the coast of India which today is inhabited by more than 500,000 people, almost all of whom are Portuguese. There is no trade or commercial relationship or exploitation involved — only a cultural tie. Portuguese, inhabitants of Goa have married Indians and have been living peacefully there for a long time. Some of their number have come to Portugal to study and have become a part of the government. One full - blooded Indian has become a member of the Supreme Court of Portugal — there is no discrimination here on the basis of race or color.

But, in 1947 India, inspried by Communist pressure, began to move in on the territory of Goa. Armed raids have been staged. Demands have been made by Nehru that Portugal give up her territory, and an economic blockade has been imposed. Portuguese India isn't a colony. It is an integral part of the republic of Portugal, just as much as Alaska is a part of the United States.

Reds Needle Nehru

The Communists have kept up a steady needling of Nehru at New Delhi on the Goa issue, and their aim undoubtedly is to stir up friction between Portugal and her allies. For Portugal is a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and is important strategically to the defense of Europe by air and sea. Portugal, moreover, controls the Azores, which are a vital base for the United States military forces.

Thus far the Washington government has steered clear of the controversy, though there is no good reason why the United States shouldn't join Britain in manifesting moral support for the position of Portugal in desiring to hold on to her overseas territories. There is less reason for giving up Goa, which is represented directly in the Lisbon Parliament and is thoroughly Portuguese, than for Britain to give up Hong Kong, with its many Chinese inhabitants.

There is no issue of self-determination involved in Goa. For any plebiscite held would bring an overwhelming vote by the people in favor of remaining a part of Portugal. Indeed, under the terms of the Portuguese-British treaty, Great Britain is specifically committed to the defense of all Portuguese territory. Likewise, under the North Atlantic treaty, a legal case can be made for the proection of all Portuguese territories against attack.

But the issues will probably never be settled by force because India boasts of her desire to adopt peaceful methods, and the government here is assuming that, when all the chips are down, there will be no attempt to take Goa by force.

Nehru and Colonialism

Nehru of India talks a great deal about "colonialism" but, in seeking to annex Goa, he is proposing to add to India a territory inhabited by an entirely different race of people with a totally different culture and to force it to amalgamate with a system of life not of its own choosing.

Relatively little has been heard about all this in America. There are, for instance, no speeches being made in New York or Washington advocating the admission of Portugal into the United Nations, though the government here is in supreme control of all its territory on the mainland as well as all its offshore islands. Also, Portugal honors its international obligations.

Maybe because this is an anti-Communist country which has never recognized the Soviet government in Moscow, it cannot get into the United Nations. The Soviet has regularly vetoed the admission of Portugal as well as of Spain.

So far as America is concerned, Portugal is an invaluable ally. She recently has made it possible to have erected here a powerful radio transmitter of "Radio Free Europe" which penetrates the Iron Curtain countries very effectively. Portugal has played ball with Britain and the United States and has demanded nothing in return. Certainly the free world cannot stand by and see her territory stolen from her by any aggressor, particularly the government of Nehru.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DES WOR 'N SHPECKDAWGLE: Yar bei jupps, won sei lebdawg 'n shpeckdawgle tzu sehna wor in da Goldna Shlissel gagend, nous gaeich Nei Schmidtsville tzu, don wors da onner dawg wie der William Yarrick sei frosh gablug'd feld shlaifa hut wolla. Der William, wie fiel leit wissa, is der kerl woh der Golda Shlissel blotz gabot hut, un hut ols noch so'n drei eck feld nous gaeich da Ziegels Kerricha shtross. Uf sel'm shtick long hut er 'n shtand nava om waig woh er summers alla hond socha ferkauft, un grawd daber 'n glaenie, neiie hamet.

Der William hut 'n houshelter'n Peggy, awenich uf da shweara side. Net long tzurick hut sie 'n maining grick'd fer brovierra ihra gawicht lose tzu werra, un hut fer shier tzwae wocha nix gessa. Noh wie sie sich widder gawoga hut, un hut finf pund mainer gawoga os wie dafor, hut sie frish nei awfonga essa. Fermuthlich wert sie gadenk'd howwa, "Nem ich tzu un ess net; besser ess ich, un bleib ich wos ich bin."

Wel aenicha waig, wie der "Willie" sei truck shtick gablug'd hut kot, is es 'm ei kumma fers gons waisa shlaifa, un hut sich 'n grossie rutch gabout. Uf yader side hut er 'n box shatae fer die rutch shwearer mocha, un in die mid, 'n gakushiondie sitz, fer die Peggy sich druf hucka. Er wor shure os die rutch 'n guter chob mocha dade won er sie im feld rum tziega dade mit seim Ford pickup truck, in blotz fon geil.

Wie allas ready wor hut die Peggy sich uf die sitz k'huck'd, un der "Willie," is so longsome ob g'fohrra. Allas is gute gonga, yusht os es 'm tzu longweilich gonga is in "low gear," un hut ous gamocht fer der truck in "high" shmeissa. Un er hut 'n aw in "high" gaduh, uns airsht net recht fershtae kenna ferwos es so leicht gang'd. 'S wor net bis er tzurick gaguck'd hut, os er ous g'funna hut wos g'shaina wor.

Wie er ous "low," in "high" is, huts gore mechdich g'shnart — so arrick os die tzwae boxa fol shtae fon da rutch g'floga sin, un so aw die Peggy. Wie der "Willie," tzurick gaguck'd hut, hut sie longs g'shtrack'd uf 'm buckle im feld galaiga, grawd g'shwishich da tzwae shtae boxa.

"Dunnergnoleisa," odder ebbes wie sel, hut der Willie gayohl'd, "Peggy shtae darbber uf, m'r sin grawd doh om pike, odder 's nagshd gait noch 'n mashine ferbei, un sehnt dich im feld leia."

"Yar, dunnergnoleisa," odder ebbes wie sel, hut die Peggy g'sawt, "wie mainsh'd duh os 'n mensch mit meim gawicht sich laenich tzurick uf die fees shoffa kent imma frish gablugda feld?"

Der "Willie" hut da Peggy noh uf die fees k'holfa, un wor numma tzu donkbore os net grawd 'n mashine ferbei is, so os net rous kumt wos g'shaina is wie er un die Peggy om feld shlaifa worra mit da rutch.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Grawd so arrick os die leit alla weil om lommadierra sin waeich 'm fiela raya wedder os m'r hen — grawd so arrick werra sie da summer widder lom madierra fer raya, wons drucka wert.

Die menschheit is nee mohls tzufritte.

Horoscope

Be guided by your own intuition and hunches, which should prove reliable guides to success. Today's child should be frank, generous and courageous. Moderate fortune is predicted.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 4:1-10

While Peter and John were speaking to the people, as we learned yesterday, their response to their message evidently irritated the rulers, both the priests and the Sadducees, the latter, one of the religious sects who did not believe in the resurrection (therefore, as has been suggested, they were 'sad, you see!). In v.4 we read that about 5,000 men came to believe, whereupon the rulers ordered Peter and John to be arrested. They were imprisoned for the night, and on the next day were brought before the court, in part, at least, the same judges before whom Jesus had been tried. The prisoners were asked as to the power, or the name, by which they had brought the lame man to walk. Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, replied: 'If we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole be it known unto you all, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, Whom ye crucified, Whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand before you whole.' Thus we see the same text once more, Jesus crucified and resurrected, living for ever to help and to bless those who will trust Him. It's real.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Titian-haired Lucy Monroe has sung "The Star Spangled Banner" so often that several legislators have discussed admitting her as the forty-ninth state. From the Supreme Court to Milwaukee — home of the plea to the land of the Braves — she's warbled our national anthem in fair weather and foul, and become so identified therewith that every time she appears with a new male escort, wits immediately presume his name is Francis Scott Key.

When Lucy gives with the high notes, the lyrics come across as clear as a bell. Obviously there was nobody like her around when columnist Franklin P. Adams was a lad. He confesses that until he reached the age of twelve, he was convinced that the first line of our anthem was, "Osage, Kansas City."

"It isn't that I don't want to get married," explained the new nightclub star to the assistant drama editor. "It's just that I haven't found the right amount yet."

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

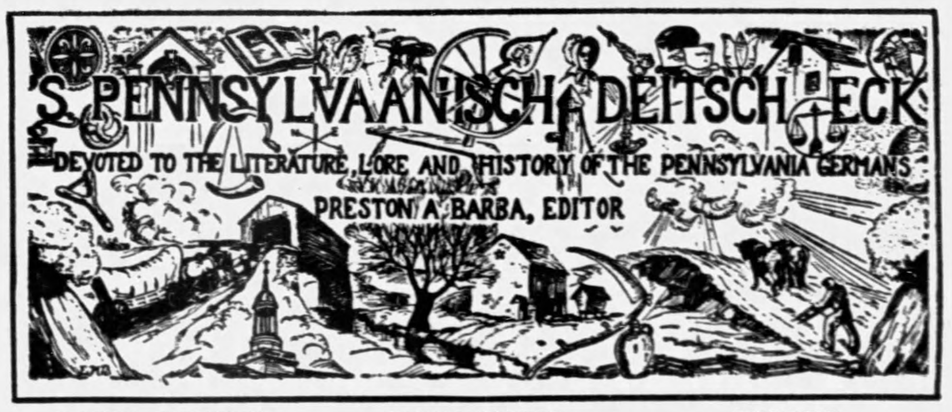
MAN, THE MYSTERY

I know ill-temper spoils the speech of men.
I've heard it many times.
And it has been my lot in life to pen
The record of their crimes.

I've seen a few full-swollen with their pride
Attentivenes demand,
And why to many friendship they denied
I couldn't understand.

I've watched my fellows facing every test—
The high, the low,
And why some failed and some achieved their best
I had no way to know.

(Copyright 1955)



LOCAL POLITICS IN THE 1870's

The following dialect letter was addressed to the Allentown **Friedensbote** on October 18, 1871 and signed by "Schinnerhannes," penname for Edmund Daniel Leisenring. Leisenring was born near Siegfried's Bridge, Whitehall Township, Lehigh County, Sept. 13, 1816 and died in Allentown, Feb. 20, 1882. In 1843 he became an employee and in 1849 the co-proprietor of the Allentown **Friedensbote.** In 1870 he became a partner in the **Lecha-Bote** and the **Welt-bote** newspaper establishments. For a more detailed consideration of Leisenring as a writer and newspaper man see Heinz Kloss' article in the ECK for April 24 and May 1, 1954. As a dialect columnist Leisenring is the earliest link in a chain of dialect writers extending through 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 success of columnists which has made Allentown the foremost place of dialect journalism.

In the following humorous letter **Schinnerhannes** explains why his letters had not been appearing in the newspaper just before the election. The political opposition who had basely slandered the incumbent county commissioners feared his vitriolic pen and had persuaded his otherwise loyal Nelly Ann to hide his inkwell, so that he could not write letters that would influence the voters against their own candidates.

Im Heisel am Muehldamm, net weit vom
Calmus-hiwel, 4 Dag noch der Lekschen

Do is 'n Brief von mir selwert, un der dhut deutlich beweise, dass ich net versoffe bin, wie der Report unnig de Leut war wo oppositschon gege mich getriewe hen. W'r sin noch all g'sund, ich un die Nellyaenn, un die Kinner. Keschte und Hickernuess hot's viel, und Hinkel und Welschinkel laafe ganze Truppe wild an dene Hiwel rum un hen ken Egner.

Die Ursach forwas ich seit 'ner Weil her net gschriwe hab, is die, dass 'n Dehl von meine politikael Freund die Nellyaenn verstift hen, dass sie m'r 's Dintefass versteckle sollt, fer mei Schreiwes dhaet so korz vor der Lekschon meh schade wie nutze unner'm Volk anrichte. Und so'n deiwels neidertraechtiger Slaender uf mei Charkter und Repjutaeschon hab ich ewe staende misse, liewer as Streit hawe, for'n dehl Kerls in der Nochberschaft hen sich verschwore bei der Nellyaenn, dass sie ken Mehl un ken Stohrsach meh gebarkt kriege dhaet, wann ich net stoppe dhaet so dumme Brief an 's Volk von Lecha County zu schreiwe. Und eener von de Candidate wo bei m'r war, hot die Meening ausgedrueckt, so'n Geschreib dhaet die Leit zum Denke bringe, 's kommon Volk haett awer ken Bisniss uewer politische Affaers nochzudenke, sel waer juscht fer die Lawyer un die Politischons. Well, ich denk er wird wohl recht hawe, for wie dhaeten die Commischeners mit ihrem Baue zurecht komme, wann's Volk selwert uewer so scharfe Operaeschons nochdenke dhaet?

Die Lekschon is demokratisch gange mit uewer zwoelf hunnert Mehrheit uewer die Republikaens, und die Mehrheit wear gewiss noch viel groesser, wann net so viel Leit mit Keschteschwinge bissy gewest waere.

Awer een Ding baddert mich. Es wunnert mich numme, wie uewer 1200 Demokrate for so'n — Abolischen hen stimme koenne wie der Hiram Balliet eener is. Is es net 'n Schand for die Paerty, dass so viel Leut uewer die Deichsel schiesse? Oder is es wirklich schon so weit komme dass es Volk for sich selwert gedenkt hot? Doch, ich meen net, dass es Krischtianmiglich waer. Ich hab doch schier zwee Johr lang die Commischeners in all meine Briefe uf's alleraergste gelobt; ihre scharfe Transaekschons und profitlich contraekts ganz abartig in 'n faevoraeble Licht gestellt; klor und deutlich bewisse, das 'n Sandsteen-Pallast mit 're Kerchhoffens drum rum, absolut notwennig is for Mordbrenner, Gaeulsdieb, Dodtschlaeger und so Kerls drin zu wohne; hab dene hochmuedige Bauere - Weibsleut gerothe kommone Kleeder zu drage, net so viel Schmalz zu de Boi zu nemme, Butter und Oier und Hinnerschunke zu verkaafe, und die Minsboi wegzulosse, und wann sie sel dhaete, waer's jo gar nicks for Lecha Co., noch newig de annere Tax alle Johr 124,000 Dhaler County — Tax zu bezahle korz und gut, ich hab alles was die Commischeners unnernumme hen, ferchterlich gelobt, de Taxbezahler vom beschte Adweis gewe, und mein Beschtes geprowiert, dem kommone Volk Sand in die Auge zu zettle. Und doch geht des geizig Bauere — und Handwerkstoff her und waehlt so'n Abolischen Hiram Balliet in's Commischener-Amt.

Nau sieht's awer uewel aus for mich und die Nellyaenn wege 'm Dschehl-Superintenden-Amt; nau is 'n Loch in der Courthaus-Ring gebroche und ich fercht, dass wann seller Balliet der Spank dofor hot, die Sun in sel Loch scheine und verursache moecht, dass gewisse Operaeschons ins Dageslicht komme. Juscht, wann ich bedenk, wie scharf so Sache gemaenetscht werre, is m'r's doch net bang, dass eppes davon unners Volk kommt, fer ich glaab net, dass 'n eenziger Drucker 's Herz hot rauszukomme mit der Farb, von wege de County-Adverteisments, oder seiner Paerty. Die Nellyaenn meent awe, wann die Friedensbote-Drucker 's Maul net halte und net ufhoere dhaete, all die Kleenigkeite von Schulde, Taxe, Contraekts, Sandschteen, Bleck-

BOOK NOTES

Of the varous articles and monographs that have gathered on the reviewer's table during the last months we should like to draw the attention of our readers to the following:

Of these the one that will make the widest general appeal is the fascinating monograph, "The Life and Times of Dr. George de Benneville (1703-1793) by Albert D. Bell. It was published by the Universalist Church of America in commemoration of the 250th anniversary (1953) of the birth of Dr. George de Benneville.

Scion of a noble French family, who fled to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, George de Benneville was born in London in 1703. Perhaps some of our readers will ask why this son of the French nobility, who came to Pennsylvania in 1741 as a British subject, should receive consideration in a column devoted to the Pennsylvania Germans. We believe his subsequent career justifies such interest. In England the de Benneville family were employed at the Court. Left an orphan at an early age George became a protege of Queen Anne. He received a good education in medicine and theology. After a strange religious awakening he returned to the continent and preached in Dutch, in French and in German to the scattered Huguenots in Holland, Flanders and Germany. He travelled in the Palatinate and in Witgenstein. While in the latter Duchy he associated with the religious leaders who were then translating and interpreting the Scriptures later to be published in the 8-volume Berlenburg Bible. Here he learned about Christopher Saur, a native of Witgenstein, and about Sauer's plans for publication of a German Bible in Germantown. In 1741, a year before the arrival of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg in Pennsylvania, George de Benneville arrived in Philadelphia and was met at the wharf by Christopher Saur. In Germantown he assisted Saur in the publication of the famed Saur Bible (1743), the first to be published in the American colonies. Here he met Jean Bertolet, Huguenot pioneer, who had settled in Oley Township, Berks County, in 1726. The latter urged him to come to Oley where the pioneer settlers were sorely in need of a physician. George de Benneville came to Oley in 1743 where he settled down to an active life as practioner of medicine, schoolmaster and preacher. In 1745 George de Benneville married Jean Bertolet's daughter Esther and thus became kin by marriage with the Keims and the de Turcks, notable early families in the Oley Valley. He purchased 132 acres of farmland near the home of his father-in-law and built on it, near a fine spring, a magnificent stone house for his bride. Here, in a large upper room, he preached Universalism from 1745 to 1755. In 1759, after the death of Jean Bertolet, he removed from the Oley Valley and later established himself on 22 acres of land in Bristol Township, Philadelphia County, about five miles from present-day Philadelphia City Hall. Here he continued to preach and practice medicine and here he died in 1793 in his 90th year.

George de Benneville's long and active life, his associations with the notables of his day, with Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Rush, Count Zinzendorf, Dr. Christopher Witt of the Kelpius community, with Peter Miller and the Brothers of Ephrata, with the Schwenkfelder pioneers of the Perkiomen Valley, in whose homes he was a frequent and welcome guest "where he dispensed medicine for the body and sermons for the spirit," all this gives him a definite place in our Pennsylvania German Annals.

George de Benneville is recognized today as the founder of Universalism in America. "Universalism is the name given to the religious faith of those who believe in universal salvation. The adherents of this faith claim that God by His power of grace and mercy will eventually save and bless all mankind, and that in this final salvation there will be a restoration of all things in which all the wicked of all time will finally be restored to the favor of God. (See also E. S. Gerhard's The First Preacher of Universalism in Pennsylvania in The Historical Review of Berks County for October, 1948).

Our readers may find it of interest to visit the historic Oley Valley in Berks where they will see the old de Benneville house. The tablet erected there by the Berks County Historical Society reads as follows: DE BENNEVILLE HOUSE — erected by George de Benneville M.D. — used as a church 1745-1755 — born in London, England 1703 — arrived in Philadelphia 1741 — settled in Oley 1742 — married to Esther Bertolet daughter of Jean Bertolet, pioneer bruecke Kerchhoffense, Meindloecher-Assessments, County Rechling, unsoweiter, dem geizige, dumme Landvolk bekannt zu mache. und dass wann ich net 'n annere Weg anfange dhaet, for zu Lekschoniere, bis naechscht Johr noch 'n groesser Loch in der Ring gebroche werre dhaet, dann dhaeten sie der County-Kuh noch vollster die Ditz abschrauwe, so dass's Meike vorbei wear. Die Nellyaenn is 'n spankig Weibsmensch und hot 'n Lerning besser wie seller rotbaertig Schulmeeschder, wo net Schinnerhannes heesst, wie deel Leut gemeent hen.

Nau stopp ich, — fer den Nomidag muss ich der Nellyaenn helfe Hickernis lese. Gut bei, bis 'n Annermol.

Schinnerhannes

Notabene. Es muss doch eryets ebbes letz sein, sonst haette die Leit net so 'ne ewigkeite Stimm juscht am Kommischener-Amt vom regler Ticket ab und uf die anner Seit gschmisse.

WADDE

Wadde sin net viel geachtet,
Mir machen gaar nix drauss—
Es Maul henkt uff ide ganse Zeit,
Un Wadde laafen raus.

Mir schwetzen in die Welt do nei,
Waahrhaftich wissen net
Die helft Zeit, was es meene maag
Un gewwen aa ken "Zett."

Hoscht du dei Lewe draa gedenkt
Was kennen Wadde duh
Zum Nochber odder liebschter Freind,
Un Fremmer aa dezu?

Denk yuscht der Schmaz du mache kannscht
Dief in ihr'm Geischt un Haz;
Un denk was bissel Dreeschte helft,
Wu leit en grosser Schmaz.

Paar Wadde zumme kranke Mann
Vun dir seim beschte Freind,
Die batten meh wie Medizin
Zum yaage beeser Feind.

Sie kummen hendich zu deel Leit
In Lieg un Fluch un Hass;
Un deel die denken nix fer dich
Bedriegge un so was.

Die Welt iss voll vun Wadde gschwetzt,
Zu viel wu gaar nix sin;
Saag was du meenscht, meen was du saagscht,
Loss yuscht ee Meening drin.

Dei Watt iss graad was du es machscht,
Es schmeechelt odder schtecht;
Sehn ass es Leit ihr Haz un Seel
Leicht macht un net verbrecht.

Nitz dann die Wadde mit Verschtand,
Un geb aa wennich acht
Ass wann du nix zu saagge hoscht,
Dei Watt ken Druwwel macht.

Im Disember 1933 — RALPR S. FUNK

Huguenot 1745- — Founder of Universalism in America — Preacher in the Oley Valley 1745-1755 — died and buried in Philadelphia March 19, 1793.

Of great significance for scholars engaged in tracing intercultural relations of the Pennsylvania Germans and the Palatinate is the PFAELZISCHE BIBLIOGRAPHIE, published annually since 1952 in Speyer by the Pfaelzische Gesellschaft for the furtherance of the arts and sciences. These bibliographical reports are in a sense a continuation of Daniel Haeberle's Pfaelzische Bibliographie, the sixth and last volume of which appeared in 1928.

With great thoroughness these annual bibliographies cover many areas of activities in the Palatinate: geography, folklore, place names, history, religion, agriculture, horticulture, animal husbandry, forestry, intellectual and cultural life including language and dialect, literature, music, the fine arts, arts and crafts, architecture, etc. Of special value for the genealogists here at home is the extensive bibliography about villages and townships, local history, family histories and geneaological studies.

The Mennonite Quarterly Review for October, 1954, contains three articles of value to those who are interested in the study of the Amish and the Mennonites.

The first of these is "The History of the First Amish Communities in North America." The first five communities, all founded in pre-revolutionary days, were located in the triangle formed by the junction of Berks, Lancaster and Chester Counties in eastern Pennsylvania. By 1830 four of these were extinct, but the fifth, the Conestoga Valley settlement, has become the mother of one of the largest Amish settlements in North America with over 4,000 members in a compact block (2,500 Old Order), in addition to large settlements in the Kishacoquillas Valley and around Smithville and West Liberty, Ohio, as well as small settlements in Indiana, Missouri and Oregon. This article is an extract of the author's M.A. thesis done at the University of Pittsburgh in 1954.

The second article is Alvin Beachy's "The Amish Settlement in Somerset County, Pennsylvania." This pre-revolutionary settlement, the second-oldest in the United States, is of the same stock as the eastern Pennsylvania settlements, but is largely of independent origin from Europe. It is the mother of an even larger family of Amish settlements, totaling possibly 15,000 adult members. The daughter settlements include the very large settlements in Holmes County, Ohio, in Elkhart-Lagrange County, Indiana, the large settlements in Mountrie-Douglas County, Illinois, in Johnson County, Iowa, as well as numerous smaller settlements in Ohio, Indiana and Kansas.

The third article is Maurice A. Mook's "Study of the Amish of Atlantic, Pennsylvania," based on information the author obtained directly from the inhabitants of the Old Order Amish community surrounding the town of Atlantic in southwestern Crawford County. This small but cohesive Amish settlement is only twenty-five years old.

Hugo Froehlich's "Emigrants in the Lutheran Churchbook of Stauderheim" published as Supplement 10 (1954) to Pfaelzische Familien- und Wappenkunde, edited by Dr. Fritz Braun, Kaiserslautern in the Palatinate, offers valuable material for Pennsylvania genealogists. The baptismal records entered in this churchbook, with emigration data entered by a later hand, throw new light upon the family antecedents of some of the pioneers listed in the Strassburger-Hinke Pennsylvania German Pioneers (3 vols.), Norristown, 1934.

—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Bethlehem Policewomen

Beginning on Monday morning, 22 Bethlehem housewives and mothers, recently appointed as policewomen for special duty at schools, will go on duty. If the experiences of such widely separated and diverse communities as our nearby Emmaus and metropolitan New York City be repeated in Bethlehem, then the people of that boro will have reason to be deeply grateful to the women who have assumed this responsibility for the city's little people.

In New York City the ambition is to get enough women to police every street intersection in the vicinity of the schools and thus relieve the New York department's male police of all traffic duties at those points. In Emmaus there is hope that more volunteers will offer their service and extend this protection for children against traffic to every school area in the boro.

In addition to getting highly conscientious and capable service from its policewomen Bethlehem even expects to make a nice profit on the arrangement. Altho the women are being paid upon a dollar-an-hour basis for four hours of work a day, it is calculated that the police department will save fully $20,000 a year on present overtime costs.

The many communities which are concerned about this problem but have done little about it have sufficient variety of example from which to judge the adaptability of the idea to their own conditions. The biggest city in the country is finding the idea useful and profitable in fact, in that it does not have to hire a lot of extra police to take care of traffic in other areas. Emmaus, a typical boro, is pleased with the operation of the idea, as far it as it has been possible to employ it with the number of volunteers who have offered their services. Bethlehem, a considerable city, adopted the idea because it believed it to be good and within a few days will be able to appraise results.

From the experience of these three communities others can learn much. They can determine whether to adopt it themselves or with such variations as will fit their own conditions.

New War Threat in Asia

Assassination by a fanatic of a virtually unknown European princeling was the spark that touched off World War I in 1914. Therefore the world constantly stands in dread even of minor incidents since they can snowball to bigger and greater happenings, even to catastrophes.

For many years the term "Afghanistanism" has been employed in newspaperdom to cover treatment of subjects remote from general public interest and concern. The press could rail at individuals and groups and governments far from the United States and be forgetful of offenders right under their noses. It was convenient to have whipping boys — the Afghans for instance.

But today Afghanistan is a threat to world peace just as Sarajevo was in 1914 for the army of the little country has mobilized against Pakistan, her neighbor. War between the Russian-backed Afghanistan and Pakistan, a friend of the western democracies, may break out almost over night.

Nations are so tightly knit together in our day that a shot fired in one of its remotest corners will be heard around the world. Issues may be trivial and incapable of comprehension by outsiders but nevertheless will affect them and command their support on one side or the other.

Afghanistanism is not a word for a quip these days. It is a word of threat initially to Asia's peace, which has been disturbed recently in Korea and Indochina, and primarily to the entire world as well.

Keeping Up Fight for Coal

Taking a leaf out of the book of the celebrated general who announced that he would fight it out upon his predetermined lines "if it took all summer," Congressman Francis E. Walter is giving the Veterans Administration no rest in his efforts to keep coal - burning installations in veterans' hospitals and to replace obsolete installations with new coal-burning devices.

For more than a year Mr. Walter has been dogging the Veterans Administration whose heads have seemed to determined to convert from coal to gas and oil. He has been able to delay the changes at such widely scattered projects as hospitals in Togus, Maine; Indianapolis, Des Moines and Newington, Conn. As long as changes have not been made, there still is hope for the use of anthracite coal in some and bituminous coal in the other boiler houses.

Congressman Walter's contentions have been that anthracite and bituminous coal can be used economically and satisfactorily if there be a real desire on the part of the engineers of the Veterans Administration to employ these fuels.

His latest steps have been to ask for the blue prints of the contemplated installations. He has offered the services of engineers of both anthracite and bituminous industries to make surveys of those plans in respect to the use of coal as fuel.

Like a bulldog he has been hanging on to his contention that the coal industries should get consideration not alone for sentimental but for economic reasons.

The hope of the people in the anthracite area must be that a considerable market for coal will be retained and will not be lost to competing fuels, as has been the case in so many lines of business.

Honors for Our Jay Cees

It was not only a high tribute to the young men who are immediately concerned but to Allentown, the home town of the Junior Chamber of Commerce which swept the field when awards were made at a state convention in Reading during last weekend.

Whatever this active young group has done, its members have been acting in the community interest. Allentown has benefited by reason of the many helpful programs which have been fostered by this organization. The name of the group constantly is in the news by reason of its works.

It is a matter of little surprise to Allentonians that the local group won five first - place awards, one second and one third and that it also won a trophy as the outstanding chapter in the state.

Allentown has known that unusual things were being done by the local Jay Cees. We did not have the perspective by which to make comparisons. The State Junior Chamber of Commerce has this perspective. From its vantage point it now has told Allentown that our local chapter is tops in Pennsylvania and that no other community is benefiting so greatly from the Jay Cees as Allentown.

Get Atom into Overalls

The project for a world-touring, atom - powered merchant ship is bound to catch the imagination. Like President Eisenhower's plan for a world power pool, it focuses thought on peaceful uses of atomic energy.

These dramatic measures are highly useful. They will be most helpful, however, if they are backed by solid steps to put the atom to work on a paying basis in everyday jobs. So far Britain is ahead of the United States in reducing the costs of atomic power production for commercial use. The American program should take account of the fact that in the end such work will count more in advancing the actual peaceful use of nuclear resources than even the most glamorous exhibits.

A congressional committee has reported that it found peoples all over the world hungry for information and help in developing atomic power. Especially in areas lacking coal, oil, or waterfalls for power, the atom promises a new hope of industrial development. Unfortunately, such areas are out of reach of any ship.

Moreover, the planned ship cannot itself stand as a proof of practicable use, since it will require a subsidy. But it can carry to people around the globe visible evidence of atoms employed on peaceful tasks. Even though these will be laboratory atoms, limited to special fields, such a display should be vastly useful in spreading knowledge and emphasizing peaceful uses.

We hope, however, this project will be accompanied by others designed to get the atom into overalls. The Shippingport plant should help prove the commercial practicality of nuclear power. A reactor built by the United States in a power-starved Asian country and successfully supplying the "muscles" for industrial development could herald a new age more quietly than Hiroshima, but no less effectively.—Christian Science Monitor.

In Mother's Eyes



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

MADRID, Spain—Construction is to begin this month on a pipeline nearly 500 miles long to carry fuel from an Atlantic port on the coast of Spain to three big air bases far inland. All the plans have been made and the workers have been assembled for what is perhaps the most spectacular project in the American defense program inside Spain.

Starting at Cadiz, which is a few miles from Gibraltar, and running to Seville and then to a point near Madrid and finally across country to Saragossa, this modern means of transportation has been found necessary because of the meager facilities by rail and highway. It will take 435 calendar days to complete the job, and the line should be functioning in the latter half of 1956.

The government of Spain has given every cooperation to the American and Spanish contractors who have joined together to build the line, which will cost a little less than $5 million for labor and an equal sum for materials. Bids were taken from various contractors, and the contract was awarded to the lowest bidder. A Spanish company, as is required by regulation here, participates with a minority interest and virtually all the employes are Spanish. The wages paid are those that prevail in Spain and \merican contractors scrupulously comply with all the requirements for payment of holidays, including Sundays, and for social security compensation. While the wage rate, as set by the unions in cooperation with the government, is not high, relatively speaking, it is to be noted that the price level for living costs is not high here, either.

Navy Project

The entire construction is under the auspices of the U.S. Navy, which functions as a part of the joint military mission headed by Gen. August Kissner of the U.S. Air Forces. The pipeline crosses two mountain ranges, one in the south and one in the north, and will be placed 3 feet under ground. It can be repaired quickly if there is any sabotage, though it is expected that local guards will be sufficiently vigilant to prevent damage. The line will supply not only the fuel requirements of the American Air Force and Navy but also those of the Spanish military forces. It is a Godsend to Spain.

This is only a part of the overall program in Spain, where a total of about $300 million will be spent over the next four years in the defense project instituted by the United States with the cooperation of the Spanish authorities. In addition to this, there are some small appropriations for economic aid, so that the total spent by the United States in Spain over a four-year period may be around $500 million. This is, however, the smallest sum spent in any European country which plays a major part in the allied defense plans.

Thus, latest figures from the U.S. Department of commerce show that Britain has received in economic aid alone nearly 7 billion and France 5 billion 200 million, West Germany 3 billion, 800 million, Italy 2 billion, 700 million, Greece 1 billion 300 million, and the Netherlands 1 billion 100 million. Even Russia between the end of the war and 1947 got $426 million, and all of Eastern Europe about 1 billion 100 million. But Spain, for unexplained reasons, has been neglected and only now are officials in Washington awakening to the strategic importance of this country.

Valuable Time Lost

It would take so little, relatively speaking, to bolster the Spanish economy and strengthen the whole country to assure effective military cooperation with the United States that it is unfortunate the Iberian peninsula as a whole has not come in for more attention in the past. For, with the American Navy assuming the biggest responsibility in the Mediterranean and the American Air Force using the new bases here as an operational front that can send planes into the heartland of Europe, it is nothing less than a tragedy that so much time already has been lost.

When France was defeated in 1940 and American Air power came into the war in 1941, the only bases available were those in Britain. The war might have been shortened if the U.S. Strategic Air Force could have had bases like those it is building today in Spain. If, moreover, the political situation inside Britain should some day produce a restraint against our use of bases there for atomic warfare, the Spanish bases will provide an invaluable alternative. America's defense investment in Spain, therefore, is as logical as it is farsighted.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S TROXELL

HUT DER BAR GRICK'D:

Doh net long tzurick hen m'r 'n gutie hunderrei g'shicht k'hoert on ra fendu hinnich 'm Bloe Barrick. Paar hen bei nonner g'shtonna blauderra, un denk yaderer hut die beshda hunder erfohringa kotta howwa wolla. Allas os mier may k'hoert hen, wor 'm ainta sei g'shicht wie 'n grosser bar hinnich 'n kumma is paar mile fon Effort, im bush drin.

Er hut g'sawt 's wear 'n aryer kalter dawg gawest — un 'n dawg woh er allas ferfail'd het os er danoh g'shossa het. Er het g'shossa noch etlicha orta fegel, un so aw noch hawsa un g'shwarl bis sei kugla un shrote ol gawest weara. Er het 'n mussel loader flint kot, un ferol os er ous blei gawest wear, het er noch blenty pulver kot.

Mit ra maining sei hunderrei wear feriwwer fer der dawg, wear er so longweilich niver gaeich Effort galoffa, mit ra maining fer ains gongs hame gae. Glei het er ow'r ebbes hoerra robbla hinnich sich in da hecka, un wie er rum gaguck'd het, wear der olmechdich'd, graish'd bar hinnich 'm gawest os er sei lava g'sehna het.

'S wedder glaws het weit unnich noll g'shtonna, un 'm bar sei ochdem het 'n shier gucka mocha wie 'n shteam inshein. Un grawd wie er der bar erblick'd het, het er g'sehna os der bar aw awfonga dade shpringa — un er het aw ei g'shtart fer shpringa. Glei het er 'm bar sei haiser ochdem g'shpiert im hols gnick, un het ous gamocht er mist sich aina waig odder da onner ous 'm waig shoffa, odder's wear, "good - bye Jacke."

Weil ken onnerer waig wor, is er omma baum nuf owwa nous in der dibble, un der bar is unna um der baum rum un hut garocha wie won er 'n hund wear, om sucha fer 'n haws. Noh het der bar sich uf die hinnerra k'huck'd un om baum nuf gaguck'd, uns moul g'sheleck'd wie won ermaina dade er het die aller beshd eems om kumma.

Endlich hut er g'sawt, wear die kelt 'm awfonga darrich sei glaider kumma, un die auga hetta gawesser'd os die druppa iwwer die bocka nunner galoffa weara wie won er om heila wear. Un ferleicht hut er gamaint, het er aw k'heil'd, uns weara draina gawest os 'm iwwer die bocka nunner galoffa weara, un woh g'frohrra sin in runda ball, so dich wie arabsa.

Wie er weil k'huck'd hut kot kunsiderra wie aw tzu gae, is es 'm ei kumma fer fon seina g'frohrna draina in die flint lawda — un so hut er aw, un uf der airsht shuss der bar mous — rocka dote g'shossa. Er hut g'sawt der bar het shier sex hunnerd pund gawoga, ow'r wot ken so'n erfohring may howwa — net won er 'n bar sheesa kent os 'n don wiega dade.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der 21s Augusht is der dawg woh m'r unser yairlichie train un boat exkursion hen — des yohr ol dawaig Long Island Sounda owwa nous noch Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 5:11-28

Because of the faithfulness on the part of the apostles in proclaiming the message of the Gospel and because of accompanying miracles, there seemed to be some, who, out of a sense of fear and of awe, held aloof from them, vs. 11 and 13, but, at the same time, many of the common people believed and united with the Christian group, v. 14, in large numbers. Naturally, the rulers were displeased with the growing Christian movement, and arrested the apostles, putting them into the common prison. By a strange divine intervention in their behalf, the angel of the Lord opened the prison doors, released the prisoners, and ordered them to continue their teaching in the Temple, which they did early in the morning. The high priest and the council sent to the prison to have them brought before them, but the officers did not find them in the prison and so reported to the council. They soon received word that they were teaching in the Temple, whereupon officers went and brought them without force (fearing the people) for a hearing. The high priest, presiding at the council meeting, then asked whether they were not again teaching in the name of Jesus, which they had been forbidden to do.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

He sat in the stern and I sat in the bow.
We used similar bait, as I think of it now.
We fished the same lake, used the same length of line.
But while he caught the bass, not a nibble was mine.

Not complaining am I of the luck that I've had.
Sometimes it's been good other times it's been bad.
But what is the difference I couldn't learn
'Twixt the man in the bow and the one in the stern.

When I sit in the stern the two-pounders somehow
Go swimming past me to the man in the bow.
Should our places we change, every small-mouth will turn
To lunge at the lure of the man in the stern.

I wonder at times does the blame lie with me?
Do the bass all take fright when my features they see?
Can that be the reason my bait they go by
Or is my companion more skillful than I?

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A publisher, introducing his most distinguished author, used some very flowing language by way of proving he belonged in the same league. He tossed in one six-syllable word, then became worried, and asked the author, "That's the way it's pronounced, isn't it?"

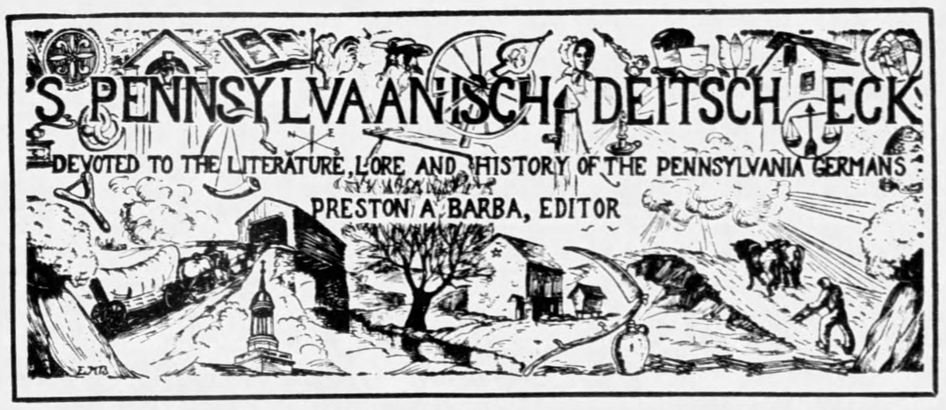
"Yes, indeed," agreed the amiable author. "Frequently!"

Overheard in the coffee shop of a downtown skyscraper: "I better be getting back to my desk or I'll be late for quitting time."

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Gain may come to you in the next months in sudden unexpected ways. Look for shrewdness, and a willingness to sacrifice for a loved one in today's child.



ANCESTRAL VIRTUES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

By THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN

Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman (born in Lebanon Co., Jan. 23, 1838; died in Reading, Pa., Nov. 13, 1914) was for many years the editor of the Reading Times. He early won acclaim as a gifted translator. His metrical translations from Irish, Scotch, English and Greek writers into the Pennsylvania German dialect, became a regular feature of the Reading Times. Col. Zimmerman was in his day an eloquent orator who was much sought as an after-dinner speaker. He was one of the earliest newspapermen who consciously strove to give the Pennsylvania Germans their rightful place in the history of our country. In graceful prose, which may seem rather flowery to the literary stylist of today, he repeatedly extolled the virtues of his people. — The following excerpts are from an address delivered before the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna, July 17, 1893.

I CONFESS to being somewhat encumbered with diverse misgivings in being invited to cast the first firebrand into this peaceful assemblage. It recalls to mind the historic time when Pythagoras of Athens organized a School of Silence and Phryne made the opening speech! But as Lord Bacon once said to Lord Salisbury, so will I say: "I shall content myself to awake better spirits, like a bell-ringer, which is first up to call others to church."

Having accepted your invitation I am, of course, expected to say something about the Pennsylvania German — the representative of a race whose hereditary characteristics and conservative political tendencies are closely interwoven with the life of this Commonwealth for over 200 years. It is to this conservative and patriotic element in America that much of our stability as a people and our prosperity as a Commonwealth is due.

The majority of these early immigrants were artisans, and when in this new "land of hope" they soon contributed to the industrial development of the eastern section of Pennsylvania. Their life was of the most peaceful and idyllic kind, which is shown by the fact that while they had established a court in their colony they did not have for many years a case of any sort to be tried before it. . .

Over seventy years ago Duponceau, in an eloquent reference to the people of this state, as well as to the beauty of their environments, as they existed during the first century of our social existence, said: "Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need, like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies, and to redeem their own vices by the fancied virtues of their forefathers. It is certain," he adds, "that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence and peace."

It requires no strained effort of the mind to say that all this was and still is applicable, notably to the eastern section of the State, where the great bulk of our first German immigrants found lodgment, and where precious memories of their achievements in peace and war hang around their honored names like "cherubs on monuments of emblazoned glory."

That race character, which has been developed out of a thousand years of history on another continent, is unaltered by the influences which usually work out radical changes in these matters.

"The more closely we observe this particular race," said W. L. Shelden recently, in his admirable "Plea for the German Element in America," the more carefully we note the way it conducts itself among us, the more deeply we go into its past history in its own country, the more will come home to us that the German people will be here on this soil conspicuously a conservative element in America. They are by nature anything but revolutionary. Conservatism appears to be in every element of their character. They are a slow and long-suffering people."

I might add that the same race characteristics: the same full measure of patriotic devotion; the same spirit of forbearance; the same sterling virtues of thrift, honesty and sobriety; the same love of personal and political liberty; the same spirit of religious tolerance; the same general aspirations for freedom; the same respect for the domestic virtues; the same sweet simplicity of character; the same all-pervading spirit of conservatism; in short, the same racial traits that were observed by the Roman historians two thousand years ago and chronicled in the pages of Caesar and Tacitus, are present in the Pennsylvania Germans of today — qualities which have come to them by inheritance, and which have been transmitted unimpaired through the waste and injuries of centuries of time and tide.

The Pennsylvania German is rich in the possession of all these sturdy and sterling qualities, and more. It must not be forgotten—and the fact should be presented whenever occasion offers as one of the most creditable events in the history of this country — that it was the love of liberty inherent in the Pennsylvania German that cast the die which determined that Pennsylvania should stand with Washington in 1776. He was as ripe for the Revolution as was the Massachusetts Puritan, but the measure of his deserving has been largely obscured by the accident of speech and letters not common to the mass of the people, and by a characteristic modesty and reserve, venting itself rather in action than in speech.

When Paris wooed Helen, the fair daughter of Jupiter spoke a language "sweeter than all the heathen Greek." While no such claim can be made for the Pennsylvania German vernacular, nor for hundreds of other languages and dialects, for that matter, I protest against the oft-repeated declaration of those who ought to know better, that it is a mere jargon, instead of a legitimate dialect transplanted from the old Palatinate in South Germany. With the exception of a comparatively few English words that have crept into it, the language of the Pennsylvania German is exactly the same idiom spoken at the present day by the Palatinate peasantry in the Rhine provinces of South Germany, and the same that is spoken even now within the very shadow of the University of Heidelberg.

The native shrewdness of the Pennsylvania German was shown in his acquisition of the choicest lands in the Pennsylvania and Virginia valleys. These he caused to bloom under a cultivation which represented the joint product of a scientific knowledge and patient toil. Comfort, order and cleanliness have ever been his handmaids, and a contented spirit the outcome of his patience and simple tastes.

Who that has read the story of the extreme sufferings of the "redemptioners," where thousands, sent to this country, were lodged together like herring; where from want of air and nourishment no less than two thousand souls were buried in one year in the seas and at Philadelphia; where the poor immigrants were robbed of what few valuables they had in their possession, and where the living were sold for the fare of some dead friend or foe — who that has read this pitiful story of oppression and bondage but must feel a thrill of horror and indignation at the "soul-drivers," as the Newlanders were called, who thus trafficked in human flesh!

Comparatively recent historical research has resulted in the discovery of new materials of history, and the correction of many historical errors. Especially is this true of the Hessian soldiers, whose camping ground near Reading is one of the best known localities in the eastern section of the State, and who have been held up to execration ever since the days of the Revolutionary war. We have been told that they were base, sordid, cruel mercenaries, who sold themselves to fight the battles of a foreign power, and that they were bent only upon rapine and bloodshed. Recent investigations show that they were good soldiers, and that their services were sold to the British nation by their despotic rulers; that they had no choice in the matter of coming as they did, and as to despoiling the country, the British set the example, and were alone responsible.

Almost continuously for two centuries the best blood of Germany has been coming into the United States, and no man can estimate the influence of this people in developing our resources, and building up the nation.

In this composite nation the people of Germany and their descendants are a fundamental element. It is as useless to try and eliminate them from American history as it would be to ignore the New Englander or the Virginian, and the appropriateness of the Pennsylvania German Days which have been set apart by the Pennsylvania German Society needs, therefore, no apology.

The story of the Puritan and Cavalier, self-assertive and proud of their ancestry, has been told a thousand times — how they laid the foundations for the construction of the grandest Republic in the history of man — how they wrested a wilderness from savagery, and how they have made the annals of a century and more of our national life illustrious with the part they took in the early struggles of American liberty. But it was left for the German to wait for time and numbers to proclaim his mighty influence in helping to fashion the institutions of this country.

As for their treatment in literature, the Pennsylvania Germans have been sneeringly depicted by cheap newspaper scribblers as a typically stupid people. These detractors of the Pennsylvania Germans studiously ignore the thrift, industry, patience, honesty and piety of a people who have ever been celebrated for their virtues—virtues that "make the house a home, home a heaven, and create that patriotism of the soul that dares to storm the forts of tyrants, and win for mankind freedom of thought and independence of action."

The Pennsylvania German is pre-eminently a liberty-loving citizen. Way down in the profoundest depths of his soul, there are nurtured qualities which make him a lover of home and country, and from his fervid love of liberty and bitter hatred of tyranny these qualities imbue him with a moral and physical heroism that makes him a defender of the rights of people.

He is, moreover, an eminently practical man, and takes but little for granted. He persistently works for what he gets, and, as a rule, takes good care of what he earns. It is not to his discredit to say, that he is of a kind described in a little story, which, by the way, has a significance that carries it beyond the columns of newspaper jests:

A parson who had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a city, asked time for prayer and consideration. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street.

"Wie iss es, Josiah," said the neighbor, "geht dei Dawdy noch Allentown? (How is it, Josiah, is your father going to Allentown?)

"Well," answered the youngster judiciously, "Der Paepp dutt als noch bede fer Helling, awwer die menschte vun de Sache sin schunn gepackt." (Pap is still praying for light, but most of the things are already packed).

The Pennsylvania German is fully persuaded that it is his first duty to pay his debts; to provide for his family with anxious toil, rather than leave them penniless at his death. He has ever been conspicuous for his quiet demeanor, and while other nationalities have been claiming the earth he has been satisfied, as some one has expressed it, "to have the title-deeds stored away in his safe." But he is gradually coming to the front — in the army, the navy, in Congress, in our legislative halls, in judiciary departments, as also in literature, theology and philosophy.

The quickening currents of German life have been felt everywhere in this cosmopolitan land of ours, but time forbids my dwelling upon this remarkable phase of our national life as I should like to do . . . In a merely general way I would say, therefore, that the Germans who came to this country were the first in America to protest against human slavery; the first to print the Bible in this country; they issued the first work on the philosophy of teaching. They brought the Bible and the Catechism, and the first thing they did was to lay the foundation for a log-church, then establish a school by the side of the church. Between 1745 and 1820 fifteen editions of the New Testament had been published in German in Pennsylvania and seven before the New Testament appeared in English. Germans were the first to manufacture paper here, the first to explore, in 1669, the region west of the Alleghenies; the first to tread the soil of the Wyoming Valley; the first to make a map of Maryland; the first interpreters between the white men and the Indians. They were the first piano makers, chemists, tanners, glass blowers and makers of furniture. The father of the liberty of the press in this country was a German.

And now in conclusion permit me to say that German blood and German brain and brawn have made a deep impress on this country; that one need not quote history to prove that the industry and morality of the German race have been notable, that their oft-tested patriotism has been unfailing, that their clear common sense and conservatism have often erected a bulwark against fanaticism.

Eloquent with golden traditions, and radiant with the flutter of flame-like banners, one may trace on the broad canvas of the centuries, as one may see in the blended colors of the two nations that sweep across its face like the deep rose of dawn, the development of a race that perhaps less than any other, endeavors to maintain its individuality, its prejudices, and its old home habits when once it has forged the indissoluble links that bind it to the great Republic.

Let us therefore strive to perpetuate the memory of our forefathers. As has been well said by another: "We commemorate not the spoils of conquest, nor the lust of ambition. We strive to perpetuate the memory of men who had nothing in common with the tyrants of mankind, but it is my earnest prayer that we may build a monument which, like Memnon's statue, breaking into music with every rising sun, shall speak inspired accents to the sons and daughters of America of all generations, proclaiming the toil, the dangers, the sacrifices, the virtues, the principles, and the achievements of our sires."

TO THE GRAVE OF MOUNTAIN MARY

The life of Maria Jung, known in song and story as Mountain Mary, has become a legend among the Pennsylvania Germans. Our readers are invited to join the annual pilgrimage to her grave on Mother's Day. Please assemble at 2 p.m. tomorrow at the Hill Church in Berks County, from where the motorcade will again be conducted to the private burial place on the little farm which Mountain Mary owned and where she died. 135 years have passed since Mountain Mary's death, but still men and women gather at her unmarked grave in reverent memory of the pioneer nurse who looked upon the hills from whence came her strength and who wished for little else in life but to go about doing good among her neighbors in the quiet hills of Oley.

The following hymn was written for the ceremonies tomorrow by the well-known Mennonite hymn writer Ralph Berky, whose dialect poetry has frequently appeared in the ECK over the pen-name, **Die Buschamschel.**

"Look unto the hills from whence cometh your strength"

How the hills today possess us
As they Pilgrims did of old!
How their farflung paean can bless us
As their beauty we behold!

How the glory of the Day Spring
They unfold before our eyes!
How His comfort and His healing
In their outreach never dies!

Steeped are they in awe and wonder
As they lift their crown above—
Even as we pause and ponder,
They become a psalm of love.

Refrain

How the Rock of Ages ever
By the hills is symbolized,
And their strength can fail us never,
For it comes from God like Christ!

Tune: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Vaccine Program a Marvel

After only a few days of delay, the mass polio vaccination program again is ready to proceed with release by the Federal Government of enough vaccine for about a million children, according to announcement yesterday.

It is a paradox growing out of the American people's high respect for the scientific achievements of our day that there is high impatience with any delays, with the inability of the pharmaceutical houses to produce instantly all the vaccine that is needed to supply the entire population and with any supposed slips in the program for the mass vaccination of just about all our chool children.

By comparison, any number of persons can well remember the strong opposition that existed until comparatively recent years to compulsory vaccination against small pox altho Dr. Jenner in 1796 had made his epochal discovery, as great and important in its day as Dr. Salk's recent discovery.

It took almost a hundred years to achieve fairly complete acceptance of vaccination against small pox. Acceptance of the Salk vaccine virtually came over night.

That there has been a brief suspension in the inoculations, pending a safety check, was a measure that was warranted when doubts arose about the efficacy of some batches of vaccine. But this suspension has not "wrecked" the program as some impatient people of the calamity-howler type would suggest.

The marvel is that such an enormous job in a new field of medicine and upon a scale never before attempted in an initial attack upon a disease has gone so well for the most part.

A lot has been done within a single month thru organizations of women and men hastily set up and operating with high-pitched emotions and haste in order to beat the opening of the polio season and save a lot of children. A lot has been done by the pharmaceutical houses and by the medical authorities who could not possibly have anticipated the reception that would be given to the Salk report and the immediate and almost universal demand for the vaccine.

It was to be expected that a lot of fear would limit the agreement of many thousands of parents in the small age group to have their children vaccinated. Instead the response of the parents has been almost unanimously in favor of the vaccine. And just about all the rest of the public has been clamoring for whatever vaccine remains after the first and second grade children have been vaccinated.

This almost universal acceptance of the Salk vaccine is another miracle of our times. The wonder is that the program has gotten moving as rapidly and upon so broad a scale as we know it to be.

Peace for Austria at Last

During this weekend some important steps promise to be taken, to the end that Austria, after ten years of occupation as a conquered country, soon shall become a free nation.

For the first time in a decade, Russian representatives during recent days have shown some signs of reasonableness in dealing with Austria and with the other occupation powers — the United States, Great Britain and France. Something new in Russian diplomacy was unveiled in Vienna during recent days. The western world hopes that it represents a new and unexpected trend toward settlement of a lot of the differences between East and West. Of course there will be no cheering until there be evidence of accomplishments.

At any rate our John Foster Dulles, in the company of the foreign ministers of Great Britain and France, has headed from Paris to Vienna where they expect to sign the necessary papers today and tomorrow. This represents a sudden turn in events. Mr. Dulles had canceled this trip when in recent days it seemed likely that the Reds would not yield their hold upon Austria's oil fields and control of shipping on the Danube. Immediately upon receiving word of that cancellation, the Russians agreed to give up these claims, as they had promised Chancellor Raab in Moscow weeks ago, but had not included in the peace treaty.

So there promises to be a successful meeting of foreign ministers in Vienna during this weekend. Out of it should come independence for Austria upon honorable and not too burdensome terms. Out of it too may come more definite plans for the projected meeting of President Eisenhower with Prime Minister Anthony Eden, Premier Faure of France and Marshal Bulganin of Russia, or whoever may be considered to be the Russian head since the demotion of Malenkov.

What magic such a conference can achieve is very much a matter of doubt, especially in the United States. But there is lots of pressure in Great Britain and France to have such a meeting. Politically, it is expected to be of advantage to Prime Minister Eden and his Conservative Party which is facing elections the last week in May. It should increase Faure's prestige in France. It should not harm President Eisenhower and the United States. He has indicated that he is ready to talk peace with any one, anywhere and at any time but does not relish being deceived and lured into conferences that are not sincerely concerned with achieving international peace and actually will accomplish nothing.

Progress in Disarmament

Almost simultaneously with a new and optimistic note in relations with Russia in respect to a peace treaty with Austria comes report out of London where a sub-committee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission has been meeting to plan, if possible for achievement of peace through reduction of military power.

Up to this time Russia has agreed only to a part of a disarmament program. She has balked on the important matter of agreement upon the right of all the nations concerned to inspect one another's military establishments and be certain that disarmament agreements are being carried out.

The first point accepted by Russia called for the reduction of conventional armaments and military forces to agreed levels between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 men each for the United States, Russia and Communist - ruled China, and 650,000 men each for Britain and France.

The second point accepted by Russia would oblige the signatory powers to begin liquidating their stockpiles of nuclear weapons when they had completed 75 per cent of the agreed reduction in conventional armaments and military forces.

On the third point — international control and inspection — the Soviet proposals fell far short of what the Western powers asked and what they would ever accept.

The Russian delegate to the conference has proposed that inspections be authorized only at certain "checkpoints." The other delegates have their grave doubts about such an arrangement because it would not enable the Western powers to learn whether there was compliance with agreements to reduce and liquidate stockpiles of atomic weapons and cut down armies and navies. All too much could be hidden at places other than the agreed - upon checkpoints. It all would be too much like a guided tour in which only the best is shown to visitors and the worst is denied to them altho they wish to get a complete picture of the city or town or country that they are visiting.

Distinguished Service

Luigi Einaudi, whose seven-year term as President of the Italian Republic came to an end on Wednesday, has been a good friend of the United States. An economist of international reputation, formerly professor at the University of Turin and other Italian universities, he has visited America and admired American institutions. "I learned more about practical economics," he said of his few months here, "than I had learned all my life previously. I discovered honesty, industry, free trade, sound currency."

As a champion of sound currency, Einaudi made his mark before World War II through teaching, newspaper and magazine articles, lectures and books. With the downfall of fascism, which he had resolutely opposed he returned to Italy from exile and was honored by a succession of important posts culminating in the Presidency. He had confounded the Communists' hopes of economic collapse by his fight against inflation, and now he made an important contribution to European unity and integration.

Now he is free to return to the simple life he reluctantly laid aside in 1948, the villa on the Appian Way, the mountains and vineyards of Piedmont, the 20,000 volumes waiting on his bookshelves, the unhurried nights and days of a scholar. The outgoing President symbolized admirably the unity of a nation which has always held learning in high regard. He leaves to his successor Giovanni Gronchi, whose political sympathies appear to lie considerably to the left of his own, a legacy of friendship with the United States which the vicissitudes of time should strengthen and never destroy. N. Y. Herald Tribune.

No Walkout Here



Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 17:28-30

Jesus continues in these three verses His description of the immortality of the last days of this dispensation: 'Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even so shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed.' Conditions in the days of Lot are described in Genesis 19, a chapter which is not usually read in public, for it gives a vivid description of the sin, the name of which is derived from the name of Sodom, and which, as a crime, is not usually tried in open court. It is possible for people to live a life separated from the prevailing sins of society under such conditions? Noah is called a preacher of righteousness in 2 Peter 2:5, who found grace in the sight of the Lord (the first time 'grace' is mentioned in the Bible), walking with God, as we read in Gen. 6:8-9. He therefore escaped the judgment of the flood. Lot is spoken of as 'righteous' in 2 Peter 2:8 and was saved. But 'remember Lot's wife' (in Luke 17:32) as Jesus warns us).

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

BAND NOISE

We were grateful to the neighbors for the patience they displayed
When the band boys met to practise, for a dreadful noise they made.
They'd a heavy-footed drummer. You could hear him blocks away;
And a saxaphoning youngster on the key who couldn't stay.
Though no critic would approve it in those by-gone happy years,
For it may have been distressing, it was music to my ears.

In the living room they gathered, sitting proudly in a row,
And the drummer started drumming and the trumpeter to blow.
Every foot the floor was tapping. It was crash and bleat and blare
And I know the neighbors often wished we'd move away from there.
And I whispered to the mother when she sadly said: "Oh, dear!"
"They may be a little noisy, but I like to have them here.

"I know no better reason for a home, from day to day,
Than making it a safe and pleasant place for boys to play.
If the youngsters found no welcome when on ours they come to call,
In the things we seem so proud of there would be no sense at all.
Though that noise the lads are making may not soothing music be,
Just so long as here it happens, it is quite all right with me."

(Copyright 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A millionaire banker (self-made) sent his kid brother to Harvard, where his real studies were devoted to the girls in the chorus at a night club in Boston. He fell madly in love with one of them and finally proposed marriage. "You're a darling," she replied pensively, "and you must be brave when I tell you I cannot marry you. I will always be a sister to you, however." And the next day, true to her word, she married the millionaire banker.

"I can't break my wife of the habit of going through my pockets every night after I've gone to sleep," admitted a Wall Street broker. "What does she get out of it?" asked a friend. "What does any explorer get?" replied the broker. "Material for a lecture!"

(Copyright, 1955)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

PARIS — There is something very impressive and of incalculable value about the new - fashioned diplomacy which brings the secretary of state of the United States to Paris for informal talks with the foreign minister of France and Great Britain as well as with the top men of other countries which comprise the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Critics may say the head of the State Department should not travel around, but it is difficult to imagine how any progress could be made any other way in solving present - day problems among the allies.

Unfortunately, lots of mischievous rumors and some distorted reports reach back home to the Parliaments and to the American Congress. It is not always easy to overcome the handieaps that interference, evey by American legislators, sometimes brings. But if the members of Congress who are so reckless with their comments on world affairs, especially the carping critics among the Democrats, could attend a press conference held here by the secretary of state, they would come to realize how delicate and complicated are most of the questions tackled by the foreign ministers.

This last week has seen many important conferences, but they are not unlike several meetings held here before. They are all significant. The modern way is for the top representatives of the allies to sit down together and thresh out their differences behind closed doors. They talk frankly and at times heatedly, but they come out of it as a rule with a clear understanding of the viewpoint of their respective countries.

Indochina Problem

Perhaps the most ticklish of all the questions this week was the problem of Indochina. Neither the French nor the American government could afford to place itself in the position of trying to settle the internal affairs of South Vietnam, as this would only intensify Communist propaganda there. But certain parallel or common policies were agreed upon which may help to bring stability to the situation in the southern part of Indochina. For, although the desire is to see some form of democratic government chosen, it is not easy to establish at once an electoral machinery such as exists in a European parliamentary system. But out of the turbulence of these last few weeks may come a representative system for South Vietnam, and that is the objective now.

Despite the newspaper reports about a grave crisis in the relations between France and the United States over the Indochina question, it is a fact that both governments recognized all along how important it is to reach an understanding and not to allow the Indochina dispute to impair their working arrangements on many other questions of far greater importance to both.

The American people can rest assured that Secretary Dulles handled himself very creditably here. Notwithstanding some garbled impressions that came to certain senators, there was no mistake made here by Dulles in talking firmly where firmness was necessary. Those who heard his reply, for example, in the North Atlantic Council meeting to Foreign Secretary Spaak of Belgium on the Formosa question said it was an excellent rebuttal to a statement that completely misconstrued the American position.

Nor is Dulles stampeded or pushed around by the Soviet tactics. He was clear - cut in his announcement here that he wouldn't go to Vienna until the Austrian treaty provisions had been finally set down on paper ready for signing. He is equally determined not to become involved in a protracted discussion in Vienna about the details of the forthcoming four - power conference.

There is a restraint and a forbearance about Dulles' manner in these top - level negotiations, and at the same time such an earnest reflection by him of the truly American viewpoint in international affairs, that the American people can well be proud of their itinerant secretary of state.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WASE WIE TZU BEATA: Won sei lebdawg ebber wor os gawist hut wie tzu beata iwwer 'm korta shpiela, don is es die Marie Ardella Beidler Kratz fon Macungie. Dale hen shun gamaint die Marie Ardella wear so g'shifa iwwer 'm korta shpiela, os sie darrich die korta sehna kent—'s mocht nix ous woh sie onna gait shpiela, odder mit wem os sie shpielt, sie kunt gawainlich hame mit ol da hocha priza — ol wie doh kartzlich net, wie sie un die Naomi Huber g'shpielt hen gaeich die Helen Neumoyer, un die Katie Bachman.

Eb die Marie Ardella 'n hawsa foos im bockabuch shtecka hut kot, odder 's hem odder 'n shtrump da letza waig aw kotta hut, kenna m'r net sawga. Dale weibsleit os m'r wissa, hen sich aw shun gneb fon da glaider g'schnidda, un die frocka tzu g'shpell'd mit safety shpella mit ra maining sel dada na glick bringa iwwer 'm korta shpiela.

Wel aenicha waigo die Noami in dem fol, hut 'n iwwerrousie gutie kind korta kot, un hut g'sawt mit ous fiel gucka un tzaila, sie gaibt haas-im-peffer. Sel tzu hoerra hut die Marie Ardella shier fom shtuhl g'shnart, un sie hut mohl awfonga iwwer ihra korta bladderra, gatzailt fon linx tzu rechts, un rechts tzu linx, un hut da Naomi so badirelich tzu da auga nei gaguck'd wie yusht die Marie Ardella wase tzu gucka, un hut g'sawt, "Um da lieva willa Noami tzieg tzurick mit deim haas — won ich d'r aw der beshd gebt, konsh'd anyhow net mocha, un m'r wolla net nuf gae."

Die Noami huts gaharich uf 'm shtrich kot fer tzurick tziega, ow'r mit ra maining fer da Marie Ardella net laid duh, hut sie g'sawt, "Ol recht ich tzieg tzurick, — 's mawg ebber shunshd beata."

Un war dada n'r noh denka os hass-im-peffer gabutta het? Niemond shunshd os wie die Marie Ardella selwar, un woh die Naomi g'frok'd hut fer beshd', fer ihra hond ferbesserra. Ow'r wos die Marie Ardella net gawist hut, wor, os die Naomi so tzu sawga ol ae ort korta kotta hut — fon da grossa aw nunner tzu da glaina, un woh ihra haas-im-peffer hond shpiela het kenna mit ous aenich ra hilf.

Fer 'n longie shtory kartz mocha, die Naomi hut nix kot tzu gewwa os die Marie Ardella aenich ebbes gabot hut, un sie is gahairich nuf gonga. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Marie Ardella die socha aw net hous howwa — wil ferleicht net howwa os ihra Jakie ous fin'd wos fer shtraich os sie mocht, won sie fon hame gait korta shpiela.

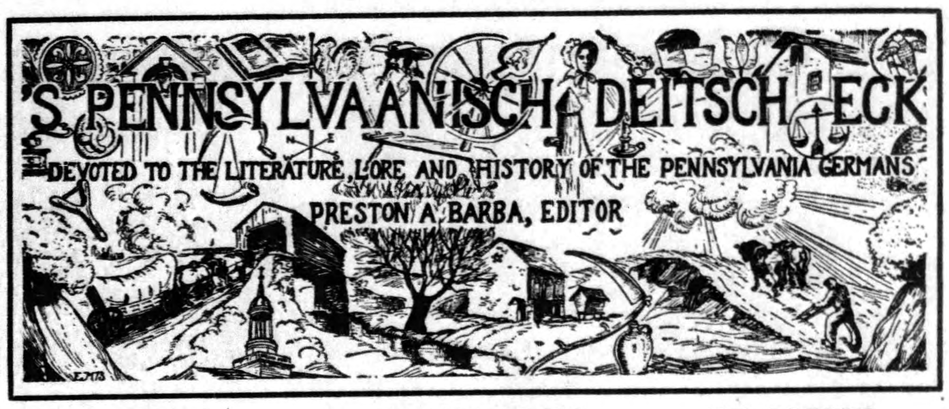
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r dada leit grawd drei rota bensa wetta, os der Johnny Wetzel ons Fritcha Meal der kerl is wohs ins gnick grick'd fer da Marie Ardella ihra korta shpielerrei ferbobbla, un glawwa net os er 'n wert dafon gawist hut.

Horoscope

You may meet with some difficulties and opposition in the coming months, but your position will improve rapidly, and happiness be yours. Born under these auspices a child may be somewhat lacking in self-confidence, but, with wise upbringing this will be overcome and success won.

Actual steam is not visible. The visible white vapor which is called steam is actually a collection of fine moisture droplets which are formed by the condensation of true steam.



IM MOI

En Newwel grie
Iwwer Busch un Feld—
In der ganse Welt
En Melodie —
So sanft, so siess, so schee!
'S iss net zu saagge wie!
Alles am Baue vun Schpatz bis zu Woi
Odder am Yunge Griegge!
Blumme am Bliehe—
En Yubel G'fiehl in der Luft—
Der Auferschtehe Duft—
Der Dod hot ken Schtachel meh—
Es iss Moi!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

NEINZICH YAAHR ALT

Neinzich Yaahr iss lang, abaddich in eem Mensch seim Lewe. Es hot net viel Leit, ass neinzich Yaahr alt warre. Awwer es sin meh vun selle Alde heidesdaags wie als waare fufzich Yaahr zerick.

Wann dihr des net glaabt, geht uff en alder Kaerrichhof eenich aryets do rum. Guckt uff die alde Graabschtee. Wie alt waare die Vaeter, wu gschtarrewe sin fufzich Yaahr zerick? Die menschte waare ken ziwwesich Yaahr alt. Des iss gewiss waahr.

Ich hab schunn aardlich Leit gekennt, ass neinzich Yaahr alt waare. Wie ich en yunger Paare waar in Franklin Kaunti waar en aldi Fraa in unsrer Gemee un die waar sexunneinzich Yaahr alt. Ich hab moll gsaat zu ihre, "Mammi, ich warr sei Lewe net so alt wie du bischt." Ihre Andwatt waar, "Du weesscht sell net, Parre. Ich waar nie net arrig greftich. Awwer ich hab yuscht fatt gelebt, ee Yaahr ums anner. Sell iss der Weg fer alt warre — yuscht fatt lewe."

Ich hab en guder Freind ghatt, en alder Parre. Der waar dreiunneinzich Yaahr alt wie er gschtarrewe iss. Wie er neinzich Yaahr alt waar, hawwich moll gsaat zu ihm, "Ich denk wammer moll so alt iss, watt eem's Lewe schwer." Er hot gsaat, "Es iss mir gaar ken Greiz fer lewendich sei." Fer sell iss er so alt warre.

En annerer alder Mann iss neinzich warre. Sie hen en grooss Wese gemacht fer ihn iwwer sei Geburtsdaag. Wie die Leit all fatt waare, hot sei Sohnsfraa ihn heere zu sich selwer schwetze. "Ya, nau bin ich neinzich. Eb zu lang bin ich en hunnert." Er hot awwer die Hunnert net erwaarte kenne.

Ich wuhn imme Haus, ass en alder Mann ge-eeggnet hot. Er waar dreiunneinzich wie er gschtarrewe iss. Ich hab meinre Fraa, de Karolyn, gsaat, "Sell Haus kaafe mir. Datt bleiwe die Leit lewendich, bis sie iwwer neinzich sin." — "Geh mir weck," saagt sie, "waer wett so alt warre?" — "Well," hawwich ihre geandwatt, "ich deet gewiss liewer lewe ass schtarrewe."

Der anner Daag iss en alder Bissniss-mann in en Old Folks Home. Er waar dreiunneinzich. Er hot gsaat, "Die letschte paar Monet hawwich roder Dinde yuse misse in meine account-Bicher. Noh iss es mir eikumme, ich deet besser ebber griegge fer achtgewwe uff mich."

Ya, es warre en Latt Leit neinzich Yaahr alt alleweil. So duhne mir aa, wann mir lang genunk lewe! "Waer lang lebt, watt alt," heesst 's alt Sprichwatt.

EBBES GRIEGGE

Ich dauer oft die aarme Parre. Ich bin selwer eener un weess wie reich ass die menschte Parre sin. Es wunnert mich ebmols wie die Parre en Lewe mache kenne fer sich un ihre Familye. Ich kann's niemand ausleegge, wie ich des duh hab kenne.

Wann die Parre gans aus Geld sin, kummt oft en yunger Bu mit me scheene Meedel un saagt, "Parre, mir welle heiere." Der Parre dutt schnell sei Sunndaags-Kleeder aa un kopuliert die yunge Leit. Sell macht des yung Paar wunners froh. Noh gebt der Brautigaam em Parre ebbes, oft meh ass fimf Daaler. Noh sin drei Leit froh: der Parre un des yung Paar.

Es hot moll en Parre en Hochzich ghatt. Es yung Paar hot net geguckt, ass wann sie en Bauerei eeggene deede. Wie die Hochzich verbei waar, iss der Brautigaam zu seim Kameraad gange, wu bei ihm gschtanne hot un hot en Daaler gelehnt. Wieviel denkt ihr, ass der Parre noh grickt hot? Er hot mir gsaat, er hett en Daaler un en Halwe grickt. Sell waar net so fett.

En Loiyer un en Parre hen gedischpudiert, waer's mensch Geld mache deet, en Parre odder en Loiyer. Der Parre hot gsaat zum Loiyer, "Was gebscht du mir fer die Helft, ass ich grick an meinre naegschte Hochzich!" Der Loiyer hot gsaat, "Zehe Daaler." — "Sell iss en Baerye," saagt der Parre.

Glei iss en Hochzich zum Parre kumme. Sie hen en Karreb gedraagge, zugebunne mit me rode Duch. Wie die Hochzich verbei waar, hen sie der Karreb uffgedeckt un hen em Parre en klee weiss Hundli gewwe.

Der Parre waar glei beim Loiyer mit em Karreb. Er hot zum Loiyer gsaat, "Ich deet gleiche auszubaecke." — "Nee," saagt der Loiyer, "en Baerye iss en Baerye."— "All recht," saagt der Parre, "geb mir zehe Daaler fer dei Helft." Noh hot er's Hundli rausgschitt un hot der Loiyer gfrogt, "Welli helft witt du, die hinnerscht odder die vedderscht?"

Es hot der Loiyer etliche Minudde genumme bis er genunk Odem ghatt hot fer en Andwatt gewwe.

ZWANSICH DAALER ISS AARDLICH

Ich will noch emoll schwetze vum Heiere un vun was en Parre ebmols grickt. Ich denk heit an zwee zwansich-Daaler Hochziche. Ich waar der Parre an eens vun denne.

EN ASSAULT UN BATTERY CASE

Am ewwerscht End vun Lecha Kaunti,
Es waar gaar net exschpeckt;
En Mann waar Kandidaat fer Schkweier,
Un hot sich aa "elect."

Der Mann hot hatt geleckschoniert,
Graad wie die seem alt Leier;
Un wie die Leckschon iwwer waar,
Waar er "elected" Schkweier.

Zwee yunge Kalls hen net agried,
Hen gfochte do mitnanner;
Un kenner will do schuldich sei,
Der eent schiebt's uff der anner.

Des waar en groosser Dischbedaat,
Un kens hot do gewunne;
Die Fechterei waar als im Gang,
Hen noh die "Law" genumme.

Sie waare noh beim neie Schkweier,
Des waar sei aerschti Kees;
An so re Zeit drehn Sache uff,
Ass er noch gaar net weess.

Der Schkweier hot noh ausgemacht
Sex Tschuri-leit zu dinge;
Die deete ihn reliewe, un
En ehrlich Urteil bringe.

Fer'n scheeni Kees do raus zu mache,
Schpielt er sei eeggner Mut;
Er hot en Loiyer aa hie bschtellt
Fer gewwe Rot un Gut.

Die Zeiye waare nau all gheert,
Un yeders hot sich hatt gewehrt;
Hot net gewisst was noch — and how—
Er frogt der Loiyer, "Was duhn mir nau?"

Der Loiyer gebt ihm noh sei Rot:
"Ei, nau musscht die Tschuri 'charge'e."

Der Schkweier hot sei Kopp noh ghenkt,
Un hot mol aardlich Weil gedenkt;
Noh saagt er zu de Tschuri-leit:

"Tschtelntelmen of the Tschuri:

Die Sache gleich ich gaar net heit-
Schunn Yaahre lang waarn Nochbere do
Un gude Freind debei;
Un graad wie's waar in frieher Zeit,
So soll's aa heit noch sei.
Ich dank eich aa nau noch dezu—
Ihr Tschuri-leit hen gut geduh;
Yuscht ebbes do, des macht mich autsche,
Der Loiyer saagt ich misst eich 'charge'e;
Die Koschte do sin arrig hoch,
Ich muss mich schicke do dernooch:
Yuscht 's iss die "Law," so muss ich duh,
Nau kumme noch paar "lines" dezu;
Do muss ich schpaare bis am End-
Ich "charge" eich yeders fufzich Cent!

—D. GEORGE KNECHT

Imme kleene Schteddel wu ich Parre waar, wie ich noch yung waar, iss me aardliche alde Mann sei Fraa gschtarrewe. Er waar wunnerbaar im Elend. Nau waar er gans elleenich in re grosse Welt. Was kann er duh deweegge?

Moll ee Daag net zu lang noch seinre Fraa ihrem Dod, iss er en yungi Witfraa bekannt warre. "Deetscht du mich heiere?" hot er sie gfrogt. Sie hot hattsaftich gsaat, "Ya, gewiss!"

Sell hot dem alde Witman Eifer gewwe. Ich waar sei Parre. Ee Daag hot er mir gsaat, "Ich will die Poll heiere. Deetscht du die Aerwet fer mich?" Ich hab aa hazhaftich gsaat, "Ya, gewiss!"

Noh iss es Plaane abgange. Ee Owed bin ich an der Witfraa ihre Haus. Sie hot mich neigelosst. Datt waar noh niemand, ass die Witfraa, der Witmann un der Parre. Es hot gaar net lang genumme, bis sie Mann un Fraa waare.

Ich hab am Disch ghockt un der certificate ausgfillt. Der Mann hot noh ebbes uff der Disch gelegt un hot gsaat, "Des iss fer dich, Parre." Ich hab uffgeguckt un datt hot en zwansich-Daaler note gelegge, graad vanne ver mir. Ich hab graad gschtoppt schreiwe un hab die note in mei Hossesack gschteckt.

Es waar mir bang, er meecht en anneri Noschen griegge un die note widder zericknemme. Ich hab der Kopp drowwe ghalde un die Axele drauss uff em Heemweg. Ich hab sehr reich gfiehlt.

In Kanada, Yaahre zerick, in re Schtadt wu sie prohibition ghatt hen, iss en Mann mit seim Meedel zumme Parre kumme fer sie heiere. Wie sie gheiert waare, hot der Mann em Parre zwansich Daaler gewwe. Der Parre hot gsaat, "Loss uns bede." Sie hen sich all hiegekniet un der Parre hot heftich gebet fer den gude Mann, wu ihm zwansich Daaler gewwe ghatt hot. Er hot Gott aagerufe, ass er dem Mann sei Bissniss reichlich seeggene sett.

Wie die Hochzich zu der Dier naus iss, hot der Parre gsaat zum Brautigaam, "Was iss dei Bissniss?" Der Brautigaam hot geandwatt, "Ich bin en Bootlegger."

Sell hot em Parre es Gnetz aardlich naegscht verschprengt. Er hot sich widder langsam gekniet un hot demiedich gsaat, "Liewer Gott! Du brauchscht dich net zu hatt baddere fer sell Gebet zu andwadde."

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

MEI GAARDE

Ich hab en scheener Gaarde,
O, er iss wunnerbaar
Mit perfume un mit Farwe!
Deel Blumme sin aa raar.

Mei Hundli gleicht der Gaarde,
Vergraabt sei Gnoche drin,
Graad wu die allerschenschte
Un raarschte Blumme sin.

Mei Ketzli gleicht der Gaarde,
Un macht sich oft en Bett
Im Schadde vun de Blumme
Datt wu es gaar net sett.

Mei Nochbere hen Haase,
Die fresse Bledder ab;
Die Leis gleiche die Rose,
Un die Raawe gleiche 's Laab.

Die Hinkel gratze fleissich,
Un picke frieh un schpaet,
Wu ebbes iss am Waxe,
Odder ebbes iss gesaet.

Ich hab en scheener Gaarde,
Ich schaff drin schpaet un frieh;
Ya, alles gleicht mei Gaarde,
Die Mensche un aa 's Vieh.

Ich hab en scheener Gaarde,
(Doch niemand mich beneid),
Wu alles lebt so glicklich
In Friede un in Freid.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

EARLY FOREST FIRES

In the American Weekly Mercury under the date of April 15, 1731, the following items appear:

"Last Monday (April 12) a number of wagons, coming from Conestoga to the city of Philadelphia laden with flour and hemp, etc., were set afire by burning bushes along the road. The hemp burned with such violence, that it was with great difficulty that they saved the wagon. They lost all their hemp, four bags of flour and six bags of provender."

This item shows that there was a trade between Conestoga and Philadelphia in the hemp and flour business. The mills on the Conestoga and other Lancaster County places were manufacturing flour for Philadelphia and growing hemp. Hemp-raising was so general among our early Germans, that in fact Hempfield Township, Lancaster County, was named from it. Another thing made plain is that there were evidently much wood and underbrush along the road in those early times.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, under the date of May 6, 1731, there is an item reported as follows:

"From Lancaster County we hear that on the 18th past the woods being afire some people fearing that their fences would be burned, went out to save them, when a child following them wandered along the rails and being surrounded by fire the flames seized her clothes and she was burned to death." This is not an unusual item especially: but it gives some light upon the early condition in and about Lancaster.

The above items are related in Historic Background and Annals of the Swiss and German Pioneer settlers of Southeastern Pennsylvania, etc., by H. Frank Eshleman, 1917, Lancaster, Pa.

POLITICS IN LEHIGH

"Ich schtimm Republican," saagt der Eli. — "Wann du selle Weeg schtimmscht, weisscht du yuscht dei ignorance," meent em Eli sei Nochber, der Tobias. — "Republican schtimm ich," saagt der Eli, "un ich will's verschtanne hawwer, ass ich yuscht so viel ignorance hab wie du aa!"

A REQUEST

To the Readers of the ECK:

You may already have heard of my study of the beautiful and typically **Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch** bird motif, the **Distelfink**. A narrative of my adventures in the search of this bird will be printed in the "DUTCHMAN," summer issue, 1955, and a fuller report of my findings will be issued as a book by the Pennsylvania German Society some months later.

A few years ago, when I started out on my search for this bird, a letter from me in the then "Pennsylvania Dutchman," asking our Dutch **Freindschaft** for information, brought many kind and informative replies. Thanks for your help and I am now calling on you for some more.

I will appreciate your sending me a list of any specimens of the **Distelfink** which you know of, together with a statement of the kind of paper or object on which this decoration is found. For example, so and so many on **Taufscheins**, so and so many on hymnbooks, so and so many on woven coverlets, etc. Each object or paper is to be counted as one specimen, no matter how many of the birds are on it.

It will be very valuable if you can give a description of the article, and name of maker and date, etc., and particularly valuable if you can include a photograph. However, if any of the latter is impossible or inconvenient, the mere listing will be of value in itself and will be much appreciated. Even if you know of only one such specimen, please do not feel that it is too unimportant but send it along. If you think the bird is the **Distelfink** but are, not sure, that is common in folk art, so mention the fact and send your description or photo of the bird, and its perch if it is roosting on one.

Many thanks.

Albert I. Drachman
337 E. 13th Street
New York 3, N. Y.

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Editorials

A Meaningful Award

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States recently awarded a plaque to the chairman of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce committee on fire prevention and safety, recognition was accorded thereby to one of the most satisfactory conditions which have been developed by our municipal government and by our people and which are enjoyed by our people as a whole. This is the comparative safety of this community from the ravages of fire.

The plaque was awarded to Allentown because she was first in all the cities of the United States in our population group, namely 100,000 to 250,000, in this important matter of fire protection and safety.

That grouping put Allentown in such select company as Mobile, Alabama, Phoenix, Ariz., Little Rock, Ark., Berkeley and Pasadena, Sacramento and San Jose, Cal., Bridgeport, New Haven and Hartford, Conn., Syracuse and Albany, N. Y., Paterson, Camden and Elizabeth, N. J., Wilmington, Del., Jacksonville, Miami and Tampa, Fla. to mention only a few in this large and impressive class of booming American cities.

That is the kind of competition which was given to Allentown in a contest that was based on (1) the fire - fighting facilities of the community, (2) the community education program for safety; (3) the fire loss record during the year 1954, compared with the record during the five preceding years.

Based on what Allentown's fire department did in the response to alarms and the fighting of fires, the activities of the schools, industry and commercial establishments in the conduct of fire safety programs and the low fire losses, this city had the best record among the scores of her sister cities.

In addition it can be noted that, in the past seven years during which this award has been made, Allentown has been in the top group of honor cities every year and in 1951 was third. This is the first year for attainment of the very highest place.

All this has signified an alertness on the part of our responsible people to the importance of safety of life and property from the ravages of fire. Men have been trained consistently. All the new ifrefighting knowledge that can be acquired is drilled into the paid department's personnel. The best possible fire-fighting apparatus is purchased and kept in A-1 condition. The alarm system constantly is being extended into new territory. Water supplies are very large and generally available. Everything possible is being done to develop the ability to extinguish fires rapidly once the firemen can attack them.

Then there is the educational process by which it is hoped that fire can be prevented and therefore bring no challenge to the fire department.

The entire program has been a well - rounded one. It has been a commendable one as recognized by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce in its comparison of Allentown with all other cities of the country in its population category. Best of all, it has been a useful and a beneficial program to our city and all her people.

There can be no telling how many lives have been saved and how much property has been spared by reason of the operation of the program.

Not so Far From Wilds

If our traveling Allentonians hear people say: "Oh, you come from that hick-town, Allentown, where deer run around on the main streets" they will enjoy and not resent the pleasantry based upon actual and widely publicized happenings here early in the week.

One deer was captured by police in the areaway of an uptown store, curiously enough a State liquor store, while two animals, presumably fawns, were seen on Jackson St., all within a few hours.

There is suggestion in this that the deer herds of the State either are increasing in numbers or that their usual feeding areas are nearing exhaustion. In either case animals will wander widely in search of new feeding grounds. And of course there are many alarming factors in the lives of deer — predatory animals, fires in their grazing and browsing areas, threat of motor cars as they cross highways and marauding dogs which may chase them into areas entirely new and strange to them, even into the environs of a great city.

Whether the animals have arrived here by accident due to one or more of the latter factors or have migrated in this general direction in the natural search for food, the likelihood is that they now have reached happy feeding grounds. Large local areas are developing into refuges for animals. Much mountain land rapidly is being covered by undergrowth and timber. Already a considerable number of deer are to be found all thru this area. Every year in the deer season the large kill locally is a matter for surprise.

Allentown is well developed for man's uses. But there is abundance of environs where wild animals and birds still can have fairly peaceful existence unless, of course, they venture upon city streets and encounter police and other not so romantic persons.

Bulging Food Supplies

The warehouses and grain elevators of the United States continue to bulge with food for man and beast and if not a grain of wheat were harvested in the United States during the current season there would be enough of this cereal to satisfy all the demands of the American people until the end of next year, according to U. S. government reports.

As of today there are about a billion bushels of wheat in storage. About 90 per cent of it is owned by the Commodity Credit Corporation—Uncle Sam in fact

Domestic needs account for less than 700 million bushels—for bread, cereals, livestock feed and seed. Comparatively little wheat, as such, is used for feeding livestock because the bread grain, with its high support price, is too expensive, compared with oats, barley and corn. For example, only 60,200,000 bushels of wheat were used for livestock feed during the 1953-1954 crop year. This cimpares with the 118,900,000 bushels fed during 1952-1953.

The amount of wheat processed by flour millers during the last crop year (1953-1954) totaled 521,800,000 bushels, but 33,300,000 bushels of this amount were used to manufacture flour for export.

Flour consumption, on a per capita basis, has dropped to 123 pounds (U.S.D.A.), compared with the average 1935-1939 use of 157 pounds. The habit of many women in this country of eschewing bread in order to maintain a trim figure and the fact that many husbands follow their wives' example has not helped flour consumption.

The recent Department of Agriculture estimate of this year's winter wheat crop indicates a big supply at least until 1957. The crop is estimated at 653 million bushels, about 9 million bushels less than forecast April 1, because of further deterioration in growing conditions in the central and southern Great Plains wheat area, especially the so-called Dust Bowl.

But this isn't all. With an average yield, the Department of Agriculture estimates that the 1955 spring crop will be 177 million bushels, making total crop of 830 million bushels, compared with a total last year of 970 million bushels. Add this year's crop to the one-billion-bushel carryover and the total supply is 1,800,000,000 bushels for the 1955-1956 crop year, only slightly less than that of 1954-1955.

During this crop year, exports may reach 250 million bushels, or more, compared with 217 million bushels (including flour equivalent) exported in 1953-1954. Exports for July, 1954, through March, 1955, are estimated at 209 million bushels, against 151,400,000 for that period the preceding year.

Deadline in Vietnam

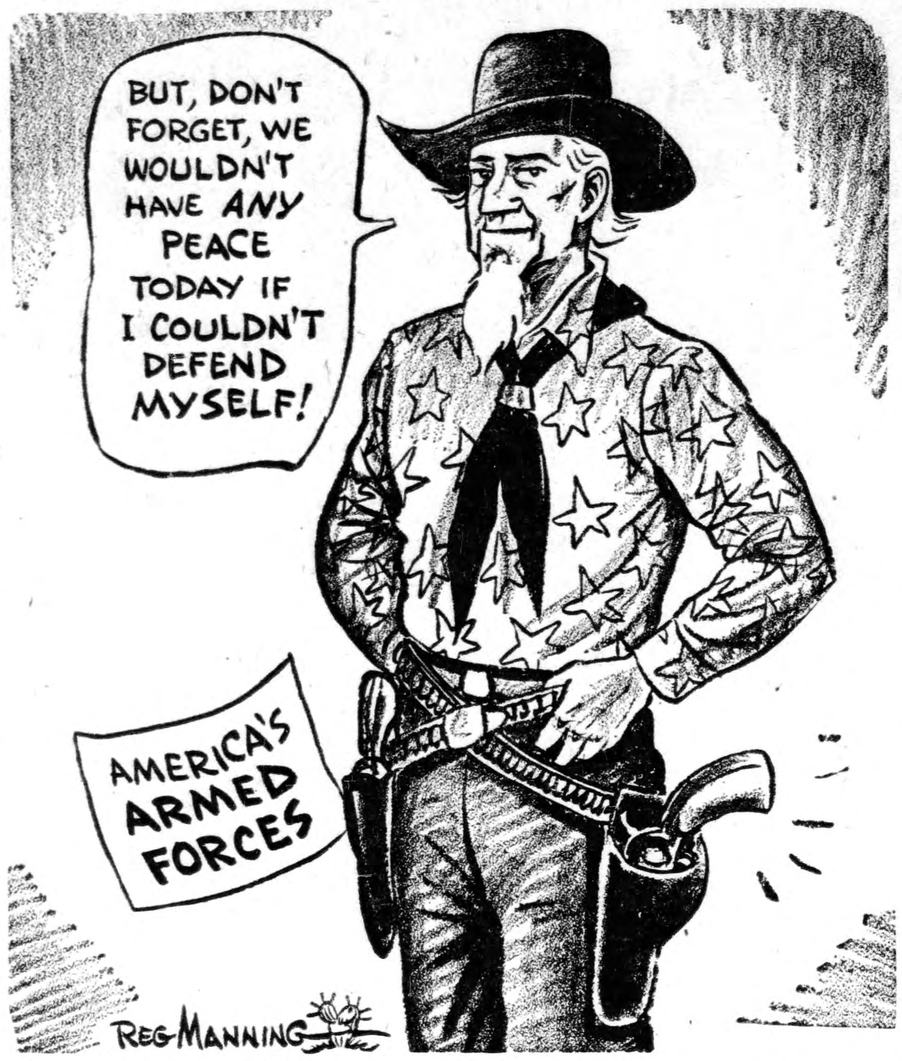
May 18, a deadline in Vietnam set at the Geneva conference, has passed. The French have retired from the Haiphong perimeter, last major outpost in the North. The Communists have retired from a coastal strip south of the Seventeenth Parallel where they have been in control for several years. Technically, the terms of the Geneva "settlement" have been complied with.

In the larger sense the situation is still what is often described as "fluid." It is well known that there are still considerable numbers of Vietnamese living in the North who would like to escape from Communist control. About three quarters of a million persons have already sought sanctuary in the still free South, but there is abundant evidence that the Communists have impeded the movement when they could and that many more persons still wish to leave.

Accordingly, the signatories to the Geneva agreement have been circularized with a petition to extend the time in which this movement can take place. Great Britain now reports that the Soviet Union is ready to agree "in part" to such an extension. That news is welcome.

Curiously, the word "liberated," a favorite in Communist propaganda, has not been applied to those Vietnamese whose region has now been taken over by the free South. They are reported to be delighted at their escape from the Communist yoke. If the free Vietnamese are astute they will make the most of this attitude in their approach to their own people. The strongest judgment that can be brought against any Communist regime is that persons who have a chance to do so wish to get away from it.—N. Y. Times.

Keeper of the Peace



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

LONDON — Each country, in the historic process of molding a nation, develops a national personality that is as distinctive as that of each individual. No two are alike. We, in the United States, only too often think of the British and ourselves as the same kind of people, perhaps because we speak the same language and stem intellectually from an identical historic origin, but one need not be here more than an hour, watching one of the most important elections in British history, to discover vast differences in character. This election is only a week away, but it has not "hotted up" yet.

It is obviously not an exciting election. The fact is that the voters do not understand why an election is held at this time at all. The Conservatives still had 18 months to continue in office. There are many explanations, the favorite being that Sir Anthony Eden did not want to finish Sir Winston Churchill's term. He wanted the confidence of the people all on his own. Then he could continue for five years if he gets a working majority in the House of Commons and holds that majority. Others suggest that there must be some great events in the world about which the people know nothing, and that if Sir Anthony Eden is to devote himself to negotiations on major problems, he must show that he is not merely a successor to Churchill but that he was directly chosen by the people. In a word, as the people wonder why there is an election, they speculate what Eden knows that they do not know.

Peace Important Issue

The people here in England want peace. It is possible to say that if there is any issue in this campaign at all, it is peace. England is prosperous and knows full employment after an era of bitter austerity. This people remember the pits in London made by Nazi block-busters. They remember the period in the war when they were practically a besieged island and the people lived on hunger rations. Now that they have a prosperity beyond their imaginations in those horrible days, they want peace.

The Conservatives have the advantage in the argument that it was Churchill who saw them through a war that might have been a conquest and that Eden has labored for peace. The Austrian treaty and the agreement for the Big Four to meet "at the summit" are undoubtedly helping the Conservatives. At any rate, it has robbed the Socialists of the principal issue. It has, in fact, left them without an issue.

There is no argument against prosperity and full employment. Socialism can create an anger against possessions and the possessors when times are bad, when groceries are costly and the future is dim. But what is to be said against prosperity except that it is too good to be true?

The result is a campaign without issues, a campaign which brings out small audiences to meetings. Only Winston Churchill and Aneurin Bevan excite interest and attention and both are curiosities rather than political candidates. Churchill has become a living monument, a person above all parties and issues, one whom men and women want to see and hear.

Bevan is believed to be a man with a future, the most dangerous man in Great Britain today.

It is generally held that he will lead his country some day to extreme socialism if he has the chance. At him, people look and they listen. But it is not believed that he will carry the Socialists, that is, the Labor party, forward in this election.

If Socialists Lose

The fear is that the defeat of the Socialists in this election will lead to the end of Clement Attlee's leadership and that the Labor party will be taken over by Aneurin Bevan. On the other hand, some say that the Labor party is so split that its defeat in this election will result in a realignment by which those who are Liberal Socialists will break with the Laborites who are Communists, pro-Communists and fellow-travellers (here they are called crypto-Communists). Such a division would produce a new party. The Liberals, who have been reduced to what might be called a splinter party, hope that it might lead to a revival of their party of the middle-of-the-road.

(Copyright, 1955)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

RAIMENT AND FLESH

Suit almost as worn as I,
Faded as I've grayed.
Necktie just a bit awry,
Shirt a little frayed.
Hat no longer fit to see,
Womenfolks declare.
Time has left some marks on me
Now beyond repair.

Like the suit, I once was new;
Strength to play had I.
Things which once I used to do
I no longer try.
There is much we can't escape
As the years go by.
That old hat has lost its shape;
Like it, so have I.

Suit and hat I could replace
Shopping any day.
But those wrinkles in my face
Can't be pressed away.
Time has thinned and grayed
my hair.
Youth could not remain.
Still the flesh is fit to wear
And I won't complain.

(Copyright, 1955)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N GUTIE KINDS MAUD:

Won sei lava mohl ebber in da note is fer 'n kinds maud, die sawg is, der painter Donald Miller doh fon da shtadt het so halver in sin fer sei g'sheft uf gewwa, un yusht may nous gae kinner heeda. Un so weit os sel aw gait, hut er doh net long tzurick net gons iwwel gaduh wie ains fon da Florence Merkle ihra kindskinner 'n bohn in die naus g'shteck'd hut kot.

Da Florence ihra dochtermon Warren Reppert hut g'shoft beim Charlie Haaf on Bullfrock, uns hut yusht gaboss'd os der Donald darta hee kumma fons ains fom Charlie seina onnerra bauerreia — glawb 's wor sellie nagshd on Germansville woh er om painta wor — er is darta onna kumma wie die Florence garufa hut der Warren sot bletzlich hame kumma ains fon da kinner het 'n bohn in da naus. Der Warren wor arrick fershrucka, un hut der Donald g'frok'd fer mit gae.

Wie sie nunner hame kumma sin woh ols der Harvey Wenner gawohn'd hut, wor 'm glaina "bohna keffer," sei naus shun gons uf g'shwolla, un sie hen ous gamocht fer tzum Dr. Warren Endres gae in Fogelsville fer sehna eb er die bohn rous shoffa kent. 'S Warren Reppert's glawwich hen fier kinner — aenicha waig, die Florence hut g'sawt sie kenta net tzum Docktor gae bis sie die kinner gawesha un rum g'shtript het so os es bosslich wear fer sie mit nemma.

Sel wor noh woh der Donald nei kumma is ols 'n kinner maud. So os ken tzeit ferlorra gang'd, hut er g'sawt, der Warren un die Florence sotta yusht tzum Docktor gae, er dade die onnerra kinner heeda bis sie tzurick kaimta. Un sel is aw grawd wos er gaduh hut — wor kinner maud bis sie hame kumma sin fom Docktor. Un wos noch mainer is, er wor aw 'n gutie kinds maud so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen.

Frem wie der Donald wor tzu da glaina, hut er sich uf der shuckle shtuhl k'huck'd un na g'sunga, shtories fertzailt un galaisa ous bicher, un sie hen sich gross ordich blessiert. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 's hais'd die glaina hetta der Donald so tzu sawga badeck'd kotta wie sie um 'n rum k'honka hen, so os sie yoh net 'n wert ferseima dada os er tzu sawga hut kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der yung Ralph "Sonny" Fisher fon owwich Longswamp, is now 'n folshtandicher Awdler, — hut die "Kutztown Eagles" aw ganumma, — odder sie ihn, un er hut sei Pap der "Bumbie," ganitiate uf 'm hame waig.

Darrich Topton nunner is es 'm "Sonny" ei kumma fer singa, un hut die bocka uf gablosa wie Falliewalter ebbel, un der "Bumbie hut g'sawt, "Sing in die mashine, gons Topton brouch net wissa wos aw gait."

Der "Sonny" hut aw g'sunga, un des da wenicher os der "Bumbie" hoert dafon, des da liever is es 'm.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 8:1-11

Saint Paul draws an important contrast between 'flesh' and 'Spirit' in the classic eighth chapter of Romans, which begins thus: 'There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit, for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteous demands of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.' The theme of this chapter is also related to the resurrection of Jesus in v. 11, where Paul says that 'if the Spirit of Him Who raised Jesus from the dead dwells in you, He Who raised Christ Jesus from the dead will give life to your mortal bodies also through His Spirit Which dwells in you.' Thus that which we call eternal life begins at the moment that we believe in Jesus, when we receive His Spirit, Who then dwells in the believer.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Sports analyst John Drebinger poo-poohs experts who declare that the Giants' present manager, Leo Durocher, is cast in the same mould as his famous predecessor, "Muggsy" McGraw. Durocher, points out Mr. Drebinger, fiddles around and experiments with his line-up all through the spring months, with the result that his Giants are usually still buried in the second division come July, and have to play like fury in the stretch to make a respectable finish.

McGraw, on the other hand, believed in getting his club away winging. When the team didn't have it, the collapse in mid-season often was complete—but by that time the club's coffers were bulging. "In New York," he argued, "the first half of the season spells financial success or failure. July and August offer too many counter-attractions. If you're still in the running, September crowds are pure velvet. But you've got to get those big attendances in the first half of the season to at least break even on the year."

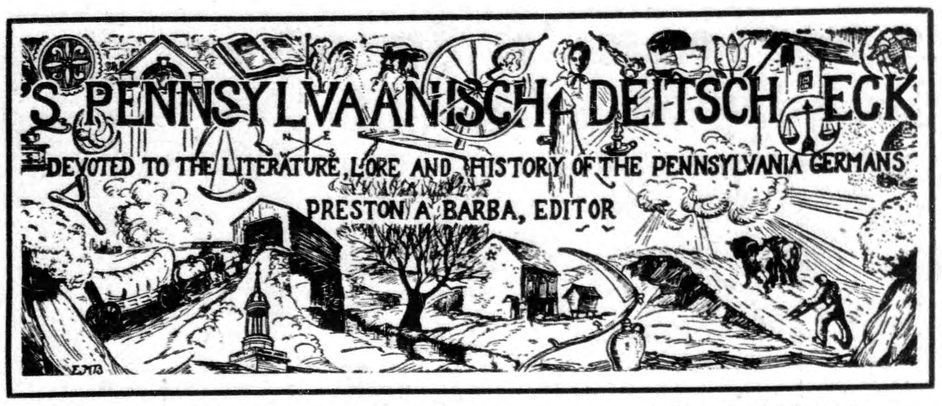
Eleanor Harris, in "The Real Story of Lucille Ball," tells of the day Lucille's husband and TV co-star, Desi, met a rabid fan on a fishing pier.

"'I Love Lucy' saved my marriage Desi," enthused the fan. "Until I saw it I thought my wife was absolutely bats. Now I realize all women are like that!"

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Gain is prognosticated for you. For many there should be substantial good fortune. A child born today is likely to become a leader.



AMERICA'S HERITAGE OF MORAVIAN MUSIC

Contributions of Early Pennsylvania Composers

By JOSEPH A. MAURER

Department of Classical Languages, Lehigh University

WHENEVER mention is made of the Moravians in Pennsylvania, it is invariably in connection with Bethlehem. This association, which is of long standing, stems from the fact that Bethlehem is the oldest of several Moravian settlements in the Commonwealth and ever since its founding has been the administrative seat of the many enterprises of that denomination. There were, to be sure, two other Moravian settlements in Pennsylvania, namely, Nazareth and Lititz, which had likewise been planned as centers of Moravian activities in the New World, but the influence of these latter communities in all phases of the Moravian work has been very much less than that of Bethlehem. The preeminence enjoyed by Bethlehem among these Moravian settlements is nowhere more striking than in music. A history of the musical contributions of Moravians in Pennsylvania becomes, therefore, a history of the musical life of the Moravians in Bethlehem.

The story of the naming of Bethlehem is well known. On Christmas Eve of the year 1741 a small group of pioneers under the leadership of Count Zinzendorf had gathered together in the recently built log house to observe the Vigils of Christmas. At the conclusion of the service the Count led the group into the adjoining stable and began singing Adam Drese's (1680-1718) hymn "Jesu, rufe mich." It was during the singing of the second stanza—

"Not Jerusalem—lowly Bethlehem
'Twas that gave us Christ to save us;
Not Jerusalem."

—that the name of Bethlehem suggested itself to the assembled group. It became by general consent the name of the new settlement on the frontier of Pennsylvania. Thus it is that Bethlehem received its name under musical auspices, a fact which portended well for its musical life.

But even before their arrival in the New World these Moravians had enjoyed a most enviable musical tradition. Their Church, which will be commemorating its quincentenary in 1957, can boast of the first Protestant hymnbook, printed in the Czechish language in 1501; hymn singing has always been an important element in their service; their various liturgies are enhanced by music; the "Singstunde," a service consisting of prayer and hymn singing, was a characteristic of their religious life; instruction in music, both vocal and instrumental, was an integral part of the curriculum in their educational institutions.

As early as the year 1742 orchestral instruments were being used in the new community of Bethlehem. Violins, it appears, were the first to be introduced; French horns, flutes, and oboes soon followed. Christmas Day of 1743 is memorable, for it was then that these instruments were played for the first time in a church service at Bethlehem.

On January 25, 1744, a clavicord arrived from London, the gift of William P. Knolton, an English Moravian. Although it had been much damaged in transit, industrious hands immediately set to work so that it could be used in the services on the following day. Two years later Bethlehem had its first organ, an **Orgel positiv** of four stops, which was purchased from Gustavus Hesselius, the Swedish organ-builder of Philadelphia, and set up by J. G Klemm, a Moravian organ-builder. Today one can see in the Museum of the Moravian Historical Society at Nazareth both this clavichord and this Hesselius organ.

Trombones made their debut in 1754, when on August 31 they were used for the first time to announce the Festival and Prayer Day of the Unmarried Brethren of the congregation. Prior thereto a combination of French horns and trumpets was used. The Trombone Choir — this is the name used by the Moravians to designate the brass ensembles in their congregations — had its origin in a custom which dates back to the fourteenth century in Germany, where bands of wind instruments were regularly employed by towns to play at civic as well as at religious functions. The practice of using brass ensembles to herald services from church belfries and to accompany congregational singing either in concert with an organ or in many instances in lieu of an organ still prevails in Germany among Moravian and non-Moravian congregations. But in this country the Moravians have succeeded in making the trombone something which has been regarded for a long time as both peculiar to and distinctive of the sect. In Bethlehem the trombones have been used to announce church festivals and the deaths of members of the congregation, to head processions, to accompany singing at outdoor services, and to greet distinguished visitors upon their arrival in the town.

Originally they were played from a balcony on the Bell House, later from the belvedere of the Brethren's House (now Colonial Hall of the Moravian College for Women), and since 1806 from the belfry of the Central Moravian Church. The Trombone Choir of Bethlehem is unique in that all the instruments, from the small soprano horn to the large F-bass instrument, are slide trombones. Criticism has been directed from time to time at the use of these soprano slide trombones because their tone is vapid and lacks the sonority of trumpets. But thus far the slide instruments continue in use, and it is to be hoped that the advocates of tonal quality will not prevail over those who recognize the unique and distinctive tradition of a brass ensemble made up of all slide instruments.

The founding of the Collegium Musicum in 1744 marks the first step toward organized music on a more elaborate scale. A small group of persons, none of them professional musicians, formed a small orchestra in order to play together both for their own amusement and to accompany the services in their church. Within four years the number of players had increased to fourteen and interest in music was growing. It is known that Haydn was a special favorite. The first significant development in the music, however, is coincident with the arrival in Bethlehem in 1761 of two men who were to give unusual impetus to the musical art. The first of these is the Reverend Jeremiah Dencke (1725-1795), a thorough musician, who in addition to his other duties had served as organist in various Moravian congregations in Germany. He enjoys the distinction of being the first composer among the Moravians in America, and his anthem written for a synod which convened in Bethlehem in 1766 is the oldest extant piece of music composed by a Moravian in America. This anthem is simple, somewhat in the style of liturgy, and is scored for mixed voices and strings with a figured bass for the organ. Unfortunately the pressure and burden of his many offices prevented Dencke from composing much music, yet his influence was considerable. Dr. Hans T. David says of him: "Apparently he (Dencke) was the first to compose anything more than hymns in the settlements, and apparently he was the first to introduce a really concerted music into the service of the American Moravian Church. His works have an even broader significance. As far as we can ascertain, they represent the earliest of their kind preserved from Colonial times. In their modest way, they are free of provincialism, and they were hardly ever equalled afterwards except by other Moravian composers."

Arriving in Bethlehem with Jeremiah Dencke was the Reverend Immanuel Nitschmann (1736-1790), who likewise was noted for his musical gifts. In the midst of his other duties he found time to devote to music, but his modesty seems to have prevented him from attempting composition. His service to music is, nevertheless, twofold. He copied countless compositions and became director of the Collegium Musicum, in which he also played first violin. About 1770 he copied the complete score of Handel's **Messiah**, and although it is not known whether this oratorio was performed in toto at that time, several parts revealing signs of heavy use offer proof that portions at least were frequently given. Nitschmann had no less an interest in secular music, and copies of symphonies by Benda, Fils, Foerster, and Riepel, and arrangements of various arias from the operas of Hasse and Graun for violins, viola, and figured bass attest to his love of instrumental music. Nitschmann's efforts soon resulted in a higher level of musical performance. The Collegium Musicum became an efficient group and could support both elaborate church music and perform the symphonic music of the period. By 1780 the orchestra had eleven players; nine years later there were fifteen, and all the instruments then in use in any European orchestra were represented: namely, violins, violas, cellos, flutes, oboes, trumpets, and horns. This was the orchestra which was playing Haydn and Mozart before the year 1790.

Dencke and Nitschmann had arrived in Bethlehem in the year 1761; nine years later there arrived the man who is the most gifted of all Moravian composers, both European and American, one John Frederick Peter (1746-1813). A native of Holland, where his father served as clergyman, Peter was educated both in Holland and in Germany, where he received training as organist, violinist, flutist, and horn player, and was taught composition; accordingly he knew music thoroughly. Like the other Moravians he too was not a professional musician, but he was fortunate enough to have had sufficient time to develop his natural talents. Not all of his years in America were lived in Bethlehem; he spent some time in other Moravian settlements, and for ten years was at Salem (now Winston-Salem) in North Carolina) but from 1793 until his death in 1813 he lived and worked at Bethlehem with the exception of two years.

Peter was indefatigable as a copyist; his practice of this art enhanced his previous musical training. Before coming to America he had copied whatever good instrumental music he could find, and these compositions he brought with him to Bethlehem. Among these many copies, all done accurately in beautiful musical handwriting, there are a dozen symphonies by Karl Friedrich Abel (1725-1787), trios by Karl Stamitz (1746-1801), two symphonies by Johann Christoph Friedrich Bach (which are not preserved elsewhere), and chamber works by Franz Joseph Haydn, including a string quintet which was never published.

Peter's return to Bethlehem, where he was to function as organist of the congregation, marked a distinct development in the music. He continued to copy musical compositions of all kinds; in this work he was at times assisted by others, for example, by Jacob Van Vleck, who helped write out parts for Graun's **Tod Jesu**, the oratorio which was a long-time favorite among the Moravians. The last score on which Peter labored, and on it he labored alone, is that of Haydn's **The Creation**. This was completed in the year 1810 and used in May of the following year when this oratorio was performed for the first time in America. This score will always remain the supreme example of Peter's zeal in copying. It is also one of the treasures in the musical archives of the Moravian Church.

No sooner had Peter arrived in America than he realized that music suitable for the church services was lacking. His first compositions were designed to fill this need and were quite simple, either because he was himself experimenting or because he had only inexperienced singers at his disposal. But his compositions show clear development. It is assumed that he was advised on musical matters by Christian Gregor, eminent Moravian musician, during the latter's visit to America in the years 1770-72. Peter's genius and original talent, however, made it possible for him to avoid the stiffness and pedantry of Gregor. His vocal parts are always pleasing and expressive, but it is the brilliancy of the instrumental parts which makes his compositions interesting. He composed approximately one hundred anthems, many of which are carefully marked as to the occasion for which they were composed and when they were first used. They are scored for various voice groups and combinations of voice groups; some few have solo parts. The accompaniments range from the use of strings and organ to orchestral groups calling for two flutes, two bassoons, two clarinets, two horns, two trumpets, strings and organ.

Peter also essayed instrumental music. There are six string quintets, a set composed in about six weeks and scored for two violins, two violas, and violincello. These are now called the Salem Quintets because they were composed during his stay in the South. They have recently been recorded by The Moravian Quintet for New Records, Inc. Not all the parts of these quintets are of the same difficulty. For example, both violin parts and one of the viola parts are anything but easy, whereas the second viola part is devoid of difficulties and the violincello part is rather easy. From this it has been deduced that Peter wrote them for the players whom he had at his disposal. The quintets are lively and melodious; they are reminiscent of the compositions which Peter had copied so assiduously in Germany. In writing of these, Dr. Hans T. David says: "With most pre-Classical compositions of their type they compare quite favorably. Within the American scene, they represent the earliest chamber music works preserved and presumably the finest written in the eighteenth century." Peter himself thought enough of these quintets to bring them back with him to Bethlehem but he wrote no other secular music. As a matter of fact he considered this venture into the field of secular music a temptation which disturbed the tranquility of his soul. An unusually pious and modest man, he had consecrated his whole life to the service of his God, and he felt constrained to use his talents only in sacred music, an act of piety which contrasts sharply with the then prevailing habit of European musicians who considered sacred music merely a secondary task. Like the great organist and cantor of Leipzig, his sole aim and purpose was **Deo soli gloria.**

TO BE CONCLUDED

MEI MOI

Der Moi iss do un macht sei Gnix:
"Meh kann ich eich net biede!
Der ganse Zauwer koscht eich nix,
Do hen ihr all mei Bliede!"

Die Mensche sehn' die Blumme bracht:
Anschtatt sich draa zu freehe,
Denkt mancher glei "Ach, iwwer Nacht
Dutt sie yo doch vergehe!"

Fer mich iss des yo ken Verluscht,
Seh ich die Blumme schtarrewe.
Mei Moi, der hawwich in der Bruscht,
Datt kann er net verdarrewe.

Adapted from a poem by an anonymous writer of the Palatinate

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711

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Editorials

The Belgrade Puzzle

Like snakes on their bellies three top men of the Soviet Union arrived in Belgrade yesterday for a parley with Marshall Tito, outlaw from the Comintern and refractory Communist leader who kicked over the traces seven years ago and since that time has been going on his own way in world relations.

Since that time Tito has established better relationships with the western world and with such nearby nations as Greece and Turkey, who have been thorns in the side of Russia and her slave states in the Balkan and Baltic areas. Likewise Tito has made peace with Italy in the important matter of control over and possession of Trieste.

Tito profited handsomely thruout these years of better relationships with the West for the United States has poured more millions of dollars into Yugoslavia than might have been considered safe to invest in a Communist state.

Just about everything that Tito has done has nettled his former pals under the aegis of Marxism and Leninism. And he has done quite a lot of things which are and were unorthodox according to those "isms."

Plainly Tito has become a figure of international importance whose goodwill is worth being courted. The Russians, suppressing their pride, asked for the conference which now is in session for purposes which only the Russians — Khrushchev, Bulganin and Gromyko — know and which Tito, as well as the rest of the onlooking world, must be guessing about.

There have been assurances out of Belgrade that full publicity is to be given to the character of the conference. There have been promises in advance of much-heralded visit that Yugoslavia is committed to her position of neutrality, to her alliance with Greece and Turkey and to her friendship for the western world, especially the United States.

If Tito, despite the blandishments lavished upon him, will hold to these positions, the western world probably will be content. As the party which is being wooed, he has very positive advantages, and if there is to be difference of opinions Tito can be like the bulldog in his own backyard, for the conference is being held under his own terms and under his own roof.

Tito has held his own very well for seven years in a position independent of Russia and often antagonistic to her. There would seem to be little or nothing that Russia can offer him that would improve his position and his general prestige at this time. He is just about sitting on top of the world. No shift in position would appear to promise better things for him.

Have a Happy Holiday

The suitcases and bags have been packed, the car has been lubricated and washed, the gas-tank is full and the American family is ready for the grand three-day holiday that is occasioned by Memorial Day's falling on a Monday.

A wonderful time is going to had by millions. Every resort is going to bet axed with the influx of tourists. Americans are going sightseeing and pleasure-seeking and in three days they are going to cover lots of ground.

It is a mass experience such as no people in the world find possible in exactly the same way.

In other lands there are of course holidays of equal duration and there is similar desire on the part of their poeples for recreation and purposeful sight-seeing. But at just about that point, the similarity ends.

In other lands the huge railroad trains and the motor busses are jammed with people on holiday trips. The seaside resorts become jammed. The trails into the mountains and thru the forests are full of happy, strongly-shod hikers who possess various degrees of mountain-climbing ability and ambition.

In the United States the average family steps into a car at its own doorstep, leaves at any time which it may wish to arrange, chooses any one of thousands of objectives in travel, and travels to it over generally wonderful roads with a speed that even under adverse conditions of crowding gets them to their destination in ample time.

There is only one flaw in this beautiful American picture. This is the prospect of abundance of accidents with injuries and fatalities upon the highways. While it is normal to expect increase in accidents by reason of increase in traffic it also is reasonable to expect that intelligent people, into whose hands society commits itself when it enters a motor car or meets another car on the highways, will realize that an extraordinary situation is here and that more careful driving at reduced speeds can be the happy answer.

Millions of Americans will be on the move upon our highways during the next three days. All of them should get home safely and soundly by Monday night. They will if there be safe and sane driving.

Caution in Disarming

Amid all the talk of a cold war, a sub - committee of the United Nations has been striving mightily to persuade the principal nations of the world to adopt a disarmament program. There is a feeling that some progress has been made, especially in sessions a few months ago in London.

During next week the sub-committee resumes its discussions but this time in New York in the United Nations Building.

The American people, who sincerely went thru with a disarmament program in 1920 when a powerful navy was scrapped, retain bitter memories of that experience in which this nation was deceived by other parties to the disarmament program. So, on the principle that when twice bitten a man becomes thrice shy, the American people will want to know precisely what other nations are doing — not what they are promising to do — in reducing their military forces in every category.

The question today is how can disarmament be agreed upon and carried out when a nation like Russia holds the veto power over the use or the agreement not to use the A and H-bombs. And how are any countries going to know whether Russia is disarming unless unrestricted and complete inspection of all her arsenals and hiding places is permitted and is carried out without interference?

Within the past two days, Bernard M. Baruch, who was the principal author of the Western atomic control plan when it was enunciated in the United Nations nine years ago, has warned our people in these words:

"To permit any nation the right to veto the decisions of the control agency, or actions taken against violators, would be to make the (disarmament) plan meaningless."

But the veto power is an integral part of the Soviet plan for control of nuclear weapons paraded before world public opinion on May 11. That plan put forward new demands objectionable to the Western Powers, such as the requirement that military bases on foreign soil be dismantled.

But it also seemed to make some concessions in accepting parts of Western plans advanced at London and previously. Among these was a modification of the long-standing Soviet demand for an immediate ban on the use of atomic weapons.

The Russians seemed to accept the Western proposal to allow use of atomic weapons to meet aggression. But nuclear defense against aggression was to be allowed "when an appropriate decision is taken by the Security Council." And in the U. N.. Security Council Russia has — and has abused — the veto power.

The Russian proposal of May 11 was made to the U. N. Disarmament Subcommittee. But instead of allowing the Western representatives time to consider and reply, the Moscow radio and press agency immediately began to spread it before the world. The Western Powers countered on May 13 by publishing the documents of both sides that had been presented to the Subcommittee, showing the May 11 plan to be little more than a counter-proposal to resolutions the Western Powers had offered.

The Subcommittee on May 18, after 12 weeks of discussions, agreed on a pause for reflection, with their talks to be resumed in New York in June. The U. S. delegate, James J. Wadsworth, said that "to a measurable degree, the gaps between us seem to have been lessened."

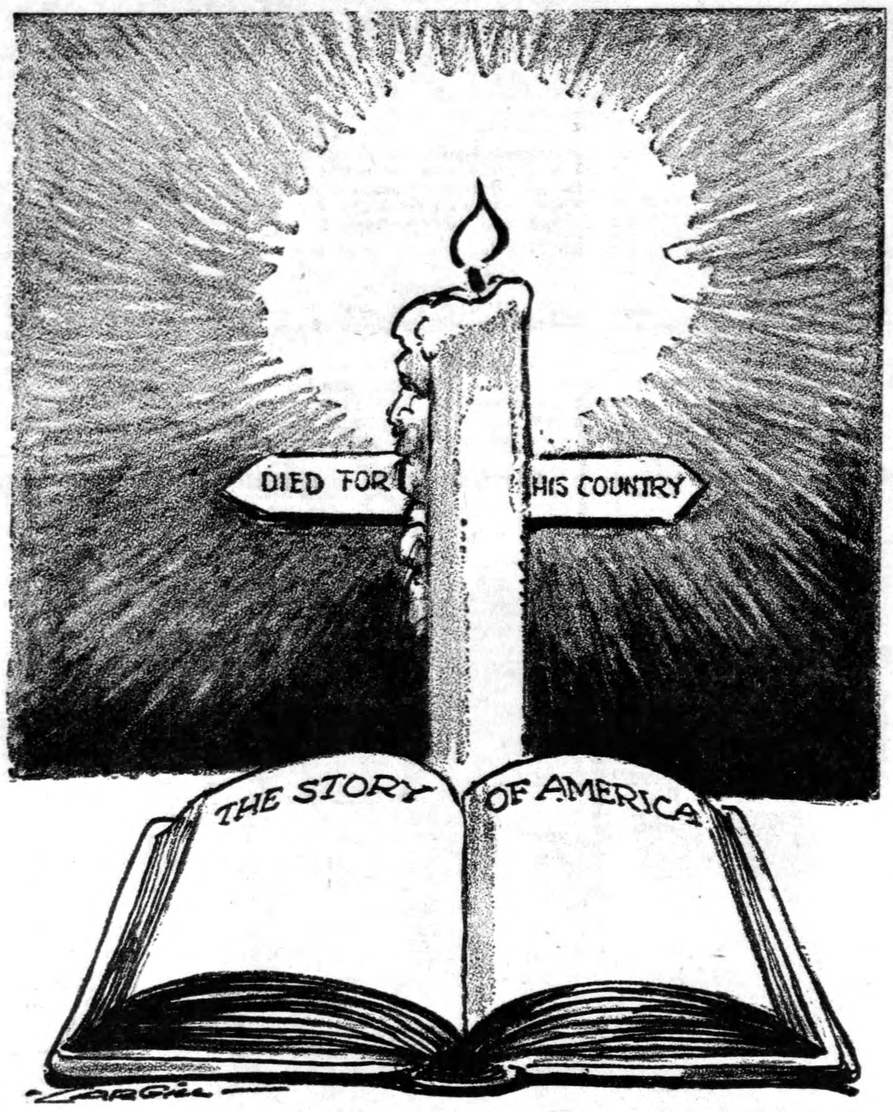
President Eisenhower's special assistant on disarmament — or "Secretary of Peace" — Harold E. Stassen, will be able to give full time to his new job after the Foreign Operations Administration, which he heads, expires on June 30.

At the time of Stassen's appointment, the White House said that February sessions of the U. N. Subcommittee had "resulted in no progress and no clear crystallization of thinking." But Stassen on April 21 listed as one of the six factors favorable to world disarmament the existence of the U. N. with its "established forums and its operating committee providing an important avenue for the consideration of proposals."

Next week we shall begin to hear more about this story as new chapters are written in New York. It can be the greatest story ever written in mankind's benefit. Or it can be a disappointing one.

And always back in the mind of the American people is memory of the optimistic viewpoint they held about disarmament in 1920 and how disgracefully we were swindled in that conference as revelations later on of deceitful evasions became known to the world.

The Eternal Flame



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

LONDON — To examine the election results in the 630 districts of the British Parliament is not unlike the task that faces the American observer on the morning after a congressional election. What do millions and millions of voters have in common and what was the dominating thought behind their action at the polls? Can a trend be discerned, and what does it mean for other countries?

The size of a majority in the popular vote nationally doesn't mean anything because each district is a unit, and it isn't important even in America how big a majority a Democrat gets in the south, where there is only one candidate running. The percentage of vote across the nation obtained by either party has none of the significance here that it has when presidential candidates are voted for in America. What is of great importance is the size of the majority in the so-called marginal districts, of which there are about 90. Here the margin of victory in the past for either party has been very narrow, and a switch of a few votes can turn one party out and put the other party in.

Results from these marginal districts will be studied for weeks hereafter, but the over-all impact of the election outcome is related solely to the victory of a single party as a whole. For here the party members in the House of Commons select the Prime Minister, who combines both legislative and executive functions and can be turned out of office at any time if the national legislature wills it that way.

When 29 million or more persons go to the polls anywhere in the world of democracy, it is astonishing how strikingly their behavior fits the pattern of the times and the precedents of the past. Two controlling influences usually determine the outcome—the presence of economic contentment or discontent on the one hand, and, on the other, some strong emotional feeling that can and sometimes does override any economic issue.

The British electorate has experienced a wide degree of economic contentment in the last several months. Hence, apathy was noted during the campaign. The people were not excited about the elections because they had nothing really serious to cause them to protest. Under such circumstances the party in power always benefits at the polls, because the apathetic voters of the opposition are likely to stay away, while the enthusiasm of the incumbent party, through effective organization, usually brings its own followers to the polls.

There was an emotional issue of importance in the campaign — the desire for peace. Both parties had to argue almost from the same starting point — that each could do the better job if entrusted with office. This again helped the Conservatives, for they have not missed a trick on that score. They have argued that a four - power conference is in the offing and that it isn't a good idea to change horses in midstream.

There has been a lot said about the great similarity between the major parties, and some people have professed to see little difference between the Conservative and the Socialist labor approach. Punch, the leading humorous weekly here, offered, a quiz to its readers the other day and one question was: "No. 1, explain the difference between the Conservative and the Socialist labor parties. No. 2, how can you tell?"

But the London Times, the sedate and dignified organ of British political thought, summed it up this way:

"The Conservatives' main concern is to enlarge the national cake; Labors' is how it shall be shared out. The Conservatives believe that in a mixed economy prosperity depends on the spur of incentives and private enterprise; Labor believes that in a mixed economy weaknesses are best met by regulation and control.

"Britain has still to find her exact place in the postwar world and also how best to run herself. The question is under which emphasis at the moment is she likelier to achieve these objects."

On the whole Britain is coming along nicely in her postwar evolution, and the British people, while not rolling in prosperity in the American sense, have been getting better food and better clothing and better housing as their standard of living has been gradually raised. When they look back at the horrible bombings of wartime, they react instantly to almost any formula that gives hope of achieving peace. They are the kind of folks who, if put to it, would make the same sacrifices as before but they have a feeling that somehow another war can and must be avoided. They can, if necessary, bring forth leaders who will say again what Winston Churchill said in the dark days of 1940, "We would rather see London laid in ruins and ashes than that it should be tamely and abjectly enslaved." New York Herald Tribune, Inc.

(Copyright, 1955)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DECKORATION DAWG: 'N yohr is widder rum tzitter os m'r Deckoration Dawg g'fir'd hen — wase wohrhoft net woh die tzeit onna kumt. Yohr fer yohr sot der Dawg mainer maina tzu da menschheit fom lond — doch wunnerts em alsa mohl eb er dut. Die airshda Deckoration Dawga os m'r uns erinnerra kenna, worra Dawga woh yusht die soldawdta un shifferleit fop etlicha griek gaehrt sin werra — net wie heit tzu dawg woh m'r shun tzwae welt grieg erlaibt hen, so wohl wie aw paar glannerra griek.

Sis fershtonna os m'r 'n gross, shae un reich lond hen — ow'r wie hen m'r 's grick'd? Wons uf fiel leit aw kumma wear in da fergongna yohrra woh die unnershittlicha griek g'focha sin werra, weara m'r shun langshd galadder'd, un ken bissel besser of wie aw die leit sin woh unser lond unnerdricka hen wolla. Uns wear aw unnerdrick'd werra shun tzurick in da 1770, in 1812, in da 1860, in 1898, in 1915, in 1942, un noch fiel onnerra tzeita, won net unser soldawdta un shiffer leit, unser 'm lond tzu hilf weara.

Dale fon da monsleit un boova os fert noch da unnershittlicha grieg sin, sin garn gonga, un onnerra sin gonga weil sie gae hen missa. Fiel sin tzurick kumma, ow'r onnerra widder net, un sel sin die boova woh m'r ehrra uf Deckoration Dawg. Familia oft tzeita sin fers airsht mohl ferrissa werra, un die gleader woh nimmy tzurick kumma hen kenna, hen ihra ledshda rug bletz g'funna in graver in fremma lanner, odder drous uf 'm sae woh niemond ihra ledshda rug bletz sehna kon.

'S mawg sei os es em yusht so fohr kumt, ow'r 's sheind, wie won ol tzu fiel fon da menschheit, heit tzu dawg, gons un gore weck kaimt fom shtom, ferwos de. Deckoration Dawg shtaid dafor. In b'otz fon gewwa, un donkbore sei tzu fiela woh ihra lava gewwa en so os mier heit tzu dawg howwa maiga wos m'r hen, hut die menschheit yusht b'ssier im sin, un die rechtshoffend maining fom dawg gait fergessa.

Nadierlich wotta die woh fert sin net howwa won sies wista, os menscha heittzn dawg rum lawfa sotta mit lomga g'sichter, doch duts niemond ken shawda as tzeit odder die onner, der on die denka woh die uhrsoch sin fersos der Deckoration Dawg g'fir'd wert. Un nadierlich won m'r on sellie denk'd, darfa m'r die aw net fergessa, woh ferleicht net fert worra im griega, ow'r helfa hen 's lomd dahame in ardning halta bis der druval feriwwer wor — un sel maint ol die elterra, uhr gross elterra, kinner, g'shwishder breeder, un ol die onnerra, woh mohl bei lava worra, un nimmy langer doh sei kenna sich blessierra im shaina lomd woh m'r hen—'s shanshd un beshd lond in da gonsa welt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Net long tzurick hen m'r 'n mon hoerra sawga, 's het 'n sixaryer aw gapock'd uf ra trip um die weit rum, os wie fer uf ma Englisha shiff sei, uf da onnerra side da ard in frem wosser, wie er 'n glae boat sehna het kumma mit unser 'm fahna (flag) druf.

Er hut g'sawt, er hets net helfa kenna, die draina weara 'm iwwer die bocka nunner galoffa, un wear uf die gnee fer Gott drum donka, os er uf 'm tzurick waig wear noch seim aigna lond —'s lond woh selar fahna g'shtonna hut dafor.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 4:1-2

Yesterday we noted the exhortation which Paul gave to Christians, that they walk worthy of the vocation (Latin for 'calling') wherewith we are called. The verb 'walk' is used to refer to the outward manifestation of the life of the Christian as lived among and in the sight of men. Such conduct must match the inward grace which generated the Christian life in the heart of the believer, who by faith responded to the call as heard by him through the preaching of the Gospel. This 'call' is described as a high calling in Philippians 3:14, a holy calling in 2 Timothy 1:9, and a heavenly calling in Hebrews 3:1, indicating the essential nature of the life of the Christian as holy, and the plane on which it is lived (high and heavenly, walking not after the lusts of the flesh, characteristic of the world in sin, but after the Spirit). And the contrast is great. The first characteristic of this life in Christ is given by Paul in V. 2 of our Chapter 4— 'with all lowliness and meekness,' two words directly related to the words Jesus used in Matth. 11:29, speaking of Himself as 'meek and lowly' in heart. No place in the heart of a Christian for pride. We are to walk as He walked (1 John 2:6).

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

GOLFER AND CADDIE

Mr. Golfer, I would warn you
there's a youngster at your side,
And if you are fit to be with he
will very soon decide.
He must watch the ball you play
with. That is what he's
paid to do,
But as long as he's your caddie
he'll be also watching you.

You're that growing boy's
example. You will not have
journeyed far
Before you will have shown him
just the sort of man you are.
If you break the rules he'll know
it. He'll exactly keep the
score
And he'll know the hole just
finished was a "five" and
not a "four."

He'll go home and tell his
mother: "I had So and So
today
And I liked him, or I didn't."
Mothers learn of men that
way.
You may think it doesn't matter
what you say or what you
do,
But that youngster, Mr. Golfer,
has both eyes and ears on
you.

Horoscope

A little extra tact and patience when dealing with those in authority should give you a successful year. Born today a child will be persistent, discreet and prudent.



AMERICA'S HERITAGE OF MORAVIAN MUSIC

Contributions of Early Pennsylvania Composers

By JOSEPH A. MAURER

Department of Classical Languages, Lehigh University

CONCLUSION

Another musician and composer of merit is Johannes Herbst (1735-1812). Born and educated in Europe, he served the church as teacher, bookkeeper, minister, and warden until he came to America in the year 1786. Most of his life was lived in Lititz, where he was responsible for raising the level of musical performance. He too was a great copyist and collector of anthems, and these he brought with him to the New World. Herbst had done some composition while still in Europe but most of it is uninspired and dull. However, after settling in Lititz he began to compose in what is practically a new style. Instead of a short number with a simple accompaniment of strings and organ, there are florid and independent parts for the strings and wind instruments. Generally speaking, his compositions are less inspired and less artistic than those of Dencke and Peter. They were, however, more popular than Peter's because their vocal parts were less difficult to sing and their instrumental parts much easier to play.

There were other musicians, all of whom turned to composition occasionally and produced work of some interest, though it varies greatly. The first of these is Jacob Van Vleck (1751-1831), the first American-born Moravian composer. He was a fine performer on the violin and organ and shares with the Rev. Immanuel Nitschmann the credit for the improvement of the Collegium Musicum. Mention has already been made of the assistance which he rendered John Frederick Peter in copying parts of Graun's **Tod Jesu.** A second musician is George Godfrey Muller (1762-1821), who, after his migration from Germany, spent many years in Lititz, where he did so much to stimulate the musical life and where he also collaborated with Johannes Herbst. The last of this group is a native of Pennsylvania, John Antes (1740-1811), who was born at Fredericktown in Montgomery County. As a young man of twenty-two he was taken to Europe, where the subsequent years of his life were filled with a variety of accomplishments: for some years he served as a missionary in Cairo, Egypt, where he was crippled by bastinado; it is said also that during his stay in Vienna he had made the acquaintance of F. J. Haydn and played quartets with him. All of his anthems, which are melodic and full of movement, were written while he was abroad, but copies were made available for use in this country.

The efforts of Immanuel Nitschmann, Van Vleck, and Peter bore fruit as early as the year 1790, and for at least three decades thereafter Bethlehem enjoyed a period of unusual musical acitivity. The orchestra was playing the music of van Maldere (1724-1768), Karl Stamitz (1746-1801), John Christian Bach (1735-1782), Haydn, and Rosetti. In the year 1795 a string quartet was organized to play the quartets of F. J. Haydn. Shortly after the turn of the nineteenth century the Collegium Musicum was reorganized and became the Philharmonic Society. This new organization, over a period extending from the year 1807 to the year 1819, gave 241 performances, and in the years 1808 and 1809 there were no less than twenty-eight and thirty-six concerts respectively. The Philharmonic continued to be a community enterprise. The room for rehearsals, the hall for the concerts, the light and heat were furnished without cost by the community. There was no charge for admission but an offering was lifted at the conclusion of each performance and the receipts were always sufficient to meet the modest expenses of the society. The highlight in the early history of the organization is, of course, the performance in 1811 of Haydn's **The Creation.** To what degree this performance was a "complete" performance remains a matter of some doubt. Perhaps it hinges upon the definition of the word "complete!" Yet whether complete or with some cuts, this performance is nevertheless memorable and rightly deserves a place in the annals of oratorio performances in America.

This cultivation of good music both in church and in secular life contrasts sharply with that of the Puritans of New England, who restricted music to psalmody and who abominated musical instruments. At the very time when these same New Englanders were objecting to the use of organs even in their meeting houses, the Moravians in Pennsylvania were cultivating both vocal and instrumental music on a grand scale. It is only in such an environment and atmosphere that music can flourish, and to it was owing this extraordinary musical development during the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth centuries.

Dencke, Peter, Herbst, and the other composers created music which satisfied the needs and suited the purposes of the Pennsylvania Moravians. This music was composed in America for people who had made their homes here, and here the music has remained. It is most doubtful whether any of it was ever made available to the church in Germany. Moreover, the composers themselves, being modest and lacking all pretension, would have deemed it untoward, if not presumptious, to send any copies abroad. The Moravian Church in Europe seems to have been wholly unaware of these composers and of their compositions. This fact is in itself most significant, and for this reason one can claim that the music of these Moravians is in one respect American.

It would not be a full and true account of the musical life of these people if one failed to note to what degree early America outside of these Moravian settlements was acquainted with the music then being created and played. All the prominent visitors to the community in the years preceding the Revolutionary War as well as during the War itself were impressed with the high level of musical performance. Important dignitaries were greeted with music played by the Trombone Choir. All commented upon the fact that the solemn character of the services in the church was heightened by the use of organ and orchestra with the choir. These Bethlehem Moravians, it is to be remembered, were not professional musicians nor did they pretend to be such. The statement that the shoemaker played the clarinet and the brewer the bassoon, that the Bishop was expert on the violin and the farm-overseer had mastered the 'cello, is the literal truth. They played their best for the pure love of it. Their reputation gradually spread about the surrounding countryside, and in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when many church edifices were being erected in the area adjacent to Bethlehem, Moravian musicians and clergy were invited to assist in dedicating the newly built houses of worship of Lutheran and Reformed congregations. On at least two occasions even Philadelphia was obliged to call upon Bethlehem for assistance. The first call came in the year 1821, when Jedediah D. Weiss (1796-1873) played "Principal Bassoon" in the second performance of a concert for the benefit of the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia. Again in the following year when this same Society essayed a performance of Haydn's **The Creation,** Bethlehem lent aid. The instrumental parts were borrowed, and, when it was discovered that there were no trombonists in the city able to play the score, Bethlehem sent down three players, one of whom was again Jedediah D. Weiss. Since the trombone was at that time a novel thing in Philadelphia, these three Moravians became the center of attraction no less to the other musicians in the orchestra than to the audience.

Naturally there are no recordings of the performances of these people, whereby one may judge their attainments. Perhaps one can draw some inference from the qualifications expected of any person who aspired to be organist in the church: he was required to know about four hundred church tunes and to be able to play them in any key, for it was the custom at that time for the clergyman to commence singing a hymn without prior announcement and the organist was expected to pick up the tune immediately and to play it in the key in which it was already being sung by the clergyman and the congregation. This is no mean accomplishment; yet at one period no less than six persons were able to meet the qualifications.

The decades after the 1820's show that music in Bethlehem did not escape the decline in taste and standards which accompanied the art while it was passing from the Classic to the Romantic School. During all these years, however, the Philharmonic maintained its activity, and among the works performed was Mozart's **Requiem,** which was presented in the year 1826. Spohr's **Last Judgment,** Schumann's **The Paradise and the Peri,** Romberg's **The Song of the Bell,** and Dr. Loewe's **The Seven Sleepers** are some of the other works presented at various times under various conductors. The favorites, however, continued to be F. J. Haydn's **The Seasons** and **The Creation.** The latter work received a gala performance in the Central Moravian Church on Whitmonday of 1839. This was a complete rendition of the oratorio, and for this occasion singers and instrumentalists to the number of one hundred and twenty-five had been recruited from Allentown, Nazareth, and Easton. Every instrument as intended by the score was represented in the orchestra except the oboes; clarinets were substituted for these. The conductor for this performance was Charles F. Beckel, who had been a member of the Philharmonic Society for many years.

Among the instrumental music which was being programmed at this time were compositions by Carl Maria von Weber and Ludwig Spohr. A set of parts of Beethoven's **Ninth Symphony** dates from this same period, but there is no record of any performance being given. Moreover, the reputation of the Philharmonic Society during these years was such that a Philadelphia music teacher, Charles Hommann (fl. 1840), wrote a symphony which he dedicated to this Bethlehem musical organization. For some reason or other this Symphny in E-flat Major was never performed by the Philharmonic. It remained for Dr. Thor Johnson, Director of the Cincinnati Symphony, to give it its premier on July 1, 1950, during the Early American Moravian Music Festival in Bethlehem.

The decline in musical tastes and standards is perhaps nowhere more evident than in the field of composition, where men like John C. Till (1762-1844), who had been a pupil of J. F. Peter and had succeeded the latter as organist of the church, Peter Ricksecker (1791-1873), and Peter Wolle (1792-1871) wrote what for the most part was music lacking in imagination and daring. The music of Jeremiah Dencke was completely forgotten and that of J. F. Peter shared a like fate, except for one anthem which used to be sung regularly over the years at the Older Boys' Lovefeast, and even this anthem was discarded after 1913 and was not heard again until 1931, when it was one of the numbers presented in a performance of Peter's compositions. The period from 1820 to 1885 suffers much from a comparison with the preceding decades extending from 1790 to 1820. However, a closer survey and a more thorough study of the period does show that even in these years the general level of musical performances at Bethlehem was above the average.

A renaissance was bound to occur. It can be dated from the year 1885, when J. Frederick Wolle (1863-1933) assumed the position of organist in the Moravian Church. When he was twenty he began formal organ study under David D. Wood of Philadelphia, and it was then that Wolle first received the inspiration which led him to study J. S. Bach. The following year he went to Munich to continue his study under the great Rheinberger. Thus it is that when he returned to Bethlehem to take up his duties as organist in the Moravian Church, he had already resolved to make J. S. Bach's music his life's work. Wolle's crowning achievement is the founding of the Bethlehem Bach Choir, which, since its founding in 1900, has won national and international acclaim for its performances. Until Wolle introduced J. S. Bach, that composer was as little known in Bethlehem as he was elsewhere in the United States. The only composition of J. S. Bach which has been found in the musical archives at Bethlehem is the complete score of Cantata No. 80, **A Mighty Fortress is Our God,** but there is no evidence at all that this work was ever performed. The Moravians in Bethlehem, therefore, do not lay any claim to a tradition of Bach performances before J. Frederick Wolle's time. They do, however, derive deep satisfaction from the facts that it was a Moravian organist at Bethlehem who did start the Bethlehem Bach Choir, and that in the early years of this Choir the festivals were held in the Central Moravian Church. But unlike the Collegium Musicum and the Philharmonic Society in its earlier years, the Bethlehem Bach Choir has not been an exclusively Moravian organization. The Collegium Musicum and the Philharmonic were representative of a community which was wholly Moravian; the Bach Choir is representative of a community which has been becoming more and more cosmopolitan and less and less Moravian.

One other aspect of the musical renaissance should be mentioned, and this too was inaugurated by a Moravian, the late Dr. Albert G. Rau (1868-1942), who in 1905 succeeded Wolle as organist of the Central Moravian Church. Rau, a man of great versatility, was the first person to recognize the importance of the early American Moravian musicians and particularly the unique and distinctive contributions of John Frederick Peter. He brought out of the archives long forgotten anthems of Peter and others, he trained his choir to sing them, and he was able to instill into his singers and instrumentalists an enthusiasm for this old music. But it was in John Frederick Peter's compositions that Rau took greatest interest. He introduced into the services of the Church several of Peter's anthems, which in the short space of two decades have already become traditional with the congregation. The enthusiasm of Rau for this early music has not been for naught. The Central Moravian Church Choir, which he directed for some thirty-three years, continues to perform the compositions not only of Peter but also of the other early Moravian musicians, and it is introducing more and more of this music into the services of the Church. In 1950 there was held at Bethlehem the first Early American Moravian Music Festival and Seminar. This was the first in a series of festivals designed to familiarize the American public with a part of their musical heritage which has been too long neglected. Dr. Thor Johnson, who is the musical director of these festivals, hopes that they will result not only in Moravians elsewhere than in Bethlehem taking a renewed interest in their great musical heritage but also in the general American public becoming acquainted with the significant contributions of the Moravians to the musical tradition of their country.

The musical life of the Moravians in Pennsylvania has been well summarized by Dr. Hans T. David as follows:

"The Moravian settlements in Pennsylvania, particularly Bethlehem, have the most enviable musical record of any towns in the United States. Even before they were founded, it is true, concerts had been held in cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston, but there it was the traveling virtuoso who provided music for a paying audience. In the development of music at Bethlehem, Nazareth and Lititz, the traveling virtuoso had no share — the people themselves provided and even created the music they needed or wanted. That was no mean technical accomplishment, and it was, in addition, the fulfillment of an almost Utopian ideal. The Moravian settlements had been planned and were led by practical men with a religious idea and artistic sense: they accomplished a wonderful union of religion and art, and the perfect saturation of daily life with music."

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Editorials

Building Industry Boom

Thru permits issued at City Hall during May for building construction Allentown is assured of an estimated $1,178,000 worth of building during the next few months. In fact, it is the third time during the current year that the million dollar mark has been exceeded in a month, a very satisfactory figure for a city of our size.

These statistics serve to emphasize the importance of the construction industry, now rated as America's biggest enterprise. All the business signs indicate it is going to remain big and provide a huge market for goods and services not only this year but for years to come.

A recent market study made by a New York firm of sales counsellors reports many signs of a continued high level of home building, which it terms "the pacesetter of the industry." The study notes that while estimates vary, most agree that during the next five years "there will be a market for at least a million homes per year, despite the present decrease in the formation of new families and possible tightening of mortgage money."

The study points out that though the marriage rate has dropped in recent years, the number of births has climbed steadily, setting a record of over 4 million last year. "This indicates families are getting larger. They'll need larger houses."

And because there has been such a big increase in the size of the middle income group (45 per cent bigger since World War II), many more people can afford larger houses.

"After 1960, housing demand will receive new impetus as the big baby crop of the years following World War II reaches marriageable age."

Other reasons noted in the study for a steady housing demand:

"Approximately 7 million homes are now in sub-standard condition and the number of these will increase to over 9 million by 1960.

"Increasing acceptance of contemporary design ideas will speed up the obsolescence of older houses, increase demand for new ones. And new construction techniques, presaged by the current boom in prefabricated home sales (75,000 in 1954), will augment this trend.

"There's also every indication that the constant migration of a large part of the U. S. population will continue — about 1-5 of the population moves to a new location each year.

"People are actually spending a smaller portion of their income on houses than they were in 1929 — the housing industry has an opportunity to get a much larger share of the consumer's dollar."

The healthy state of home building is a stimulus to all other types of construction, the study notes. Because three-fourths of new home building has been in the suburbs, "it requires new schools, hospitals, shopping centers, roads and other facilities."

We're badly in arrears on schools. The report estimates "nearly $12 billion worth of additional building is needed to house even the present enrollment" — and "by 1960 . . . enrollment will total 38 million as against 31 million today." There's a need for $18 billion in hospital building over the next ten years.

And there's also a big problem of plant obsolescence — "industry's technological progress has outmoded more than one-quarter of existing plant equipment."

Despite its high volume, construction has not reached "dangerously speculative proportions," the report concludes, and so there is still lots of room for "safe, orderly construction growth."

In the figures of a million dollars per month Allentown can be seen to be getting a very fair share of this highly important business.

More Land for Parks

Pennsylvania received a windfall when the Federal Government deeded some thirty thousand acres of land to the State for recreational areas including the use of forests and waters by hunters and fishermen.

Most of the land, which is in Bedford, Perry and Bradford counties, was cheap and agriculturally unproductive when Uncle Sam took it over during the depression in lieu of debts.

But Uncle Sam, under much public and congressional pressure, is striving to get out of the real estate business and to keep out of affairs that States, corporations and individuals generally can do better than bureaucrats.

In fact, Uncle Sam got pretty tired of the 30,000 or so acres rather quickly after having taken it over somewhat reluctantly. As far back as 1942 the lands were leased by Pennsylvania. Now they have been purchased at nominal sum from the Federal Government with only a few strings attached to the deal. Uncle Sam properly retains the rights to all fissionable materials such as uranium and 75 per cent of the mineral rights, which generally include oil.

Embraced in Pennsylvania's large and beautiful system of public lands, the new areas can be expected to expand the usefulness of forests and streams to our people. There will be room for more campers and other lovers of the outdoors. There will be more opportunities for the sportsmen. There will be promotion of conservation thru the State's ownership and management. And in the years of generations already born there should be satisfactory financial returns from timber forests and other natural resources.

Pennsylvania will never go wrong in accumulating land over which it can exercise complete control in the public interest.

50 Years of Religious Life

It is a pleasing circumstance that, just as Jewish communities thruout the United States are concluding a year's celebration of the tercentenary of the arrival of and establishment of the first American Jewish community in North America, namely in New Amsterdam (now New York City), one of our local groups, Congregation Sons of Israel, is celebrating the rounding out of a half century of religious activity and service.

There is a lot of difference between three centuries and a half of one. But the stories that are told in the parallel cases are similar altho differing in degree and length of time.

As in New Amsterdam, where the first group of Jews became members of the social and business life of a community made up of Holland Dutch, so in Allentown the group of families whose names are identified with every good local movement, identified themselves speedily with the Pennsylvania Dutch in the vital life of this community.

In New Amsterdam the first Jewish Community speedily built a synagogue for the worship of Almighty God. They set up schools for the study of the Law and the Prophets and the training of young people in the way that they should go, namely the paths of their fathers during almost forty centuries.

In Allentown Congregation Sons of Israel speedily built their house of worship, set up religious schools and engaged in all those charitable works that people of deep religious faith perforce engage in.

The history of this congregation has been a noble one. It is a matter not of accident nor of coincidence that out of this congregation have come so many community leaders and such a generally splendid group of citizens.

Congregation Sons of Israel is centering its celebration of the completion of half a century of organized worship on Sunday evening. It will be an occasion for deep thanksgiving and one for rededication. There will be deep and widespread sincere hope that the light which has been borne thru the fifty years by devout and consecrated men will be carried by their succeeding generations for centuries to come.

Shift of People from Farm

A look behind the figures for the long-term migration trend from the farm to the city and the over-all population shifts throughout the United States over the last few decades provides a vivid picture of the change and progress brought about by the growth of the economy and the widespread expansion of opportunity.

The most dramatic of these changes has occurred in the South. Up to a generation ago the South was still predominantly agricultural, and Cotton was still King. It was the only broad region of the country where the number of persons then living on farms made up more than half the population. U. S. Department of Agriculture figures show that in 1920 a total of 51.3 per cent of the population in the South lived on farms as compared with less than 30 per cent in the North Central States and under 25 per cent in the West.

The rapid growth of industrialization below the Mason and Dixon Line has brought a fundamental change. The number of persons living on farms in the South has declined by more than 6 million since the beginning of the Twenties and the total now represents little more than a fifth of the entire population of that region.

Over all, the total farm population in the United States declined by more than 10 million in the 1920-54 period. Whereas the number of persons living on farms represented 30.1 per cent of the total U. S. population in 1920, the proportion was down to 13.8 per cent a year ago, the lowest ratio on record.

Covered Wagon—1955



These Days

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The 1956 presidential election is now at the stage when candidates, in the opposition party, are becoming more numerous and more ardent. Already the appearance is that Adlai Stevenson has an inside track, but he cannot count on New York state whose candidate will be Averell Harriman despite denials of interest. And that will make an enormous difference to Stevenson's chance of nomination.

Should President Eisenhower want to be renominated, he will be, and the probability is that he will be re-elected. In the event that Eisenhower is nominated, the Democratic candidate will have to be one who, for one reason or another, is willing to risk running to lose. There is no logical reason why Stevenson should do that again, although his 1952 experience was not so unfortunate. Comparatively unknown outside Illinois and limited circles in Washington, he then became a national figure. In fact, his speeches were of a quality not heard in recent presidential campaigns and gave him the reputation of being a superior mind.

Harriman and DeSapio

On the other hand, Averall Harriman is intent upon running, no matter what may be said to the contrary. Carmine DeSapio, who manages Democratic affairs in New York, is insistent upon Harriman's making a real effort. DeSapio now controls his party in both New York City and New York state. If Harriman should be nominated and elected, DeSapio would be the leader of the Democratic party in the nation.

There is this to say about DeSapio: He is different from any previous leader of Tammany Hall. His view of public affairs is broad and literate. No matter how he reached the top, he tolerates none of the gangster characteristics which have made Tammany a by-word since the days of Aaron Burr. I think it was Herbert Bayard Swope who, pointing to DeSapio in profile, called attention to his resemblance to an ascetic Cardinal. There is a compulsion to power but it seems to have a good purpose. At any rate, while Carmine DeSapio is not a candidate, he is likely to be the central figure in the 1956 Democratic convention.

Despite the fact that President Eisenhower sits in the White House as a Republican, the majority party of the United States is the Democratic party. It gained in 1954 over 1952 and there is little hope in the Republican party that that gain will be upset in 1956. It is not likely to be upset in the Senate because of the particular vacancies available in that year.

The Four Power conference can help Eisenhower but a strike such as that which Walter Reuther is calling in the Ford Company can hurt him. The Four Power conference can benefit Eisenhower but not particularly the Republican party which is not responsible for it and the leadership of which is antagonistic to it. On the other hand, strikes always influence the vote for senators and representatives and therefore a major automobile or steel strike can lessen the chances of the Republicans in marginal states, such as Michigan and Ohio. It is close enough to the 1956 campaign for strikes which may occur between now and then to influence votes.

Campaign Issues

In the British campaign, prosperity and peace were the two principal issues and they won the day for the Tories. These issues are inadequate for the 1956 campaign in the United States because many local issues arise here which can seem at the moment equally or more important. One of those issues will be the tariff, which, while it is nationally not a vital one, is on a local level of tremendous importance to those who find employment reduced because of imports of particular commodities. A senator or a representative can lose the election over the tariff, whereas it would not affect the presidential candidate at all, not even in that state.

The Democratic prospect of defeating Eisenhower depends on how unpleasant the Democrats can make it for him, particularly if bad and dramatic cases of corruption can be turned up by congressional committees. The Democrats are likely to be active in that direction with increasing zest as the campaign approaches. The Democrats who have given President Eisenhower the impression that they are supporting him must either seek to destroy him politically or invite defeat. They will do the best they can to avoid defeat if they find a target. As they are in control of congressional committees, they are doing the best they can.

(Copyright, 1955)

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

CAREER

School and college and degree;
Army for a year or two,
Then at last at home to be
At the work he finds to do.

Somewhere, on his upward way,
He may meet a maiden fair.
Then will come his wedding day
And the home which they
must share.

He will wonder, now and then
What it is that he will need
If among the ranks of men
He is destined to succeed.

These he cannot win without:
Courage for the strictest test;
Faith in every time of doubt:
Steadfastness for what is best.

(Copyright, 1955)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N NEIE ORT BISNIS: Bei jupps wons net gross ordich is wos leit heit tzu dawg duhna fer in bisnis gea. Doh tzum bei shpiel is der Sam Gebringer fon Bullfrock woh shun long gaglicha het fer wenich ebbes shunshd tzu howwa fer gelt ferdiehna, os wie yusht sei alla dawgs arwet. Endlich hut er k'hoert os fiel elterlicha weibsleit so wie seim nochber "Fritz" Kressley sei nochts shlofa. Die same tzeit hut er draw gadenk'd os sie 'n alter fonograf in da hamet hen, uns sis 'n bei g'falla, wie shlaiferich os er ols werra is, sellie ort musick tzu hoericha in seina yingerra yohrra.

Ow'r so fonograf musick is aw net yusht bahoft fer ebber shlaiferrich mocha — dale leit kumt die musick in die fees, un kenna sich net helfa os wie fer donsa won sie die musick hoerra. Der Sam hut noh ous gamocht 's dade nix ous mocha wie die musick ebber aw — pocka dade — 's shaliferich mocha so os es shlofa kent, odder mead mocha fon donsa, un woh aw glei der shlofe bring'd — der Sam hut ous gamocht fer in bisnis gae, leit owets shlofa shpiela.

So wie m'r hoerra, gait er nous bei appointment, un soicha os wolla kenna aw on seinra hamet ob shtoppa — ungfare so wie die Jane Kressley da onner owet hut. Die Jane, un 'm "Fritz" sei fraw die Eva, sin da onner owet nochs Sams' gonga, un glei wor die Jane sich om bagraima sie kent nochts gore net shlofa. Sel uf kours wor wosser uf 'm Sam sei meal, un er hut mohl grawd der fonograf rous gatzoga, un awfonga shpiela. Fom "Kutztowner," is er noch 'm "Yankee Doodle," gonga, un noh hut er der "Golda Shlipper" g'shpilet. 'S airsht hut die Jane yusht tzeit k'halta mit 'm foos, ow'r iwwer dem wor sie drous midda in da shtub, un hut gadonst os der shtawb g'floga is.

'M Fritz sei Eva hut sich gore net arrick ganunk ershtouna kenna wie subble os die Mam noch wear uf da fees, un denk 's het net fiel ganumma, het die Eva aw awfonga donsa. Der Sam hut fert g'shpielt bis die Jane ufhaira hut jigga, un die Eva hut g'sawt 's wear tzeit fer hame gae. Un sie sin aw hame, un die Jane is so uhra nina ins bed, un hut grawd darrich g'shlofa bis bis shier da nagshda middawg. Noh wear sie ferleicht net wocker werra, won die Eva net gonga wear sehna wohs faila dade os sie so long im bed wear. Wie die Jane wocker werra is hut sie g'sawt, "Oy duh welt nocha mohl, so long howwich sei lava net g'shlofa."

Wos der Sam Wenich bodder'd is, tzu wissa wos tzu charga fer leit shlofa shpiela — wase net eb er charga sot beim shtick, odder da lang woh sie shlofa. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Sam die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiters so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Unser nochber Ed Greenzweig is alla weil iwwel ob — wase net eb die omshla sei micka netting tziech iwwer die arabierra im gorda fertzoppa fer shticker griega fer neshder baua, odder eb sie lecher nei feressa wolla, fer hinnich die arabierra gae.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 4:30-32

In v.30 Paul exhorts us not to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, in Whom we were sealed for the day of redemption, the idea of being sealed by the Holy Spirit being an echo of 1:13, last clause. The grieving of the Holy Spirit may well refer to the preceding verse, where Christians are advised to avoid corrupt, that is, foul language, for such action grieves not so much men as it does the Holy Spirit, Who indwells the body of the Christian as the temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. 6:19). The general disposition of a Christian is then suggested by Paul in vs.31-32, as he advises that all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and slander be put away, together with all malice — the negative aspect of the matter, followed by positive conduct, as he exhorts us to be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another as God in Christ forgave us. The Greek adjective for 'kind' is used here only in the Epistles. It is used of God in Luke 6:35, where He is spoken of as kind even to the ungrateful and the wicked. Can we be like that?

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Breslauer had taken a dozen lessons from the golf pro, but you'd never have guessed it had you seen him waving futilely at a ball on the first tee. Finally, however, he made contact, and straightened up happily. "Did you see my ball, caddie?" he inquired. "Did I stay in the fairway?"

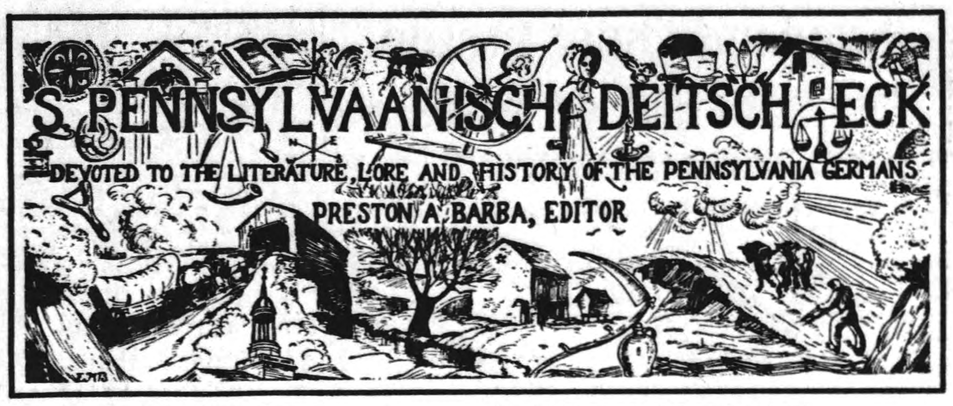
"You stayed in the fairway, OK, boss," reported the caddie, "but that wasn't the ball you hit. It was your wrist watch."

The pilot of a new jet plane was winging over the Berkshires, and pointed out a pleasant valley to his second in command. "See that spot?" he demanded. "When I was a barefoot kid I used to sit in a flat-bottom rowboat down there, fishing. Every time a plane flew by, I'd look up and dream I was piloting it. Now I look down and dream I'm fishing!"

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Horoscope

You should gain much by clever advertising, and social prominence. A sincere personality may develop in the child born today.



DES ALBUM UN DIE BIEWEL

Im alt Haus waar en parlor
Un aa en gleener Schtend;
En schee weiss ghekelt tidy
Henkt runner iwwers End.
Des album un die Biewel,
Die leie newe druff;
Uff Sunndaags un wann Bsuch kummt,
Noh mache sie sie uff.

Die Biewel hot en Yaahrzaahl,
Wann Leit gebore sin:
Un die was sin geschtarwe,
Des schteht aa immer drin;
Die Meed hen net verschteckelt,
Wie alt ass sie schunn sin;
Die Biewel secht die Waahrheit,
Es schteht so schee datt drin.

Des album hot die Bilder,
Sie hen sich net verschtellt;
Sie gucke wann sie kaemte
Vun gans re annere Welt;
Die Mannsleit hen moustaches
Un deel hen Backebaart;
Deel Baart sin lang un grusslich,
Sie kumme bei der Yaart.

Die Weibsleit gucke gschpassich,
Sie hen so lange Haar;
Die Armel sin wie Fliggel,
Sie kenne nix defor;
Mit Unnerreck un Fracke
Hen sie en arriye Zeit;
Sie kenne schier net schnaufe,
Ihr corsets sin so teit.

Mir hen alsnoch der parlor,
Der Schtend iss noch debei;
Die Biewel un des Album
Muss in der garret nei;
Mir hen en television,
Mir hocke all draa rum;
's iss alles so verennert,
's iss mir ewennich dumm.

Des Album un die Biewel
Sin graad wie alde Leit;
Mer schiebt sie in der garret,
Fer sie hen mir ken Zeit.
Ich hoff im groosse Himmel
Viel Blatz fer alde Leit,
En schee, vergniechtes Lewe
In alle Ewichkeit.

—HENRY C. DETWEILER

AN RE HOCHZICH

Mer meent bei Tschudes, ich hett all 's schlecht Glick in der Welt. Die letscht Woch hawwich mich widder in en ferdeihenkerti mess grickt. Du weesscht em alde Sammy Sensewetzer sei Bu uff der annere Seit em Barrig hot em Billy Bumbernickel sei elschdi Dochder gheiert. Es waar bekannt gemacht, ass die Hochzich deet abkumme ebaut nein Uhr em Freidaag Owed, un so gleene Babierlin waare naugschickt fer die Leit inweide. Ich hab kens grickt ghatt, awwer weil ich un der Billy Bumbernickel als abgewexelt hen fer vorschneide in der Aern ver alders hawwich gedenkt, sie hedde mich vergesse un ich bin der Polly abgschlippt un bin niwwer.

Nau mind you, es waar en highfalutin affair. Des Meedel waar fatt noch der Schul gwest un hot en lot neie Sache gsehne un hot sie mit an der Barrig gebrocht. Ich winsch yuscht, du hettscht ihre dress sehne kenne. Sie waar mit puffs, un rolls, un tucks, un frills, bis sie geguckt hot wie en aldi Fasant ass briet. Ihre dress waar weiss mit me Schwans draa, ass mer en Gnipp neibinne hett kenne, un es Ewwerdeel waar zugedeckt mit me Satt vun me wolkschtreemiche polly-ann.

Sie hen mich ewennich schepp aageguckt wie ich neikumme bin, awwer wie ich ihre gsaat hab, ich waer en reporter fer en Zeiding, waar 's all recht. Der Parre Mohler hot sie gheiert, un wie er vaddich waar, hot er die yung Fraa gebosst. Nau so Bisniss wie sell hett ich emol gaar net gegliche. Ich geb gaar nix drum wie alt un heilich ass die Parre sin, sie hen noch all ihre Gnepp hinnich de Ohre. Ich wett ennihau en Gwaart Buddermillich, ass wann die yung Fraa so alt un so runslich gwest waer wie mei liewi Polly, dann hett er sie net gebosst. Well, die Leit sin dernoh all uffgschteppt un sie ge'congratulate.' Es waar ebbes neies zu mir, fer wie ich un die Polly gheiert hen, hot mer noch vun ken so Narrheite gwisst. Awwer weil sie all nuffgschteppt sin un ebbes gsaat, hawwich gedenkt, here goes fer der Boonastiel — bin uffgschteppt un im Blatz vun saagge "I wish you much joyfulness," wie die annere, hawwich beim Deihenker gsaat, "How-di-do." Ich hab gwisst, ass es letz iss eb 's haus waar, awwer es waar zu schpot. Ich hett graad en Vaddel Daaler gewwe fer en Loch fer neischluppe — en Gnarreloch hett's geduh — so wie ich gfiehlt hab. Die Meed hen aafange lache un die Mannsleit hen ihre Schnuppdicher raus un ghuscht.

Awwer ich bin noch net an der accident kumme ass mir wedderfaahre iss. Nooch supper hen sie dernoh aafange danse, un weil meh Meed datt waare, ass wie Buwe hot eeni mich gfroogt fer mit ihre danse. Ich hab ihre gsaat, ich waer als en Gaul draa gwest, awwer ich hett's verleicht vergesse. Sie hot gsaat, sie deet mich lanne un hot mer so freindlich ins Gsicht glacht, ass ich uff de Fiess waar in eenere Minutt un uff em floor. Es waar arrig waarem in der Schtubb un wie die Bisniss uffgschtart iss, hawwich ewwe emol mei Rock abgschmisse. Es neegscht hawwich mei Schtiwwel abgekickt. Die Musick iss als schtarricker un schtarricker kumme un ich hab gschpiert, ass mei jacket aa geh muss un ich hab ihn in en Eck gschmisse. Bei daere Zeit hawwich gfiehlt wie en racegaul, wann er am Darrichgeh iss. Es hot mir gebrummt in de Ohre un die Feierfunke sin mer unnich de Fiess raus gflogge. Die Leit hen vun Wunner gschtoppt un geguckt, was ich fer en Danser bin, un ich weess net was es noch gewwe hett, wann net dernoh yuscht ebbes g'haeppent waer. Mei Gallus sin verrisse un mei Hosse waare schunn drunne uff de Hifte! Wann ich noch en Vaddel Minutt weider gedanst hett, dann waere sie mer bei Tschudes gans nunner gfalle un dernoh—

Aus'm BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

DER SCHTREIT ISS AM END

Eens vum Jim Brenesel seine Schtories

The works of Jim Brenesel, pen-name for John Wesley von Nieda (1853-1939), next to Charles More the most prolific writer of fiction in our dialect, remained inaccessible to the historians of Pennsylvania German literature. We are privileged to publish another of his short stories, discovered in the Schuylkill Haven Call for July 12, 1901.—ED.

Der Sam Homfet un die Susie — en rotkeppich, summerfleckich, schlabbich, wiescht yung Weibsmensch.

Die Susie waar am Fenschder wie der Sam kumme iss mit der Hausheldern, un ihre Haz hot schier schtill gschtanne, wie sie gsehne hot, ass es fremm Weibsmensch sich fairly im Sam sel Aerrem falle hot losse, wie er sie vum hoche Schpringwagge runner ghowe hot.

Dernoh iss die Susie zerick un hot gheilt, ass wann ihre Haz am Verbreche waer.

Un sell waar die Zeit, wie der farrichterlich Schtreit gschwische em Sam un der Susie aagfange hot. Sie waere verleicht heit noch am Fechte, wann der Sam net bei accident sei mistake ausgfunne hett.

Die Rache McQuilty, em Sam sei Hausheldern, waar so scharref ass sie wiescht waar, un hot glei der Susie ihre Lieb fer der Sam genotist. Des hot die Rache jealous gemacht, un darrich ihre miene Dricks waar's mensch ass der Schtreit in der Gang kumme iss. Es waar die Rache, wu als die Glabbord losgerisse hot un hot em Sam sei Hinkel niwwer in der Susie ihre Gaarde gelosst, wann die Susie un der Sam net deheem waare. Wann die Hinkel alles verhaust hen ghatt im Gaarde, dann hot die Rache als der Susie ihre Hund hinnich sie ghetzt. Der Hund hot als e paar Hinkel dod gemacht, un die Rache hot selwer dernoh als noch e paar umgschlagge un hot's Ding uffkors uff die Susie gebleemt. Es deet zu lang nemme, wann ich do verzeehle wett, wie seller rotkeppich Deihenker gschtift, gelogge un gschiemt hot. Sie hot alles Mienes geduh, ass yuscht zu denke waar. Sie hot iewen em Sam sei Handschreiwes ge'imitate' un hot vun de menschte Brief zu der Susie gschriwwe. Un die Susie hot die menscht Zeit gemeent die Brief kumme vum Sam.

Mol ee Owed iss die Susie an die Poschtoffis gange un hot en partickler miener Brief grickt mit em Sam seim Naame unne draa. Die Susie iss heem gange, un hot yuscht ebaut gheilt wie sie die miene Sache gelese hot, wu im Brief waare.

"Des kann ich nimmi lenger schtende, un der Sam muss die Sache recht mache, odder ich nemm die law an ihn," saagt die Susie, wie sie naus in der Hof gange iss.

Der Sam waar am Schaffe naegscht an der Fens. Die Rache waar's Schteddel nunner gange.

"Sam," saagt die Susie, wie sie an die Fens geloffe iss, "meenscht du, des iss schee vun dir, fer mir so miene Brief zu schicke? Des iss nau der sext odder siwwet Brief, ass du mir gschickt hoscht vun daere Aart."

"Brief! Was fer Brief? Ich hab dir in meim Lewe ken Brief gschriwwe!" greischt der Sam, wie er der Susie ihre verheilte Aagge genotist hot.

"Les des fer dich selwer, Sam," saagt die Susie wie sie em Sam der Brief gewwe hot un hot dernoh frisch aafange zu heile.

Ich deet net gleiche graad die seeme Wadde do zu saagge, was der Sam geyust hot, wie er faddich waar mit sellem Brief. (Der Sam hot ebmols wiescht gflucht wann er bees waar).

"Susie," greischt er, "des iss vun sellem rode D — seinere Aerwet! Un datt kummt sie nau!"

Die Rache hot uffkors gemeent, es iss widder en fight im Gang, un ihre Aagge hen fairly gezwitzert, wie sie die Susie bedracht hot. Die Rache iss awwer schneeweis warre, wie der Sam ihre der Brief vers Gsicht ghowe hot un greischt:

"Nau, du roder Satan, bekenn alles, ass du geduh hoscht geeich des Weibsmensch; wann du net alles klier mache duscht, dann gehscht du in die Bressant so schur ass mei Naame Sam Homfet iss!"

Die Rache waar uffkors farrichterlich verschrocke, un hot alles bekennt — weeich de Hinkel, de Brief un all ihre annere miene doings.

Wie die Rache dernoh fatt gange waar mit ihre Gleeder imme Bundel, dann tschumpt der Sam iwwer die Fens (wie en guder Nochber ewwe sett), dutt sei Aerrem um die Susie rum, un saagt, wie er sie teit wedder sich gezogge hot:

"Susie, ich hab alsnoch en touch vun dem verschinnerte Inshinggesshion; ich sett en Fraa hawwe, ass mir mei gut waarem Esse drei mol der Daag mache deet. Waerscht du willich fer mir mei groosse Dummheide zu vergewwe un fer mich zu heiere?"

Ich un der Mawny hen en Schtick ab hinnich emme Kansdrauwe Schtock gelegge, un hen net gut heere kenne, was die Susie gsaat hot, awwer die fact, ass sie ihre Aerrem dernoh graad um Sam sei Hals geduh hot un hot ihn nau yuscht ebaut oft un schee gebosst, hot uns glaawe mache, ass der Sam sei "indigestion" nau fer schur los watt.

Ich un der Mawny hen die Boserei somehow nimmi lenger schtende kenne un sin uff Hend un Gnie darrich der Gaarde hinne naus gegraddelt.

Der Sam un die Susie hen der naegscht Sunndaag gheiert, un der Schtreit waar am End.

Der Sam Homfet un die Susie — en rotkeppich, summerfleckich, schlabbich, wiescht yung Weibsmensch. Nochbere in Eselschteddel — in fact, ihre Heiser waare yuscht ebaut zwansich Fuss vun nanner, mit ere gans niddere Glabbord Fens gschwische de Heiser.

Der Sam waar en Witmann, ebaut dreissich Yaahr alt, radder gut-guckich, awwer vun yungem uff immer e wennich schloo um die Meed rum. Ich hab oft heere saagge, ass er sei Lewe ken Fraa grickt hett, wann die Lizzie Balsam net selwer ihn gfrogt hett, wie er gleiche deet sie zu heiere. Der Sam hot gemeent, es waer verleicht ken so dummer Plan, awwer er hot die Lizzie net in die Aerrem genumme un hot sie recht gut gebosst — wie ich verhaftich geduh hett unnich so Umschtende. Sie hen 's gans Schteddel schier in die Gichtere gschmisse, wie sie mol ee Sunndaag owed nooch der Breddich in der Kaerrich gheiert sin warre. Em Sam sei Haz iss schier verbroche, wie die Lizzie en paar Yaahr nochderhand gschtarrewe iss.

Die Susie Hannesel waar ebaut sexunzwansich Yaahr alt, un waar Witfraa ebaut en halb Yaahr lenger, ass wie der Sam Witmann waar. Die Susie waar nau yuscht ebaut en schee glee Weibsmensch, yuscht schtaut genunk fer sie schee gucke mache, mit scheene rode Backe, schwaze Aagge un schwaz Haahr.

Die zwee Familye hen mit Friede newich nanner gewuhnt bis baut en Yaahr nochdem ass der Sam sei Fraa vergraawe hot ghatt un wie die Susie schunn ebaut en Yaahr un en halb Witfraa waar.

Dernoh hot's uff eemol gheesse, ass die Susie un der Sam schier alle Daag am Fechte sin — ebmols weeich em Sam seine Hinkel, dernoh weeich der Susie ihre Hund un Katz, un der Schinner weess was schunscht. Es waar ewwe eens vun denne dumme Schtreit, wu's ebmols gebt gschwische Nochbere, un ass positively net haeppene sedde unnich Leit, ass eischt e wennich Verschtand hen.

Viel vun de Leit in Eselschteddel hen gaar net verschteh kenne, ferwas ass die zwee Nochbere so wiescht mit nanner uff eemol fechte sedde. Ich un mei alder Kumeraad, der Mawny, hedde ihne awwer des Ding gans deidlich mache kenne. Ich un der Mawny hen privately mit nanner gschtoddit fer mol detectives zu warre, un hen groossi Blessier un satisfaction gfunne in allerhand mysteries uffzukliere, Mir hen der Schtreit gschwische em Sam un der Susie gewillkummt als en "number one gudi case" fer uns, un wann mir's duh hedde welle, dann hedde mir de Leit glei alles pleen mache kenne.

Der Sam hot sich selwer gebord fer ebaut en Yaahr nochdem ass sei Fraa dod waar. Die Susie Hannesel hot oft (wie ewwe en guder Nochber sett) em Sam als vun de schenschte un beschte Sponge-Kuche, Oischter Supp, gebrodene Oischters, geroschte Ende un anner gut Sach iwwer die Fens gewwe, un wann der Sam ebmols es grank Koppweh grickt hot, dann iss die Susie als iwwer die Fens gegraddelt (wie en guder Nochber ewwe sett) un hot em Sam kiehle, nasse Dicher um der Kopp gebunne un hot actually als e wennich gheilt, wie sie gsehne hot, wie der Sam so geduldich gsoffert hot.

Grank Koppweh waar ebbes ass der Sam nie net mit geblogt waar so lang as sei Fraa gelebt hot, un die Susie hot ihre Beschts browiert fer em Sam die Uhrsach deidlich auszuleegge.

"Dei Koppweh kummt vun indigestion, Sam," saagt die Susie mol ee Owed, wie sie en eiskalt Duch uff em Sam sei Kopp gebunne hot un hot en paar Drobbe Wasser schee vun seim Gsicht gebutzt.

"Awwer vun was kummt des verschinnert Inshinggesshion, odder wasewwer ass du's heesscht?" frogt der Sam.

"Des indigestion bringt sich bei darrich des, ass du net regelmeesich esse duscht," saagt die Susie; "du settscht absolut en gudi Fraa hawwer ass dir dei gut waarem Esse drei mol der Daag en ere regler Zeit mache deet." Dernoh hot die Susie en diefer Seifzer gezogge, wie sie em Sam en frisch nass Duch uff der Kopp gebunne hot.

Em Sam sei Haz hot e wennich gschpassich gebumpt un ge-aeckt wie die Susie sich e wennich teit wedder ihn gelehnt hot, wie sie's Duch gegnibbt hot, awwer er waar doch zu dumm un bashful, schunscht hett er sie graad datt in sei Aerrem genumme un hett die "indigestion" question graad datt gsettelt.

Der Sam hot ebmols wieschde, dumme mistakes gemacht. Der naegscht Daag hot er verleicht der dummscht mistake gemacht vun seim Lewe, wie er naus ins Land gfaahre iss un iss geeich Owed zerick kumme mit ere Hausheltern

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Editorials

Raise for Postal Force

When he vetoed other bills providing for postal raises, President Eisenhower indicated he was not against improvement in the salaries of our half a million postal employes but he did object to other features in the two bills. Making good on his word, the President now has signed a third bill which provides an average increase of eight per cent.

Since our faithful postal workers have been notoriously underpaid a raise is in the interest of simple justice. It will come to people with whom the entire American public is well acquainted and with whom the American people generally are well pleased.

Since the bill also contains provisions for some readjustments in postal jobs and methods for promoting efficiency, the President has looked upon this measure as the "greatest forward step for our postal employes in a century."

The White House, following congressional action of course, has kept its promise to the faithful handlers of the mail. Our people will be pleased because reward for good service could not go to a nicer group of public employes.

Absurd, but We Like It

When four American airmen were released from imprisonment in China during recent weeks, announcement was made by the Chinese government that the men had been tried, had confessed their wrong doing and following their conviction in Chinese courts were going to be punished — by deportation.

Since the American people were overjoyed to have their fine young men restored to their families and to their country little thought was given to the absurdity that report of such a trial emphasized. It became evident that the trial was a mere matter of form and was calculated to "save face" for the Chinese. They had held the flyers as prisoners without a trial and in violation of the terms of the Korean truce.

Then came the overtures from the United Nations and India, voiced respectively by Secretary General Hammarskjold and Foreign Minister Menon. As a result of these two men's persuasions (according to Chinese admission) and following the flyers' conviction in a Chinese court of violating Chinese territory, four prisoners were released altho fifteen originally had been asked for. Several hundred other Americans are believed to be in their illegal custody.

Prisoners taken in war or in actions relating to war rarely if ever are sent back to their own side as a punishment. So, if the American airmen had made honest confession they would have been expected to be locked up and sentenced to bread and water and solitary confinement if their crimes were very serious. Instead the Chinese sent them home, the very pleasing penalty which the "criminals," United States and all the western world desired might be imposed upon them. The explanations did not make sense just as failure to release other prisoners held illegally does not make sense.

The same kind of treatment has just been meted out to Father Frederick Donaghy, a Roman Catholic bishop, who was jailed on Christmas of 1950, was held a prisoner for six months and then was subjected to house arrest until yesterday when he was likewise released and permitted to go to Hong Kong. Not until three days ago was Bishop Donaghy placed on trial, convicted of subversive activities and ordered expelled from China. It took almost four and a half years for the Chinese to conclude that this prisoner should be given a trial. But once he was put on trial, it took only a few hours to convict him and arrive at a sentence that certainly was a predetermined one. It had absolutely no logical relationship to any crimes or misdemeanors charged to the venerable clergyman.

If it were not so serious a matter, the West could have a good laugh at the absurdities involved in such Chinese thinking, pronouncements and actions.

Of course we are all in favor of this kind of peculiar oriental thinking and behavior if the Chinese will release another and the last Roman Catholic bishop in China, namely the Most Rev. Joseph E. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., who is believed to be in Shanghai, as well as the hundreds of Americans who have dropped out of sight since 1950 but are believed to be in prisons in various parts of China.

Raising a Fuss

From all the fuss about raising the minimum wage, you might think the fate of the economy depended on it.

The Administration proposed that the level be raised from seventy-five cents an hour to ninety cents. Unions and some lawmakers wanted it boosted to a dollar and a quarter. The Senate this week voted to increase it to one dollar.

Yet it is estimated that if the dollar figure is sustained it will affect only about two million employes out of nearly sixty-three million people now working. In the companies concerned, it is true, the effect will be to raise not only the minimum rate but the general pay scale. Even so, the impact on the economy as a whole will not be great.

Thus, in a practical sense, raising the Federal minimum wage is for the most part simply a belated recognition of something that has already happened. To set it at one dollar is to say what everybody already knows, that almost all people in this country are making more than that; many workers make more than twice that much.

To that extent, it may be said that such an increase is innocuous; it doesn't have very serious consequences one way or another. The principles involved in the whole idea of a Federal minimum wage, however, are not so innocuous.

There is, for example, the principle that it is the duty and proper function of the Federal Government to intervene in people's private affairs in this manner. If we were living in an age or a country where working people were oppressed by cruel and all-powerful masters, there might be some excuse for the Government to try to afford such protection. As it is, the situation is the other way around; organized labor is so powerful it consistently succeeds in winning its demands. In those circumstances, this Governmental solicitude is a rather poor joke.

Moreover, the principle of a Federal minimum wage encourages some phony economic thinking. The practical effect of a twenty-five cent increase may be slight, but it cements into law the notion that pay boosts can be made casually, across-the-board, without regard to any other consideration, and particularly without regard to local situations.

This is just what happens. The auto workers have just won from Ford a package increase estimated to be worth twenty cents an hour or more. They expect to do as well or better with General Motors. Steel workers will also be getting hefty boosts, and so on through much of industry.

Now it is fine for people to make more money as their work improves and their tenure lengthens, but increases of the order now being obtained are not based on such considerations, or any consideration except the union leaders' power to extract them. And when wages in important industries are boosted out of proportion to productivity, the result is an addition to the already considerable inflationary potential. Continue that process long enough and the potential may materalize into some very unpleasant facts.

The Administration, as the President noted the other day, has consistently kept labor disoutes out of the White House. The question of minimum wages is another labor dispute that could well be evicted from Washington.—Wall Street Journal.

And He Never Went to Sea

Representatives of some 160 countries, whose people speak as many different languages, assembled in Paris just a few days ago to celebrate the fame of Jules Verne, the imaginative writer of 104 books in which many of our modern day scientific wonders were anticipated by this French writer.

It has long been a paradox at which readers of Verne's books have marvelled that Verne, when a boy, was prevented by a stern and overcautious father from going to sea. But he wrote such a prophetic work as "20,000 Leagues under the Sea." That story of a submarine was written many years before our American inventors produced the forerunners of the Nautilus—the latest and finest example of underwater vessels.

Earlier than the development of the submarine to confirm the prophetic insight of Verne came the circumnavigation of the globe in under eighty days by Nelly Bly and thus excelled the imaginative journey of Verne's Phileas Fogg and his "Around the World in 80 Days."

Scientists have not yet developed a space ship to make a journey to the moon such as Verne foresaw. But there is absolute confidence that the feat can be accomplished and would be accomplished if there were a commercial objective or if there were sound military reasons for reaching the moon, setting down there perhaps and coming back again.

This and other predictions of Verne, which were made in his entertaining science-fiction stories, are seen today to be possible and probable. The astonishing thing is that one man, almost a century ago, foresaw so many of the inventions that make our modern day such a marvellous one.

Mountain-Climbing



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The mood of a nation is not readily felt after a long absence, but it takes only an elementary knowledge of the economics of American life to perceive that the country has not waked up to the implications of the current controversy over the guaranteed annual wage.

The vast power of a labor-union monopoly, which can hold up a whole industry unless its demands for money are met, was never more conspicuously demonstrated than in the negotiations between the unions and the auto companies. The companies have no choice but to accept the program laid down — with costly strikes as the alternative. Under the new agreement, only 60 to 65 per cent of the regular wages are as yet to be paid by the auto companies when their employes are idle, and there are other limitations. But anyone who can read between the lines knows that the next move will be to raise it to 100 per cent. A start has been made in America toward huge payments for work not done.

The idea that a labor union can demand payment for its members for services they do not perform is not a new one. It has been the source of many invisible increases in the costs of production in past years, and it has resulted in many an upward rise in prices.

The average observer may consider that the automobile industry is comprised of some companies which can well afford to pay idle men. In a sense, the payments will look logical because much of the unemployment is caused by a rearrangement of schedules of production when new models are introduced.

Public to Pay

But the public is going to have to pay for the increased costs. The price of automotive transportation, which at one time was steadily reduced by means of quantity production, is now steadily rising and will continue to rise if a labor monopoly has its way.

The real damage will not be done to such successful companies as Ford, General Motors and Chrysler. It will hit the smaller companies hard, and nobody has come forward with a plan to keep them in competition and on a solvent basis if labor unions require them, as they inevitably will, to make similar payments.

Unemployment compensation has hitherto been handled as a state function, and as a form of relief paid for by all employers and by industries generally. The new development is that each company is being compelled by labor-union coercion to supplement the customary unemployment insurance with added contributions that are to come out of the pockets of the individual companies.

The problem of what to do about the marginal businesses in America is growing more and more perplexing. It does little good to say that the antitrust laws may be counted upon to keep the larger units from swallowing the smaller ones. If mergers are prohibited, the mortality of the smaller businesses will grow and more unemployment will result.

The competitive system in America has always been praised because no combination of competitors is allowed to fix prices or to regulate or control sources of supply. But, when the smaller companies are forced out of business by a wage-fixing pattern that is applied uniformly to an industry, the labor-union monopoly helps to abolish competition just the same as if the companies themselves regulated the conditions under which their competitors could operate. To impose onerous conditions and costs on a competitor is a violation of the antitrust laws for management, but not for labor-union monopolists. This is because the political influence of the unions has been adequate to obtain from Congress a special privilege — the immunity of labor unions from prosecution under antitrust laws no matter how much they may perform acts that are in "restraint of trade."

The automobile industry is the largest in the nation and is a kind of bellwether. Whatever the auto companies do is reflected in the attitudes of other companies which supply materials or parts. Beyond this, the pattern is before long applied to other major industries.

The end result of what is happening is likely to be an inflationary price rise and a steady devaluation of the dollar over the long range. And the possibility of state socialism coming in to pay out unemployment and other benefits in a so-called "welfare state" is growing. There seems to be a complacent and acquiescent attitude on the part of the public toward the payment of money for work not done and toward the idea of letting labor costs rise without any corresponding increase in productivity. It's a trend that gives cause for anxiety as to the ultimate effect on the economic future of America.

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Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

RETURN VISIT

Were another life allowed and
they asked you to return,
Would you live as you have lived
or try better ways to learn?"
That's a question often asked
and is frequently discussed.
"Back on earth again," I say,
"in the Lord I still should
trust.

"If remembrance of the past
should continue, it could be
When I started life again there'd
be little change in me.
I'd do just about the same. Still
for friendship I should seek.
I'd be foolish many times and
at times I would be weak.

"The old errors I'd repeat, since
perfection life denies,
And there's very little fun for the
man who grows too wise.
I would love as I have loved,
and in spite of sighs and tears
I would try to do my best
through another term of
years."

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT SEI VIOLET FERNART:

Doh net long tzurick owets, wors gute om Deitscha Sanger Bund in Lehighton. Der George Thompson, un woh besser bakont is ols der "Junior," wor darta, un so aw sei fraw die Violet. Der "Junior" hut sel alla dawgs glaider aw kot, un wor net gabolviert. Endlich hut die Violet awfonga eila fer hame gae, ow'r der Junior hut sich net ferraig'd — is yusht shae hucka gabliva un hut net bohna g'sawt.

Die Violet hut ow'r ols rum gatzong'd er sot sich uf mocha un mit hame gae, so os sie sich bordla un rum shtrippa kenta fers town nuf gae. Wie sie noh nocha mohl gore heftich gayohl'd hut kot fer kumma un hame gae, is sie ob fert tzu da dier nous — un der "Junior" is ols noch hucka gabliva.

'S Thompsons wohna yusht so iwwer 'm waig driwwa fon da Klub, un der "Junior" is endlich aw uf g'shtonna, un ob hame. In tzeit fon 15-20 minuta wor er widder tzurick, glot gabolviert, un rum g'shtript, un hut sich grawd widder hee k'huck'd woh er k'huck'd hut wie die Violet ferlossa hut. In ra shtuns tzeit odder so, war sot tzu da dier nei kumma mit longa shrit os sie die Violet, un huts aller arrickshd gayohl'd, "Junior, Junior!" ow'r der "Junior" hut ken ontwert gewwa.

Noh hut sie awfonga noh froga eb aenich ebber ihra "Junior," g'sehna het, un sie hut auga gamocht wie tzinna daller wie ainer g'sawt hut, er het 'n sehna mit ainra om ohr'm 's town nuf lawfa. Noh uf kours huts ferarnsht garobbl'd un die Violet is die sawg, het g'sholda in siva unnershittlicha shprocha — un ols hut der "Junior" darta k'huck'd, un allas shae ei ganumma. Endlich hut ainer g'sawt, "Violet, war is selar kerl darta om end fom dish?"

Un shure ganunk wie die Violet mohl recht gaguck'd hut wors ihra aigner "Junior Boo," un woh g'shmuntzl'd hut fon ohr tzu ohr — tzu denka wie arrick os os er sei Violet fernart het. Wos sie uf kours wissa hut wolla wor — "Won hosh'd duh dich gabolviert un rum g'shtript."

"Ei," hut der "Junior," g'sawt, "die weil os duh uf 'm bed galaiga hosh'd shlofa."

Mit sel'm is er uf g'shtonna fom shtuhl woh er k'huck'd hut, sie hen ei k'hank'd, un sin mit nonner die shtadt nuf grawd wie won sie airsht k'heiert hetta. Des da wenicher os die Violet ow'r now hoert fon da socha des da lieveer is es ra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Gabutzdawga sin g'shpass so long os 'n mensch yung is, ow'r won der gabutzdawg kucha mohl guck'd wie 'n bush fire — noh dawenicher os 'm mensch hoert dafon, des da liever is es 'm.

Wos noch mainer is, mier hen aenichie tzeit 's recht fer der Al un die Edna rutznase haisa, weil m'r sie bei tzwae dawg gabutta hen.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Colossians 1:13

Paul here describes a Christian as one who has been delivered from the power of darkness and has been translated into the kingdom of His dear Son, (literally, the Son of His love). Peter, in his first Epistle, 2:9, says that Christians have been called by the Lord Jesus out of darkness into His marvellous light. The idea of darkness is always associated with the kingdom of Satan. John, in his first Epistle, 1:15, declares that God is light, and in Him there is no darkness at all. There is no more wonderful experinece for any one than to realize this transfer from Satan's kingdom into Christ's kingdom — becoming thus a new creation, old things passed away, and all things having become new. Notice in Acts 26:17-18 Jesus' words as He commissions Paul as the preacher of the Gospel to the Gentiles at the time of his conversion on the Damascus road — 'to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, to receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith in Me.'

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Dig this defense of snoring by a Glasgow physician who probably makes an infernal racket when he's sleeping himself: "Snoring," he told a British Medical Association meeting, may be based on race memory. Afflicted males thus would make the noise atavistically at night to keep marauders from the den."

In other words, this snoracle (name, Dr. A. H. Douthwaite) reminded wives of snorers that those assorted grunts, groans, whistles, etc., with which their spouses keep them awake are actually "evidences of deep love and the protective instinct."

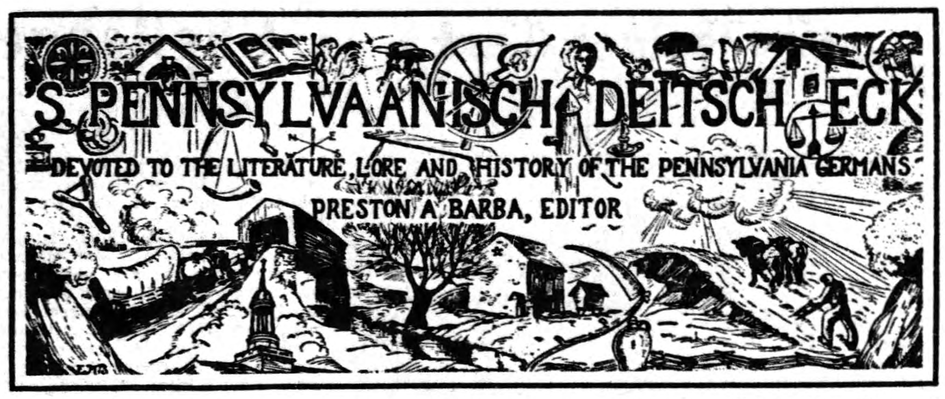
A drummer applied for a room at the only hotel in town during a big convention week in June, was told he was completely out of luck. "But I requested this room way back in December," protested the drummer, "and what's more, here's your written confirmation of the reservation."

The desk clerk was not at all upset. "In December," he pointed out, "we had plenty of empty rooms!"

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Horoscope

Thanks to clever hunches, your business should prosper. Today's child should be brilliantly clever and very good-natured.



Mental Health Among the Pennsylvania Dutch

By WILLIAM J. RUPP

INCREASINGLY we are becoming aware of what is generally called "the mental health problem." We see the so-called "mental institutions" over-crowded, indeed over-flowing, so much so that merely to contain or confine all the patients, or just to keep an eye on all of them, has become a serious matter. We see the very young and the very old and all ages in between as patients in these institutions, for mental illness is no respecter of age. Staffed by heroic doctors, nurses, and assistants, trying to do a great healing work, sometimes under terrible handicaps, these institutions must constantly plead for more funds, larger staffs and more adequate facilities.

Last fall Dr. Howard A. Rusk, writing in the SUNDAY NEW YORK TIMES and reporting on the annual meeting of the National Association for Mental Health, came up with what he called "some frightening facts about the extent of mental illness and our appalling lack of facilities and trained personnel for the care and treatment of the mentally ill." He said that this year about 250,000 persons would be admitted to mental hospitals for the first time; that, at the present rate, one of every twelve children born each year will need to go to a mental hospital sometime in his life; that over half of all our hospital beds are occupied by mental patients; and that mental illness costs us over a billion dollars a year in tax funds.

Some have been saying that, according to statistics, sooner or later half of us are destined to need some mental healing or are due for some mental disorder or breakdown. Balanced against such sobering facts are the encouraging, but less well known facts that progress has been made and is being made through research in attacking some of the basic problems of mental sickness, and that there is a growing interest in and concern about the whole matter among us.

It was not always thus! There was a time when there was no home and no hospital for the mentally sick. Up to the time of Jesus the mentally ill were turned loose, banished from the community to become society's outcasts, left to shift for themselves like wild animals. They were the lunatics, the "moonstruck," the "possessed" in whom a demon or evil spirit dwelled. Their place was not in the community of the sane but among the tombs and in the wild and desolate places which evil spirits were supposed to favor.

The concern of Jesus for such unfortunate folk should be well known to all of us, and it should be remembered that much of our contemporary solicitude for the mentally sick stems from His mercy and compassion.

We remember the time when, among our own people, the mental institution was "es Narrische Haus" or "es Narrehaus," and therefore a thing to be feared and avoided. Words for "asylum" or "hospital" were rearely if ever used. The mental hospital was a place "fer die Narrische," for "crazy people," and it was worse than prison and death. To become a patient in, nay rather to be confined in such a place was about the worst thing that could happen to a person. The way all this was said had undertones of a tragedy that was final, hopeless, unrelieved. It was the end of the road for anyone so unfortunate or "so g'schtroft," — and the emphasis was on the "g'schtroft."

To-day we are learning to think of these places as hospitals, places of treatment and, happily, places of hope. They are not necessarily the end of the road for anyone. Now we are glad that there are such institutions, for we know that anyone can become sick mentally under the pressures and tensions of modern life, and we are thankful that treatment is available and that cure is both possible and probable.

Mental illness has been defined as being "any prolonged departure from the normal manner of thinking, feeling and doing, — with the sick person not being aware of it." When such a thing does strike, and it may happen anytime anywhere, then the family and the community are disturbed along with the individual. And when it does happen then people will talk!

Let us then consider the place this matter has had in the life of our people and especially in their speech, our Pennsylvania "Dutch" dialect. First, the sickness itself and then, secondly, what was done about it.

Mental illness comes in many forms and there have been many varieties of cases, from the very mild disturbance to the most serious and fatal.

Sometimes it was said, "Er iss net recht gscheit," and this referred to the person who did not conform, whose behavior was crude, rough and unpredictable. Uusually it referred only to conduct, but sometimes also to manner of speech. Such a person may have been "schlifflich" or "umgscheit" or "rilpsich" or "oxich." Usually he was a trouble-maker in the community, perhaps a bully, or noisy and quarrelsome.

In folklore the character of Till Eileshpiggel is generally described as having been of this type. Such a person might abuse his family and his friends, respect neither person nor property, fear neither God nor the Devil. He might be in league with the Devil and then again, like old Till, he might do his best to outwit the Evil One.

Such a person might commit all sorts of tomfoolery, tricks and pranks, — "Narre-shtreech" or "Narrheete." Foolish, profane and obscene language ("narrisch Gschwetz") would be characteristic. "Narrischkeeta" would be the mark of his erratic behavior, and it might be said, "Die Narrischkeet guckt ihm aus de Aagge." Some might call him just plain "narrisch" and others might say he was "verrickt;" or the general word, "umverschtennich," might be used, meaning the person was without reason or understanding, cruel, brutal and irresponsible.

A person who by conduct or speech appeared to have all the answers to all the questions was "iwwer-gscheit." He knew, or pretended to know, too much! If he really knew "too much" and showed certain deviations and abnormalities, he probably was "iwwergelannt," that is, "overstudied," having spent too much time in school or at books. Certain cases that had to be institutionalized were described this way: "Sie saagge er hett sich iwwerlannt;" or, "Es Lanne hot ihn narrisch gemacht;" or, "Er iss iwwer-shtudiert;" or, "Er hot zu shtarrick gelannt;" or, "Er iss selle Weeg warre vum zu viel lanne."

The dull, the stupid, the backward ones were "dumm" or "hattlannich" or just plain "hinne draa." So it was said, "Er waar immer hinne draa in der Schul;" or, "In der Schul waar er mechdich hatt-lannich;" or, "Er waar immer bissel dumm." Other names for such cases were "Dummkopp," "Moschkopp," and, strange as it may seem, "Ibb-yapp."

A general description, applied variously, was simply this, "Er iss net recht;" or, "Er iss net, was er sei sott." That had to cover a multitude of weaknesses from the "not quite right" to the more seriously abnormal and irrational. Sometimes the word "karyos" would be used for the "queer" and the "strange," like this, "Er kummt em karyos vor," or, "Er iss en karyoser Mensch." It described the peculiar person of erratic behavior, the one that a normal person couldn't quite figure out.

The word "dumm," for ignorant, was also used in another connection, like this, "Er iss zu dumm fer sei eeggner Gut." This meant that a person was too foolish, too ignorant, too easy-going for his own good. Sometimes this was said of people who were exceptionally kind, charitable, humble and merciful, — "zu dumm fer ihre eeggner Gut." The implication was that the Christian virtues had leaned over backwards much too far and that such a person would be better off if he thought more of self and less of others. He might be harmless as a dove but it would be better if he would also learn to be wise as a serpent! To that sort of thing we would now say that it is a blessed kind of foolishness and that the world could stand a lot more of it. We would not be as sick as we are if we thought less of self and more of others! "Zu dumm sei fer sei eeggner Gut" seems to be good mental hygiene!

A person with queer, twisted, silly ideas and "notions" was called "rabbel-keppich," — literally loose in the head, rattle-brained, or empty-headed. The stubborn were "schtarr-keppich," — obstinate, bull-headed, opinionated, uncooperative. Those who were "dick-keppich" were the "thick-heads," — hard to convince, hard to handle, mulish and conservative. Sometimes these were also the "sore-heads," who nursed a grudge, had a chip on their shoulder, or who continued a fight. They were the spiteful, temperamental, vengeful kind who were nice as pie one day and mean as the Devil the next. Of them it was said, "Sie sin widder kibbisch (dick-keppich, schtarr-keppich)," meaning that they were stubborn, angry, spiteful or mulish again.

Speaking of tempers and moods, we might also mention here that there were special ways of describing persons who were friendly to your face and then knifed you when your back was turned. Thus it was said, "Geschder sin sie em schier hinne nei g'schluppt un heit grickt mer en Messer in der Buckel gerennt;" or, "Heit so un marye annerscht;" or, "Heit iss es 'Bussy, Bussy,' un marye iss es widder Katz, Katz;'" or, "Heit lache sie em ins G'sicht un marye grickt mer ins G'sicht g'shpaut."

Such were the people of changeable and variable tempers. They were like the shifting wind, or like the weather-cock on the barn roof, — "Sie sin gange mit em Wind." If a person suddenly and unexpectedly appeared angry or stubborn or uncooperative it was said, "Es iss widder ebbes iwwer ihn gegraddelt," or, "En annerer (beeser) Wind iss widder iwwer ihn geblose." Both of these expressions about change of mood being induced by having something "crawl over you" or by having an evil wind blow over you, have their roots deep in the lore of primitive peoples. Nevertheless, they too were mentally sick, — and a problem!

Those who were subject to a falling sickness or epileptic fits were described this way: "Er hot die Fallet - Granket;" or, "Er grickt die Fallet-Granket an sich;" or, "Es kummt ebbes an ihn;" or, "Es kummt als ebbes iwwer ihn," — that is, something "came over him," or something "got after him." This suggests "possession" by an evil spirit or demon, just as in Jesus' day the case of the epileptic boy was interpreted to mean that an evil spirit, or spirits, had moved into the person's body and taken over the controls.

Der Daadi Un Die Mammi

Mer kann es heit noch sehne,
Sell Heisel, wu es schteht;
Dart hen sie als drum rum geschpielt,
Die Buwe un die Maed.
Sie sin all ufgewachse
Un noch enanner fort,
Un hen die Alte allee gelosst
Beinanner am alte Ort.

Der Daadi un die Mammi,
Die gute alte Leit!
So Mensche finnscht gaar kenni meh,
Magscht laafe noch so weit.
Manch scheener Summerowet
Bin ich an der Dier fer bei;
Noh hen mer als geblaudert
Minanner, yuscht mir drei.

Dart hen sie als gesesse
Uf em Benkel an der Wand,
Der Daadi mit der Peif un sie
Mit Schtrickes in der Hand.
Sie sin so eenich gewese,
As wie en Hochzichpaar,
Schpeit fun fufzich Yohr un lenger
Seit erscht die Hochzich waar.

So hen sie schee minanner gelebt,
Bis an ihr seelich End.
So hen sie g'sesse mol ee Daag,
Sie mit Schtrickes in de Hend,
Un der Daadi mit dem Peifle,
Un waare dod, alle zwee!
'S iss lonesome now wu's Heisel schteht
Datt an der Schtross allee.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

In our folk medicine there were ways by which such calamity could be avoided, and cures and formulas by which such "possession" could be ended and the evil spirit exorcised, but that is a story by itself. Happily enough, we know better now about such things and the old superstitions are supposed to be gone, but our speech does not always betray this.

The delirious person, so because of a fever or other ailment, was described as being "verwatt" (that is, incoherent) or "verhuddelt" (that is, all mixed up). Now and then the word "verrickt" might be used but this word usually meant "mad" or "crazy" or "deranged." Editor Barba has reminded me that the word "err" or "aer" was used to describe delirium, — "Er waar gans aer." Again it might be said, "Er waar gons vun sich kumme."

Convulsions were called "die Gichdere." If something induced convulsions it was said, "Es hot ihn in die Gichdere g'schprengt;" or, "Es hot sich zu Gichdere gedreht;" or, "Er hot die Gichdere grickt un sell waar's End." Again, somebody might describe a case of great fright or extreme surprise this way, "Es hot mich schier in die Gichdere g'schprengt."

The unconscious were "ummechdich," that is, helpless, powerless, not in control. Fainting, or anything remotely resembling it, would be described with the words, "Sie iss ummechdich warre." Becoming unconscious might be described as "vun sich kumme," and revival as "widder zu sich kumme." The hysteria and emotional excesses of a "long meeting" of several generations ago were described thus: "Noh sin sie ummechdich (narrisch, 'happy') warre un sin uff em Boddem un unnich de Benk rum gerollt!"

Coma was similarly explained, or it might be said summarily and with finality, "Er iss fatt." The same would be said of death, — "Er iss fatt," or, "Er iss noh eig'schlofe."

A bad disease, anything terrible or perhaps incurable, like cancer or a social disease, would be put this way: "Er hot ebbes an sich (as net gut iss)." This, or any fit or spell, might be explained thus: "Er grickt ebbes an sich;" or, "Er hot die bees Granket;" or, "Er hot ebbes Beeses an sich." "Es bees Ding" was a name for a felon or a particular and localized infection, but it might also describe mental illness, — "Er hot en bees Ding an sich." Obviously these expressions took many forms and described a great variety of conditions and circumstances.

Cases of shock, semi-hysteria and instances of complete suprise, with perhaps loss of speech, were put this way: "Der Verschtand iss em schtill schteh bliwwe;" or, "Der Verschtand hot em schier schtill g'shtanne." When a man was at wit's end, he would say, "Der Verschtand iss em all warre;" or, "Des nemmt em der Verschtand."

The most serious cases of mental sickness were described this way: "Er iss wiedich," or, "Er iss hann - wiedich." This suggests "brain-fever," rage, distemper, total derangement, wild anger, boiling madness! "Pumpernickle Bill" Troxell says he knew of one old codger who got that way during every time of full moon!

A so-called "worst-case" might be explained this way: "Er iss gans ab" (that is, totally "off"); or, "Er iss vollschtendich narrisch" (That is, completely crazy); or, and this was more compassionate, "Er iss hatt grank im Kopp" (that is, really and severely sick in the head). And that reminds us of the inebriate on his way home from the village tavern late on a Saturday night, who covered all sides of the country road and the middle too, swung his lantern round and round and sang to his buddies, "I'm sick in de belly and grank im Kopp!"

An introvert, especially a person with no concern for anything about him and with no interest in anything beyond his little self, was described with the words, "Er iss in sich nei gschluppt" — literally, he crawled into himself, withdrew into his shell. Thus far we have not been able to uncover a good dialect name for an extrovert.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
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Editorials

For Some Week-End Pleasure

The people of Quakertown have put a lot into their preparations for observance of the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the boro's government. For months it has been the thought uppermost in the community mind.

Beginning today with a large and colorful parade, the program of celebration will cover a week and will present daily attractions that should be interesting and instructive to strangers as well as to the natives and other residents of the boro.

Many thousands of persons, entire families in many cases, like to spend their weekends in attendance at notable affairs. In their motor cars they can travel almost anywhere both for an enjoyable ride and for participation in various forms of entertainment.

Quakertown is a pleasant town. It is a pretty town which is agreeable to visit at any time. It is going to be an even more interesting place during this week of celebration for the boro's people are in holiday mood. They are prepared to entertain guests in any number. They have a lot to display and they want thousands of people to enjoy a good time with them this afternoon at the large parade and other festivities which will run on well into the night. Then on every day for a week they will have notable programs.

Quakertown is having "open house" during the week. A lot of people are going to have a good time as the boro's guests.

Mack 50 Years in Allentown

It does not seem like fifty years to Allentonians who remember the occasion but it was just half a century ago that John M. Mack, "Jack" as he best was known, came to this city from Brooklyn where he and his brothers had been building heavy wagons. For five years prior to coming to this city, namely in 1900, they had been dabbling with the idea of motorizing heavy wagons and producing strong and reliable motor trucks. In that period of experimentation they had been finding themselves. They had been developing a market for a superior article which business was beginning to demand. They were ready to expand and seek larger markets. So in 1905 they came to Allentown and located in the valley of the Little Lehigh very close to the spot where the present large plant of Mack Mfg. Corporation has been established.

It was not a matter of accident that brought them to this city. As native Pennsylvanians, the Mack brothers — five of them — knew Allentown well and admired this city. Furthermore, one of their number, Joseph S. Mack in 1900 had come to this city from Scranton to open a silk mill which bore his name. Thus he had come to know the community well and was able to commend it to his brethren for their expanding enterprise.

Mack Brothers continued in the business in this city for only seven years. But they left their indelible impression in addition to their name upon the corporation which purchased their interests, effected consolidation with two other motor car corporations in New Jersey and established itself firmly in the American business world as an outstanding manufacturer of trucks for dependable, heavy transportation.

So it is a matter for satisfaction that this fiftieth anniversary of local operations is to be celebrated by the company and its personnel during Monday and Tuesday next.

The company will pay particular honors to the large group of veteran employes whose terms of service are almost contemporaneous with the local life of the company. In addition the public of this community will be the guests of Mack on Tuesday night when it will be possible to inspect this large and modern plant at 10th and Harrison Sts. which is an exemplar of production in the motor car field.

In turn, the community will have its opportunity to honor and felicitate with Mack upon its long and useful service to the economy of this community for on Tuesday at noon, Mack leaders will be the guests of honor at luncheon in the Lehigh Valley Club.

The very nicest fact about this attainment of a half century of business life in this community is that perhaps never before has the company enjoyed better business health than it does today on its entering a second half century. It is a virile, flourishing corporation which is geared to the national industrial machine. It gives every promise of growing and thriving with the national economy and of continuing to be one of the leading units in the American motor truck industry and one of the leading industries of the Lehigh Valley.

Revolution in Argentina

Revolution in Argentina and its threat to the dictatorial status of Juan Peron, president of the Argentine Republic, still is a bit uncertain as to results and it is still difficult to understand the character of the forces which are arrayed against each other and their relative strength.

There cannot be any wide sympathy in North America with Peron who thruout his career has been anything but friendly with the Colossus of the North, as the United States has been termed in derision. Nor can there be any sympathy with Peron's very evident clash with the organized religious group to which most of Argentina's population is attached. Any attack upon religion, as such, is to be deprecated for success in such attack inevitably must lead to wider iconoclasm.

In the United States, under the Constitution, there is a healthier condition in that there is complete separation of Church and State. Any and all efforts for control of one by the other has been and will be resisted.

Peron, as a dictator, has clashed with the Church. In the fashion of dictators he has striven to rid himself of its influence whether upon himself and the government, which is himself, or upon the people whom he has been ruling in arbitrary fashion.

The revolution, according to Peron and at this writing, has been put down. He has denied any anti-religious motives in his actions against representatives of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and he has denounced and threatened the church-burning mobs as Communists. Certainly those mobs have not behaved like religiously-minded folks. They have actually put Peron into the role of the protector of the Church altho he has quarrelled with its heads.

It may well be brought out that Argentina's Communists have taken advantage of a situation and are carrying out the anti-religious line of the party wherever it sets up an establishment in a foreign country. In the steps for their suppression, Peron may be put into the strange position of striking at the Church with one hand and saving it with the other.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

CONCERNED ABOUT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

DEAR SIR:

We are very much concerned about juvenile delinquency and it is proper that we should be. These young people are in the period of adolescence and are fascinated by thrills and excite them to divert their energies into more useful channels. They must learn that as they approach ment. We shall have to persuade maturity they shall have to find their own place in relation to work and their moral and spiritual welfare.

Perhaps they are unwilling to accept discipline and prefer freedom of action. Many of our youth resent adult interference. But, do they realize that the type of freedom and independence they are seeking may lead to a life of complete frustration.

Longfellow has said: "Life is real, life is earnest and the grave is not its goal." Having had their fling, these young people should now assume a more serious attitude toward life and engage in activities that will strengthen their characters and prepare them to accept life's opportunities and responsibilities.

Are we as adults sufficiently interested in these young people to make them feel they are needed in the home, in the school and in the church? They have talents and should be encouraged to develop these talents and to use them for worth-while purposes. In fact, if they will practice self-control, take an interest in their school work and maintain good relations with others in the community, they can be assured of successful careers.

It is one of the basic principles of life that to be truly successful we must have faith in ourselves and faith in others and follow the rule of doing to others as we would have them do to us. This principle has been implanted by God and, if followed, may revolutionize our thinking and our actions. We will then appreciate that it is the wrong conception of life to devote all of our time to business and pleasure, to the exclusion of other activities that would benefit our fellowmen and enrich our own lives.

Edwin A. Miller,
204 Market St.,
Bethlehem, Pa.

A Father's Prayer



The Ten Years of the U.N.

By WALTER LIPPMANN

In the preceding article I spoke of the United Nations as being a universal society to which all governments, with no exception, wish to belong and from which none wishes to resign. There is, of course, another conception of the United Nations, which is to think of them as a league to enforce peace against military aggression. This second conception was invoked in the case of the Korean war. It raises really disturbing questions. In this country at least they account for much disappointment, and for such popular opposition as there is to the United Nations.

The Korean war, which was fought in the name of the United Nations as a world institution to enforce peace, was an unpopular war in this country. For the American people found themselves bearing the brunt of a nasty and bloody war in a distant country. It was, moreover, in the conventional sense an indecisive war. In so far as the American people had been taught to believe in "collective security" to believe that all the United Nations would rise in their might and their wrath against aggression, they felt they had been let down and were bitter.

It may be said, I know, that on a commemorative occasion it would be more tactful to forget all this and to let bygones be bygones. But, in my view, the future of the United Nations will be brighter and healthier if the issues raised by the Korean experience are discussed and are not left to fester in the dark.

Now the controlling fact, which is often forgotten but which it is necessary to remember, is that the Korean war could never have been fought as a United Nations enterprise but for a mysterious, as yet unexplained, accident. This was the absence of the Soviet delegate to the Security Council when the North Korean army launched its invasion of South Korea. Had Malik been present, he could and he would have vetoed the decision of the Security Council to act against the North Korean invasion.

There is no reason to think that the Soviet Union, or any other permanent member of the Security Council, is likely in other cases to be absent when such a decision is being taken. Nor is any government likely to hesitate to use its veto if the Security Council were about to take mlitary action against one of its dependent states. If the great power possessing the veto has not already restrained the dependant state, it has in fact authorized it to commit the aggression. It is bound to prevent the United Nations from crushing its satellite.

The Korean war did demonstrate that the United States and some of its allies would under certain conditions go to war against aggression. If we are frank and objective about it, we shall recognize that the North Korean aggression threatened the vital position of the United States in Japan and that we had the military forces available to resist it. But the Korean war did not demonstrate that the United Nations will or can be an institution for the collective enforcement of peace against military aggression.

The notion that the United Nations is such a collective agency is in fact a popular misconception. The charter does not facilitate, in fact it all but prevents, collective enforcement of peace. The system of the veto by the great powers, who are permanent members of the Security Council, was at least as much an American as it was a Soviet condition for adherence to the United Nations. Now the system of the veto means, and was put into the charter in order to mean, that military action can never be taken against any of the great powers, nor against any small power which is under the protection of a great power. The common sense of the veto is that military action by great powers against great powers is nothing less than world war, and it would make no sense to try to establish a universal society which is organized to wage world war.

What is left of the idea of the collective enforcement of peace is that if and when the great powers are unanimous, small powers are much less likely to wage war. They are much more likely to yield to the pressure and influence calling upon them to negotiate and to accept mediation.

The idea of an international league to enforce peace became current during World War I. In the charter of the United Nations the idea was apparently adopted. But it was in fact rejected. Thus there are sections of the charter which authorize collective action against aggression. But they are really fossils left over from that earlier period, now long since past, when the idea had not been put to the test. For these sections cannot be made to operate except when the international conflict is of little importance, and does not involve the serious interests of any of the great powers.

In place of the concept of the collective enforcement of peace, we have developed in these ten years an alternative. It is the traditional way of preserving the peace. We have organized the power to balance the power of the Communist world. This balance of power, now augmented with nuclear weapons, has made improbable, because the consequences are incalculable and intolerable, wars of aggression and crusades of liberation. It is not the United Nation's alleged role as an enforcer of peace, but this balance of the powers with their new revolutionary weapons, which has brought the world to the point where there is, as the President has said, no alternative to peace.

Believing as I do that the mission of the United Nations is to be a universal society — without sovereignty and without military power but with an increasing influence over all sovereignties and powers — I think it is a good thing for the future that the United Nations should cease to be thought of as a league to enforce peace.

So far as we are concerned, let us leave the enforcement of peace, the resistance to aggression, and the protection of the weak, to the armed alliance to which we belong.

Let us treat the United Nations as the universal society to which all belong, whether they like each other or not, where each nation can talk with any other nation, where talks are never finally broken off, where the issues, however insoluble, are never pressed so far that they bring the ultimate doom and disaster to mankind.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HEN 'N G' SHPRANG'D: Der Jim Kayser fon Alburtis is ken bonger mensch — doch dade er shun weil net denka fer der hofe nous lawfa mit ous ma basem in da hond, un 'n g'shawwesh shissel uf 'm kup. Un der Jim hut aw gutie uhrsoch fer sich so ferwohrra — un ol darrich paar bloe fegel os 'n neshd kotta hen uf ma baum in seim hofe.

So long os die fegel om neshd baua worra, un die alt alt hut gabree'd, hen sie gore ken druvel gamocht,ow'r die minute os die yunga die kep tuz da shawla rous g'shtrack'd hen, noh wor der hanker lose. Der Jim is awenich blut owwa uf 'm kup, uns hut g'sheind wie won die fegel selar hel blocka nemma dada fer ihra marrick, won sie ols owwa runner sin. In weincher tzeit os es nembt fers fertzaila, hen sie 'm net yusht der kup darrick gapick'd kot os die rote bree galoffa is, ow'r hen 'm aw so gore noch dale hoar garubb'd.

Der Jim hut die socha gore net gaglicha — un doh hut er da fegel aw ken shawda duh wolla — un fersel worra m'r shun arrick donkbore. M'r hen selwar 'n lot Fegelcher rum har fliega, uns wear gawiss os allas tzu arrick won der Jim hinnich 'n letzes kaimt. Wos er not dut won er der hofe nous gait, er hank'd 'n g'sharwesh shissel iwwer der kup, un hut der basem fer sich wairra. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil er die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

HEN ALLAS FERFAIL'D: Sis net bol os der hoarschnidder Frank Steckle fon Crmenton ebbes letz fershtaid — ow'r sel wor bei jupps da onner dawg der fol wie er 'n gawissner Porra hoerra hut sawga er wot g'shora sei, weil er 'n hochtsich om kumma het. Noh is aw gaboauder'd werra fon da Cementon kerrich uf da tzwet shtross, uns nagshd os wor, hut der Frank gamaint 's gaibt 'n kerricha hochtsich heit 'n woch tzurick — ebbes os der kerricha fersaryer Elmer Roth nix dafon gawist hut.

Wie der Frank 'm Elmer fertzailt hut kot fon da hochtsich os Somshdawgs k'halta dade werra in da herrick, is er bletzlich hame, un er un sei Evelyn hen die kerrich gareinich'd fon aim end bis ons onner. Sel gaduh, hen sie un die Lizzie Hoffman dart fom shteddle, ihra aller beshda glaider aw un hen sich ons Rotha of die porch k'huck'd so sheb fon da kerrich driwwa free Somshdawg nommy dawgs so os sie yoh nix ferseima dada won die hochtsich kaimt.

Un darta hen sie k'huck'd fon wenich noch middawg bis owets nine uhr, un hen noh ous gamocht doh wear aryads ebbes letz. Shpaiter hen sie ous g'funna os die hochtsich wor, ow'r net in da kerrich — die yunga leit hen k'heiert om Porras hous, un der Frank hut die socha letz fershtonna kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Warren Reppert fon nagshd on Bullfrock wase net wie glicklich os er is, sei fraw die Betty kauft 'm net yusht die allershanshda glaider os tzu griega sin, un sei shwieger'n die Florence Merkle Hensinger fershtaid aw wie sei glaider tzu bigla — bardich so, sei neia Davy Crockett unner hussa, woh er ferleiicht alla il noch net wase os er hut.

Today's Text

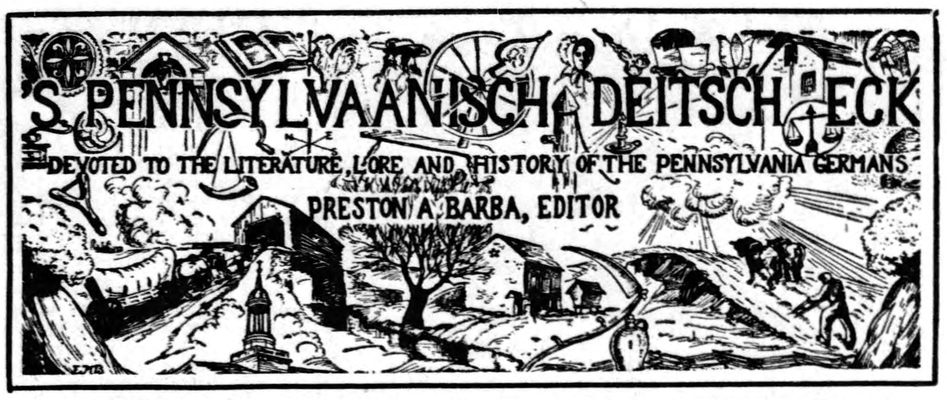
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

1 Thessalonians 1:1-10

Paul visited Thessalonica shortly after his rather unpleasant experiences in Philippi in the course of his second missionary journey. The name of this city in Greece was later shortened to Salonika, and is now called Saloniki. It's harbor was used by the British fleet during the first world war. To the Church in this city Paul wrote his first letter, called First Thessalonians. The name Silvanus in verse 1 is the long form of Silas, who was Paul's companion on his second missionary journey, as Barnabas had been on his first. In verse 3 Paul says that he remembered their work of faith, their labor of love, and their patience of hope in the Lord Jesus Christ. In vs. 9 and 10 he explains these three phrases; their work of faith was that they had turned to God from idols; their labor of love meant that they were now serving the living and true God; and, finally, their patience of hope consisted in the fact that they were waiting for God's Son from heaven, Who had been raised from the dead, ascended into heaven, and had promised to come back again.

Horoscope

Outstanding success should be yours in business or profession. Today's child may be lucky and good-natured.



Mental Health Among the Pennsylvania Dutch

By WILLIAM J. RUPP

CONCLUSION

The general dialect word for any sort of mental illness, of course, is the word "narrisch." It may mean anything silly or foolish, but it may also mean insane, crazy or mad. "En Narr" is a fool or a silly person, but it may also refer to a lunatic or to one stark crazy. The word is used in a variety of ways and we list some of them here:

"Druwwel hot ihn narrisch gemacht."

"Er iss narrisch warre vum Saufe."

"Nau will er narrisch warre." (This after a great loss or a serious crime. Used commonly to describe the widower who shows great sorrow after having lost his abused and unappreciated wife by death).

"Nau will er sich narrisch aaschicke."

"Er iss Weibsleit-narrisch."

"Sie iss Mannsleit-narrisch."

"So narrisch wie en Mann in seinre zwedde Kindheet."

"Wann der liewe Gott en Narr hawwe will, brauch Er yusht me Mann die Fraa weck nemme."

"So narrisch wie en alder Kaader im Katzegraut Tee."

"Er will en Narr aus em mache."

"Er hot mich fer Narre ghalde."

Next is the word "verrickt." It may mean anything mixed up, mad, confused. "Do iss alles verrickt" would mean that everything is wrong, crazy, in utter confusion. "Es iss gange wie verrickt" means that the thing went "like mad" or "like crazy." The word would describe the emotionally disturbed, the upset, bewildered and confused person, the lost!

"Verschowe" means "moved," out of joint, dislocated. Of a serious mental case it might be said, "Er iss awwer hatt verschowe," this meant that the person was "off base," a deviate, one who lost his moorings, therefore disturbed and not quite right. It might include the moron, the idiot, the imbecile, any feeble-minded person.

"Ab sei," meaning "to be off in the head," was another term. "Er iss bissel ab" or "Er iss wennich ab" meant that the person was slightly "touched in the head," just a bit "off."

"Ebbes letz im Hannkaschde" was another way of describing a mental disorder. Other descriptive terms of a similar nature, some of them sounding as though they were merely translations of English phrases, are such as these: "Es iss en Raad los im ewwerschde Schtock;" or "Die Redder sin nimmi all datte;" or, "Er iss nimmi gaas am Blatz;" or, "Datte iss awwer ebbes groosses letz; or; "Datt iss en Schraub los aryets."

"Aus em Heisel" meant "out of mind," literally "out of the house." "Sie iss aus em Heisel" meant that the woman was out of her mind. Just like the expressions, "ab sei" and "weit vum Shtumbe," it suggests again that mental illness is indeed a departure from the normal, accepted ways of thinking, feeling and acting.

Another term is "iwwerzwarrich," meaning contrary, befuddled, incoherent, at cross purposes, all mixed up. This would describe anyone whose behavior pattern cuts across the accepted, customary and orthodox behavior of the group. "Er iss gee-ich die Welt" or "Er iss immer es Geeggedeel" would say about the same thing.

The most notable dialect term to describe mental illness is the expression "Er iss vun sich," meaning that the person is "beside himself" or "not himself." This suggests a rather wholesome and happy approach to the whole problem. The person so described is not really responsible, is not his real or true self, for the better or true self has been lost or submerged. When a person became mentally ill it was said, "Er iss vun sich kumme." This might describe temporary hysteria or loss of consciousness, but it would more often imply something deeper, like a split in the personality, with the real self becoming lost and the sick self taking over the controls. Then, what appeared as the mentally ill person was not the real person at all. What was left or what was seen and heard was the real self no longer. The sick person, as seen and heard, was "out of his mind," a being apart from his true self. — "Er waar vun sich!" Here is something to ponder! It has in it overtones of understanding and sympathy and judgment tempered with mercy and compassion, — all so much needed these days.

In the days when names like Rittersville, Norristown and Wernersville were feared more than respected, it would be said of a mental case, "Er iss ready fer noch Rittersville." Of silly, foolish or comical persons it was sometimes said, "Sie schickt sich aa ass wann sie von Rittersville kaemt." Again, when children were not on their best behavior they might be scared with the warning, "Gebt acht odder mer nemme eich noch Rittersville."

Plainly then, the dialect vocabulary, however limited in scope, had a word for just about every condition. Our people may not always have had the right word for it, and they may not always have understood, but their insights went rather deep and they usually saw the thing for what it was and named it accordingly.

Sometimes a case of mental illness or mental weakness could be described with the words, "Er iss net, was er sei sott," or, "Er iss net, wie er sei sott," meaning that the person was not normal, or not as he ought to be. Again, this local expression was used, "Er iss net gans Charley Mohr:" or, "Er iss net gans Johnny Mohr:" or, "Er iss nimmi Piwwi Mohr." Who Charley, or Johnny, or "Piwwi," Mohr was we do not know, but he was probably one of those rural "characters" who drifted about in the community, a bit slow and dull, sometimes quite funny and again a thing to be pitied. He might be the butt of many a joke, occasionally the victim of some mean prank, abused once in a while by the cruel and thoughtless, teased a great deal by those who liked such sport and whose company he in turn greatly enjoyed.

It seems that in past generations each rural community had at least one such "character," cared for and sheltered somewhat by his family. He floated about in the neighborhood, doing simple chores and odd jobs to earn a little spending money. The thoughtless abused him and played crude tricks on him, but the majority of the people just shook their heads and tolerated him with a smile.

Let us call this "character" by the name of Sam. When the boys walked to a Sunday school picnic at some church, Sam was in the gang, walking along good-naturedly like a happy puppy. He was older than all the others but he felt he was among friends. He laughed most and loudest at the jokes and stories that were told on the way, even though he didn't get "the point" of them. When the troop began to sing, Sam would sing too, but his was a strange melody and there were no words that he knew. He was easy to frighten and many a trick was pulled off on those Saturday night jaunts. The old stories about ghosts and witches and dragons, spooky places and haunted houses, were used often, and Sam could yell louder than any one, could run like a deer and jump every rail fence in his path.

It was easy to persuade him to make a "political speech." He would climb a rail fence along the road, sit on the top rail and then address the gang of boys that stood in the dusty road. What he said did not make sense, but the more the boys applauded the more fervent and eloquent Sam became. Political candidates liked to use him to distribute their name cards and and mightiest man at a picnic was Sam, armed with a "gift" for everybody!

At public sales Sam was always in the middle of the crowd, entertaining with his clowning and his silly remarks. The auctioneer would have his fun with him, sell him a few penny articles, and Sam was a happy man because he was being recognized. Now and then the mouth of the fool would speak a word of wisdom and Sam's comments on various things and his repartee with the auctioneer would be the talk of the community for months. It would often be said, "Die Kinner un die Narre shwetze die Wohret."

Sam would be in church on Sundays, seated in the front row on the balcony, always leaning far over the gallery railing to make sure that he would not miss a thing. He may have understood little with his feeble, disturbed mind, but something surely spoke to his heart which he could understand and which made him feel happy and at home.

So, Sam was never "put away." He was kept at home for it was believed, all things considered, that he was best off among his own. Sam was only a mild case, to be sure, never violent, easy to have around, and little bother. However, it must be said to the everlasting credit of some families that they kept at home those cases which were far more serious than Sam's, that they sacrificed themselves, spent themselves completely in self-less devotion to their sick. Many of us can think of some family a generation or more ago where every conceivable sacrifice was made in order that some seriously disturbed member would not have to be sent away to an asylum.

Only when the case was too bad, "zu wild" (too wild), would the family yield to the entreaties of friends, neighbors and physician and have their loved one put away for confinement in some mental institution. When this had to be done, then it was an indescribable tragedy for that family. Guilt and shame weighed heavily upon their hearts, even though no one could help for what had happened. Overcome by shame and feeling that they were to blame for what had happened to their loved one, and thinking, perhaps, that this was God's punishment for some individual or family sin, the family became shy and retiring and buried itself in grief and remorse.

Fortunately the rural community was, for the most part, tolerant and compassionate. This much at least is clear concerning our people, that there were times when they could joke about their troubles and even poke fun at the mentally afflicted, for they were of the earth earthy, but more often they chose to suffer deeply with their own, bearing in their own lives the terrible weight of a tragedy that had claimed one of their number. At such times it was said, "Mer wees was mer iss awwer mer wees net wie mer selwert noch warre kennt;" or, "Mer muss der liewe Gott yusht danke ass mer selwert noch sei voller Vershtand hot;" or "Des hot so sei solle un mer kann em Haerr Gott net vorkumme."

Unfortunately there have been times when some of our people were terribly cruel and mean, almost to the point of finding some strange and perverse satisfaction in seeing a person suffer because of some type of mental sickness. However, it has been our conclusion that these have been the black sheep in our Pennsylvania "Dutch" family and that they have caused to stand out in brighter light those good people among us who are in the majority very definitely and who believe in doing justly and loving mercy and walking humbly with God. The unkind and intolereant have been the exception. In far greater numbers have we seen and known instances where, when given half a chance, our people showed their genius for deep feeling and deep thinking and exhibited a kind of compassion that is hard to describe.

Having said all this, we wish that we might be able to report statistically on the extent of mental illness among the Pennsylvania "Dutch," but we have nothing by which to proceed. One would guess that, their life in the rural community being what it has been thus far, there would be less mental illness among them than among some other groups, but we can't prove it. Their way of living in past days left them content, well adjusted, with some choice satisfactions and with few frustrations. They had a way of being at home in the world and of being on good terms with themselves, their neighbors and their Maker, so much so that mental illness as we now know it seems almost unthinkable in their case.

There might be some of it among the old folks who retired, who had no hobbies, and who just sat and waited for the end, worrying and fretting their life away. Some of them might be "wie verlore" as the degenerations due to old age began to set in. Some might be hard to handle and become problem cases, but we are sure this was no more true for our people than for other groups, — and most likely less so. Even the old people, though retired of necessity, had things which brought them contentment and satisfaction, and were respected and treated in ways which made them feel at home in the world and wanted and loved. There was so little reason for mental sickness among them.

Several physicians recently asked us this question: Are there more retarded, mentally ill and physically defective children among those Pennsylvania "Dutch" groups who have for years isolated themselves from their fellow men and the world? and is there more of this among those groups and sects who have been very "close" and provincial and who have inter-married a great deal? The good physicians thought it was so but couldn't prove it. We cannot and will not say anything one way or the other. Perhaps somebody who knows can and will tell us sometime, just as some have tried to tell us that there are more "gall bladder cases" among the Pennsylvania "Dutch" than among other folk groups!

We have also been wondering about the matter of suicide. Were there more suicides in our rural communities a generation and more ago than now? Are they fewer now despite the increased tensions of modern life, even in the rural areas? We have no reliable statistics with which to prove anything one way or the other. It does seem to us, however, that there used to be more in the rural areas than there are now. There was a time, during this writer's boyhood, when a suicide seemed quite common, — shootings, hangings in barns, sheds and attics, drownings in mill dams, poisonings, and many others. Now there are more things to take people's minds away from their troubles and cases of depression, frustration or disturbance get medical attention much sooner. We mention so unhappy a subject simply to raise the question, because we don't have the proper statistics at hand, and because we have been wondering about these things in relation to the Pennsylvania "Dutch" countryside. Can others speak with more authority?

With the urbanization of rural life going forward at considerable speed there is less and less tolerance of mental illness in the rural community, however frequent or infrequent its occurrence may be. Families cannot care for their own at home as they used to, and an increasing number seem not to want to do so. Times of enlightenment have given the people a new and better appreciation of the mental hospital, and now they call it "der Shtade Hosbittel," no longer "es Narrische Haus." So, at the first signs of mental illness or disturbance the afflicted are institutionalized in the justifiable hope that they may be cured and returned home safe and well.

However, the battle is not won, and our Pennsylvania "Dutch" folk, like other people around them, still have much to learn about mental hygiene, mental health and mental illness. They still need to learn, many of them, that it is a sickness and not a sin, and that it might happen to any one of us. Before any joke is passed, any condemnation uttered, or any severe judgment pronounced, it is still good to try and imagine what it would all be like if it did happen to somebody real close to us.

Es Zaahschlipperli

"Zippitti-zippitti-zippitti!"
Zaahschlipperli-lipperli-lipperli!
Was iss sell fer en Schproochlin,
ass du hoscht?
Un wu gehscht du in die Koscht?
Du gleener Fessel-kessel du!—
"Zippitti-zippitti-zippitti!" —
Schiddel dei Schwanz!
Schiddel all iwwer!
Der Friehling iss do!
Der Winter veriwwer!
Bischt froh! Bischt froh!
"Zippitti-zippitti-zippitti!" —
Meenscht du kennscht die Welt leddere!
Glaab ball ass du kannscht sogaar—
's iss doch wunnerbaar — wunnerbaar!
"Zippitti-zippitti-zippitti!" —
Es Graas iss grie, der Himmel bloo!
Dei Melodie bleibt immer so:
"Zippitti-zippitti-zippitti!"—
Druwwel dutt in Fetze verfliegge!
Der Deiwel dutt sich schnell verziegge!
Witt en Neschtli baue?
Un weesscht net wu?
"Zippitti-zippitti-zippitti!" —
Nemm mei Haz!
Es iss schunn dei.
Fill's gans mit Gwaz
Vum Himmel owwer rei!—
"Zippitti-Zippitti-Zippitti!"

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

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Editorials

Better Work With Juveniles

Appointment of an assistant for Lt. Eugene A. McCarron in his work among juveniles, comes as a result of studies by that earnest group, the Allentown Commission for Youth, which studied the outstanding work of Lt. McCarron and recommended that he be assisted not by one policeman only but by an officer on every shift. The police department, which enjoys far from an overabundance of men, compromised with the appointment of Officer Joseph E. Bakes upon an experimental basis.

It long has been a paradox that a branch of the police department which is concerned with perhaps more individuals than any other had but one man assigned. He has had to handle the problems of juvenile mischief and crimes and especially work toward the rehabilitation of these youthful offenders.

Uncomplainingly Lt. McCarron gave his all for the job. No one can know how much time and energy he put into it for they were of no concern to this conscientious officer.

To the Youth Commission it was obvious that no person, even if 24 hours were devoted daily to the work among the juvenile offenders, properly could keep up with the rapidly increasing case - load.

Allentown wants to see the juvenile delinquency problem handled in the most effective manner possible. It is highly important that it be handled in the interest of our society. This means that it should be handled in a way that will reduce the number of repeaters of mischief and crime; that it will help the juveniles and make them what they should be, namely good citizens who are respecters of both personal and property rights. This calls for sympathetic and understanding policemen who handle juvenile cases.

Mayor Diefenderfer and Chief Reily have no work in their department that is more important to our city in the present and particularly in the future than the handling of these youngsters and teenagers. They have given partial recognition to this fact in giving Mr. McCarron longneed assistance. This assistance is given, not to lighten Mr. McCarron's labors but to make it possible for him to make those labors more effective. He wants his activity to effect the salvation of the boys and girls who have taken some serious initial steps in malicious mischief and crime but can be diverted and should be directed and encouraged to pursuit of the straight and narrow path.

Observe Fourth Elsewhere

Although the sale and discharge of fireworks and explosives are prohibited state-wide and Allentown has ordinances to supplement the ban upon a noisy and hazardous pastime, it is possible to buy these forbidden articles in nearby states, to bring them into this community and of course to set them off.

The appeal of the noise-makers is of course strong to those who are immature both in ideas and emotions. Once in possession of the contraband the owners are tempted to use them in the way for which they were designed and in which they have been employed during the thousands of years that gunpowder has been known.

But there is a law against it all as a quarter of young men learned after their exuberant prevue of a Fourth of July celebration in the heart of the city early Thursday morning.

It cost the quartet a pretty penny for their few minutes of "fun" and, by the imposition of severe fines, Allentown issued stern warning that her police and firemen are determined that the law on the subject is going to be enforced rigidly.

If you must have a noisy celebration go into some nearby state where sale and use of explosives and fireworks are not forbidden. There you can make the welkin ring according to American traditions, observed without let or hindrance for well over a century but now tabu and passe by reason of changed modern conditions and attitudes to hazards for life and property.

Even 'Natives' Need Credit

The United States thru a variety of helpful programs — not all of them costing hundreds of millions — is bringing about improved conditions for people in all parts of the world. Much has been heard of the Marshall Plan, Point Four and other projects. Little has been heard of smaller and less dramatic means of influence upon groups that are struggling to raise their economic standards.

Thus the Credit Union National Association tells the story of a young native of the Fiji Islands who was sent to this country by a committee of the small but growing Credit Union in his home land. He is now studying American credit union methods and shortly will return home to put them into wider effect.

Only a year ago the first credit union was established in the Fijis. Now there are 87 of them with 11,000 members of the 333,000 population of the islands.

At first blush one might ask why credit unions are considered so highly important to Fiji Islanders. Presumably they are people with simple wants and needs. But the young man who came to this country to learn everything possible to learn in this matter reports that in a year, the standard of living has been improved. Especially he expects the credit unions to do much to banish the fear of debt among his people because no longer will they pay exorbitant rates of interest.

The young native, Jon Haisara, tells the story of a man who borrowed $25 from a moneylender ten years ago. In that time he has paid $360 in interest and still owes the moneylender the original $25. He also tells of a a fisherman who paid about six dollars weekly for the rental of a flat-bottomed boat and had to give the owner onehalf the catch. With a loan from his credit union at one per cent interest the fisherman bought his own boat and now operates his own business without splitting the profits with anyone. He paid off his loan in 10 months.

Many of the villages held a day long celebration, Naisara says, on October 21, International Credit Union Day to celebrate "their ever-increasing liberation from usury." Naisara has traveled many miles by boat through the islands scattered over 100,000 square miles to set up credit unions. Fijians hail the organizations as saviors of their economy.

Naisara said they learned how simple the credit union idea is from the international headquarters in Madison, Wis. "Groups of people having a common bond, as belonging to the same church parish or working together, pool their savings and loan them to one another as needed at moderate interest rates. Members choose their own people to administer the credit union, and the character and need of the individual are basic considerations in passing on the loan application."

Less than two years ago, none of the Fijians, including Naisara, had ever heard of a credit union. The movement started at the insistence of the new governor general who arranged with the help of CUNA to have Father Ganey, a missionary priest, visit the Fiji Islands from British Honduras where he had been successfully showing the people how to organize credit unions. Naisara, who had received his college degree in New Zealand and was a school teacher, was assigned as interpreter.

Pennsylvania Has Everything

Ground breaking yesterday by the Western Electric Co. was graced by the attendance of Governor George M. Leader as the principal speaker and served our chief magistrate with another opportunity to point out the virtues of the Keystone State as the site for industry and the home for happy people.

Our personable young governor during his half year of service has been going up and down the state declaring that "Pennsylvania has everything," and proving it too.

Yesterday, in the address of Fred E. Hanson which preceded that of the governor, Western Electric's plant manager took words right out of the governor's mouth. Mr. Hanson retold the story of the long and thoro survey and studies which were made by industrial experts and social workers in various parts of the United States, including Allentown, preliminary to selection of a site for an electronics plant.

Allentown satisfied the tests and desires of the corporation and to this city it came to put up the big and beautiful plant over on Union Boulevard.

Western Electric is a shining example which the governor can point to all up and down this state and wherever else he may go. Western Electric put up the local multi-million dollar plant in Pennsylvania and employs over two thousand persons in Allentown because as the Governor likes to day: "Pennsylvania has Everything."

Now Western Electric, after nine years of experience here, has decided to build a unit that will increase the plant's size by 75 per cent and will increase employment to an estimated 4700 persons.

The repeat customer is the pleased customer. Western Electric has found it good to be in Allentown, Pennsylvania. No better testimonial to this confidence and regard could be provided than by the increase in productive capacity here as planned in the building for whose groundbreaking Governor Leader came to this city yesterday to honor Western Electric, her people and the community of which they are a highly esteemed portion.

It Finally Will Land—



Governing Immigration

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

Violent excitement is being generated over the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act with a view to having it "humanized," which is a word of emotional rather than reasoned content. The realistic questions that seem not to be asked these days are:

1. Do we want or need any more immigrants?
2. If yes, how many?
3. If we do need immigrants, what kind do we need? Shall we select them according to vocations, approximation to the American culture, or haphazard?

Those who oppose the current restrictions upon immigration adopt the view that suffering humanity must have a place to go to and that the United States is as good a place as any for them to come to. Personally, I can have no private objection to such a position, as both my parents were immigrants and had they not been admitted into this country, I, naturally, would not have been native to it. I might today be living in fear and trembling in Bialystok or maybe by now I should have been killed either by Hitler or by Stalin.

Public Position

But the public position is different. We now have a population of 165 million. First, it is a matter for scientific appraisal, not for political agitation, to determine how much of a population our 3 million square miles can maintain on an American standard of living.



Secondly, it is a matter of sociological study to provide data on the assimilabilty of varieties of peoples in our culture. Perhaps there are those who do not regard this as important, who believe that a conflict of cultures within the United States will serve us better than the preservation of our traditions. As all Americans, with the exception of the native Indians, are the descendants of immigrants, a vast and well-documented experience has been provided to guide our judgments. Certainly the population pattern of the United States has been radically altered say since 1905.

Immigration cannot be an after-thought. Each newcomer becomes the progenitor of an increasing part of the population. The question ought to be whether it is more beneficial to include diverse cultures or to favor Northern and Western Europeans who are of identical basic stock to the early American settlers. The point might be made that those who are insistent upon planning our future reject the idea that there might be some planning about immigration.

Actually none of these questions are realistic in the present political climate. Pressure organizations exist among each former immigrant group which favor their own kind. These groups are very powerful, particularly in large cities and in politically crucial states. Also there are those who believe that human suffering should be dealt with urgently and that a theoretical discussion of immigration problems is today academic and of no value. Also, on both sides of the question there are demagogues who blur the issue in their own private interest.

The McCarran-Walter Immigration Act is a codification of some 200 laws on the subject of immigration and naturalization. It took four and a half years of investigations and hearings to bring the bill before Congress. It was passed in July 1952 over President Truman's veto.

Quota System

The Quota System was in existence when the bill was passed and was included in it. This system provides that each country outside the Western Hemisphere may send immigrants to this country each year equal to one, sixth of 1 per cent of such nationals who had reached the United States by 1920. By this method, immigration is established on a cultural rather than a vocational basis. Communists, Nazis, Fascists, are not to be admitted.

One of the most serious problems that face the United States is the illegal entry of immigrants who come across our borders without the exercise of any jurisdiction. It has been variously estimated that between 3 million and 5 million illegal aliens live in the United States. Nobody can know exactly. If it is possible to enter illegally and such an entry becomes legitimate by a sort of squatter's right, why have any immigration laws at all?

In a word, this is not a question for shouting and shrieking on one side or the other. It remains a problem for scientific investigation and for decision on the basis of facts. Vote-getting speeches by politicians do not help the country to reach a decision; they only serve those who get votes that way.

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Corinthians 11:32-33

Perhaps the strangest experience Paul had is described in these two verses: 'At Damascus, the governor under King Aretas guarded the city of Damascus in order to seize me, but I was let down in a basket through a window in the wall, and escaped his hands.' For the 'original' of this strange episode read Acts 9:23-25. This ninth chapter gives us the account of Paul's conversion. Having come from Jerusalem to Damascus with 'searchwarrsnts' in his pocket to arrest Christians in that city, he himself was 'arrested' by Jesus speaking to him while on the road not far to the south of Damascus. Naturally his countrymen objected to his preaching that Jesus was the Messiah (Christ) after this experience in the way. It would have pleased Satan to prevent his ministry before he could begin his assignment as the preacher of the Gospel to the Gentiles. So they plotted against him, but providentially Paul was apprised of the plot, for they were watching the city gates day and night to kill him. To prevent this, the Christian group in the church there took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket. I saw the place which they still point out on the wall of old Damascus.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE WEATHER

Weather hot or weather cold
Seldom perfect seems to be;
Of us all it can be told
A complaining lot are we.

We don't like it when it rains.
We're not happy when it snows.
Every one of us complains
Wehn a breeze no longer blows.

Free to grumble better stay;
More and worse would be our woes
If for just a single day
Each of us the weather chose.

If I ordered weather clear
When my neighbor asked for rain,
Both could not be happy here.
One of us would still complain.

(Copyright 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A breezy insurance man came to town and kicked up quite a furore by writing liberal policies for prospects of eighty-eight and over. A representative of the home company caught up with him in due course and demanded, "Are you trying to bankrupt us? Whassa idea of giving policies to these antiques?" "I was banking on the law of averages," maintained the agent, very much aggrieved. "Look up the figures yourself. You'll see how few people of eighty-eight or over die each year!"

Father Scanlon in Brooklyn, defines "fire escape" as "all that religion means to some people."

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Through your courage and your own steady efforts, you will improve your position. A child born today will be generally successful.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WHOA, CORA, WHOA! Doh is 'n g'shicht os ferleicht net rous sol, ow'r Fegelcher woh wissa dafon, hen sich shun shier grum un sheb galocht—tzu denka os die Cora Keener fon Neffs da onner dawg hanka gabliva is mit ihr'm weedicha Packard mit ous gas.

Die Cora hut 'n noshion grick'd fer g'shwind niver tzu da dochter Marilyn yawga—des is nochs Carl Heintselmans' nagshd on Balleitsville. Eb sie ow'r gonga is, hut sie der Dan g'frok'd eb ganunk gas drin wear fer gae, un er hut g'sawt 's wear. Die Cora is noh niver — net der nagshd waig weil die shtross beim Dewey Wotring ols noch tzu is waeich 'm neia Turnpike, un sie hut da onnerra waig rum gamist, ons Semmels garverrei ferbei.

Allas is gute gonga uf 'm niver waig, un so aw widder uf 'm tzurick waig bis sie noch da garverrei kumma is—odder ewwa woh ols die garverrei wor. Darta hut der Packard k'hoosh'd, shier wie won er kalt het, uns nagshd os wor, hut sie 'n nimmy fom blotz griega kenna. Wie sie noch 'm gasoline tzoyer gaguck'd hut, hut er uf "empty" g'shtonna, un sel hut bletzlich gamaint tzu da Cora, os die gas tank lare wear.

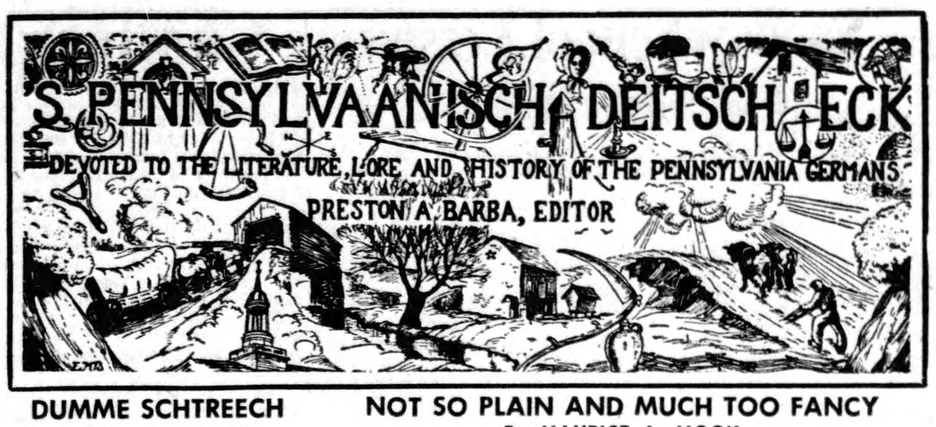
Sis net arrick weit fons Semmels' garverrei nuf noch Unionville wohs Dan Keeners' wohna, ow'r dawaig wie die Cora galoffa is mit longa shrit, het m'r shier denka maiga sie wear uf 'm waig noch Fildelfy. Un sie is aw net yusht galoffa mit longa shrit, ow'r hut die arm g'shlanker'd, un gablauder'd tzu sich selwar wie won sie om ready mocha wear fer 'n speech mocha on ra Demagrawdisha kounty meeting.

Der Dan hut net long wunnerra breicha wos letz wear wie sie hame kumma is—sie hut 'm shun fon weit' m g'sawt wos g'shaina wear, un gawunnert ferwos er ra net g'sawt het os so wenich gas in da tank wear.

"Ei," hut der Dan g'sawt, "duh hosh'd yusht g'frok'd eb ganunk gas in da tank wear fer gae—un so wors aw, duh bishd hanka gabliva uf 'm tzurick waig." G'shpassich wie der Dan gamaint hut os es wear, hut die Cora gore ken gs'hpass drin sehna kenna.

War die mashine hame k'hol'd hut wissa m'r net, ow'r die Cora wil numma net hoffa os aenich ebber ebbes ous fin'd dafon—wil so gore net howwa os ebber 'n wert dafon beensd' im Fair Grund Bauerra marrick woh sie un der Dan 'n shtand hen. Un grawd fer sellie uhrsoch wolla m'r net 'n wert may sawga, so wons doch ferleicht mohl rous kumma sot, os sie net sawga kon mier hetta 's drous rum gabell'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'N woch fon heit, uns Kutztowner Folks fesht is shun tzwae dawg alt—uns halt aw bis Mondawg owets der 4d Yulie—die graish'd tzeit so wie sie uns sawga, os Kutztown sei lebdawg kotta hut.



DUMME SCHTREECH

vum Jim Brenasel

Another of John Wesley von Nieda's (1853-1939) short stories, discovered recently in the Schuylkill Haven Call for July 26, 1901.

ES waar mol lange, lange Yaahre zerick, darrich eens vun de presidential campaigns, ass der Mawny mol ee Daag der idea in sei Hannschaalgrickt hot, ass mir en pole uffschtelle sedde mit emme scheene flag owwedruff. Em Mawny sei Paepp un Memm sin mol ee Mondaag Marye noch der Schtadt gange, un wie er schur waar, ass sie weit genumk fatt sin, dann saagt der Mawny:

"Nau, Jim iss unser Zeit; mir schpanne die drei Geil in der grooss Wagge un hole der heechst Baam, ass im Busch iss. Bis der Paepp un die Memm zerickkumme den Owed, dann welle mir der pole uff hawwe. Ich mach en grosser Zuwwervoll rot lemonade wann mir zerickkumme, un grick en Latt Kalls fer uns helfe der pole uffzuschtelle."

Mir hen glei eigschpannt ghatt, un dernoh hen mir yeders en Ax un en Latt Schtrick grickt un sin ab. Der Mawny hot yuscht ebaut laut gepiffe un gsunge uff em Weg, un mir waare glei im Busch. Der Mawny iss der gans Weg der Kenter gfaahre, un des hot mich yuscht ebaut geblotzt uff meim Sitz uff der hinnere Ax.

Mir hen glei en scheener, dinner, hocher Baam gfunne, un hen reddi gemacht fer den umzuhacke.

"Awwer wie welle mir zwee Kalls den schwere Baam uff der Wagge laade, Mawny," frog ich.

Der Mawny hot sei Kopp e wennich gegratzt, un dernoh saagt er:

"Datt hawwich nau verhaftich net draagedenkt. Awwer, hold on; ich hab en idea — en scientific idea. Schpann die Geil aus, Jim, un binn sie datt drauss an die Fens."

Dieweil ass ich des geduh hab, iss der Mawny um der Baam rumgeloffe, hot sei Kopp gegratzt un hot iwwer sei Plaan gschtoddit fer seller Baam zu laade. Wie ich zerick kumme bin, dann saagt er:

"Nau, Jim, ziegge mir der Wagge do riwwer, so ass der Baam schee easily un gracefully sich graad druff legt. Des Ding iss gans easy." (Der Mawny hot arrig gegliche fer hoche englische wadde zu yuse!)

"Seller Baam iss schwer un verschlaggt der Wagge in feine Schtickere, Mawny," saag ich.

"Jim, denkscht du nau really, ass ich so immer-un-ewichs dumm waer wie sell?" greischt der Mawny. "Seller Baam watt nunner uff der Wagge gelosst so easy ass wann's en Gensfedder waer. Mind, des Ding watt uff scientific principles geduh."

Ich hab nix meh gsaat un mir hen der Wagge graad in Lein mit em Baam gezogge, so ass es dick End vum Baam graad uff die Vedderax kumme sett. Dernoh hot der Mawny en langer Schtrick genumme, iss der Baam nuff gegraddelt un hot der Schtrick weit drowe fescht gemacht. Es anner End vum Schtrick hot er dernoh iwwer en Nascht vumme annere Baam gschmisse, reddi fer der Baam zu kontrolle, wann er mol umfallt.

Dernoh sim mir ans Hacke gange. Es hot net lang genumme bis der Baam schier reddi waar fer zu falle, un der Mawny iss gschprunge un hot 's End vum Schtrick gegraebbt.

"Nau nemm's e wennich easy, Jim, un wann du sehnscht, ass er am Geh iss, dann greisch," saagt der Mawny.

Awwer ich hab net viel chance ghatt fer em Mawny Notis zu gewwe. Der Baam iss uff eemol um gange, graad nunner uff der Wagge, un hot der Wagge so breet versmaescht ass wie en Pannekuche. Die seem Segund hawwich en farrichterlicher Grisch gheert un hab ebbes sehne darrich die Luft fliegge owwich mir. Sell waar der Mawny.

Der Mawny hot teit am Schtrick fescht ghatt, un wie der Baam uff eemol gfalle iss, dann hot der Schtrick sich uff en Aart wie um der Mawny gewickelt un hot der aarem Drobb in die Heeh gschnatt, ass wann er aus ere Kanoon gschosse waer warre.

Ebaut die seem Zeit sin die Geil losgerisse un sin darrich der Busch hie un haer gschprunge wie wiedich. Un was hen sie drum geblose un gschnarrickst!

Dernoh hawwich geguckt fer der Mawny. Der aarem Dropp hot uff emme Nascht vumme Baam ghunke ebaut fufzich Fuss vum Bodde un hot ken signs vun Lewe gewwe.

Ich bin gschwind uff der Baam gegraddelt, bin uff em Nascht naus, un mit en Schtrick wu alsnoch an ihm fescht waar, hawwich der Mawny nunner uff der Bodde gelosst. Er waar ummechtich un so lummerich ass wie en Schbiellumbe.

Ich waar aa glei widder drunne, un yuscht wie ich der Mawny in en easy position geduh hab ghatt, dann hot er sei Aagge uffgemacht.

"Was in der liewe Welt hot's gewwe, un wu bin ich, Jim?" frogt der Mawny in ere schwache Schtimm.

"Why, weesscht du net, ass mir en Baam umghackt hen, un ass dernoh ebbes ghaeppent iss?" saag ich.

"Ya, ich weess nau," saagt der Mawny; "der Baam iss uffkors uff em Wagge, Jim — es hett net different geh kenne. Awwer was iss letz mit meim Bee, un was macht mir so Schmaze do in der Seit?"

Ich hab der Mawny exemment un hab glei gsehne, ass sei links Bee un zwee vun seine Ribbe verbroche waare.

Zwee vun de Geil sin ab heem gschprunge. Der anner hawwich gfange wie er am Graas fresse waar, un hab der Mawny endlich uff sei Buckel gschafft. Awwer was waar sell drum en job, un was hot der aarem Mawny gegrische fer Schmatze!

Ich hab ihn endlich heem grickt un hab glei der Dokter datt ghatt.

Der Mawny waar lang im Bett un hot viel gsoffert bis er endlich widder allrecht waar. Sei Daadi hett ihn uffkors completely gedrosche, wann der Mawny net so schier dod gewest waer. Der alt Mann waar froh, ass sei eenzicher Bu so glicklich darrich sei dumme Schtreech kumme iss mit sellem Baam, un hot em Mawny actually en fimf Daaler Note gewwe fer sei gut judgement in dem, ass er die Geil amme seefe distance ghatt hot dieweil ass der Baam seller Wagge flat versmaescht hot.

"Ya, mir kenne froh un dankbaar sei, ass des Ding so glicklich abgange iss," saagt die Mammi Bleischtee, wie sie aa em Mawny en fimf Daaler Note in die Hand gschlippt hot.

Die alde Leit hen gemeent der Mawny waer en wunnervoller schmauter Bu, un fer ihn zu pliese hot der alt Bleischtee en Latt Leit un die Bend hie grickt un hot der pole uffduh losse — der very Baam, wu der Mawny so en wunnerbaari Zeit mit ghatt hot.

"Gee whittigum, was hot seller Baam mich drum darrich die Luft gschnatt!" saagt der Mawny wie er als am Fenschder ghockt hot un hot der flag gewatscht, wu owwe am tip im Wind gflattert hot.

NOT SO PLAIN AND MUCH TOO FANCY

By MAURICE A. MOOK

Professor of Anthropology—The Pennsylvania State University

After a mid-winter try-out in Philadelphia the musical comedy "Plain and Fancy" has been playing in New York since January 27. It is still going strong and promises to continue for some time to come. As most **Eck** readers know, it deals with the Amish of Lancaster County. It has been reviewed with apoplectic approval by all New York critics save one or two. The **Eck** will have to join in the estimate of the more moderate minority.

The story is not much, but it is sufficient to set the trite theme of the show, which is city ways in conflict with country ways. We are here offered, however, the refreshing rusticity of the Plain People of Pennsylvania, set in contrast with the worldly world of fancy folk. Dan King is a New York magazine writer, whose grandfather was Joshua Koenig, an Amishman. Dan has inherited the family farm near Bird-in-Hand, and has received a letter from Jacob ("Papa") Yoder who wants to buy the place for his daughter Katie, whose marriage to Ezra Reber has been parentally arranged. But Katie is in love with Ezra's brother Peter, and Peter is in love with Katie. Peter, however, is a "violent fighting man," who, having been involved in a scrape or two, has been asked to leave the Amish community. Ezra, on the other hand, is a stolid strong-man, **persona grata** with the Amish, but not with Katie.

Dan King and his wise-cracking blonde girl-friend, Ruth Winters, have driven from New York to the Yoder farm to close Dan's deal with Jacob. They are in difficulty —Ruth especially, but also later Dan—from the moment they arrive. Ruth doesn't, and at first doesn't try to understand Amish ways. Besides Dan seems unaware of her love for him. Dan, on the other hand, remembering his Amish ancestry, is sympathetic towards and shows a real interest in the Amish people and their problems. In fact he takes so much interest in cute little Amish Hilda Miller that Ruth is led to sing one of the hits of the show — "It's a Helluva Way to Run a Love Affair." Dan's interest in Hilda leads her to think he has proposed to her. So on top of the Fancy-Plain conflict we have a quadrilateral boy-girl situation: Ruth-Dan; Hilda-Dan; Ezra-Katie, and Peter-Katie. It's really a three-fold affair, however, for in spite of their scheduled marriage, Ezra is hardly in love with Katie, nor is she at all in love with him.

Having heard of Katie's intended marriage to Ezra, Peter promptly returns to the Amish community. There, provoked by Ezra's taunts, he has a fight with his brother. Whereupon the barn on Dan's farm burns and Papa Yoder pronounces a "shunning" on Peter, who, according to Papa, has hexed the place. The whole community, even Katie, shuns Peter. To cap the climax, the day before the wedding Ruth unintentionally gets Ezra tight on "vegetable juice — **old** vegetable juice." In this condition he decides to have one last (also his first) fling at a carnival near Lancaster. Upon hearing where Ezra has gone, Peter, to protect Katie from disgrace, goes to the carnival to keep Ezra out of trouble. But he gets there too late and Ezra staggers home in drunken disrepute. Papa precipitously decides that Peter will make an acceptable Amish-man and son-in-law after all. The story closes with Dan handling a title to the farm to Peter. Dan persuades Hilda to marry an Amishman, he rediscovers Ruth, Katie gets Peter, and Peter gets the farm.

The story is half-skillfully developed by authors Joseph Stein and Will Glickman. The book is both good and bad — predominantly bad, for reasons soon to be set forth. The lyrics by Arnold Horwitt are neatly written and one especially (the almost hymn-like "Plain We Live") shows a genuine appreciation of several Amish virtues. The music by Albert Hague is passably tuneful, though lacking in smash-hit melodies. The music, moreover, is strictly and unnecessarily non-Amish and non-Dutch in its patterns. Singing and acting are creditably well done, notably that of Stefan Schnabel as Papa, Gloria Marlowe as Katie, Babara Cook as Hilda, David Daniels as Peter, and Richard Derr as Dan. Stefan Schnabel as a son of the late renowned pianist Arthur Schnabel and having trained at London's Old Vic and with Orson Welles, is of distinguished musical and theatrical background. He successfully resists what could be an easy inclination to overact the part of the firm Amish father. Richard Derr, a native of Norristown whose maternal grandmother was a Mennonite, seems to understand Amish lifeways and, moreover, acts a very vulnerable part with unaffected humility. His acting is the best in the show, which a Pennsylvanian might be permitted to suggest may be due to his early experience at the Hedgerow Theatre in the D-is-for-Dutch country.

Unfortunately one can not be as enthusiastic about the parts played by the girls. Shirl Conway is an attractive creature — or should one say comedienne? — but she has a sort of shovel-it-out style, characterized not in the least by an economy of means. She does manage to make jokes of inferior lines, however, and you can at least hear her in row P. She unfortunately has only one song sung all by herself, which is an ungenerous way to treat a gal who really Has It. Gloria Marlowe is the sweetest thing in the show and she acts her part well — she even walks Amish. It seems a shame she can't sing better. Barbara Cook as Hilda looks more Amish than Katie, but her role makes her too easily assimilable to non-Amish ways and she is a little too uninhibited, to say the least, for an Amish girl—for one even of the gayest variety.

One can hardly avoid having a pleasant time at Plain and Fancy but it must be reported that, in addition to the foregoing, the show has serious deficiencies, both as a production and as a play. The Helen Tamiris choreography, though exhibitionistically frenzied in parts, is vivid and colorful. Several of the dances, however, are fantastically inappropriate. **Variety**, in one of the most discerning reviews of the show, feels that "nothing could be more incongruous than singing and dancing in connection with the Amish." This is true at least for the type of dancing deployed for us in the Carnival Ballet in Act II, which even resorts to can-can. These sinuous scenes, though lively and lavish, are the brassiest brand of Broadway. They haven't the slightest significance from the standpoint of plot; they distract from the show's over-all atmosphere; and they stop the progress of the story for what seems like at least a quarter of an hour. In short, they spoil the show. A heroic operation is here necessary to rescue the show from grossly distorted showmanship. Nothing short of deletion of the carnival scenes in their entirety would succeed in lifting the level of the performance back to that of Act I. A reprise of "Plain We Live" might do the trick.

Another serious disqualification is the ineptness the authors display in trying to communicate in the Pennsylvania Dutch-English idiom of the Amish. The Amish know three languages, two of which they use in everyday speech. This is in curious contrast to the monotonous monosyllablism Messrs. Stein and Glickman ascribe to their subjects. Perhaps the script of a musical comedy isn't meant to be read, but it must be listened to, and what do we hear in this case? Thirty-eight (38) "yah's" and two "yeses" (why the two yeses?) and twenty-eight (28) "ain't's," the latter usually at the end of a question, or the word itself standing as its own all-sufficient interrogative. There are, moreover, over a dozen "once's," nearly as many "yet's," and too many "already's." This is hyperbole reduced to trivial travesty. Either Mr. Stein and Mr. Glickman were never in their lives in an Amish community, or they suffer a pathological insensitivity to many of the most obvious features of dialectic English.

According to the play's program the producers "gratefully acknowledge the invaluable assistance" of an informant, reportedly from the Dutch area, "without whose research . . . this show would not have been possible." Is it too brazen to suggest that the play could have immensely profited from just a little more "research?" For example, there probably never was an Amish girl named Hilda, nor an Amish boy named Ike. "Petersheim" exists as an uncommon Amish surname, but in the 250 years of Amish history in the New World there never has been an Amish family named "Pilersheim." In the song "Why Not Katie?" Amish Broders, Brands and Bretts are named, all of which are non-Amish family names. These names are no more Amish than are Glickman, Horwitt or Stein. Unless my ears deceived me, Reber was pronounced Reeber by Katie, who should know better, for the name is correctly spelled Raber and pronounced accordingly. The Amish costumes worn, especially by the men, are ridiculously inaccurate in almost every discernible detail. Moreover the Amish did **not** originate bundling, they have **no** hex signs on their barns, they **do** wear buttons on some of their clothes, they are **not** opposed to riding in automobiles, they are **not** teetotalers, and they do **not** shun people as portrayed in this play. There are several other serious inaccuracies I would be glad to catalogue if **Eck** readers should insist.

Aside from noting the fact that this musical comedy is both tuneful and funny, it is important to emphasize the finest quality one can claim for the show. It is the fact that the Amish are not made fun of — they are not here held up to ridicule. Jokes are usually at the expense of Ruth and Dan, the New York sophisticates, who should be able to take them. The serious lifeways to which the Amish are religiously committed, are here respected, at least in Act I. But basically the play employs a "Helluva Way" to introduce people to Plain People. Brooks Atkinson is right: "the finest folk material of the season" — for many a season — is here frittered away in Broadway banality. Yah, it aint so quaint, either. Already, yet, even once!

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
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Editorials

Another Trojan Horse?

Many centuries ago, according to the greatest of the epic writers, Homer — a great walled Asiatic city, Troy, was besieged by an army of Achaeans, or Greeks, for a period of ten years without notable success.

During much of that time the war was in stalemate. Today we would term it "cold war." The Greeks could not get over the walls to conquer the Trojans. The Trojans could not emerge from their gates to get food and other necessities and drive their besiegers away.

At this juncture, after ten years of fighting and watchful waiting, a smart Greek contrived and directed the building of a gigantic wooden horse, in whose hollow interior a force of soldiers was hidden. Then, feigning panic and desire to return home, the Greek army lifted the siege and apparently sailed for home.

The happy Trojans breached the walls in order to drag the gigantic wooden horse into the city and went into ecstasies in celebration of what they considered was their victory. But, in the darkness of night, the Greek army returned. The hidden soldiers emerged from the horse and before dawn the city had fallen into the hands of the armies headed by Agamemnon, brother of the wronged husband Menelaus, whose desire to recover Helen, his kidnapped wife, had brought on the war.

Thru Homer the Greeks gave the figure of speech "the Trojan Horse" to the world for all time. With it has come the familiar saying: Beware Greeks bearing gifts.

So it is that after ten years of cold war between the East and the West, there is natural recurrence by the people of the West to the thought of the Trojan Horse as some recent "gift bearing" has been evidenced by the East.

During recent days and weeks there has been a succession of gestures of goodwill from Russia after ten years of the nastiest kind of behavior on their part that could be imagined.

The wonder therefore is why this sweetness and light all of a sudden. Has the leopard changed its spots? Has black turned white? Has something happened in Russia, or outside of it, which has determined the present leaders to speak a bit more decently about the nations of the West and their leaders?

Consider the fact that during recent days a half dozen leaders of the Russian Orthodox Church were permitted to visit England for a conference with heads of the Anglican Church.

Announcement was made that restrictions upon passports have been reduced and that just about any newspaperman will be permitted to enter Russia and travel around in it.

A delegation of newspapermen from West Germany, in conformity with this sudden change in policy, visited Russia and has just returned home.

Seven torpedo boats, loaned to Russia more than ten years ago, together with hundreds of vessels, and repeatedly demanded, were returned at long last in the stingy fashion which characterizes the Chinese in releasing a few prisoners from among the hundreds illegally held for years.

To climax all these suspicious gestures of goodwill came the unannounced and unexpected visit on the Fourth of July by Messrs. Bdlganin and Khrrshchev to the American embassy in Moscow. There the top men of the Soviet spent some hours with the comparatively lowly embassy folks who were celebrating our national birthday anniversary, exchanged quips and other small talk but also engaged in more serious talk, every word of which now is being reported, as well as it can be remembered. Every word is being studied for its value in revealing what may be in the minds of these men concerning world affairs.

Because of their ten years of bad behavior in particular and Russian policies and objectives in general, there is ample reason for suspecting a Trojan Horse in this sudden about-face.

Next week President Eisenhower will be flying to Geneva to meet the two gentlemen who visited the American embassy in Moscow on Monday, together with Prime Minister Eden and Premier Faure. President Eisenhower has indicated that he is going to Geneva only because he wishes to take advantage of every opportunity that may be offered to reduce the tensions and that he believes the Geneva conference may be such an opportunity.

President Eisenhower truly is seeking the dove of peace. Mr. Eden is reported to be doubtful about Geneva. The suave Britisher will be listening for the clank of spears and armor inside the wooden horse that he suspects has been shaped by the Soviets for attack upon the West at Geneva during the week of July 18.

Keep Litter at Home

A local businessman has been telling a story at his own expense which has a valuable moral for any and all others who may be as careless, thoughtless and selfish as he admits himself to have been in a recent incident.

Having a cottage in the Poconos, the businessman spends weekends there. Leaving his home in this city on a recent evening he saw a carton into which junk mail and other litter had been thrown. He placed the carton in his car and about an hour later, while crossing a bridge on his route to the mountains, tossed the carton out of the car, expecting it to land in a stream.

A few days elapsed and on his return to his hohe in this city he found a suruons to appear before a justice of the peace. State Police had found his rubbish strewed around on the bridge and had brought charges against him.

On the day set for a hearing the businessman went to the magistrate's office and made a clean breast of his offense. Whereupon the magistrate informed him he would be lenient and impose a fine of only $20 and costs, whereas $50 could have been demanded.

Herein is reminder of State law which makes it a mighty serious offense to pollute streams and to litter highways. Persons who do it accidentally or deliberately need not be surprised if the law catches up with them.

The State Police are alert to this practice and the desirability of stopping it. It is indicated that they are determined to enforce the law and thereby stop the practice or as nearly so as is possible.

Battalion Day Revival

In obedience to one of the liveliest traditions of the Pennsylvania Dutch countryside, the United States Navy used the final day of the Pennsylvania Dutch Festival at Kutztown on Monday as the occasion for the swearing in of a battalion of some 250 local men on the eve of their departure for boot training at Bainbridge, Md.

It almost certainly was the first time that a Battalion Day has been held in the Pa. Dutch country since colonial days and the many years of American dependence upon militiamen as the right arm of military defense. It almost certainly was the first time that the Navy has been associated locally with the idea.

There was a lot of pride in the militia in the various states. Up to the days of the Civil War American defense needs were fairly well met by the illy-trained and illy-outfitted organizations that had units in every community of any considerable size. For the most part, they were parade organizations headed by officers with but little training and less experience.

The really big days for these organizations were the so-called "Battalion Days." Companies then assembled at some central point under battalion commanders for inspection, training in formation, some proud parading and finally, at the close of the day, festivities that more than once ended in inglorious demonstrations.

Battalion Day for the U. S. Navy at Kutztown was an entirely practical and businesslike demonstration. It sent the hundreds of youthful tars away upon a romantic enterprise with the well-wishes and blessings of the community. And they go away with the most pleasing memories of their final days with their people.

The Navy made use of a nice local idea. It well may employ the idea of Battalion Day for future groupings of young men who are about to enter the Navy.

Boy For Man's Work



Geneva and Disarmament

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY

The Geneva conference must come to grips with the question of disarmament. The world is being bankrupted, financially and morally, by the race for supremacy between the United States and Soviet Russia. And other countries are getting into this contest: Recently, Red China claimed the fourth place among nations for its air force.

The atmosphere of the moment indicates that the Russians are unusually anxious to find a solution to problems which face the nations of the world and which almost led to war last spring. Never has a country entered upon so full a campaign for good-will. Khrushchev's visit to Tito; the invitation to Adenauer to visit Moscow; the visit of Krishna Menon to this country and his barrage of "good-will" on radio and television; the admission of American tourists who can go to "every" part of Russia except the slave labor camps; Molotov's smiling tour over the United States — these, and Khrushchev's speech at the American Embassy in Moscow on the Fourth of July, are a few examples of the calculated effort to produce good-will.

And who knows? Maybe the new regime in Soviet Russia, headed by Nikita Khrushchev, wants a long breathing period after 10 years of the cold war. I have read a large number of broadcasts delivered to the Russian people on their own radio networks and the tone is exactly the same. The tendency is to express sadness at the failure of the United States to appreciate the desire of the Soviet world for peace.

In a word, the Russians give the appearance, at any rate, of needing the cold war to come to



an end. If that is really their necessity, there is hope in this world for peace in our times.

The question, however, is not the atmosphere that can be developed during a pre-conference publicity campaign. What counts is the proposals that Soviet Russia will make at the Geneva conference and their reactions to our proposals.

Then it gets down to a meeting of minds on paper. The little that can be accomplished in six days is not to deter us. The meeting at the summit was never practical; it was a dramatic idea, the brainchild of Sir Winston Churchill, but the father was Stalin. After the lofty gentlemen have dined and wined and conversed, the work will have to be done by the foreign ministers and their experts.

When it comes to the crucial question of disarmament, the discussion will be over the precise facts of the moment and then each side will be faced by the other's willingness to lay all the data on the table. How much are we willing to tell the Russians about our work in atom and hydrogen bombs and how much are they willing to tell us? This can involve ticklish decisions, because one side or the other may give away its hand to no advantage and suffer a strategic defeat of enormous dimensions. Each side will have to be wary lest the other side use the meeting only to get more information.

The problem then is how to end the race for unconventional weapons. If a formula of inspection, control and public reporting can be found, if all secrecy is removed from the field of weapons, the danger of the unconventional weapons can be removed and the devastating arms race can be ended.

'Sincerity' in Politics

President Eisenhower often uses the word, "sincerity," and it is not a well-chosen word in politics because how is one ever to know what is hidden in the consciousness of a statesman? The truly great diplomat, Talleyrand, was always sincere; that is, he always believed that Talleyrand should win the stakes. He was sincere about that. Stalin was sincere in getting the best of every situation.

But there does come a time when wars and their warlike aftermaths must end because the peoples of various countries cannot continue to suffer their consequences. Soviet Russia must produce more consumers' goods if her peasants are to provide food; the United States must relieve its citizens of the burden of taxation and must put an end to its creeping inflation.

Therefore, this may be the time when practical politicians, in their own interests, as well as to the advantage of their peoples, will labor valiantly to put an end to the armament race. It could be a Godsend.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER EILIE UN DIE SHTUBNODLE: 'M Til Eilenshpiegel sei Mam hut 'n mohl noch 'm shtore g'shick'd fer 'n shtubnodle hola. Eb er ow'r dahame fert is, hut sie 'm ei g'sharaf'd fer ocht gewwa mit da shtubnodle won er sie het — sie wear sharaf, un sot sie aryads nei shtecka os so er sich net wae dade — un aw wist woh sie wear won er hame kaimt.

Wie er tzum shtore rous kumma is, is yusht 'n load hoy ferbei gonga — da sama wie wie er aw tzu gae hut kot fer hame gae. Noh hut er drawn-gadenk'd on wos sei Mam 'm g'sawt hut kot waeich ocht gewwa **uf** die nodle, un sie hee shtecka woh er wist woh sie wear.

Wie er hame kumma is, un die Mam hut gawunnert woh die nodle wear, hut er gawissa noch 'm hoy wogga 'n shtick der waig drunna, un hut g'sawt, "Ei dart drunna gait die nodle in selra load hoy — hob sie darta nei g'shteck'd os ich m'r net wae dade, un aw os ich wist woh sie wear.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

LUCK

Luck with the favor it bestows
Unto a shirker seldom goes.
It grants it, both on sea and land,
To some one who is close at hand.

Who says: "They'll never bite today"
And chooses on the shore to stay,
Not going fishing when he can,
Won't be a lucky fisherman.

A stroke of luck no man expects.
But there's a moment luck selects,
And fortunate just then is he
Who chances on the spot to be.

Luck cannot aid and passes by
The ones who will not dare to try.
'Tis by the effort that he shows
Man earns the favor luck bestows.

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

There should be happiness in love with a good chance for a family increase. Use your own intuition for dealings in business and finance. A child born today will be affectionate, sincere and kind. The child will be susceptible to outside influences.

The shipperke poodle breed of dog originated in what now is Belgium. It is related to the Pomeranian.

The Library of Congress collections of Russian and Chinese books are rated as the largest outside those two countries.

Old Swimming Hole

By HAYDN S. PEARSON

One wonders how many dignified businessmen of solid substance and girth look from city and town windows these blistering summer days and think of the old swimming hole down in the creek. Certain fundamentals of life continue unchanged in a society contemporaneously distinguished by a philosophy which seems to synchronize the words "change" and "progress." Boys today, as did lads of half a century ago, believe that one should bathe two or three times daily in hot weather.

In the winter, of course, it is a different story. A bath every Saturday night in cold weather is an egregious waste of time and energy. But from the end of May until into September, it is entirely logical that a young man take a frequent dip in the swimming hole. Ideally, a swimming hole should be so protected by overhanging willows and alders that no swimming clothes are necessary. Not that today's abbreviated swimming apparel is any serious deterrent to efficient swimming, but still, a boy liked the freedom of the natural state.

It is the heartening thought of the waiting swimming hole that keeps many farm boys going through these July days. As a young citizen rides the tractor or plods along behind the one-horse cultivator, as he spreads haycocks to dry or stores hay away on a scaffold where the temperature is well above 100, he wonders if he can keep working until that moment when father says, "There, son, that's enough for today. Get your swim and then bring home the cows." Miracles still happen. In an instant a completely exhausted lad feels his strength return; with Shep beside him he races for the meadow. He pulls off his jeans and shirt, socks and shoes, pauses for an instant on the bank and then dives into the cool, clean refreshing water. Swimming holes are a part of our national heritage. We wish that all boys in our nation's cities could know what it means after a day of hot farm work, to cool off in the waters of a tree-shaded swimming hole.

(Copyright 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 26:12-14

As we enter upon this important section of Paul's address, let us notice that it is the third account in the book of Acts concerning his conversion on the Damascus road; the first account in chapter 9; the second in chapter 22, and the third one in chapter 26. It is reasonable to believe that such emphasis on any event recorded in the Bible is an evidence of its importance, in fact two of the most important events in the course of human history were the call of Abraham and the call of Paul, and their response to that call. The world would be very different today had they not responded favorably. It was at mid-day on the Damascus road that Paul saw a bright light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun (for it was the light of the Son behind the sun) shining about him and about those who were traveling with him. All fell to the ground, when a voice spoke to them, addressing Saul in Hebrew, saying: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks' (meaning, of his conscience).



IM SUMMER

Wann des Yaahr zu Summer kummt
Un die Aerd watt grie—
Wie doch en Gsang im Haz dief brummrt—
Lieb die Melodie!

Hoch die Sunn — un doch gaar dicht!
Dief die Aernt regiert—
Sanft un siess ihr Maryelicht—
Mensch zu Aerwet fiehrt.

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Frucht Runner Griegge

Was gucke die Fruchtfelder so schee, wann mer drauss im Land rum raahrt alleweil. Ball watt die Frucht geel. Noh iss sie zeidich. Noh gehne die Bauere in die Felder mit ihre Maschienerei un aernde die Frucht.

Die Frucht watt noh in Garrewe uffgebunne. Noh laade sie die Garrewe uff der Holleeder-Wagge un faahre sie nei in die Scheier. Datt warre sie nuff uff der Baarer un uffs Owwerdenn geduh. Sell nemmt Schwitzes. Iwwer dem watt die Frucht gedrosche. Noh gebt's widder Aerwet. Mer muss es Hoi un Schtroh widder runner mache fer Schtrae-e un Fiedere.

Sell hab ich als uffem Schtrich ghatt wie ich so halwer uffgewaxe waar. Buwe vun sellere Elt sin wie Esel un gemeenerhand faul. Es macht sie schier dod fer alle Daag Frucht runner griegge.

Es Hoi hen mir als es Hoiloch nunner gschmisse. Mer hen winters als en Haufe uffs Loch geduh, so ass die Kelt net nunner in die Schtell ziegge deet. Ebmols hen mir uns vergesse un sin als uffs Hoiloch gedrede. Sell iss als unne naus wie en Blitz. Es waar net so schlimm wann mer der Kopp net wedder die Mauer gschlagge hot.

Es waar en yunger Bu un der hot Hawwerschtroh darrich en Loch nunner schmeisse selle hinne im Kiehschtall. Er hot als en gleeni Gawwelvoll nunner gschmisse, noh lang gerugt bis er widder en Gawwerllvoll nunner hot. Er hot mol nunner geguckt. Die Kieh waare im Schtall am Hawwerschtroh fresse. Er hot seim gleene Bruder gegrische, "Greiz Bedallye, Sammi, nemm die Kieh naus. Sie fresse es Haawerschtroh so schtarrick, ass ich es nunner grick."

Drei vun uns Schwowe Buwe hen gscheelt Welschkann nunner griegge selle vum Scheierdenn. Mir hen lang gschpielt. Endlich hen mir gsehne, ass mir uns dummle misse. Mir hen en Sackvoll gscheelt Welschkann vanne zum Dierli nausgschmisse. Wie der Sack uff der Bodde kumme iss, hot's en Grach gemacht un der Sack waar wiescht verrisse. Mir hen der Sack verschteckelt, es Welschkann uffgebutzt un noh aafange Welschkann im Kiwwel nunnerdraagge, wie mir gezeehlt waare es zu duh. Mir waare awwer alle drei froh, ass der Paepp net deheem waar.

Hot's Gedroffe?

Der alt Bill iss uffgschtanne un hot zum Fenschder nausgeguckt. Es iss en wunnerbaarer Gewidderschtarrem vun Owed reikumme. Der Bill hot sei Kopp zum Fenschder nausgschtreckt fer besser sehne wie der Schtarrem guckt.

Selli Zeit hot's en hadder Schtreech gschlagge. Der Bill iss hinnerschich getschumpt un hot sei aldi Kalbascht wedder 's Fenschder gschlagge ass sie schier verschprunge iss.

Sei Fraa, die Betz, hot gsaat, "O William, hot's gedroffe?" Ich bin en Chrischtlicher Mann un darref net schreiwe, was der Bill gsaat hot.

Ya, es Gewiddere verschreckt eem arrig. Zwee Kalls ass net viel in die Kaerrich gange sin, waare am Laafe drauss im Baerrig. Es iss en schneller Gewidder-regge uffgschtiegge.

Des hot gedunnert un geweddert. Uff eemol schlagt's in en Baam net weit vun denne Kalls weck. Die Schliwwere sin um sie rum gflogge un die gans Welt hot noch Schwewwel geroche. Sie waare schier dod verschreckt.

Dann saagt der Eent, "Do muss gebet warre." Sie sin uff die Knie, awwer er hot vergesse ghatt wie zu bede. Noh saagt er zum Annere, "Bet du."

Der Anner hot aafange zu saagge, "O, Du—" — un des hot er riwwer un niwwer gsaat. Noh hot er zum Aerschte gsaat, "Nau hawwich vergesse wie Er heesst." Wann mer bede will, sett mer net vergesse zu wem, ass mer schwetzt.

Es hen zwee Buwe uff em Kichespeicher gschlofe, graad unnerm Blechdach. Ee Nacht iss en schwerer Gewidderregge uffkumme. Es hot so arrig gerabbelt uffem Blechdach, un hot so arrig gewiddert un gewedderleecht, ass der Eent gemeent hot, die Welt meecht unnergeh.

Der Anner hot darrich der gans Schtarrem so gschlofe, ass er gaar nix ausgfunne hot devun. Marriyets hot der Aerscht gsaat zum Annere, "Es hot awwer gewiddert letscht Nacht." Noh hot der Anner gsaat, "Ferwas hoscht mich net wacker gemacht? Du weesscht, ass ich net schlofe kann, wann's so gwiddert." Ei, du Yammer!

Was es Schwetze Duht

Es iss wunnerbaar was mer duh kann mit seinre Zung. Sie kann so siess sei wie Hunnich, odder so sauer ass Essich. Deel Leit schwetzé immer zaart un lieblich, un mer fiehlt gut wann mer sie heert. Deel Leit ihre Zunge gemaahne eem an Schlangegift. Behiet eich vun selle Leit.

Ya, dihr glaabt's wull net, awwer mer kann Leit krank schwetze. Es hen moll etliche nixnutziche Buwe ausgemacht, sie wedde en Kall krank schwetze. Des iss was sie geduh hen.

Wie der Aerscht an ihm verbei iss, hot er gaar nix gsaat, yuscht sei Kopp wennich gschiddelt. Der Zwett hot den aareme Schlucker aageguckt un hot sei Hals wennich gebutzt. Der Dritt hot gsaat, "Iss es dir net so gut?" Der Viert hot gsaat, "Du guckscht awwer bleech den Maerriye."

Bei sellere Zeit hot dem Kall sei Haz aafange schtarriyer zu kloppe. Dann saagt der Fimft zu ihm, "Mei liewer Freind, du kannscht net gut sei. Du guckscht so geel ass en Gwidd, un hoscht schwaze Ring um de Aagge. Ich glaab, ass du gfaehrlich krank bischt."

Der Kall iss noh graad uff der Heemweeg. "Liewer Gott," saagt er zu sich selwer, "Ich bin imme schlimme Zuschtand." Er iss als schwecher warre. Endlich iss er heem kumme.

"Loss mich nei," ruft er zu seinre Fraa, "ich bin en doder Mann." Nau sei Fraa hot ihn gekennt, un hot gewisst, was zu saagge zu ihm.

"Du ferflammts dumm Kalb," hot sie gsaat, "Es iss nix letz mit dir. Du bischt so gsund ass en Eecheklotz. Geh moll naus an die Aerwet, noh watt's dir besser." Selli schtrenge Wadde vun seinre verschtenniche Fraa hen ihn gekyurt uff Riggelweeg-Zeit. I'erwas net?

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL
vun der Lebanon News

DID MR. FRETTER STEAL THE HORSE?

By Felix Reichmann

Schaefferstown, Pennsylvania, had its big trial. The little town boiled with excitement. It was not a trial for murder — thank heaven! It was not even a case of a fugitive slave from the Southern States, who had escaped by the underground railway, such as had occasioned the famous Christiana Riot. It was a more simple and wholly unpolitical issue, but important for a farming community.

Did Cyrus Fretter steal the horse?

On a December night in 1846 a horse had been stolen — a good mare. The thief had obviously used it for a sleighing party and everything went well until the horse slipped and fell on the icy road. Perhaps bad conscience had hampered the arm of the driver.

Next morning the horse was found with a broken leg and had to be killed. Evidence pointed strongly against Cyrus Fretter. He was arrested and a Mr. Pyfer offered bail. On the day of the trial Cyrus Fretter swore before the judge that he was as innocent as an unborn child. The judge, however, would not accept Mr. Fretter's pleading since his reputation in the community was by no means that of an honest man.

The defendant escaped capital punishment, but was sentenced;— and a strange sentence it was! Cyrus Fretter was to serve in the Lebanon County jail as long as it would take him to make an object which, upon completion, the judge would not be able to recognize. Only then, by this ordeal his innocence would be acknowledged. Cyrus was in jail for six months and during this time carved—out of a single piece of wood—a long chain. In the middle of the chain is a solid piece and on both ends a kind of small open lantern.

The judge was forced to end Mr. Fretter's imprisonment because he was unable to recognize what it was.

Cyrus explained that it was a lamp and said "The lamplighter rides through the streets of the town and lights his lamps to find an honest man." The Greek Diogenes in Pennsylvania German costume! Shall we be cruel enough to examine and to destroy the charming folk-tale under the sharp light of a scholarly investigation? The sentence — incompatible with a law court in 1840 — shows the older forms of the criminal court where the defendant had to prove his innocence by ordeal. The industrious Pennsylvania German people changed the medieval combat to a display of workmanship, — and Diogenes, the old Greek misanthrope, appeared as a benevolent Schaefferstown lamplighter.

It is a folk-tale — some criminal record of a horse theft, not uncommon at that time, has been linked with an object, the purpose of which was not clear. But instead of analyzing the old folk-tale let us enjoy the marvelous workmanship of this wooden chain, one of the acquisitions of the Landis Valley Museum. Seventy-year-old Mr. Pyfer, the son of the man who had offered to bail out Cyrus Fretter, brought to the Museum this chain which his father had received as a token of gratitude from the defendant.

The tale may be false — the workmanship is genuine!

This tale appeared originally in the American-German Review for February 1941 and is here reprinted with kind permission of its Editor.

DER LETSCHT MANN

Somehow unser Volk dutt nimmi die groosse Familye uffziegge wie fer alders. Yaahre zerick waar's en kammen Ding fer Mann un Fraa vun sex zu zwansich Kinner hawwe. Fer sell iss die Biewel mehner gelese warre ass wie nau. Es hot sie bissi ghalde schriftliche Naame finne fer ihre Buwe un Meed.

Awwer alleweil sin blendi im Land un Schtadt, ass gaar ken Kinner hen, un wann's net annerschter geht, maag's sei, ass es Menschevolk endlich gans ausschtarrebt. Es kann en Zeit kumme, wann yuscht meh paar Leit do in der Welt rum schtolpere, un iwwerweil iss verleicht yuscht meh eener do — der letscht sardine in der box. Der aarm, verlumpt bachelor! Der muss unne Lieb, unne Droscht, unne gebosst, unverschulde un hazverhungert en Rumleefer sei in re unhalliche Zeit bis in die Ewichkeit, Welt unne End, Amen! Er kann mit niemand grakeele, mit niemand fechte, un wann er schtarrebt, kummt net en bedrieber Freind an die Leicht. Niemand weint iwwer sei Graab. Was en Aussicht!

Ich wett liewer graad nau der Vadder sei vun re groosse Orphanschul odder manager vun re altWittweiwer Heemet, ass der letscht Mann.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK

DIE KUMMERSDORFER KAERRICH

In Kummersdorf guckt's huttlich aus
Mit sellre neie Kaerrich datt;
Geplaant iss lengscht, yuscht sell helft nix,
Wann's Baugeld net ball gschriwwe watt.
Der Eckschtee iss bedeckt mit Moos—
Sie schteht schunn datt, waer weess wie lang!
's iss Zeit 's watt ebbes ball geduh;
Datt drin zu sei, es watt em bang.

Der Baugrund leit datt owwedraa,
Viel schenner wie die alt datt schteht;
Die Schtickel schtehne schunn am Platz,
Wann's mol ans Mauermache geht.
Der Gsangverein schtudiert schunn lang
Un iebt die schennschte Lieder ei;
Wann's abgeht mol, mer freet sich schunn
Uff selli grooss Eiweierei.

Un doch 's waar noch ken Geld uff Hand
Fer 'n nei-i Kaerrich baue datt;
Deel iss die alt noch gut genunk,
Wann yuscht drin gut gebreddigt watt.
Deel vun de reiche Glieder hen
Sich gschteibert mit zwee Fiess un Hend;
Die alt deet's noch, 's waer gaar ken Gfaahr,
Hett's Dach en Loch am Giwwelend.

Der Parre hot gewisst wu's henkt,
Ass nimmand nix net schreiwe will;
Der Bardel waar der reichscht im Feld,
Hot Geld un Gut in Hill un Fill.
Un doch so zaeh un geizich dass
Sei Koppleis all verhungert sin;
Wann mol der Bardel unnerschreibt,
Dann duhn sie's all, ken Zweiwel drin.

Der Parre hot gebreddigt, gsaat,
Vun Mitleid un Barmhazichkeit;
Vum Gotteshaus un Grischtendum,
Wie'n groosser Seegge 's bringe daet.
Wie's molt de Schpedder gengt ee Daag,
Wann Gott di Scheef un Beck mol trennt;
Graad wie dem Kall im groosse Buch,
Wu nau datt hockt wu's Feier brennt.

Beim Bardel helft ken Schtichles nix,
Nix geht bis unner Hemm un Haut;
Wie's guckt, watt selli Kaerrich datt
In zwansich Hunsdaag net gebaut.
Ee Sunndaag drefft's zum groosse Glick,
Sie dreffe nanner heemwegs aa;
Noh denkt der Parre: "Bardel, brumm!
Heit kummscht mol raus, wu hie, wu draa."

Noh secht der Parre: "Bardel, saag,
Wie kummt's ass du nix gewwe witt,
Ferwas gebscht net dei Scheltes uff?
Du rischt nix Gudes aus demit.
Wie schee waer'n prechtich Gotteshaus
Am Kummersdorfer Hiwwel datt."
Der Bardel macht yuscht "Hm" dezu,
Un geht sei Wegs als weiter fatt,

's waar'm Parre graad wie'n Schtich im Haz,
Wie ihn der Bardel abgekappt;
Do waare Mals un Hoppe futsch,
Geduld un Hoffning ausgezappt.
Der Bardel grummelt in der Baart
Un frogt noh ass wie halb verwatt:
"Saag, Parre, schloft mer yuscht so gut
In sellre neie Kaerrich datt?"

1922 —ASTOR C. WUCHTER

An unpublished poem. The original manuscript is in the Library of Muhlenberg College.

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Editorials

See Junior Olympics

Field and track sports are highly popular with our youth in the schools and colleges. As sports for spectators they have been putting up a losing fight for public patronage to football and baseball which are played in the open and basketball which is the winter craze for millions of fans.

Another gallant effort to make field and track sports a popular spectator event locally is that by the members of the Charles Kline lodge of B'nai B'rith who on Tuesday evening next in the High School Stadium will present their annual Junior Olumpics field and track meet.

Here is an opportunity for an evening of rare pleasure for all who love the thrills of competition in speed and skills. It can be commended to all, both young and old and of both sexes.

As the title of the meet indicates, the program includes the principal events that are included in the world - famous Olympic Games which are held quadrennially and which next year will be held in Australia. It is not beyond possibility that athletes, revealed in Tuesday night's games, or athletes who excel in the huge Eastern Pennsylvania meet which will be held later in the summer in Scranton, will go to Australia. So spectators in the Stadium on Tuesday may have a prevue of future international celebrities in the most glamorous of all sports events — the Olympic Games.

But whether one is going to see world-beaters or not, one is sure to see the keenest kind of competition in a great variety of sports and competition is the basic element for spectator interest in any kind of games and sports.

A full evening of entertainment which spectators can enjoy in one of the coolest and most pleasant sections of the city is going to be offered by the many hundreds of youthful athletes who have been entered in the games.

It is an event worth while putting on your calendar as a "must" for yourself and the entire family. It is a laudable enterprise which the B'nai B'rith has arranged. Go out and see our up-and-coming young athletes who already are, or are going to become, the pride and joy of the many schools which they represent.

'Morituri Salutamus'

For the first time since the war, the gasoline shortage incident thereto and the turn of many people in the Perkiomen Valley to the public transportation afforded by the Perkiomen R.R., the sole passenger train on that line has been crowded during recent days.

Last evening, when the train on its return from Philadelphia made its final run, the history of passenger travel on that line certainly ended unless another emergency like that of World War II were to intervene and drive people back to the rails.

Passenger service on the Perkiomen has ended because of lack of patronage. The fact is that for years but a mere handful of people have been using the service provided by one train a day down and up the valley, leaving Allentown at 6 in the morning and returning shortly before 8:30.

But memories of the Perkiomen were rich in the minds of many people who during the years enjoyed travel on its scenic route. Prettier rustic sights than those to be found on the route of this road from the Allentown Terminal Station to 12th and Market Sts., Philadelphia, are hard to find. And there were the memories of the rustic sights and sounds at the multitude of tiny stations where people in olden and less sophisticated days assembled to see the arrival and departure of trains, to await the daily mail, to ship farm products and receive machinery and equipment.

The railroad ran thru a blooming countryside populated by happy and cordial people. There was wholesome and hearty understanding between train crews and their passengers and with the employes and people assembled at the railroad stations. It was what the Pennsylvania Dutch would term a "hartsaftig" relationship.

The end to this has come. It came during the days of this week as the last train lumbered thru the villages of the Perkiomen Valley, sounding its warnings not alone at crossings but almost continuously in a message of farewell. And, as in olden days, dwellers along the route turned out to wave greetings to the crowded passenger coach and to be signaled to in similar happy fashion from the train.

"Morituri salutamus" said the gladiators in the Roman arena. With the same meaning the Perkiomen's last trains rumbled up and down the Valley this week. There was a feeling everywhere that something of high sentimental value was passing from the life of the area.

It was with this feeling that residents of the area took their families for a ride such as they had enjoyed but which never again could and would be enjoyed by the younger generation. The week has been a succession of days of happy riding on a comfortable train thru pleasant country but with the sad undertone in many hearts that never again in all likelihood will it be possible to enjoy a similar trip.

Respect Swimmers' Safety

An appeal from the Recreation Commission to the owners of motor boats on the Lehigh River that they exercise care while operating their craft in the areas where swimmers are encountered poses the question: Why motor boats on this small expanse of water anyway?

Certainly it is an enjoyable sport and there can be no desire to interfere with any one's enjoyment of it. But if it is going to menace the lives and limbs of young people, that is an entirely different and more serious matter.

Certainly the number of persons using the Lehigh for swimming exceeds the number of those who derive pleasure from motor boating. It behooves the minority to be extremely careful in preserving the safety of the majority.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Jet Base Prime Enemy Target

July 13, 1955

Dear Sir:

I am writing with reference to the question of improving the ABE Airport to accommodate larger planes and jets.

First, such statements as "The people in this area will get used to the noise," and "The noise can be very easily overlooked," as have been made by several ambitious writers, are canceling out the residents and the interests in the affected areas much too freely. It is very easy to make such statements when one resides at a distance, and shows little consideration for the other fellow.

My comments, however, are equally prompted by the trend of thought I have noticed with regard to security and defense. I wonder how many people have ever considered the fact, beyond perhaps a passing thought, that World War III will be as different, as World War II was from World War I? In the next war new and different values will be placed on objectives that heretofore have been labeled as "critical target areas."

I am afraid we fail to appreciate fully that the pattern of the next war will include extensive, nationwide sabotage and a planned state of confusion, with the ultimate objective of "appropriation." The point is this — what one has use for he does not destroy. In this new sense the ABE area will be critical, not as a target area, but in that its facilities will be considered of great value to any future wouldbe world conqueror.

We have been told of Russia's industrial shortcomings and her deficiency in oil, among other things. Such a situation would be disastrous to her in the event of an extended war. So what would she have to do? She would have to take from others that which she requires. Russia has demonstrated this pattern of "appropriation" in her satellite countries.

Continuing this thought, if Russia needs steel, would she destroy our local steel plants? If she needs trucks, would she destroy the factory that builds the best trucks in the world? If she needs specialized machinery, would she wreck the engineering establishments that build this machinery? Her past performances would indicate that she would not. The facilities of the ABE area are so vast and varied that an invader would be foolish to destroy them. Remember, this will be World War III, not World War II.

We are told that Russia has countless numbers of saboteurs in our country, trained to do certain jobs when given the green light. When they get that green light, this is what we may expect:

Rails will be torn up, but rolling stock will be spared. Pipelines will be blown up, but oil wells will be left intact. Power lines will be blown up, but power plants will not be damaged.

Continued on Page 12, Column 2

American Roulette



United Germany Not Near

By WALTER LIPPMANN

As a preface to the secret meeting at the summit we have just heard a public dialogue on the subject of German reunification. Last week Sir Anthony Eden made a speech saying that the West wanted a united Germany within the NATO system, but was prepared to negotiate about guarantees to reassure the Soviet Union. That this was the Western position was, of course, known in Moscow, and that same day Pravda had an article rejecting German unification inside NATO. On Tuesday of this week the Kremlin backed this up in an official statement.

The question is why, after going to a great deal of trouble to arrange a secret meeting at the highest level, after all that has been said about confidential diplomacy, the two sides have chosen to make a public demonstration of how incompatible are their positions on the German problem. I can think of only one reasonable explanation. It is that they know that they cannot agree now on German reunification, and they want the world to know it before they go to Geneva.

Can't Agree

The public exchange does not disclose all the reasons, and certainly not the main reason, why the four powers cannot agree now. It is that German reunification can only be approached, it cannot be achieved, without a settlement on the German-Polish frontier. The Western proposals, as outlined by Sir Anthony Eden, are silent on the subject of the frontiers. The Soviet reply is also silent. Neither proposal is entirely serious. Both sides know that neither proposal is acceptable to Dr. Adenauer's government. Even if the Soviet Union agreed to the Eden plan, Dr. Adenauer cannot sign a treaty which renounces the German claim to the lost territories. And the West cannot, of course, agree to the Soviet plan for a weak Germany confined within the Potsdam frontiers.

The two positions which were taken publicly this past week are not only incompatible with one another. Each is inherently impossible. Both are based on the out-dated premise, which no one can really believe in any longer, that it is still possible for the four victors to make, if they can agree among themselves, a German settlement. A four power agreement, based on the Potsdam frontiers, would have to be imposed on the two Germanies. But the German Federal Republic is now a great European power, and a settlement cannot be imposed upon it. No German



DR. KONRAD ADENAUER

government which was free and democratic could survive if it agreed to the Potsdam frontiers.

Since this spring, since West Germany recovered its sovereignty and was admitted to NATO, it has been evident that when a serious negotiation begins the two principal powers will be Bonn and Moscow. Dr. Adenauer's loyalty to the Western alliance is not in question. But he made it clear enough during his American visit this spring that his policy is to be armed by the United States, and then with the loyal support of the whole Western alliance led by the United States to negotiate a German settlement with the Soviet Union. Dr. Adenauer believes that in two or three years when there is a German Army in NATO, his position will be strong enough to obtain reunification with frontiers that are much better than Potsdam. It follows that Dr. Adenauer neither expects nor desires serious negotiations about Germany at this time.

There are strong reasons for thinking that the Soviet Union, for its part, is also intending to negotiate not with the Geneva powers but directly with the Germans. The invitation to Dr. Adenauer to come to Moscow to arrange for normal diplomatic relations is the necessary preliminary. But there is more to it than that. Since the Berlin meeting of 1954 there has been little reason to think that Moscow would ever wish to negotiate with us about Germany. All the Soviet actions have quite obviously been addressed to the Germans.

Not Ready

The fact that both Bonn and Moscow are looking toward direct negotiations does not mean that they are ready to negotiate. Almost certainly neither is now ready to negotiate. Dr. Adenauer wants first to have a German Army, which means that he expects to wait about three years. The Kremlin, presumably, is waiting for Dr. Adenauer to disappear, confident that it can deal more easily with his successor.

Dr. Adenauer seems to think that the Soviet Union is in trouble, that it will need a settlement more and more urgently and that by putting off the negotiation Germany will gain the upper hand. It is a bold speculation. The obverse of it is that in this waiting period of several years the Soviet Union can keep on tempting the Germans and sowing dissension inside Western Germany.

The Atlantic powers cannot be happy about the prospect of all this maneuvering and of even tual direct German-Soviet negotiations at the end of it. Dr. Adenauer's policy is for a long run, and there is no telling who will conclude what he has started. There is no certainty at all that the German government which settles with the Soviet Union will think and feel as does Dr. Adenauer.

The problem of the West is how to avoid being excluded and disregarded, or of being dragged along, when the German-Soviet negotiations take place. Our best hope would seem to lie in working out in the near future an all European - security agreement, some sort of all-European political community, within which the two Germanies would be imbedded. On this point the Soviets appear to be ready to negotiate with us.

For while the direct German-Russian negotiations are unavoidable, and indeed necessary, it is enormously important that in these negotiations neither the Germans nor the Russians should have an entirely free hand.

(Copyright 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 27:5-14

Leaving Sidon, and sailing between Cyprus and the coast of Asia Minor, they arrived at Myra where the voyage of the vessel ended. They therefore transferred to a vessel lying in the harbor there, a ship which had come up from Alexandria, laden with wheat intended for Rome. We must remember that Egypt was the granary of the Roman Empire (Recall the story of Joseph in the time of famine, and his handling of Egyptian wheat, 1,700 years before the time of St. Paul. Frequently at the mercy of contrary winds, the ship arrived at Fair Havens. The season of the year was about the time of 'the fast,' V. 9, the Day of Atonement (Yom Kippur), after which time sailing the Mediterranean became more and more precarious. In fact, Paul, in V. 10, advised against proceeding any farther before spring .However, the centurion, Julius, in charge of the prisoner presonnel, urged the captain to make for another, more commodious harbor of Crete, Phenice (or Phoenix), and spend the winter there. On a quiet day they set sail, but soon thereafter a strong wind began to blow, which changed their plans.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The doctor at a summer resort gave a tourist a hasty checkup and said, "Give up red meats and raw fruits. They're awful for you." Next day the tourist felt worse and rushed to the same doctor who didn't recognize him. This the doc advised, "What oyu need is more red meat and raw fruits."

"But, doctor," protested the tourist, "you told me just the opposite yesterday."

"So what!" said the medic. "You'd be amazed how science has progressed in the past twenty-four hours!"

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Your year should be a good one provided you don't make important changes without serious consideration. A child born today will be a very sensitive one and may take offence where such is not intended.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ANDA IM SHARNSHTAE: M'r. hen shun oft k'hoert fon shwolma im sharnshtae, un shpeckmice im ewwershda shtuck, ow'r fer anda raisa imma sharnshtae, is ebbes neias. Yoh, fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r kenna uns noch erinnerra onna blotz woh aw 'n and gabree'd hut imma sharnshtae, un fer neshda howwa in weidabame is gute gabonk. Aenicha waig, so weit os die eiwohner fon Seipstown sich erinnerra kenna, wor des es airsht mohl os 'n and gabree'd hut imma sharnshtae in sel'm shaina glaina shteddle drowwa uf 'm hivel, in Weissabarrick township.

Shun fer wocha long hens Lester Shada dart fom shteddla gamaint, 's wear ebbes letz mit ihr'm sharnshtae. In der barya hen sie aw 'n fremmie and sehna uf 'm hous doch run lawfa—ebbes os sie net fershtae hen kenna. 'S airsht hen sie net fershtae, kenna woh die and bei kaimt, un noh aw widder net woh sie onna gang'd. Allas is ruich her gonga bis es doh net long tzurick g'sheind hut wie wons yunga andelcher rayerra dade. Sis ae and'l noch 'm onnerra owwa iwwer 's hous doch runner garutch'd kumma—ol sin in der hofe g'falla os es gablotch'd hut, un uf un fert, allas os sie shpringa her kenna.

Die wunnerfitz hut endlich der Lester gabloak'd, un hut 'n laidder uf g'shteld, ur is nuf noch 'm sharnshtae gagrodd'ld. Noh ferhoftich sei won net ols noch ae and'l im sharnshtae wor, un woh er g'fonga hut, un huts runner gadrawga so os es net aw runner ritcha breich'd wie ol sei onnerra breeder un g'shwishter garutch'd sin. Woh die alt and onna is mit ihra yunga wissa m'r net, ow'r hut so gore ocht oyer rous gabreed'd im sharnshtae, un ebbes os der Lester now wunnert is, eb sel ols noch Schovie anda sin, odder ferleicht now sharnshtae anda sei maichda.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Roman Boger fon Holvichs Dahl hut shun druvel kot doh in kartz'm—hut sei gons gabissa ferlora wie er in der dom wor shwimma.

Die hitz wor gross, un der aintsich'd blotz fer sich ob keela hut der Roman gamint wear im wosser dom—Yusht er hut fergessa die tzae ous tzu duh.

Bis er fartich wor shwimma worra die tzae fert, un on da ledshda barichda wor er ols noch om wosser ous 'm dom lossa, brovierra sei tzae tzu finna.

Some Pennsylvania German Proverbs

By ELMER S. GERHARD

We speak of Pennsylvania German superstition, witchcraft, and proverbs as though these customs, practices, and traditions were wholly original with the Pennsylvania Germans. In the last analysis, however, comparatively few are original with them, or are even native to Pennsylvania soil. Many proverbs, like many superstitions and folk tales, may be anyone's property. Who first said, "Waer lauert an der Wand, heert sei eeggni Schand? ("The eaves dropper hears things spoken of to his own disgrace")? Who can tell?

Some well-founded proverbs are almost as old as recorded history, and they contain the concentrated thought of thousands of years. It would seem that back of many such is an incident, or a character, to bolster them up, just as there is an incident, a person or an act behind a law, which provoked the enactment of that law.

Proverbs, like the Parables in the Bible, deal with virtually every phase of the homely folk-life: the scene of the tares in the wheat, the barren fig tree, the sheep and the goats, and the shepherd and his sheep. We once heard an Oriental, who was studying in this country, say that he had never seen sheep driven until he came to America. Some of the proverbs are crude, rustic and unpolished; but both they and the parables show a close fidelity to human nature and to nature in general and to the customs of the times in which they were first spoken.

Many have lost their force and pithiness because of the change in the manner of living and of doing work. To say **"Gut gewetzt iss halwer gemaeht," ("A good whetting** of your scythe is half the mowing") meant something to the fellow who was "to the manner born." This saying was perfectly in accord with the custom of the times when all mowing was done with the scythe; but this implement has become outmoded and obsolete in our mechanical age. It is becoming a rarity, a "museum piece," and the laborer who can whet his scythe effectively and use it with ease is rarer still.

Many proverbs lose their earthiness in translation. One can invariably, translate words, but not always the real meaning and connotation of the original, and even more rarely the spirit. The German language seems to be more defiant of translation than some other languages; the dialect likewise. Try your hand at translating into English with at least some semblance of the original some common dialect word like **Feierowet** or **Greizbedallye! "Er iss seis Kopps, wie en Schnitzelbank"** ("He is as obstinate as a drawing bench") falls flat when translated, and especially so for anyone who does not know how a **Schitzelbank** works. "Tempora mutantur, nos et in illis mutamur" (Times are changed and we are changed with them")

ANIMALS

It is interesting to note how the characterisitic behavior, and even the features of many animals enrich human speech metaphorically. Professor Richard Riegler, in his book **Das Tier im Spiegel der Sprache (Animals in the Looking-glass of Speech)**, gives an account of the many attributes of sixty-four creatures, ranging from the hugest animal to the tiniest insect, whose very names we often use unwittigly in our daily conversation.

Wann's Meisel mol satt iss, dann iss's Mehl bitter ("When once the little mouse has eaten its fill, then the flour becomes bitter"). This remark was frequently made at table when the little folks were no longer hungry and began to play with their food, complaining that it was not good. Flour is used in this proverb because mice do like to get at the flour bag. People of a larger growth occasionally act in a similar manner for similar reasons.

En blindi Sau finnt aa alsemol en eechel. ("Even a blind hog does sometimes find an acorn"). We were wont at one time to think that the German immigrants had brought this proverb from the Old Country where hogs in former days fed and fattened on acorns and beechnuts in the vast forests of Austria and Hungary. But people from that section of the country say they never heard this proverb until they came to America. They have, however, a proverb of similar import, **Ein blindes Huhn findet auch manchmal ein Korn. (A** blind chicken may also sometimes find a grain of corn.") Just as a blind hog occasionally may find an acorn, so may an unsophisticated mortal make a happy hit or discover something worthwhile.

Der alt Bull blaerrt als noch. ("The old bull just keeps on bellowing"). The old scandal will not down. It has been said that there is hardly a house in which there is not a skeleton in some closet.

Er weess so viel defun ass en Sau vum Breddige odder en Kuh vum Sunndaag ("He knows as much about the matter as a pig does of preaching or a cow does of Sunday"). This expression of course is meant to indicate the limit to which the lack of information or of common intelligence can soar. We recall a fairly intelligent and well-read old blacksmith who was very apt to resort to this proverb when he wished to say that some person did not know what he was talking about.

Der Gaul am Schwanz uffzaame "To bridle a horse by the tail"). This means beginning at the wrong end, doing it the wrong way, doing it hind-foremost, like putting the cart before the horse.

'S muss en args Fill sei das net alsemol iwwer der Strang schlagt ("It must be a strange colt that does not sometimes kick over the traces"). Equally so must he be a strange young fellow who does not sometimes kick over the traces of propriety and good behavior, and shock the community by his wild pranks while he is sowing some of the proverbial wild oats. Neither the colt nor the young man has as yet learned to wear the harness of restraint.

Kummt mer iwwer der Hund, so kummt mer aa iwwer der Schwanz ("If you can get over the dog, you can also get over his tail"). After you have mastered the larger and most difficult part of an undertaking, you can then easily attend to the minor details.

Grooss Gegrisch ur wennich Woll "A great cry but little wool"). That is what the fellow said who tried to shear the pig. This expression is frequently heard when an inordinate amount of commotion is made over matters of slight importance.

Geb em Kalb Schtrick genunk, dann henkt sich's selwert ("Give a calf enough rope and it will hang itself"). This figurative expression is of course meant for humans; give a rogue enough rope and he will do the same thing. Sometimes, however, his roguishness may not be apparent until the rope begins to tighten. The Romans had a somewhat similar idea, for we read in Caesar's **Gallic War** that the immortal gods are wont to grant in the meantime a considerable degree of prosperity and a long range of freedom from punishment to those whom they wish to punish for their crimes, so that men may grieve more deeply over the turn of their affairs when finally they fall from high estate.

Der Gaul ass der Hawwer verdient, grickt en net ("The horse that earns the oats does not get it.") Maybe one sows and another reaps; but let him who earns the bread also eat it. "Palmum qui meruit ferat" ("Let him who has won the palm also bear it").

CHILDREN

Wann gleene Kinner net sin wie junge Hund,' dann sin sie net g'sund ("If little children are not like little dogs, then they are not well"). It is only natural that they should, in their lighter moods, frisk, run, frolic, and play like little dogs, for after all they are young animals just as little dogs are.

Narre un Kinner saagge die Waahret ("Fools and children speak the truth"). Probably they do so as long as they remain innocently ignorant, unsophisticated and unconformed; but after all, prevarication is a human weakness.

Wammer de Kinner zu viel Schtrik gebt, daerf mer net glaage wann sie em Druwwel mache ("If you let children have their way by giving them too much rope, you must not complain if they cause you trouble"). We know of a school teacher who did just that very thing. He was anxious to win the good graces of the pupils from the very beginning of the term; so he let them have their own way the first two weeks; after that he was going to take over. Needless to say, he never had a chance to do so.

WORK

Sell iss so Tscho Rat Aerwet ("That is a sort of Tscho Rat work"). Stephen Girard (Tscho Rat), the noted trader and importer, was also a philanthropist. He was the founder of Girard College, and also frequently gave to charity; but he also practiced thrift; and, furthermore he did not believe in handing out alms promiscuously. He refused to give money or food to anyone who begged at his door or on the street. It is said that a man once came to him to beg alms. Girard first of all gave the man a bundle of long rye straw (thrashed with the flail), and told him to carry it across the street, taking only one straw at a time. The man finally finished this tedious and boring job, and reported. "Good, that's fine," said Girard; "Now carry it back again." We are not told whether the man received any alms or not, but let's hope so.

This expression has become a Pennsylvania German proverb. It is used to designate the performance of any useless and profitless work; and surely nothing could be more so than to carry a bundle of long rye straw stem by stem across the street, and then to carry it back again.

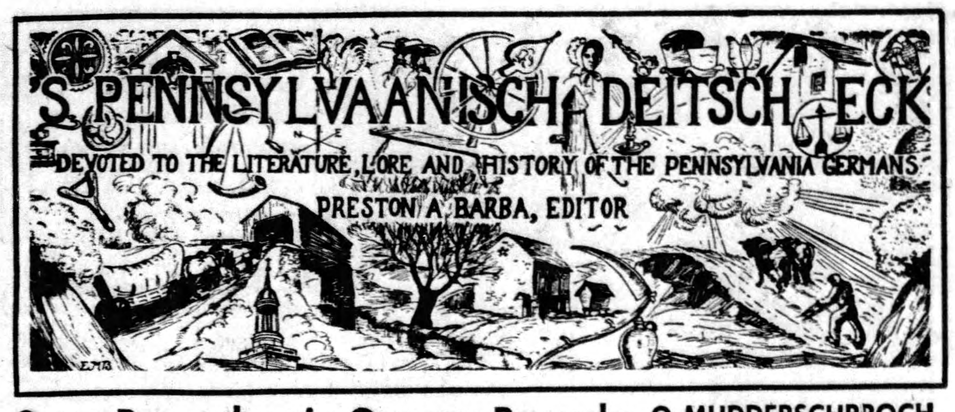
Was m'r gaern dutt, iss ken Aerwet un ken Lascht ("What one likes to do is neither a task nor a burden"). The Roman poet Ovid, a writer of charming light verse, coined this classical proverb: "Hoc onus leve fit quod bene fertur." That burden becomes light which is borne well (willingly).

HEALTH

Besser arm un gsund ass reich un grank ("It is better to be poor and healthy than to be rich and sickly"). There are some comforts of life which money can not buy. John D. Rockefeller, despite all his millions, could not enjoy a hearty meal because of a "cranky" stomach.

Besser der Maagge verrenkt, ass die Supp verdaerwe ("Better to wreck your stomach than to let the soup spoil or go to waste"). This saying may be as playful as it is practical. The word **soup** is not generic, for it may mean any kind of food, any kind of dish. A German, an acquaintance of the writer, says our dialect form is virtually a variant of the proverb in the Old Country where it reads,

(To Be Concluded)



O MUDDERSCHPROCH

Loss mich doch yuscht en Deitscher sei
Der Pennsylvaanisch Weg!
Mit Klung uff Zung vun owwe rei
Gfleckt mit Himmel Deg!
So hot mei Haerz en Melodie,
Des yubelt ewichlich,
So siess — 's iss net zu saagge wie—
Un ach! so keenichlich!

Was kennt die Aerd aabiede do,
Des schenner ringe deet!
En goldni Glock — so froh — so froh!
Die Lieb zu Deitsch gedreht!
Verlangt der Mensch was besser iss,
So finnt er 's ewich net!—
O Mudderschproch! Du bischt gewiss
Mit Heemet dief verkett!

—En kleeni Bruschtfeddер vun der BUSCHAMSCHEL

ICH SAAG NIX

En alder Freind vun meine, wie ich noch yung waar, hot alle Sadde Schprichwadde geyust. Eeens vun denne waar, "Ich saag nix, noh hawwich nix gsaat." En anner Schprichwatt iss, "Saag nix un saeg Hols." Ich wees, mer kann gut lache iwwer die Schprichwadde, awwer mer waer en dausend Mol besser ab, wann mer ihne follye deet.

Es hot moll en Fraa gschwetzt mit ihrem Parre. Sie hot sich so oft in Druwwel grickt mit zu viel schwetze. Der Parre hot ihre gudder Rot gewwe. Er hot gsaat, "Geh heem un grick en Fedderkisse. Mach's uff an eem End. Noh laaf die Schtadt nunner un schmeiss die Feddere weck, eens bei eens." Sie hot des geduh.

Noh iss sie widder zerick kumme zum Parre un hot gsaat, "Ich hab die Feddere nau all weck gschmisse. Was soll ich nau duh?" "Geh naus," saagt der Parre, "un les all die Feddere widder uff." — "Du Liewer," saagt sie, "des kann ich net duh." Der Parre hot wennich gschmunselt un hot gsaat, "So geht's mit de Wadde, wu du so oft rum schmeisscht. Die kannscht du in deim Lewe nimmi zerick rufe. Sell hot der Fraa ihre viele Schwetzerei gekyurt.

En anner alt Schprichwatt waar, "Halt's Maul zu un die Ohre uff, noh lannscht du ebmols ebbes." Iss sell nau net die grindlich Waahret?

En anner alt Schprichwatt iss, "Fer's glaawe kann eem niemand schlagge, un fer's denke kan eem niemand henke." Sell iss aa verhafdich 100 per cent waahr. Wann mer yuscht bei Leiwe net so reddi waer fer in alles nei schwetze.

Es waare moll paar alde Leit bei nanner deheem. Fer en Weil hot des arrdlich gut geduh. Noh waar alles letz un nix hot meh ausghalde. Ich hab gschwetzt mit re yunge Fraa weegge ihre Mammi, wu do debei waar. Nau ihre Mammi waar en gudi Seel, awwer wie sie bei de annere alde Leit waar, hot sie gfochte wie en wild Gedier.

Ich hab gfrogt, ferwas die alt Fraa so arrig in Schtreit kumme iss. Ihre Dochder hot gsaat, "Kaschbar, es waer alles schee un lieb gabliwwe, awwer noh hot mei Mammi ihre drei Cent iwwerall nei geduh. Noh iss die Yacht los gebroche.

Well, ich will nau schtoppe, wie ich aagfange hab: "Saag nix, noh hoscht nix gsaat." Loss uns sellem noochfollye.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

"Besser den Magen verrenken als dem Wirt etwas schenken" ("Better to leave anything to the innkeeper's advantage or profit"). You cleaned up all the dishes, even at the risk of ruining your stomach, in order not to leave anything from which the innkeeper might derive any further profit. This practice was supposedly applicable when you took a meal at a pension or inn.

Besser warremich Graut, odder en Laus im Graut, wie gaar ken Fleesch ("Better have a worm or a louse in the (boiled) cabbage than no meat at all"). This proverb does not sound very savory; of course it is not meant to be taken literally. It is a rather unpolished and blunt way of saying that it is occasionally better to have a little something of a certain thing, even if you don't like it than not to have anything of the kind at all.

NATURE

Der Abbel fallt net weit vum Schtamm ("The apple does not fall far away from the stem of the tree"). This is a very apt expression when one wishes to indicate that the traits, characteristics, and the propensities of the father are frequently traceable in the son. Like father, like son; like cat, like kit.

Maryerot macht backe rot, Owetrot bringt drucke Brot ("Morning red makes cheeks red; evening red brings dry bread"). Early rising promotes good health, for it is then that the "day's at the morn" and the "lark's on the wing." Postponing and putting off from time to time urgent work until late evening hours because of shiftlessness or possible indolence is apt to produce woeful want, symbolized by dry bread and wan cheeks.

Die Maryeschtund hot Gold im Mund ("The morning hour has gold in its mouth"). No particular hour of the morning is designated; it is the morning in its entirety which presents golden opportunities. An hour in the morning is worth two at night. "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a person (man) healthy, wealthy and wise."

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BRANCH OFFICES
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Editorials

Shades of Jesse James

What a pair of youthful "punks" apparently planned to be "The Great Train Robbery" during the week turned out to be one of the biggest hoaxes in which criminals ever have been involuntarily involved.

The scene that the bold and really imaginative robbers selected was a busy railway in the heart of New York City. The train that was picked out for looting was a mail train which, as they had learned undoubtedly, pulls out of Grand Central Station nightly loaded with all sorts of valuable mail. There was every reason for the thieves to believe that a small fortune was in the mail cars, and there probably was. The postal authorities have not been talking.

Because train robberies passed out with the winning of the West and the hanging or shooting of men like Jesse James, there has been little thought about this type of crime and even less preparation for defense against such bandits.

So the New York thieves got aboard the train without detection, completely surprised a mail clerk, grabbed what they believed to be valuable loot and managed to escape from the train as it was slowly moving through the crowded railroad yards.

But the joke is on the thieves. While they were holding up and disarming the mail clerk they also were examining the mail pouches to find those likely to be most valuable. Passing up the heavy ones that had lots of coin, they picked light ones as those likely to contain paper money of high value.

It probably took them only a few minutes after jumping from the train to learn that they had seized a lot of valueless paper. What they got was thousands of cancelled checks which were being conveyed from New York banks to other banking centers.

A lot of inconvenience will have to be occasioned by the theft and probable destruction of checks. It will take a long time to straighten out the books of a lot of banks and those of their clients. The enterprise will have profited the young robbers nothing. It will have made them a laughing stock by comparison with the daring and successful feats of their predecessors in this type of crime and their contributions to some of the most lurid chapters of American history.

Fire-Fighting Sans Water

The hopelessness and desperation of rural property owners when they look upon fire destroying their barns, dwellings or other buildings is generally pitiful, even though one or more pieces of fire-fighting apparatus may be standing near at hand and fire-fighters are hard at work in attempts to extinguish the flames and save something from ruin.

Generally there is scarcity or entire lack of water. Or sources of water may be so remote from the scene of the fire that structures are razed by the flames before the firemen can pour the first drop of water upon them.

This hopelessness and desperation must be even greater in an area like Center Valley where springs and wells have run dry due to operations of the New Jersey Zinc Co. at Friedensville. In a fire in that area during Thursday night, water had to be brought to the blaze from a point three miles away. It is understandable that little could be done about fighting the fire in the building in which it originated. It was creditable for the firemen to have contained the blaze to that one structure and to have saved dwelling and buildings nearby.

When Time Is of the Essence

The new State law which concerns itself with "phone hogs" who refuse to yield telephone lines in cases of emergency nearly went into operation on Thursday night as a corollary to the big Center Valley R. 1 barn fire.

Tenants of the property, when they attempted to report the fire, found the phone line busy. According to reports it took them sometime to persuade the "phone hog" that an emergency was at hand and that use of the line should be yielded.

Just how serious was the delay that was occasioned by the talkative and stubborn person cannot be known but every second is important in such matters. A minute's delay may mean thousands of dollars of additional fire loss. The important minutes in fire-fighting are the early minutes.

President's Human Touch

The human touch which President Eisenhower has evidenced thruout his career and increasingly is manifesting as his life and a lot of minor activities are being more intimately reported, is widely known among the American people. It had pleasing illustration again in news from Geneva this week.

As any and all grandparents know there is no deeper satisfaction than that of buying toys for the grandchildren. Even tho little "Butch" is but an infant in arms grandpa is more than likely to bring home a baseball and bat or perhaps a football or an electric train. Grandma, while wont to be more practical, is more than likely to buy a doll or some other toy which can have no meaning and little interest for an infant whose sole concerns are food, warmth and sleep.

So it was that Grandpa Eisenhower, while driving along the beautiful streets of Geneva, saw a toy shop. There was immediate urge to get presents for "the kids" back home in Washington. His car was halted and the shopping expedition was begun just as any grandparent on a trip abroad would be thinking about the little ones.

Then came the other human touch. When the President dug for his wallet it was to find an empty pocket. He had left the villa, which is his temporary home, without a bit of cash, whether Swiss francs, which he had secured early in his visit, or American dollars which are highly acceptable the world around.

Just as it has happened to all of us at some time or other, the President was "flat." And was he embarrassed!

Of course the dilemma was a minor one that speedily was surmounted. But it was just another of the many little things which are revealed concerning the man in the White House and which serve to make the people feel closer to him. The honor and glory of the presidency have not cloaked his humanity.

Stealing Reds' Thunder

Preliminary expectations concerning the behavior of the Big Four at Geneva never anticipated the suprising role which President Eisenhower has filled from the very opening moments of the Conference at the summit.

A lot of thought was that Prime Minister Eden, by virtue of his life of diplomatic experience, would take and carry the ball (to use a football simile, during much of the Conference. Others thought that the suave Bulganin, personifying the recent Russian mood, would take the limelight by engaging in gracefulness, unnatural to the general Communist behavior.

Knowledge that President Eisenhower had not been encouraged to optimistic thinking about the results of the Conference by the advisers back of him prompted considerable thought that he would do a lot of thinking and let others do the talking.

However, Pennsylvania's best known farmer has put his hand to the plough at every session and has turned a nice furrow. He has agreeably surprised the analysts who sought to anticipate the behavior of the participants in the conference.

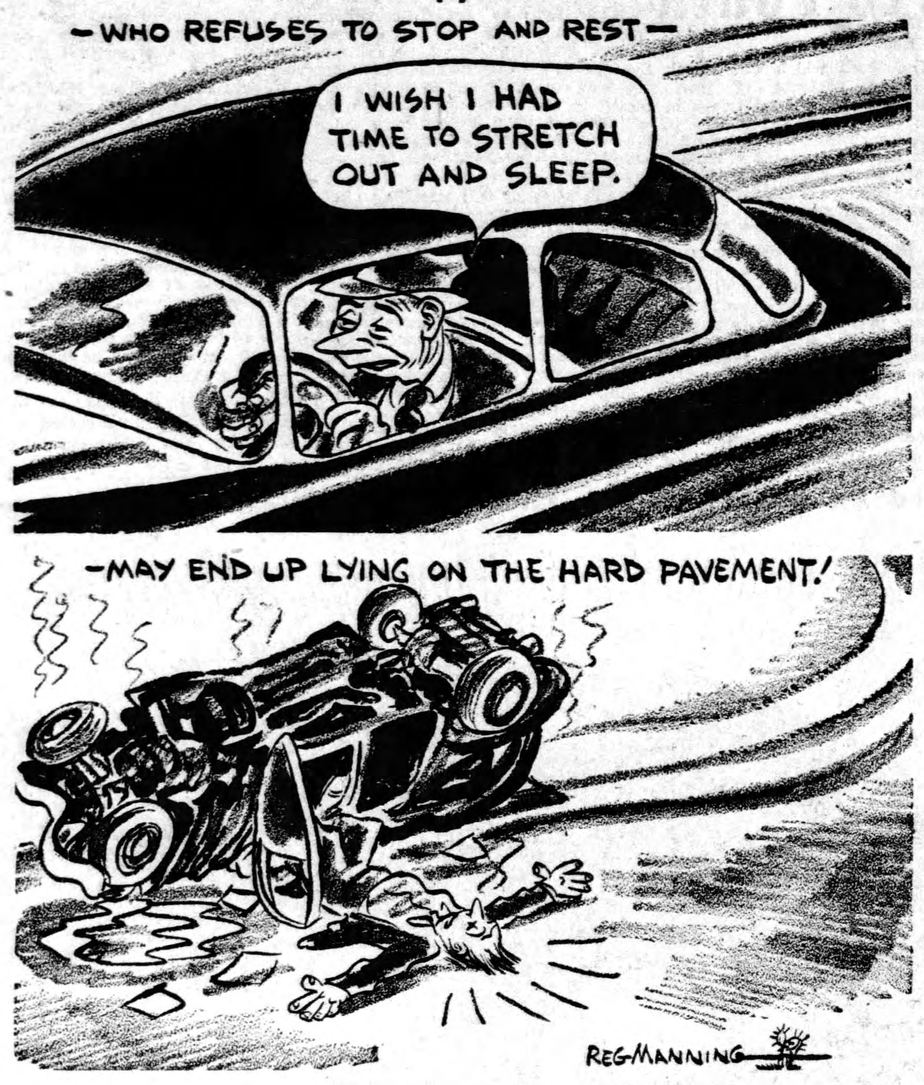
It would seem that most of all he surprised the Russians by a number of moves which seem to have been completely unexpected. The one move was the long and private dinner meeting with his old friend Marshal Zhukov who does not enjoy equal level on the Russian team. A brief conversation would not have been surprising in light of the two men's previous important associations. Hours of private meeting was something else.

Perhaps most surprising to the Russians, inasmuch as it had not even been hinted at before, the President startled the Conference on Thursday with the proposal and the challenge to the Russians that, in the interest of international universal peace and disarmament, the two countries supply to each other complete blueprints of their military establishments. Morever he asked that they provide mutually for aerial inspection of such facilities.

Report is that this daring challenge was listened to by the Russians in stony silence. The challenge was made directly to them because, as the President said, these two countries have new and terrible weapons in such quantity as to make horrible destruction possible.

It is not indicated that anything decisive and important will come from this or any other proposals. But it is being demonstrated pretty effectively that the straightforward, honest spirit in which the President is addressing himself to the participants in the Conference is having splendid propaganda effect if nothing else. He seems to have stolen the Reds' thunder at just the time that they had planned to make their propaganda peal thruout the world.

The Sleepy Driver—



Delivery's the Thing

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower's proposal to permit aerial inspection by Soviet planes over the United States if American planes are allowed over Russia to photograph military installations is intended only as an example of what the United Nations can do some day as the agency responsible for detecting any violation of international agreements to limit armament.

Today nuclear bombs in a stockpile cannot hurt anybody. Everybody concedes it is the "means of delivery" which is all-important.

There's a way to detect whether a potential aggressor is building up for an offensive attack. It can be done as high as 12 miles in the air above a country and without detection.

Electronic eyes to aid detection make it possible for unarmed aircraft to fly over airfields where planes are located and to report daily or weekly on the total number and the nature of the craft.

The idea is not a new one. Jan. 13 of this year the Organization of American States asked the government in Washington, a member, to furnish aircraft for observation of the progress of the fighting in Costa Rica. Prior to that time and since, there has been discussion in military circles of a possible treaty or convention which would bind all members of the United Nations to submit to aerial inspection. But if any potential aggressor should refuse, and if a crisis developed, the United Nations even without a treaty could order planes to observe and detect possibly hostile moves.

Undetected

Such flights at great heights can be carried out without detection by unarmed planes, and it would be a rare occurrence if they were shot down. Probably the losses would be accepted as one of the hazards of suhc a critical situation, because the advantage would be to learn whether a surprise aggression was in prospect.

The reason why military men did not object when the plan for a mutual agreement was first discussed here several months ago, and why they do not object now, is because American targets have been photographed by newspapers and magazines while locations inside Soviet Russia have received no such publicity.

Theoretically it would be to the advantage of the free world to have all maps revealed and targets photographed, so that this might be an added deterrent to the use of nuclear weapons.

The president's use of the aerial inspection formula is, of course, a sensational move. It has been worked on for several weeks as one of the suggestions that might be launched at the Big Four meeting, and it is believed that even congressional leaders were "briefed" about it some time ago.

In a sense, the move puts the Soviets on the spot. They can hardly mistake the sincerity of purpose behind it and the desire to open things up and find a way to apply effective self-restraints so that war will not be used as an instrument of national policy. Instead of being content, as the nations were in 1929, with a Kellogg-Briand Treaty that renounced war, the proposal now is to enter into a program of mutual inspection which will mean publicizing arms preparations to the fullest extent in order that public opinion may exercise some check upon the arbitrary use of any military force.

Not for Long

The Soviets are not likely to stay on the spot very long. They will sooner or later come up with a variation of the plan and will not fail to seek in the court of public opinion as much prestige as the President of the United States got when he offered to exchange blueprints of our military installations as well as permits for each other's reconnaissance craft to photograph anything desired.

Certainly the pressure for peace which has been rising all over the world has reached a sensational climax in the President's proposal, though it will be many months before any real anwer to it will be forthcoming, since there are many aspects to be considered. In fact, the proposal itself will be turned over to a United Nations Military Committee to study. This can be a burial ground or a proving ground, depending on what impact the idea itself has made on world opinion.

One thing can be stated now—the Western delegations to Geneva thought out in advance a few moves to offset any propaganda exploitation which the Communists might be trying out. The aerial inspection plan offered by Eisenhower and the proposal by Prime Minister Eden that the Eastern and Western military commanders sit down together to discuss exchanges of information looking toward limitation or reduction of arms are in themselves evidences of the earnestness of the Western allies in seeking a way to peace. The Soviets will surely have to bear the responsibility for any failures, as the West now has demonstrated its willingness to go far toward reaching the heart of the problem of "mutual distrust."

(Copyright 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 28:2-5

The word barbarous in v. 2 is misleading, for what is meant is that they were barbarians, a tenhnical term used by the Greeks to indicate that they did not speak Greek. The people were anything but barbarous, for they realized the plight in which the stranded passengers were, because of the rain and the cold during the storm. So they kindled a fire to make them as comfortable as possible. 'Philanthropy' is the Greek word used here for 'kindness.' Paul did not consier it to be beneath him to help to gather some fagots for the fire. Hidden among them was a viper, which may already have begun to lie dormant for the winter. The heat of the fire aroused it from its torpid state, and thus it fastened itself on Paul's hand. This caused the natives to believe that 'fate' was pursuing Paul as a possible criminal, for, although his life was spared from storm and shipwreck, he was still being pursued by the Avenger. But, to the surprise of all, he shook the reptile off into the fire, and took no harm (see Mark 16:18).

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

PATIENT SUCCESS

Success is patient. It will wait
Heedless of the passing throng
For the near or far-off date
When one man will come along.

Failure, disappointment, dread
May have made his struggle grim,
But if he keeps on, ahead
Victory will wait for him.

If some one the will possess
Every barrier to surmount,
Twenty failures with success,
When he gains it, will not count.

Who deserves the heights to climb,
With the odds against him great,
Success will always spare the time
Patiently for him to wait.

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Horoscope

Your fortunds should greatly improve in the year ahead, even if you should encounter some delays and obstacles. Look for a clever, sympathetic character in today's child.

King Umberto, son of Victor Emmanuel, was the last king of Italy. He was king for a short time after his father's abdication and before the formation of the Italian republic.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N NEIER WAIG: Mice hen noch immer druvel gamocht won sie ei garissa sin in ra hamet, un fiel waiga sin gabroviert werra fer sie lose werra. Falla nadierlich werra 's manshd gayus'd, yusht mice sin g'shlifa, un halta ihra nase gawainlich weck won folla rum sin—bardich falla woh ae mohl 'm mous g'fonga wor. 'S sheind die dada reecha wos aw gang'd, un is die uhrsoch os leit alsa mohl die folla in der shmoke hanka mit ra maining die mice wista noh net wos aw gonga wear—uns same halt aw ous mit rotta.

In darra g'shicht hen m'r ow'r yusht tzu duh mit mice—'n gonser hanker fol glaina hous mice, os doh net long tzurick ei garissa sin ufs Clarence Ruppa ihra tzunie, hinnershdie porch, nagshd on da Ziegels Kerrich. Un won ebbes is os 'm Clarence sei Eva uf 'm shtrich hut, don sins mice. Sie hut shun alla orta waiga gabroviert fer die mice lose werra—hut so gore gabroviert fer dale dote bigla mit ra rote gleadicha bigel eisa, ow'r sel is ra tzu longweilich gonga.

Die Eva bigel'd immer uf da hinnerra porch, un hot mohl ae dawg gamaint 's bigel duch uf 'm bigel board dade so pulshterrich gucka, un hut gabroviert fer die roll im unnerra duch, nous ons end fom bigel board sheeva mit 'm bigel eisa. Un sie huts aw nous g'shova, un wos sot unna drunner rous jumpa wie 'n altie mous, so gatzailt hut kot fer 'n neshd in ihra bigel board tziech mocha.

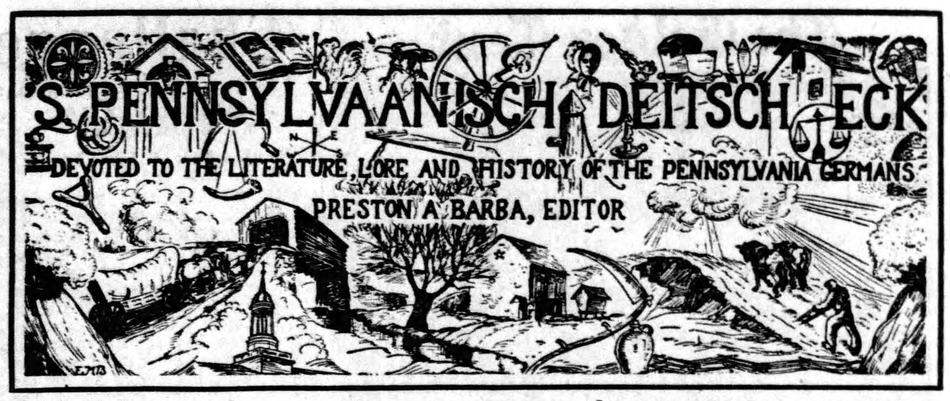
Wie der Clarence aw on ken waig denka hut kenna fer die mice lose werra, hut die Eva on ebbes shunshd gadenk'd—os sie gross in da note wear fer 'n nei paar alla dawgs shoe. Innerlich hut sie ow'r 'n onnerer blawm im kup kot, yusht hut nix g'sawt tzum Clarence weil sie g'farrich'd het er maich'd locha—un sawga ihra blawn dade net shoffa, un sie wot yusht neia shoe howwa.

Aenicha waig, die Eva is noh die shtadt nei un hut sich shoe kauft, un woh sie shae dahame in ihra tzunie porch g'shteld hut. Ihra blawn hut aw g'shoft. Da nagshda morya wie sie die shoe aw duh hut wolla, hut sie glei g'shpiert os ebbes tzov'ld farna im tzaea fom shoe. Noh hut sie ferarnsht gabroviert fer der shoe aw duh. Sie hut fert gabroviert bis es tzovla g'shtopt hut, un shure ganunk wie sie fer foos ous 'm shoe hut, un hut der shoe sunnersht saversht k'hova, wos sot rous rolla wie 'n dode mic'l. Mice gleicha sich tzu fershteckla, un die Eva secht, 's wear ken besserer waig in da welt fer mice fonga, wie 'n paar neia shoe rum shtae lossa, un alla gabut brovierra fer die shoe aw duh. 'S sot uns ken pieca wunnerra, eb sie net brovierra maich'd fer 'n patent rous nemma fer ihra neie mice fol patenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Des gebt widder 'n gross ordichie tzeit danovet im Egypt Park—die tzeit fom yairlicha Liegners Fesht, woh darta k'halta wert.

Nochberra mit hinkle kenna net besser duh, wie ihra shtel gute ferwohrra—farm yohr sin die barichda, het ae nochber dart om Park, moryets danoh 'n dudsend doda hinkle g'funna unnich da shtong — die grossa liega os fertzailt sin werra, hetta die luft fergift os gross ordich wor.

Die barichda sin, die wohrhate sot des yohr noch aryer g'shtrack'd werra wie sie lava—un des noch so gore, bei paar weibsleit.



Some Pennsylvania German Proverbs

By ELMER S. GERHARD

CONCLUSION

HUMAN TRAITS

'S Baue koscht immer nochemol so viel ass m'r gerechelt hot ("Building always costs again as much as you had figured"). We know a young man who planned to build a house; he had figured out very closely beforehand exactly how much it would cost. A friend of his told him to multiply his estimate by two: but the young man only scoffed at such an idea. By the time the building was finished he had to multiply his estimate by three.

Waer eemol liegt, dem glaabt m'r net, wann er aa die Waahret saagt ("He who lies once is not believed even if he tells the truth"). This proverb may be any one's property, for the very same expression was current thousands of years ago. Some one asked Aulus Gellius, a sort of Ben Franklin among the Romans, what a man got for telling a lie. "Why," said this common sense philosopher, "he won't get any credit when he does tell the truth."

Wie meh gelert, wie meh verkehrt ("The more educated, the more perverfed, the queerer, and probably the more crooked"). It may be a moot question whether education necessarily improves morals. Many indications are that it does not. The educated rascal is the most dangerous; many such are behind prison walls, and others ought to be. We may excel in plumbing and in the latest models of cars and coats, but when one notes the disregard for law, order, property and life, or even common decency, and notes the questionable business ethics, one might conclude that our morals are in many instances badly perverted, despite our much lauded educational achievements. "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers," says the poet.

Schmaude, fleissiche Leit mache ihre Bedder maryets, faule Leit middaags, un die Sei owets ("Thrifty, industrious people make their beds in the morning, lazy people at noon, and the pigs at night.") Active, alert people tackle a job at once and get it out of the way; while less industrious and lazy people put off whatever they have to do until a "more convenient" time, and pigs—well, pigs are pigs.

Waer lauert an der Wand der heert seine eeggni Schand ("Whoever listens at the wall will hear things said to his own disgrace"). The person who listens "an der wand" is the eavesdropper, for which word the German has no equivalent. The eaves-dropper stands under the eaves and catches the drippings as if he were catching the drops of water as they trickle from the roof. Shakespeare has Richard III say: "Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper, to hear if any mean to shrink from me."

Nix gewaagt, iss nix gemacht; waer nix waagt, gewinnt aa nix ("Nothing ventured is nothing gained; he will not win anything who does not take chances"). You must often take chances and "launch out into the deep." Life is to a large extent a gamble, and risks must be taken. And **Net g'schosse iss aa verfehlt** ("And not to shoot at all is the same as missing the 'bull's eye'").

Waer net kummt zu rechter zeit, der esst was iwwerich bleibt ("Whoever is not prompt at mealtime will have to eat what is left"). The proverb is frequently repeated, jestingly of course, when some one is late at mealtime. Another version reads **Waer net kummt zu rechter zeit, muss neme was iwwerich bleibt** ("Whoever does not come at the right time must take what is left"). With the Pennsylvania Germans promptness is a virtue.

Mer weess net, was mer hot, bis mer es verlore hot ("You often do not know what you had until you have lost it"). This proverb of course refers to the intrinsic value of things, a value which can not be measured in monetary terms. We too often do not appreciate the blessings and comforts we enjoy, nor realize how dear friends really were until we have lost them.

Er muss mit em linxe Fuss es erscht aus em Bett sei ("He must have gotten out of bed with the left foot first"). This saying is frequently applied to a person who appears crabbed and disgruntled when everything seems to be at cross purposes. As a variant we sometimes say this person got out of bed on the wrong (left) side.

This idea that whatever is on your left side, hand or foot, presages evil and disaster goes back to classical times. The Romans were very sensitive regarding this matter. If a Roman went "down town" to attend to his business and saw a flock of birds flying over his left shoulder he might expect an unlucky day. **Sinister** pertains to the left side, and **dexter** to the right. Why this "assignment" we do not know; but whatever appeared on the left was considered unlucky, ominous, sinister. Thus we think of evil lurking in a sinister glance and speak of sinister motives as being unprincipled and embodying evil intentions. And here is another interesting feature regarding things sinistral. The number of steps leading into a Roman temple, and maybe into other public buildings, was an odd number. Hence you could put your right foot forward on the first step and also put the right first over the threshold. To do so with the left would spell misfortune. We still say, "Put your right foot first," and also, "Do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing."

Yeders meent sei Elend waer's schlimscht ("Each one thinks his cross is the heaviest"). Someone has said very aptly that if each person would tie his burdens in a bundle and take it to a place where such items are exchanged, each would finally decide to pick up his bundle and go home.

Die junge leit wisse immer alles besser ("Young people always know everything better"). An uncle of ours used to say that when he was a youngster he thought his parents were woefully stupid, just plain "dumb," that they did not know a thing. "But," said he, "as soon as I had children of my own I heard them say the same about me!"

HUMAN BEHAVIOR

Nau waerre mer mol sehne, saagt der Blind, wie der Laahm danst ("Now, said the blind man, we will see how the lame man dances"). This expression was frequently heard whenever someone was trying out some experiment, or some contrivance, or a new way of doing a certain piece of work; and frequently the outcome of it all was decidedly dubious. There is some veiled humor in it, for the blind man can not see and the lame can not dance. The blindness and the lameness are perfectly in line with the dubious outcome of the experiments referred to.

Mer muss sich in die Leit schicke, sie schicke sich net in uns ("One must adapt himself to the ways of others; they won't adapt themselves to us"). When in Rome do as the Romans do, if you wish to get along quietly and peaceably. There are records at hand of visitors from abroad who made themselves obnoxious because they refused to adapt themselves to the American ways of living. And it is equally true that Americans visiting abroad make themselves objectionable for the same reason.

Gelegenheit macht Dieb ("Opportunity makes the thief"). Stealing, like prevarication, is a human weakness, and no words of tongue or pen can make people keep their hands from things which do not belong to them.

Wann du liegge witt, dann liegscht du yuscht so gut recht, ass mer weess ass du liegscht ("If you want to lie you might just as well lie so that we may know that you are lying"). We once passed a hardware and notions store where much of the goods was displayed on the pavement. The proprietor was just then in the act of "slashing prices." An iron pan which was marked 59c he marked down to 49c. At that moment a man who knew the proprietor came along and said to him teasingly: "That pan was not worth 59c to begin with." "Well," said the proprietor, "if you want to tell a lie you might just as well tell a big one."

Die gleene Dieb warre eigschperrt, awwer die groosse laafe oftmols devun. ("Little thieves are sent to jail, but the big ones often get away easy"). A person is apt to go to jail for stealing a loaf of bread or a bottle of milk, but the fellow who steals a fortune or embezzles a large sum of money is given a second consideration and gets away with a light sentence.

Eener danst, wie der anner peift ("The one dances as the other one whistles"). The dancer is supposed to dance to the tune of the whistler who holds the whip over him. When one wishes to insinuate that the distaff branch of the family wields the power, we are inclined to say that he dances the way she whistles. A business man called at the house and asked if the boss was at home. "No," said the girl who answered the door, "the boss is out of town, but Dad is here."

Was baat's, wann die Millich mol verschitt iss? ("Well, what of it if once the milk is spilled")? "What is the use of crying over spilled milk?" said the little girl; "there is a whole cowful out in the barn." And so there is. When milk is once spilled it is spilled and that is all there is to it. You can not dip it up with a spoon. It is better to forget one's losses than to sigh and lament over what can not be retrieved.

Besser schlecht gfaahre, ass hochaardich geloffe ("You had better jog along in the old horse and buggy than strut and parade around in pomp and pride"). This proverb may have been more applicable generations ago when people still walked or took a ride in the "One-Hoss Shay." Such means of locomotion are no longer fashionable; in fact they are outmoded; consequently many people today "strut" around in the latest "models."

Waer net draut, dem iss net zu draue ("He who does not trust can not be trusted"). This proverb needs no explanation; its truth is self-evident.

Eeggegelob schtinkt ("Self-praise has a bad smell"). There is an **ego** in each one of us; it is the **ego**, the **I**, of which we read in philosophy. If this **I**, which feels and thinks, dwells incessantly upon one's self and habitually talks about its own accomplishments, that begets **egotism;** so we say that a person who acts this way **is egotistical;** that is where the offensive self-conceit, the bad odor, emanates.

Vun de Dode nix as Gudes; m'r losst sie ruhge ("Of the dead nothing but good; let them rest in peace"). This sentiment goes back to the classical ages, for the Romans had this proverb: "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" ("Of the dead let nothing unless it is good be spoken"). There is a redeeming trait in human nature, modified by a modicum of saving grace, to speak kindly of the dead. Oftentimes a person, especially in public life, is vilified and berated beyond all decency for his actions; and yet, as soon as this person has passed away, all animosities are brushed aside, and people begin to vie with one another in bestowing praise upon the departed.

Er blost sich uff, wie en Grott imme Gewidderregge ("He swells up like a toad in a thunderstorm"). Some people, when they have accomplished anything which they imagine is of great importance, but which is really of slight significance, become "inflated," they feel "chesty"; they swell up like the toad in the thunder-storm and like the fly on the hub of the chariot-wheel they would have you note what a dust they make.

Waer net bees watt iss nix nutz ("He who never becomes angry is presumably not of too much account"). We once had a school principal, and he was a good one, who used to say that he liked to see a teacher get angry on occasion, for it indicated that there was some "fire" in him and some righteous indignation. "Be angry, and sin not."

Der Hehler iss so schlecht, ass wie der Schtehler ("The person who conceals stolen goods or deals in them, or serves as a "fence" between two such parties, is as great a criminal as the fellow who steals the goods, and is similarly guilty before the law").

NONDESCRIPT

Es Falle iss ken Kunscht, awwer 's Uffschtech iss ("Falling is no art, but getting up is"). And that is what a peddler said who came to our grandmother's house; he had snowy shoes and slipped on the oilcloth and went down with his miniature dry goods store on top of him. Yes, falling is no art, but getting up is.

Zu wenich und zu viel verderbt alle Spiel ("Too little and too much are apt to spoil every act and performance"). Too many cooks spoil the broth, and it might also spoil if there are too few. Extremes may spoil anything; so it is best to keep in the middle of the road.

Mer kann ken feine Gleeder aus grobb Duch mache ("You can not make fine clothes out of coarse cloth"). You can no more do so than you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. We recall that we heard John Wanamaker say in an address he made while rebuilding his store that you can not erect a hundred thousand dollar building on a five hundred dollar foundation. It is a figurative way of saying that you can not do the impossible.

You may say what you will,
It is not all in the bringing up,
You may silver-polish a pewter cup,
But it is pewter still.

Gut gewetzt iss halwer gemaeht ("A good whetting is half the mowing"). This proverb goes back to the days when all mowing was done with the sickle and the scythe. The cutting part of a grain cradle is just another scythe. The whetting of a scythe is an art like the stropping of a razor. This proverb is applicable to other activities, such as the proper care and sharpening of all cutting tools. The women have the same idea in mind when they say that a good rinsing is half the washing **("Gut g'schwenckt iss halwer gewesche.")**

Zu schpitzich stecht net un zu scharf schneidt net ("Too pointed won't stab, and too sharp won't cut"). This sounds like a paradox, an assertion seemingly contrary in terms but actually true to fact. An instrument, tool or even an action, may be so sharp and acute that it seems "poisonous." We recall the days on the old farm at butchering time. After the boiling water had been poured into the tank to scald the hogs, the butcher was apt to say on occasion: "Boys, that water is too hot: it won't scald," and he would then dash in a half bucket of cold water. This proverb may be applied figuratively and literally in many ways. A person may be so exacting morally and religiously that he "falls over backward," like a teacher we knew, who was so exacting religiously and morally that he threatened to "flunk" a boy because the boy's father smoked. Over-severity oversteps the mark.

'S geht ihm net recht von der Schipp. A translation of this proverb would sound unintelligible. It is just not translatable. It is a very homely and yet very forcible expression. Whoever has worked with a shovel that won't scour will appreciate its aptness. Figuratively, it is applied to any speaker who can not deliver his message in an acceptable and polished manner; his delivery lacks cogency and fluency. The man who works with a dirty, rusty shovel will find that he, too, can not deliver the material he handles in an easy, steady flow.

These are not all of the Pennsylvania German proverbs which might be cited and embellished; but they are probably the most often heard, and they are pertinent and practical. We also believe we have made good the assertion stated in the beginning, that some of them are as old as recorded history. As with the weather prognostications, it is to the credit and distinction of the Pennsylvania Germans that they have likewise preserved this interesting subject in their rich fund of folk lore.

Reprinted from The Historical Review of Berks County (April-June, 1955) by courtesy of both author and editor.

EN ALT SCHPRICHWATT

Die Maeryeschtund hot Gold im Mund;
Wer die verfehlt, der geht zu Grund.
Die Hinkel duhne frieh uffschteh,
Schunn mit dem aerschte Haahnegreh;
Doch iss es net in ihre Aard,
Ass eens e wennich Geld sich schpaart;
Heit hen sie noch en voller Gropp,
Verliere maerye doch der Kopp;
Sie schaffe yuscht fer annre Leit
Un bringe's nie net arrig weit;
Sie wisse nix vun "Gold im Mund,"
Un gehne schliesslich doch zu Grund!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

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Editorials

See Your Ideal Pool Set-up

Belatedly, but happily, the enlarged and dolled-up Fountain Park swimming pool, plus a beginner's pool and another pool for waders promises to be ready for opening and use early next week.

Unfortunately, work by which this splendid facility is to be afforded was not begun early enough to enable opening at the beginning of the summer season. In addition all sorts of delays played hob with calculations while commendable effort by the Water Department heads to effect economies on the job also did not help to speed a job as private contractors would have done because profits largely would have depended upon speed.

But the end result promises to be excellent. It is to be hoped that every Allentonian who takes any pride whatsoever in public affairs and provision of opportunities for healthful recreation for all our people will visit this renovated pool and grounds during the season.

At Fountain Park they will see the former pair of pools — one for swimmers and the other for beginners — consolidated into the largest pool in the city's system. It is so large as to encourage the idea that it be used in competitions next year to decide the United States' representatives to the Olympic Games in Australia.

Most important of course is the fact that this pool is going to furnish opportunities for swimming to very much larger numbers than ever before have crowded into it. In addition, and for the first time in this city, there will be provision of a special pool for beginners. It is of adequate size and of course its depth is safe for non-swimmers.

Then too there will be a pretty wading pool for tiny tots. This combination of three pools, each adapted for children of different age-groups and capabilities, is the only one that has been built in this city and the only such set-up in this section of the country.

Already it has been visited by recreation folks from other areas. They see in this combination the ideal development for public swimming places. It has been pointed up as the ideal at conventions of recreation officials for some years.

Fountain Park becomes the first in this section of the state to attain the ideal. Allentonians who will pay the pools a visit will see the services which it will provide. They will be proud of the enterprise of the Water Department in achieving this ideal in the interest of many thousands of people — in fact for every Allentonian who may wish to make use of the pools or bring his children to enjoy them.

In the Path of Progress

The Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, which has been noted for many years in the public utilities field for its progressive management, has given further evidence of the constant looking ahead into the future and planning for American development by its plans to construct an atomic - powered electrical plant.

It is a matter of only a few weeks ago since the company announced the formation of a new division in its engineering department, namely a group to study the problem of going into this new field of energy. While it was not the first electrical concern in the country to go into this field, PP & L will be the first to use a "homogeneous-type generator," if the Atomic Energy Commission will act favorably upon the corporation's petition for necessary license.

This permission is most certain to be granted inasmuch as private industry thus evidences its readiness to enter the homogeneous-type field of reactors in which the AEC already has evidenced interest and concern.

PP & L is looking far into the future and sees increasing demand for its product in this service area. PP & L believes it can meet this demand economically by adoption of the new source of vast power.

It may not be too pleasing to the coal mining interests to face competition with this new source of power. But anthracite is accustomed to competition. Oil and gas have been battled valiantly in recent years. Competition with atomic power has not been unexpected since the earliest days of revelations concerning it and its applicability to peaceful uses.

Atomic power is a part of the pattern of the age which constantly seeks greater and greater sources of power for the enormous productive machinery of the people of these United States.

Alburtis—Nationwide Story

The steady collapse of public transportation facilities for the people of this area is reemphasized in the application of the Allentown & Reading Transit Co. for permission to discontinue bus service between this city and Alburtis.

It was not so long ago that the company was operating four buses a day to and from that boro. That was reduced to one run a day only four months ago. Now because of a decrease of passengers to about five per day petition is being made for permission to cut out a service that is availed of by few and is a costly operation for the company.

Opposing discontinuance are some thirty residents of the town. How hopeless the situation must appear to them was indicated by the fact that, when a hearing was held in this city yesterday on the petition, only one of the more than thirty persons appeared to testify.

Bus passengers see for themselves better than any other persons what is happening to public transportation. They note the gradual disappearance of passengers and it requires no business training for them to understand that the bus is a losing business venture and that sooner or later — most likely sooner — the service will be discontinued.

With almost all of America running on its own rubber tires the buses struggle with declining business. The Alburtis story could be repeated hundreds of times all over the country with merely a change of name of the community concerned.

Honor for Famous Men

It is a nice idea which the Delaware River Port Authority has developed in naming two of its finest bridges after eminent Americans.

Because Benjamin Franklin was Philadelphia's most illustrious citizen of all its years the beautiful Philadelphia to Camden bridge, commonly known as the Delaware River Bridge, is to bear his name officially.

Then, to please New Jersey and particularly Camden, the new bridge from Packer Avenue in Philadelphia to Gloucester is to receive the name Walt Whitman in honor of America's outstanding poet. His home in Camden long has been an American shrine.

For a time the two bridges will undoubtedly be referred to by their original, unimaginative and poorly descriptive titles: Delaware River and Gloucester, or "that other Bridge."

Gradually the new names—Benjamin Franklin and Walt Whitman—should take hold of popular imagination and be employed. It is all too small an honor which the American people can pay to two men whose lives and work have continued to influence American life and living to this very day. Few great men of the past continue to have such an abiding good influence upon this nation as do these two magnificent historical and literary figures.

Gas Tax Spiral

Regardless of which multi-billion-dollar federal road-building program is adopted, it seems certain gasoline taxes will go up. Indeed, one of the reasons the Democrats' highway bill has gained such congressional favor is because it better conceals the cost from the taxpayers who will help liquidate the debt with each tankful purchased.

And if federal gasoline taxes go up, it is quite likely the individual states will soon levy another increase. That is because the lawmakers, eternally in quest of new revenue, will have been persuaded again there is no limit to the total of gasoline taxes the motorist will accept.

To show the height they already have reached, Petroleum Week magazine has computed they now are equivalent to a 36 per cent sales tax on the retail price of "regular" gas, and 62 per cent of the refinery price. Total federal, state and local "take" in 1954 was $3,200,000,000. This averages out, nationwide, to 7½ cents per gallon. Under the Democratic federal plan and pending new states taxes, the average tax rate would be 8.9 cents per gallon or 41 per cent of the retail price.

This phenomenal public acceptance of a tax burden is worth pondering. Today the population car ownership is at an unprecedented peak, and motorists are showing no sign of balking at new taxes on the millions of additional gallons they consume.

How long will it last? How long can it last in an economic downturn? Can gas taxes be trimmed if and when motorists begin watching nickels? If they can't, how can the more extensive highway maintenance work be done with tax burdens reducing gasoline sales? If they can, how can it be done with direct state revenue consequently shrinking?

A worse highway problem than today's seems in prospect if gasoline taxes ever begin to hurt recession-hit purses. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Costliest Risk



Eisenhower's Popularity

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Dwight Eisenhower is today more popular with the American people than any President of the United States has been in the last half-century.

This is due not only to the kindly and fair-minded personality of Mr. Eisenhower but to the confidence which the people generally have in his conscientious desire to carry out the national and international policies they want.

Politically, Mr. Eisenhower would win by a landslide if a Presidential election were held this month. But whether he will win in 1956 depends on whether he maintains his popularity 12 months from now or suffers a dramatic reversal. Likewise, his political fortunes a year hence would depend on whether the nation is in a prosperous condition or in the midst of a recession.

One possibility of a decided change in the curve of the President's popularity is related directly to some sources of his present strength which could become weaknesses.

Urge for Peace

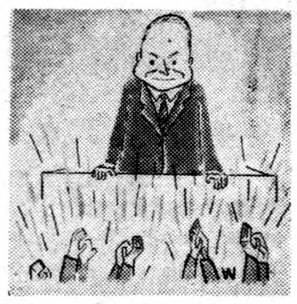
The urge to peace is the strongest passion in America today. Mr. Eisenhower to an amazing extent has the support of the two main bodies of American opinion.

First, the President is trusted by the average man, who cannot be expected to follow the details of world problems and who feels that Mr. Eisenhower will do everything in his power to avoid another world war.

Second, the President has the confidence of those who do follow foreign policy closely and who believe that he will not be "taken in" or deceived by the Russian strategy because, with his military background, he is not likely to be fooled or victimized by mere promises without performances.

The months ahead will indicate what the true course of the Communists is to be. Mr. Eisenhower may have to choose between a course for America that could mean appeasement—a tendency to let the Communists consolidate their gains—and a forthright and adamant position against permitting Communist tyranny to become a permanent fixture in the world.

The Democrats, although divided as a party and leaning for the most part now toward the appeasement side, will not hesitate to take political advantage of any "breaks" that go against



the President. They will hold him responsible for any encouragement that the Russians may derive for further acts of aggression or enslavement of weak countries. This has been the political direction such developments usually have taken in other parliamentary bodies.

The Communist game is a tricky one. America is too strong to be challenged in a nuclear war. So the Soviets have decided that what they would not win by war they might win by "peaceful coexistence." So anxious are the western peoples for peace that Mr. Eisenhower promises to go "to any length" consistent with justice and honor. But there is a large element in America which would just as readily omit the qualification and aks him to go to any length and pay any price for peace.

The Soviets have turned on the fountains of conciliatory words and pleasing gestures. Visits are to be encouraged—and what is more logical, they think, than the opening thereafter of trade barriers so that needed machinery and raw materials can flow to Soviet Russia?

It will take months for this policy to be digested by the western world, and then will come the appraisal by the public as to whether Mr. Eisenhower's leadership has had the net effect of strengthening Soviet Russia's position at the expense of the Western democracies. The British and French and other governments of the free world will side with the President on any concessions he makes. They are terrorized by the idea of a nuclear war. But the test inside America will come when the people find out just what Mr. Eisenhower meant when he said that in October at the foreign ministers' meeting there would have to be some "giving" on our part.

What do we "give"? The Communists hold in prison camps many Americans and Europeans who ought to have been released long ago. Does the west have to pay a price to get Russia to keep her word on past pledges?

Do we "give" by accepting the status of the enslaved countries of Europe and by accepting a disarmed or weakened Germany?

These are questions that will not be answered decisively for a long time perhaps, but the trend of the Soviet policy on these matters cannot be concealed even for a few weeks more. Moscow is delighted with Mr. Eisenhower's friendliness, his peacefulness, his amiability and his sincerity, but right now the Kremlin can misconstrue this as a peace-at-any price psychology and make a grave error. There is a better climate for peace only because the spokesmen for both sides choose to say so. There actually isn't any sign of a change on any vital issue, and the shooting down of a civilian airplane by Communist Bulgaria indicates that the "relaxation of tension" is still one-sided.

These are some of the circumstances surrounding the risks which the President's popularity curve may undergo in the next few months, and it may be said without exaggeration that everybody hopes Mr. Eisenhower will continue to satisfy the millions of Americans who are unwilling to make any compromises with principle and who want peace only with honor and justice.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 28:17

Paul had been in Rome three days when he sought to have the leaders of the Jewish colony in that city to visit him. The Jews in Rome at that time were a large and organized community, many of whom had been brought from Palestine by Pompey when the Romans annexed Palestine to their empire in the preceding century. They had increased in number, had considerable influence in the affairs of the city, and were allowed a certain amount of 'home rule' as a religious community group. Although Paul was essentially a missionary to the Gentiles, he was always interested in his own people (Romans 10 and 11). He called for the meeting so that he might explain how he came to be a prisoner, so that any prejudice against him might be removed, and any false reports might be corrected. Naturally he wanted them to hear the Gospel from him where he was residing, since he could not meet with them in their synagogues. When they came, he told them that his own people had delivered him over to the Romans, although he had done nothing against them.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The census taker was unaware that he was talking to the town's most notorious loafer. "You must have some sort of business," he persisted. Cornered, the lazy one announced, "Well, you might say I operate a hand laundry."

"Now we're getting some place," enthused the census taker. "Where's your business located?"

The self-styled hand laundry proprietor answered, "Look behind you. Here she comes now."

Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom knows a fellow who read one how-to-do-it-yourself book too many. He is now serving a ten-year stretch for counterfeiting.

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Steady, even progress is the prognostication for those whose birthday is today. A merry nature is promised for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

AELAND ON DA DINKY KERRICH: Yar bie jupps won doh weil tzurick net aeland wor im haichda grawd on da Dinky Kerrich, nagshd on Ashfield. Die weibsleit hen so'n Ladies Aid Society, un woh die Mary Ginder der bresident is. Ferol os ol die gleader immer gute tzomma shoffa won arwet tzu duh is, mus ebber immer fohrraw gae—un sel gawainlich is die Mary.

Ains fon da g'shefta os sie 's mansh'd duhna, is debbich g'wilda. Darta kenna sie ol shae bei nonner hucka un blauderra die weil os sie shoffa, die tzeit wert na nee net long, un 'n yaders wase gawainlich allas os aw gait im Lizard Krick dahl bis sie fartich sin shoffa fer der dawg odder owet woh sie on da arwet sin.

Ow'r doh den gawissna owet wie sie 'n neier debbich ins frame mocha hen wolla fer g'wilda shure wor aeland im haichda grawd. Die Mary hut yusht fertzailt kot wie ihra Howard ra helfa het der debbich om marricka owets dafore—un wie sie tzu tzwet uf da gnee rum gagrodd'ld weara fer 'n recht shae marricka weil 's gons arbadicher debbich sei hut solla. Der Howard so gore huts winkle eisa kot fer om die ecka shae gleich griega, un so os es naryads ken shebbie line uf der debbich gaibt.

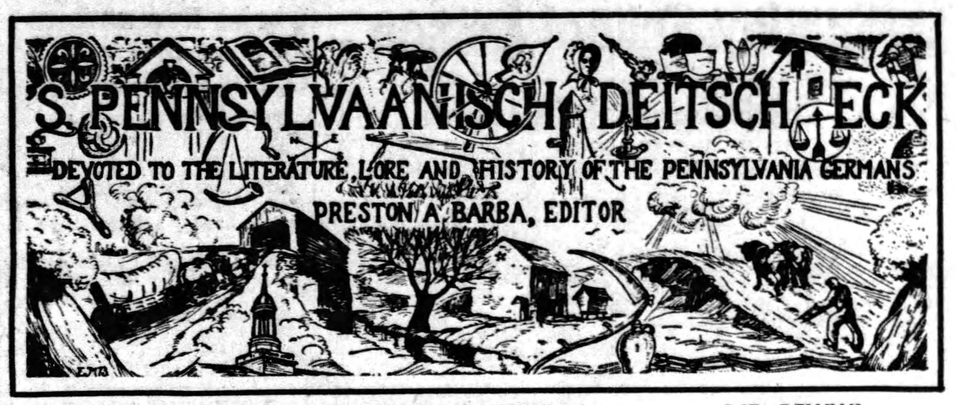
Wie der debbich dartich im frame wor, hut ains fon da weibsleit gawunnert woh don die marricker wearer fer danoh g'wilda. Wie die Mary gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei won sie 'n net ob gamarrick hen kot uf da letza side — odder uf da hinnerra tziech, unser Fegelchie hut nimmy recht gawist wie. Aenicha waig m'r darfa nix may weiter fertzaila. Won n'r mohl ains fon unserra Fegelcher sehna rum fleiga mit ous fedderra, kenna n'r wissa wos g'shaina is—die Mary hut 'm die fedderra garubb'd fer tzu fiel wohrhate shwetza.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r — Won aenich ebber 'n lectrick bore mashine sehna sot rum lawfa wie won sie net wist woh sie onna wot, in da New Tripoli gagend, sein so gute un rufa der Ray Hausman.

Der Ray hut so 'n mashine kot un woh 'm fert galoffa is, un kon sie yusht nimmy finna.

Der Carl Loch sin die barichda hets 'm Ray helfa wolla sucha—odder rote gewwa wolla woh sie ferleicht sei maich'd, ow'r der Ray hut druf g'shtonna sie wear fon selwar fert gadobb'd, un sie mist aw widder laenich hame kumma.

Der Ray maint, 's wear shier unglawblich tzu denka os ebbes wie 'n bore mashine bae griega kent, un noh och tzu denka os sie fon selwar fert lawfa dade—wel, sel kon es shier net glawwa un doch mus es so sie.



OUR GERMAN ANCESTRY

Sixty-five years have passed since Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, famed orator and for many years Editor of the Reading Times, delivered an address at a banquet of the Cannstatter-Verein in Reading, Pa. on Jan. 15, 1890. It was later printed, together with a number of other addresses, translations and poems, in a curious little volume under the Spanish title OLLA PODRIDA, Reading, Pa., 1903. From it we have culled the following as of some interest to our readers.

IN appearing before you for the third time, I will not be as ungracious as once was an editorial brother, who, apprehensive of not being understood by his audience, said the occasion reminded him of a Chester countian who came to Berks, not understanding a word of German. It must have been one of those fellows who affect social and intellectual superiority over what such as he chose to style the Pennsylvania Dutch. He was in a flour mill and a barrel of flour fell upon the top of his head and injured him exclusively, as it were, in the German language. Not understanding a word of that language the man did not know that he was hurt. If the barrel of flour had struck him in Pennsylvania Dutch — so the story goes — it would have killed him. In the language of the narrative, however, time passed on, and he gradually acquired a smattering of the German language, and presently his head began to hurt. At length when he began to speak German fluently, he died of his ailment.

The story I have just told happily suggests a theme for a few brief remarks, viz., the strange things that have come to pass, right here in this part of the state, since the time (now 237 years ago.—ED.) when the Quaker Assembly of Pennsylvania ordered that none but English - speaking immigrants should be subjects of naturalization, and that every foreigner to the English government arriving after the passage of this act should pay a duty of forty shillings and swear allegiance to Great Britain and the province. In spite of this and kindred adverse legislation, the proscribed German came and took possession of some of the fairest portions of our country, while the Quaker was gradually passing away.

"He perished in no great tumult of wars," says a writer, "nor by the march of any pestilence. He was neither indolent nor lacking in shrewdness; he did not starve to death, nor did the Germans so much as crowd him. But the proscribed German steadily bided his time. He came, paid his duty and stayed. He took possession of the rich farms along the Susquehanna, the Lehigh and the Juniata, and filled the glorious valleys which lead down to the rivers."

The writer, who should have included the Schuylkill, adds:

"The most timorous Quaker, fearful of German ascendency, could scarcely have had a prevision of the complete triumph attained by his Teutonic rival at the beginning of the present century. The Quaker was already little more than a memory; the German, the potent fact of the social and political order."

It may be well in this connection to recall the fact that between 1750 and 1780 the Friends were quite influential in Berks, and about ten times as numerous in membership as they are at the present day. Before the Revolution they held many important offices, and we find most of the members of the Colonial Legislature from Berks were Friends.

History further informs us that between 1720 and 1760 Germans flocked to this country in vast numbers. They rapidly filled up these beautiful valleys of ours, encircled these stony hills with their habitations, surrounded and stifled the English Friends by a cordon of adverse influences, and held the Welsh at bay in the southern townships of the country.

These settlers were not martyrs in the religious sense of the word, but were driven by poverty from their native land to seek a livelihood in the New World. On their arrival in this country, some of them proceeded up along the banks of the Schuylkill for about forty miles, until they came where the Manatawny empties into the Schuylkill.

The first clearings of these pioneers were in the neighborhood, if not on the actual site, of the farm of Col. Peter Weaver, in Amity Township. At this time, it should be remembered, there was no settlement at Reading, and probably not one white man had penetrated so far into the western wilds. Philadelphia was only a straggling hamlet — a mere plot on the surveyor's chart.

And this leads me to the consideration of another phase of the subject, viz., the marvelous growth of this colony, and the wonderful prosperity which has attended the well-directed industry of the generations which grew out of it — recalling, in the one case, historic memories of a most worthy ancestry, and, in the other, reflecting the sturdy qualities of their numerous progeny. They tell a story of thrift and prosperity that may be read in the fruitful valleys and on the cultivated sides of our mountains; in the blooming orchards and flower-fringed gardens that may be seen on every hand; in the rich garniture of golden sheaves and in the extensive cultivation of the purpling grape with its imprisoned treasure of liquid sunshine. One, too, may read the story in the comfortable homes that everywhere dot the landscape, as well as in the splendid physical development and hardiness of the race of good men and true who, after enduring afflictions compared to which those suffered by the Pilgrim fathers were mild experiences, came here and wrought out the blessings and comforts of civilization.

Brave men were these pioneers; not weaklings. Hearts of oak had they; not mere palpitating machines that fluttered at the thought of danger. In their struggle for bread willing hands and vigorous constitutions were supplemented by healthful impulses and nerves of steel. They came not hither to settle down in the lap of affluence, nor to bask in the favor of kings. They came to wrestle with untried difficulties — to grapple with Fate — in a new world; to cut down and clear up broken forests, in which they were confronted at almost every step by hostile savages and wild beasts. Many and fierce were their struggles, "recalling the conflicts of Covenanters and clansmen in the highlands of Scotland, the bloody deeds of banditti in the defiles of Greece, the battles of Saracens and Crusaders on the plains of Asia Minor." But why recount this story of suffering and disaster?

And yet, amid festivities like these, it is well to recall the deeds of those worthies who helped to make such gatherings possible, and to revive their precious memories in speech and song. I often think of those thirteen German families, who on the 24th of July, 1683, embarked at Gravesend, England, for America, where they arrived on the memorable 6th of October following. Out of their German homes along the classic Rhine, away up close to the borders of Holland, these emigrants carried the teachings of their fathers.

In his description of the Teutonic heart Tacitus was right in naming the three great characteristics as "love of country, love of freedom and love of domestic life." It was because of the hatred of tyranny by these early settlers, and their love of home and country, that they sought an asylum here. It was because of this that the blood of these early immigrants came to be among the first that flowed into the veins of the new Christian Commonwealth — the "holy experiment" which William Penn invited them to join in.

One can almost see that band of brothers, with great free heart, in solemn talk and prayer, giving thanks to God on that blissful eventide when they arrived on the banks of the Delaware. It must have been to them like standing on the shores of a golden age of Hope. And as they stood there in prayer, throwing themselves for the hundredth time

> Upon the great world's altar stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,

the eye of fancy can almost see the glimmer of the rising moon upon the whitened sails of the good ship Concord, after its months of tempestuous sailing, bearing upon their ruffled bosom a light that seemed prophetic of the happiness and prosperity which would sometime illumine their homes in the El Dorado which they had just found in the new world.

The stability of the German character is well defined in the expression that the Palatines were the "one race in the United States which most fully got into the soil," and in the fact that they have held their ancestral seats with less change of ownership than any other. In a recent article by Rev. Dr. Griffis, of Boston, who is author of several important works on Korea and Japan, that gentleman refers in eloquent terms to these people as surpassed by none in their loyalty to the cause of American independence in the time of the Revolution. He says:

"They formed one-third of the population of Pennsylvania. The German regiments usually went into battle singing hymns. Maryland also sent a German regiment and Washington's body-guard of fifty-seven men were Germans. The European drill masters, chief of whom was Steuben, the man for the hour at Valley Forge, and who so drilled the Continentals that they never again were worsted by equal forces, were Germans. The most stubbornly contested, and, for the numbers engaged, the bloodiest battle of the war, was fought at Oriskany, N. Y., by the Palatine Germans. The preaching and social and personal influence of the Pennsylvania Germans — led off by Washington's 'baker-general' Ludwig — did more to decimate by desertion, and weaken by enlightenment, the ranks of the Hessians —honest men, misguided and goaded to strange acts by British officers' lies about the Americans — than all the infantry bullets or artillery balls of militia and Continentals, or the accidents and sicknesses of war. The first ecclesiastical protest (1688) against slavery, the first paper mill (1690), the first Bible (1743) printed, the finest and largest specimen of colored printing and book-making, the first work (1770) on the philosophy of pedagogics, in America, came from the Pennsylvania Germans." These words can hardly be said to be new, but they are true. That they come from New England gives them special value, for in that region the Pennsylvania Germans have been most frequently misrepresented.

And these are the people whom and whose ancestry it has become the fashion in certain quarters to deride; of whom it is said they have no culture and no literature; whose language is held up to ridicule, and whose thrift is made the subject of disparaging comment.

DIE BEWWI GUMMESCHNAPP

(The village gossip)

Uff un ab un hie un haer
Laaft die Bewwi Gummeschnapp;
Laaft sich Bee un Schenkel mied—
Hot en Neies uff der Klapp.
Alles was im Township lebt,
Hot sie uff der Lischt:
Wisscht du gaun dei Fehler all,
Frog sie waer du bischt.

So ins Gsicht un fer der Naas,
Gebt's ken schenner Engelsbild;
Schtreicht die Katz un pet der Hund,
Guckt er bissel schtarr un wild;
Hockt sich anne un verzeehlt,
Wie'n die Alt beyuse daet—
's hett en Kalb sich ghengt.

Geht noh iwwer Feld un Schwamm,
Ausse rum waer viel zu lang;
Winters iss ken Schnee zu dief,
Summers gebt sie nix um Schlang.
Hockt sich anne un verzeehlt,
Wie der Sepp's gemacht—
Saagt bei Leiwe awwer nix!
Geht noh ab un lacht.

Kracht so'n druck'ner Bohnewind
Aryets datt ums Scheiereck,
Heert's die Bewwi Gummeschnapp,
Geht druff los wie Meis uff Schpeck.
Schpringt der Hund mit Schlipper ab,
Wammer'n aa will duh.
Ei, so geht's im Township rum,
Koscht 's paar neie Schuh.

Gengt's noch graad der Biewel noh—
Waahret bleibt doch ewich waahr!
Awwer's gebt noch meh dezu,
Wie an Brotwascht Grooz un Haahr.
Noh watt's schtinkich hinnerum,
So wie'n Bisskatz schafft;
's geht so heemlich haer der Hund,
Hot's net emoll geblafft.

Retsche, liegge! Zwilling sin's!
Ohre schpitzich, Aagge grie;
Eens hot Dreck un's anner Gift,
Schlenkre's iwwerall so hie.
Waer'n Karakter hawwe will,
Hot sei Maetsch, un zwee,
Blickt die Bewwi Gummeschnapp
Mol die schwaze Zaeh.

Retscherei un Lieggerei
Draagge Schlippers in der Hand,
Schleiche um die Gaardefens,
Laschtere an der Zwischewand.
Suckle sich die Daume glatt,
Schpautze's in die Luft,
Ass en gansi Nochberschaft
Schtinkt noch Deiwelsluft.

Liewer Leis un Gretz im Haus,
Ass en Retsch em in de Haahr;
Fett un Schmier treibt selli aus,
Awwer'n Retsch! ken Kraut defor.
's Bescht waar als die Wasser-cure,
Wie sie's als gemacht;
Hen sie in der Damm gedunkt
Oweds so far Nacht.

Wann die Bewwi Gummeschnapp
Luschtich ans Schpaziere geht,
Fallt Karakter rechts un links,
Wie mer Graas un Schtengel maeht.
Fluche batt nix, bede nix,
An der Hammelzott;
Kann net annerscht, weil sie nix
Vun Karakter hot.

August 1917—ASTOR C. WUCHTER

An unpublished poem. The original manuscript is in the Library of Muhlenberg College.

Gschpassich Gschwetzt

Mer kenn uff unnerschiddliche Weegge schwetze vun allerhand Sache. Mer kann schwetze graad wie mir Pennsylvania Deitsche gemeener Hand duhne, graad iwwer der Schtumpe. Selle Weeg gleich ich Leit heere zu schwetze.

Wann Leit eem net zu arrig gleiche, duhne sie oft eem's net wisse losse in ihrem Gschwetz. Vanne bei, Gsicht zu Gsicht, schwetze sie ass wann mer ihne der liebscht Mann waer in der Welt. Mer deet ihne awwer es bescht net der Buckel drehe schunscht maechte sie eem in der Hossesitz kicke. Geb mir en Gschwetz ass graad raus iss.

Ebmols saagge Leit ebbes un meene's net. Awwer mer kann ihre Wadde zwee Meeninge gewwe.

Ich waar fer en Weil zerick amme Minstrel Show im Schtumpe-schteddel. Hen awwer die Kalls mit de schwaze Gsichter en Latt gschpassiche Sache gsaat! Un oft hot mer unnerschiddliche Meeninge raus nemme kenne.

Zum Beispiel, es hot eener vun denne Kalls ausgelegt wie en hadi Zeit ass er hett fer en Lewe mache. "Wei," hot er gsaat, un hot schier gheilt, "ich hab ken Tschapp. Un wie kann ich en Lewe mache, wann ich ken Tschapp griegge kann? Ich such nau noch en Weil fer en Tschapp. Wann ich kenner griegge kann, gehn ich ans Breddiche. Ich hab sell schunn devor geduh."

Sell warr hatt uff der alt Kaschbar. Er iss selwer en Breddicher. Die Leit hen ihn aageguckt un sonderbaar gelacht.

Ya, es hot viel Leit, ass meene die Breddicher hedde en gudi Zeit. Sie breiche net schaffe, yuscht ebmols in die Kansel geh un babbele.

In Hershey hen en Latt kleene Kinner aafange in die Schul geh paar Yaahr zerick. Sie hen all die kleene Kinner gfrogt was ihre Daadis schaffe. Me Parre sei klee Meedel hot geantwatt, "Mei Daadi schafft net. Er iss en Parre."

Glaabt sell net. En Parre ass sel Sals waut iss, der muss schaffe, un hatt un lang an der Aerwet bleiwe.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Tax Compromise in Order

Pennsylvania's Legislature has been in session almost seven months but even at this advanced day its most important item of business — providing means for raising close to half a billion dollars in taxes — is no farther advanced than it was in January. In fact it would seem to be necessary to make an entirely new approach to the subject inasmuch as the Senate on Thursday, by strict party vote, tossed Governor Leader's income tax plan out of the window.

Thus a serious financial crisis for Pennsylvania is in the offing. Existing revenue measures cannot possibly yield the sums necessary to carry on the Commonwealth's business during the next two years.

Extra funds were sought by the Governor thru an income tax which undoubtedly is one of the most unpopular proposals that has come to public attention in many years. That unpopularity was felt by our legislators and, except for the Governor's power, the proposal almost certainly would have been defeated in the Democratic House of Representatives. The Republican Senate could not be handled by the Governor and so there will be no income tax law to be piled on top of the Federal income tax, plus wage taxes in some cities.

A real compromise now is in order. The Republican Senate knows as well as the Democratic House of Representatives that money must be gotten somewhere and somehow if State-aided institutions such as schools, hospitals, universities and colleges are to be aided and sustained in the public interest.

No new form of levy to raise the sums required will be popular. That is to be taken for granted. But some sort of levy must be made in order that Pennsylvania shall keep going and not go bankrupt.

Honeymoon in Washington

The first session of the 84th Congress adjourned early in the week after seven months that, in relations between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government, suggested another unusual and famous era of American history known as the "Era of Good Feeling" which began with the administration of President James Monroe in 1817.

Altho the Democrats were in comfortable control of both chambers of Congress, there was considerable harmony between the White House and Capitol Hill, especially in the important field of international affairs.

The Democrats in foreign policy on most issues gave the President even stronger support than did the Republicans. On domestic issues with New or Fair Deal tinges, the Democrats were inclined to push for more liberal measures than President Eisenhower had requested. On both foreign and domestic issues the President received far more support from conservative members of his party than he had at either the 1953 or 1954 sessions.

In the G.O.P. camp, "Eisenhower Republicans" took over control from the so-called right wing.

In neither chamber did the Democratic majorities offer a formal program. But in the House, Democrats began building issues for 1956 by pushing through a $20 income tax cut (defeated in Senate), 90 per cent rigid farm price supports (killed in Senate committee), Social Security liberalization (postponed in Senate).

Executive cancellation of the Dixon-Yates contract was not an unmixed Democratic victory, inasmuch as the decision of the City of Memphis to build its own power plant was in line with the administration's "partnership" power policy. In both chambers Democratic - controlled committees were digging for scandal, coming up with little more than questions of "ethics."

It is generally agreed that achievements which can be considered results of this cooperation include the following in the field of foreign relations—Defend Formosa resolution, the European and Asian treaties and Reciprocal Trade Extension. In the domestic field, the Administration's cuts in military manpower were accepted, expiring taxes were renewed, the public debt limit was extended and the four-year draft extension was agreed upon with some material changes.

In Foreign relations funds were appropriated in amounts that gave the President little short of what he asked for, while in domestic affairs the minimum wage was increased to $1, or 10 cents more than had been requested. The military reserves program was approved and Government pay increases were made in amount greater than requested by Mr. Eisenhower.

Measures which were delayed or defeated were: Domestic - School Construction program put over to next session, perhaps to be stymied even then. The same is true for the administration's highway construction program. Extension of minimum wage coverage probably in 1956, also Social Security liberalization. Taft-Hartley Act revision again passed over. Colorado Basin development roadblocked.

Such favorite Eisenhower measures as group health reinsurance, lower voting age, juvenile delinquency control postponed. Also blocked: statehood for Hawaii, strengthened internal security laws, Refugee Act revision, postage rate increases, military survivors' benefits.

All in all, it was a quite satisfactory half year in Washington, with a minimum of the political jockeying common in years preceding Presidential elections.

Certainly it did much for the strengthening of the nation's world position that the President could and did speak not only with the voice of the people but with the voice of their Congress.

Is it too much to expect similar good relations between legislative and executive branches of government at the next session of the 84th, special or regular, or will the honeymoon keep right on?

Ours a Good Government

Because crime and error make more exciting and interesting news than integrity and efficiency, the American people hear a lot more about the former in their Government than the latter. However they should not be deceived into thinking that the former is the order of things for just a little thinking will prove for them that integrity and efficiency for the most part characterize the handling of our national business.

Morehead Patterson, president of one of the nation's leading industries, was called to one of those dollar-a-year jobs in Washington. Recently, after return to his private work and on the occasion of receiving an award, he had occasion to appraise our Government on the basis of his experience. His conclusion was that it is better, far better, than most realize. But he admitted, he himself had to learn it from first-hand experience. Then he went on to say:

It seems strange that we hear so few good words for our Government while trumpets are constantly shouting the latest wrongdoings of Government and its servants. In the international field such constant suspicion quite frequently endangers the usefulness of a representative in relations with other nations.

"Certainly if anyone ever speaks or writes well of the United States Government he rarely makes headlines or front page news. Creditable performances can be turned in day after day, week after week and month after month with never a kind word or a pat on the back for a job well done. Yet let there be one slip, one mistake or one individual who acts wrongly and the roof usually falls in.

"From the comments and the criticism which are directly against one important arm of the United States Government — the foreign service — one would get the idea that foreign service officers are the rejects of our society, are there only because they are incapable of finding a job outside of Government. The greatest injustice of our time, I submit, is the nation's failure to appreciate and think well of the efforts of those who work and work hard in the interest of the United States in all corners of the globe, including behind the Iron Curtain."

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Wants Interchange Named Allentown

Dear Editor:

This is a copy of a letter I have written to J. Franklin McSorley, chairman of the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission, Harrisburg.

Dear Mr. McSorley:

I am writing you regarding the designation "Allentown" as the proper and practical name for the interchange on the northeast extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike nearest Allentown, Pa.

I feel that I am writing this letter with no selfish motive. I have traveled widely—have used this and other turnpikes frequent-

Continued on Page 20, Column 1

Peace Confabs Don't Scare Me



2 Drivers Send Car in Ditch

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower's prediction before last year's congressional elections that, if the Democratic party were given control of Congress, "a cold war of partisan politics" could ensue has been borne out by the record.

Though Mr. Eisenhower did not refer to the speech of Oct. 8, 1954, delivered at Denver, urging the American people to elect a Republican Congress, the President at his press conference on Thursday of this week made almost the identical points in revealing his disappointment over the Democratic party's behavior.

There has been an impression that Mr. Eisenhower in his Denver address—which was made before a Republican Precinct Day Rally—had reference to a "cold war" solely in foreign affairs. Actually his fears concerned almost entirely a "cold war" in the field of domestic legislation. This is exactly what the President said in his 1954 address:

"We must continue to foster the growth of a free economy to provide more jobs and higher living standards.

"We must continue our efforts to cut the cost of government, so we can cut taxes still more.

"We must continue each year to improve our peacetime farm program.

"We must have a vast new highway program.

"We must expand our foreign trade and American investment abroad. We must expand markets for America's farms and factories, if we are to keep prosperity within our own land.

"We must write into law a national water resources program.

"We must help our people meet their critical health and medical needs, while repudiating socialization of medicine.

"We must find ways to encourage communities to provide the schoolhouses they need, and to improve opportunities for their school teachers.

"We must build a new and effective reserve program for our armed forces.

"We must begin to unravel the confused relations between the federal, state and local governments, and make still more improvements in the organization of the federal government.

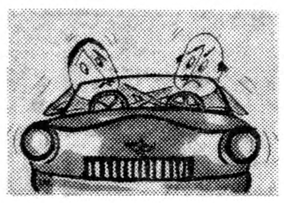
"We must drive through partisan obstructions to achieve statehood for Hawaii, to lower the voting age in federal elections, and to make our promised changes in the labor - management laws.

"We must continue our historic advances in the vital area of civil rights.

"We must vigorously push all constructive measures for promoting world peace, always strong and secure, but always fair and conciliatory.

"Now, my friends, a cold war of partisan politics between the Congress and the executive branch won't give us these goals.

"And this brings up a political fact of life. You know perfectly well that you just can't have one car with two drivers at the steering wheel and expect to end up any place but in the ditch—especially when the drivers are set on going in different directions.



By the same token, you cannot have efficient federal government when the Congress wants to follow one philosophy of government and the executive branch another.

"In our system of government, progress is made when the leaders of the executive branch and the majority party of the Congress are members of the same political party. The unsurpassed record of the 83rd Congress (Republican-controlled in both Houses) is shining evidence of this truth. Moreover, in no other way can Americans hold one party and one group of people responsible either for success or lack of success.

"History shows that when the executive and legislative branches are politically in conflict, politics in Washington runs riot. In these conditions, the public good goes begging while politics is played for politic's sake."

Mr. Eisenhower at his Thursday press conference referred back to these same points. All but one were on the domestic side. They were included in a list of 13 which he said he had outlined in his "state of the union" message last January.

"But of these 13," Mr. Eisenhower told his press conference, "only military reserves, housing legislation, mutual-security appropriations and minimum wage were enacted into law, and some of these, in my opinion, with provisions that were not wise. There are four of the remaining nine that I think are absolutely vital to our future . ."

The President didn't refer again to the "cold war in partisan politics," but everybody knows that's exactly what impeded his legislative program this year. For the Democrats played politics, zealously blocking needed bills and wasting time and money on politically inspired investigations. Mr. Eisenhower was moderate in his phrases. He said merely: "It would be completely futile on my part to say that in this field, in this domestic field, that I believe we have been as successful in this past Congress as we should have been."

The Denver prophecy came true. America has had an irresponsible government. This means that the American people are unable today to fix the responsibility upon either major political party for the whole governmental operations. But in 1956 the electorate will be asked to remove this barrier and elect either an all-Democratic or an all-Republican team, with one party doing the driving instead of two.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA NAZARETH FAIR: Der Summer is shtarrick om gae bei ol ra hitz, un die Fairra sin widder doh. 'M Midwoch owet hen m'r die Nazareth Fair ei ganumma — graiser un besser os sei lava. Shun fer yohrra wor net so fiel lavendicher shtock fon alla orta darta wie des yohr, uns same halt aw ous mit bauerra garairschoft. 'S gons hinner eck wor fol — ow'r die Fair gabeier worra shwoch. Tzwae granges, die Harmony un Star hen shaina exhibits kot — Harmony hut milich, un socha gamocht fon milich, gawissa, un Star frucht. Die Harmony kinner grange hut aw 's shainer exhibit kot — schrap bicher un socha fon alla orta.

So weit os es shpiel dale fon da Fair aw gonga is, huts em shier gamohnt onna alt frankishie Kerscha Fair wie sie gawissa hen om Kutztown Folks fesht. Die shtander worra so nagshd bei nonner os m'r wohrhoft net sehna kon woh sie die leit uf hava hetta wolla wons so fiel rous kumma weara wie Somshdawgs om Kutztown Folks fesht worra — 15,000. 'S aintsich'd tzu duh, wear dale shtander uf shteltza shtella so os die leit unna drunner darrich lawfa kenta.

Ae shtand os grossa indressa drin wor, wor der rotta blotz. 'N grosser dish hut lecher kot mit unnershittlicha farva drum rum — die sama farva worra aw ailduch om kounter rum. Wie leit gelt uf gawissna farva galaig'd hen, hen sie 'n rot in die mid, un sie is nava tzu ma loch bei gagrodd'ld — war 's glick kot hut fer sei gelt uf da farab howwa woh die rot datzu nei is, selar hut gawunna.

Noh wor noch 'n shtand woh grossa indressa wor — who der kerl owwich ma tzuver wosser k'huck'd hut, un onnerra hen gabroviert fer ma ob gamohlda mons kup die tzung dreffa mit balla. Un noh wor aw widder sel gawainlich welshkern game darta — welshkern kerna uf nummerra laiga. Fair tzu uns wear net Fair won m'r net paar games shpiela kent, un hen widder 's glick kot fer gawinna mit 'm dritta game.

Oh yar, der Call Chronicle wor aw driwwa mit 'm Woody Leiby un John Meckle fer ocht gewwa uf die bisnis. So weit os tzeitinga ferkaufa aw gonga is hen sies des yohr gute kot — sie hen 'n blechner salesmon bei sich kotta fer ocht gewwa uf sellie bisnis. Wenich leit kumma ow'r noch ra Fair fer tzeiting laisa, un der blecha mon wor net iwwershoft — 's wor gore ken g'fohr os er hase werra is.

So weit os ess bletz aw gonga is, hut die Harmony Grange fon Pennsville widder 'n grosser shtand kot, un bisnis wor gute. Der Grandshtand wor 'm Midwoch owet aw feller is m'r 'n noch g'sehna hen on da Nazareth Fair — die sawg wor, sie hetta 'n iwwer rous gute "Wild West" show kot.

DIE SCHNECKA KUMMA TZOMMA: Yar bei jupps, won morya net widder der dawg is woh die Schnecka Familia sich fersomm'ld im Friedens Fire kumpany picknick bush, darra side Slatington. Der hoarschnidder Clint Schneck un fraw die Edna, hen die gons drup ombts um kommittee leit, 'm Mondawg owet on ihra summer hamet kot nagshd on Fogelsville, allas fartich blawna, so os es morya rutch'd wie g'shmiert. Der Clarence Schneck, bresident fon da reunion, hut net sawga kenna wos fer 'n gutie tzeit os es gaibt —un wie m'r aw shure sin os es dut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'M Dunnershdawg dawg worra m'r in Nei Yarrick, un sin mit 'm boat John Meseck noch Playland, Rye Beach, sehna os allas recht in arder wear fer die trip da 21d den mohnet.

Sel shure is 'n shae boat, un glawb os ol woh mit gaina — un sie kumma fon ol iwwer bei fer tickets, der John Meseck besser gleicha os noch aenich boat os m'r kotta hen.

Ol woh mit wolla, besser sheeva 's tickets kaufa net tzu long ob, sie gaina wie haisa kucha.

Today's Text

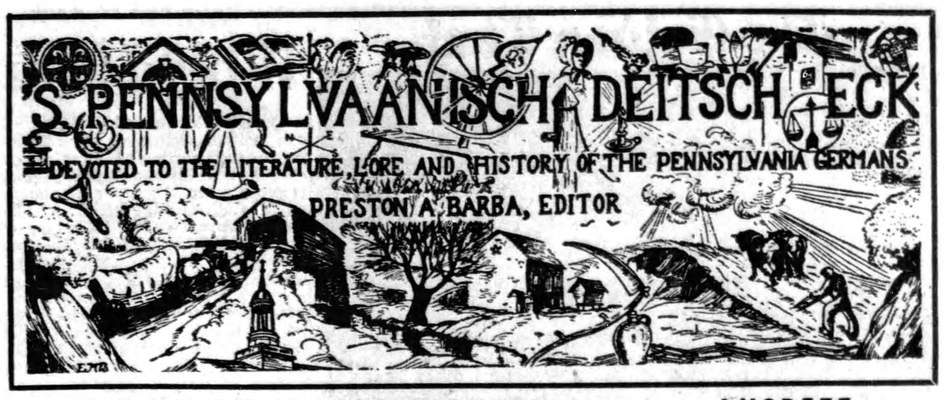
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 1

Having come to the end of the book of Acts, with Paul active in his ministry to Hebrews and Gentiles who had become Christians, we find on the same page in our Bibles on which Acts ended, the beginning of Paul's letter to Roman Christians, one of the greatest literary documents of all time. He wrote it before he had ever been in Rome, although he had been eager to get there as the strategic center of the political world of his time, as Athens, which he had visited (Acts 17) was the cultural center. After having written these 'Today's Text' paragraphs for about 12 years, I would like to make a personal request of every one of my readers — to read Paul's letter to the Romans within a month of today, and not merely to read it, but to study it carefully. I wish each one had a good commentary on Romans to help in an intensive study, such as the ones by Griffith Thomas, Stifler, Godet, and many others we might mention. It would mark an epoch in the Christian life of any one who would endeavor to do what perhaps few ever undertake in a systematic way. Try it!

Horoscope

A year of changes may be ahead of you, but by using restraint and avoiding foolish quarrels, much good may eventuate. Today's child will be good-hearted and sincere. Musical or dramatic ability may be looked for.



REGINA LEININGER

A Penn's Creek Massacre Episode

By ANDREW STEINMETZ

THIS is the true story of Regina Leininger and her sister Barbara who, together with their little friend and neighbor, Marie LeRoy, were taken captive by the Indians during the Penn's Creek Massacre in the last phase of the French and Indian Wars.

In the course of that struggle General Braddock advanced on the French Fort Duquesne to repel the French and Indian forces, but on July 9, 1755, he was trapped and suffered a terrific defeat. This opened a wide gap in the British defenses of the Ohio Valley, leaving the Virginia and Pennsylvania settlers to the mercy of the French mercenaries and their Indian allies. Hundreds of homesteads went up in flames; settlers were mercilessly slaughtered or burned at the stake; the savages carried innumerable scalps as war trophies to their wigwams.

Of these frightful days the Penn's Creek Massacre of October 16, 1755, was one of the outstanding episodes. It is largely remembered because of the fate of three little girls, one of whom, Regina Leininger, has become part of American folklore.

Captured by Indians

At that time there lived a farmer, Sebastian Leininger, on Penn's Creek near Selinsgrove, some fifteen miles from Fort Shamokin. In 1748 he had come over with his family on the good ship **Patience**, from the Swabian town of Reutlingen. Half a mile from his farm was the plantation of Jean Jaques Le Roy, who had arrived with his family on the ship **Phoenix**, in 1752, from Pruntrut in Switzerland. Settlements in that region were scattered along the western bank of the Susquehanna, right on the frontier line, and badly exposed to attacks from the Indians.

Early on that memorable October sixteenth, eight Indians fell upon the Le Roy family, killed Marie's father, captured her brother, together with Marie and a nine-year-old girl, Mary Ann Villar, who was staying with the family.

Two of the savages then went over to the Leininger homestead to repeat their gruesome business. They took their time and sat down as if for a social visit. First they asked for rum and tobacco. Between puffs from their pipes they informed the family that they were Allegheny Indians, their enemies, and that all must die. Thereupon they shot Regina's father and tomahawked her older brother. Ten-year-old Regina and her sister, Barbara, then twelve, were carried away.

Early that morning Regina's mother, with the younger son, had driven to the grist-mill. Returning, they found their home in ashes and the family gone. They took flight and found refuge with Pastor Kurtz's congregation at Stouchsburg.

Meanwhile the Indians had taken the children into the wilderness. On the third day the whole band assembled for the division of loot consisting of provisions, horses, and the captives, a man, a woman, five girls and three boys.

Barbara Leininger, Marie LeRoy and her brother, and also two horses, fell to the share of an Indian named Galasko, who treated the girls fairly well, allowing them to mount the horses while he and his band walked. This encouraged Barbara to attempt flight, but she soon was overtaken and condemned to be burned alive. But her heart-rending screams softened the heart of a young Indian, and upon his pleadings she was forgiven, promising never to attempt flight again nor to cry.

On the sixth day the band split into two groups, one proceeding in the direction of the Ohio with Regina and the Villar girl, while the Galasko group, with Barbara, Marie and her brother, took the Chinklamoose Path toward Clearfield.

From Clearfield, leaving Marie's brother behind, Galasko and his tribe moved on to Punxsutawney and finally ended up at Kittanning, which was to be their permanent abode. They had traveled about one hundred miles through the wildnerness, and now found themselves near the scene of the unfortunate Braddock defeat of three months before.

Wigwam Terrors

At Kittanning the Galasko warriors were accorded a hilarious welcome, Indian fashion. The two girls were initiated into the tribe by three slight blows on the back and put to work for the Indians. They had to clear land, cut down trees, build huts, tan leather, make moccasins, plant corn, wash and cook. There was not salt and no lard, and at times they were forced to live on acorns, roots and certain grasses.

In this manner Barbara and Marie drudged and starved along for nearly a year, always hoping and praying that some kindly hand would lift them out of their misery. And then there was the ever present worry about little Regina, the Villar girl and Marie's brother. What had become of them?

But the Indians did not have it all their own way. On September 7, 1756, there appeared Colonel John Armstrong, of Carlisle, with a small but daring force and attacked Kittanning. He destroyed the cornfields, killed the population and burned their wigwams.

After Armstrong's departure the Indians returned to Kittanning. Seeing the destruction around them, they flew into boundless rage and took it out on the captives. If it were not for the testimony of eyewitnesses, it would not be possible to believe the outrages that followed.

One English woman who attempted flight to the Armstrong forces was scalped alive and mutilated, then tortured with glowing charcoal. The unhappy woman lived from morning to sunset, when a French officer took pity and put her out of her misery with a shot from his gun.

Some time after the girls had witnessed this and other gruesome incidents, they accompanied their tribe to Saukungs, near Logtown, and from there to Kaschkaschkung, an Indian town on Beaver Creek.

In this manner three years passed. Barbara and Marie saw none of their own kind, except other unfortunate captives. But one good day Christian Frederick Post, the famed Moravian missionary and Indian friend, entered their camp. At risk of his life he had dared to break through the enemy lines on a mission of peace. Because of his delicate position he could not talk to the captives, but as a result of his visit the Indians around Fort Duquesne declared their neutrality.

This blow disheartened the French so that the Forbes Expedition, arriving before the walls of Fort Duquesne on November 25, 1758, found the place deserted. The inglorious Braddock defeat was avenged. The fort was rebuilt, strengthened and renamed Fort Pitt, later to be known as Pittsburgh.

Meanwhile the Galasko tribe had gone about a hundred and fifty miles farther west to Muskingum. There Barbara worked out a plan for escape and took Marie into her confidence. Two English captives, David Breckenridge and Owen Gibson, joined them. They left Muskingum during the night of March 16, 1759.

The fugitives took a course straight toward the rising sun, heedless of path or trail. Somehow they managed to avoid detection by roaming Indians. After terrible hardships and dangers on their two-hundred and fifty-mile journey they came out on the Monongahela River, opposite Pittsburgh. They called across the river, and Colonel Hugh Mercer at once sent a boat to bring them to the fort. At first there was some difficulty as the half-naked, shivering, exhausted fugitives were deeply tanned and looked like Indians. But finally they were recognized and conveyed across.

After they had recovered they were taken to Fort Ligonier and from there to Fort Bedford, where Owen Gibson remained. Then they proceeded to Lancaster and, leaving David Breckenridge behind, the two girls went on to Philadelphia to tell their story.

Barbara Leininger and Marie Le Roy arrived in Philadelphia on May 6, 1759. Mary Ann Villar was then still alive, but there was no word of Regina or the Le Roy boy.

To Be Concluded

WILD BEASTS AND THE AMISH — 1718

When the Amish Mennonites, first settled on the Pequea (Lancaster County), its woods were infested by wolves and panthers. These animals committed great depredations, especially among the sheep. The hunters would laugh at the Amish, because they would not attempt to destroy them. The Amish said in justification, "That they considered it a crime to deprive any of God's creatures of life, except those which God gave us for our use; and that to instruct youth in the use of firearms, would be to lead them to eternal ruin." "You," said an old Amish to a hunter, "pursue the deer, the fox and the squirrel, and neglect not only your farm, but your family. We give your children bread, when you leave them destitute. You are improvident — we are provident. Your race will be short — ours will be long. In the eye of the Almighty, who discharges his duty? You or I?"

Excerpt from H. Frank Eshleman's HISTORIC BACKGROUNDS AND ANNALS OF THE SWISS AND GERMAN PIONEER SETTLERS OF SOUTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA, etc., Lancaster, 1917.

AUSRETT

's kummt mir en Gschicht so gschpassich vor
Vun Leit in unser Welt;
Sie geizen, grappschen Lewes lang
Fer yuscht en bissel Geld.

Sie kaafen groosse Heiser, deel,
Un fixen sie fei uff;
's geht niemand in der Welt nix aa
Wie grooss der "Blaschter" druff.

Es Hausrot iss vum schenschte rum,
Des iss ihr grooss Blessier,
Mit weeche Kisse, Schockelschtiehl,
Un aa en grooss Klavier.

Hen Held fer Danse, Korde, Gschpass,
Un alle gute Zeit;
Sie faahre in ihr Automobiles,
Un saufen wie net gscheit.

Sie draaggen feine Kleeder, aa,
Wie Haahne uffgeduh:
En Hut fer zwansich Daaler, vleicht,
Un vun de feinschte Schuh.

Fer sie zu sehne uff der Schtrooss,
Waer'n mir sie net bekannt,
Deet denke sie wear'n Bresident
Vun unserm groosse Land.

Ya, sie sin arrigge groosse Fisch
Un's Wasser doch so klee:
Wann sie mol schtaerwen, bleibt die Welt
Gewiss ass alles schteh.

Nau pack sie mol fer bissel Geld,
Fer Kaerrich odder Schul,
Noh kannscht du sehne, waer sie sin,
Was heerscht du, was iss rule?

"Hab yuscht en Bissniss kazlich kaaft,
Un 's nemmt so viel Gefix,
Bis alles in die Roi gschtellt iss,
Was iwwerich bleibt iss nix.

"Indresse sin es schwer Gewicht,
Die gehn als nuff un nuff,
Un Taxe — ei du liwer Droscht—
Die fressen alles uff.

"Zwee kinner in der college — saag,
Des koscht, des bischt bekannt,
's nemmt alle cent, ich schpaare kann,
Bin schier gaar an der Wand.

"Die clubs un lodges — Himmel, Mann!—
Des weesscht du awwer aa:
Die nemmen Geld, do basst mer uff,
Schunscht bleibt mer hinne draa.

"Ich muss aa schpende uff mei Freind
Fer Esse un fer Wei,
Schunscht glei verlossen sie, verschteh,
Un sell maag aa net sei.

"Die Kaerrich fordert immer Hilf,
Ich bin's aa leedich sehr:
Was duhn sie dann mit all ihrm Geld,
Yuscht zottle hie un haer.

"Ich saag dir, graad mol was ich duh,
Ich schreib fimf Daaler nau,
Meh kann ich eich net gewwe heit,
Ihr schlenkern 's ennihau.

"Vleicht kummt en Zeit mol schpeeter naus,
Wann Geld iss net so raar,
Noh gewwich vleicht noch fimfe meh,
Ihr seid vleicht froh defor."—

Hoscht du in deiner Leweszeit
Rumhaer in unser Welt
So leit aagedroffe vleicht,
Waar'n gfroogt fer bissel Geld?

Es hot mich oft gewunnert aa,
Wann ich so Leit als sehn,
Verlossen sie des Lewe mol,
Wie weit die Zehe gehn.

's hot mannichi zehe-Daaler Seel
In dausend Daaler Graab;
Un manche wu ehrwerdich sin,
Hen yuscht en Deck vun Laab.

En feiner Schtee, en scheeni Laad,
Guckt grooss in daere Welt;
Zum Haerr Gott awwer, was meent's ihm?
's iss yuscht verlore Geld.

Was hot ER gsaat vun dem daer's Geld
Ins Duch vergraawe hot?
"Daer kummt net in der Himmel nei,
Der hot ken Lieb fer Gott."

Es Geld mer in en Duch vergraabt,
Iss was mer gaern verzehrt
Fer Gschpiel un so unneedich Sach,
Wu yuscht zum Deiwel gheert.

Mer iss net immer so schlecht gfixt,
Aa net so aarm mer glaabt,
Un alle Ausrett iss deel Gut,
Mer in der Grund vergraabt.

Verschteh mich recht, 's iss net verwaerrt
Mer 's all zu Kaerrich drecht;
Mer muss aa lewe, sell iss schur,
Un deel Blessier iss recht.

Was awwer mer zu Kaerrich gebt,
Vermehrt sich dausendmol;
En Seel es bringe kann zum Licht,
Un anner Gut sowohl.

Mit so Indresse, saagt der Haerr—
Es kann net annersht sei —
"Du waarscht getrei drauss uff der Aerd,
Yetzt iss der Himmel dei."

Im Abrill 1936 —RALPH S. FUNK

DER GUCK VERFIEHRT

Ess iss en alt Schprichwatt, ass saagt, "Die Sache sin net immer, was mer meent sie waere." Sell finnt mer oft aus, wann mer moll nimmi so yung iss.

Paar Yaahr zerick hawwich gschwetzt mit me Mann vun Harrisbarrig. Er hot mir en Schtori verzeehlt, ass so gschpassich waar, ich muss heit noch lache, wann ich draa denk. Des iss die Schtori.

En Mann iss uffem Paefment geloffe imme Deel vun der Schtadt, wu nix waar ass Wohnheiser, gaar ken Bissnissbletz waare datt. Der Mann hot en kleener schwazer satchel gedraagge.

Uff eemoll geht en Dier uff amme Haus iwwer der Schtrooss. En Mann iss raus kumme, arrig verkollebiert. Er hot den Mann mit em satchel gsehne un hot gsaat, "Kumm graad do rei! Ich brauch dich. Un es iss ken Zeit zu verliere."

Der Mann mit em satchel waar erschtaunt. Ferwas wett ebber ihn nau graad hawwe? Er hot awwer nix gsaat un iss zu der Dier nei.

Wie er im Gang waar, hot er der Mann sehne die Schteeg nuff schpringe. Er iss ihm nooch so schtarrig ass er hot kenne. Uffem zwedde Schtock iss der Mann vum Haus zu re Schlofschtubb nei gerennt. Es hot der Mann mit em satchel aardlich gedingt, awwer er iss aa dezu nei.

In der Schtubb waar en Fraa im Bett. Sie waar aageduh, wie mer ewwe iss, wann mer im Bett iss, net zu schwer. Sie waar gans feierrot im Gsicht.

Der Mann vum Haus hot gsaat zum Mann mit em satchel, "Guck sie yuscht moll aa. Was deetscht du, wann dei Fraa so aussehne deet?"

Der Mann mit em satchel hot gsaat, "Ich deet graad schicke fer en Dokter" — "Liewer Yammer," saagt der Mann vum Haus, "bischt du ken Dokter?" — "Gewiss net," saagt der Mann mit em satchel.— "Was bischt du dann?" frogt der Mann vum Haus. Noh hot der Mann mit em satchel gsaat, "Ich bin en piano-tuner."

Ya, die Sache sin net immer was mer meent sie waere. Nee, net beim Tschockvoll!

—Der Kashbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Parkland at Romper Day

It was some one's happy thought, upon which the Romper Day committee has promptly acted, namely to ask the children of the Parkland playground system to participate in this annual event at the Fair Grounds on Wednesday afternoon next.

While all children have at all times been welcomed to this bright and interesting program during its forty years, this is the first time that participation in the track program will have been taken by children who are not residents of Allentown.

In taking this action it can be believed that the Romper Day committee and the trustees of the Trexler Estates, for whom the committee functions, are doing exactly what General and Mrs. Harry Clay Trexler would have done were they alive and directing this event. It was one of the philanthropies that gave them deepest satisfactions.

When they inaugurated the idea only Allentown had a playground system with a supervised program of recreation. Now that other communities have set up similar programs for educational and recreational purposes their participation in the big Allentown program at the Fair Grounds is in the line of progress. It will serve to expand the continuing good which General and Mrs. Trexler planned for our children for generations to come.

These dear people loved children without respect to geographical boundaries. Outside of Allentown there was perhaps no other local area in which they held greater interest than that which now is embraced in the Parkland School District. They knew and were known and loved by the people of that area whose every road and lane they knew by virtue of almost daily motor trips to every nook and corner. They would love today's generation of little people as they loved the little children whom they met on the highways and byways of that section during all the years that they were developing the great orchards and other specialty farms and the Game Preserve in that general area.

Sentimentally, it is appropriate that the first organized group of children from an out-of-city area to participate in Romper Day's program represents the rural section whose people the Trexlers knew so well and by whom they were so well known and beloved.

In their will they provided for all the people of the county in the establishment of what has come to be known as the Trexler-Lehigh County Game Preserve. If they were living today they would have needed no prompting to include children of the rural areas in Romper Day if those children were prepared for participation therein.

The trustees and committee are carrying on in the spirit of the philanthropists when they expand the Romper Day idea. That is what General and Mrs. Trexler almost certainly would have done were they here today to direct the annual preparations for this happy celebration.

AFL Refuses Red Bait

The American Federation of Labor, which in the '30's refused to send delegations of its officers and members to visit the Fascist countries — Germany, Italy and Spain — is running true to form in refusing to send delegations to Russia.

When Germany, Italy and Spain were suggesting this kind of international fraternizing by the representatives of labor, the AFL resisted because it was the opinion that American laborites would have been used merely to boost the prestige of the European dictators. These had just as much respect for labor unions as they had for churches, secret societies and other organizations. That respect was nil.

With even greater reason, labor now will have nothing to do with any move that will be employed as propaganda to lull Russian labor into sweet dreams. As George Meany, AFL president, said in Chicago at the meeting of the Executive Council early this week: "We shall give consideration to visiting Russia when there are free labor unions there." He added that such a visit at this time would "only play into the hands of the totalitarian dictatorship, which, regardless of its apologies at Belgrade and its smiles at Geneva, denies its own people all fundamental rights."

Mr. Meany was not a bit hesitant at expressing the opinion that the current visit of American farmers to Russia was and is a mistake because "it is giving an air of respectability to people who are not respectable in the world setup."

It is probably only a part of a Russian plan to lull the western world into a sense of security, disarm it emotionally if not physically and soften it for the day of attack.

AAA Drops Racing

When scores of spectators were killed and injured in an automobile race in Le Mans, France, revulsion spread over Europe against the senseless competition that has been conducted in many areas over the open roads ever since the infancy of the motor car.

This and the death of Bill Vukovich on the Indianapolis Speedway has prompted a decision by the American Automobile Association, (AAA). Thru its president, Andrew J. Sordoni, the AAA announces that it is getting out of the racing business completely. While it will live up to its contracts during the current year, there will be no renewals next year.

Speaking for the AAA Mr. Sordoni noted that while racing is a popular spectacle, "there is serious question whether it contributes in a material way to better cars, or parts for cars."

That was the idea when motor racing was begun. It has developed into a Roman holiday and in it the AAA wishes to have no further part. Such racing will continue but it will be without the AAA sanction, prestige and blessing.

Relief Rolls Dwindle

It is a cheering economic note to hear from Carbon County that whereas 16,497 persons had been receiving surplus government food during the first half of the year, the roll of names of those who will qualify for such food distribution during the coming season is only 5,322.

This cut of more than 11,000 persons is attributed to the reopening of mines in the Panther Valley area. It means that upwards of 2500 families have returned to better circumstances. That is all to the good.

Tighter Rein on Credit

The nation's top credit control authority, the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, believes that inflationary tendencies have lately become both more general and slightly more intense than they have been at any time since the current production boom got under way. This view of the economy's trend may be inferred from the board's approval this week of an increase in the discount rates charged by four regional Federal Reserve banks — Cleveland, Chicago, Boston and Atlanta. The discount rates are the interest rates charged to commercial banks borrowing from their respective regional Federal Reserve banks. When the cost to these commercial banks of replenishing their reserves goes up, they are put under pressure to tighten up on their own loans to business. The expected result is that expansion based upon credit tends to be checked.

There has been such expansion during the last half year It has occurred in more Federal Reserve districts than the four in which discount rates have just been raised. Most or all of the remaining eight regional banks may be expected to join in the discount rate boost. Whether or not they do so immediately will depend, however, upon their judgments of the credit situation in their own regions. In the New York district, it is significant to note, some major commercial banks have just initiated increases in the interest rate they charge their biggest business borrowers; their rates to other borrowers will follow suit.

We have, then, moved within a year from a credit policy of active ease to one of positive restraint. The object is not to stop inflation, for we are not in a condition of inflation. The cost of living index is too stable to justify talk of active inflation. But output has begun to press upon the limits of capacity in some fields, organized labor must bear the responsibility for unjustified inflationary wage increases, consumer purchases of heavy goods and homes have seemed to expand with diminishing concern for future earning ability. Looking at all of this from the bright side, it represents the sum and substance of business recovery. Looking at it from all sides, it is seen to be a dynamic economic condition that may be kept stable or be allowed to deteriorate. The Federal Reserve authorities are determined to have credit policy make its maximum contribution toward holding fast to stability. — N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Another Bipartisan Agreement?



We Better Bestir Ourselves

By VICTOR RIESEL

HONG KONG: — The Chinese go in for fine funerals. The departed is serenaded by an orchestra. The more distinguished the deceased, the larger the band. The other day on the hilly streets of Victoria (Hong Kong) one such band, playing American music, as usual, strode behind the coffin giving out with "Enjoy Yourself, It's Later Than You Think."

No apocryphal story this. It happened. But, in that coffin might as well have been western civilization. We better bestir ourselves.

My Chinese friends tell me they have a proverb: "A hundred hearings are not equal to one seeing."

Well, here in the Switzerland of the Orient you get a good "seeing" of what we're up against. Across the nearby border, beyond the pill boxes and the armed Communist Chinese soldiers, lies a colossus of 600 million people increasing at the rate of 12 million a year.

Some of its people still live in 300-year old walled villages. They still transport material suspended in two packs at either end of bamboo poles resting heavily on human shoulders. But Communist China is most certainly not a slumbering, doltish nation.

Manufacturing Advances

Desperate for foreign exchange, it is now producing precision machine tools and selling them to Europe. It has developed a special waterproof cement mix of which we haven't even heard and is marketing that in Europe too. It is training hundreds of thousands of engineers and even now has enough to build plants turning out high grade steel and autos.

Given 10 years this Red China will have an army of 10 million men. It's industries will swamp Asia—perhaps even Europe.

Against all this, everything we do seems so futile.

One of our aircraft carriers, No. 47, the Philippine Seas, swings in the Hong Kong harbor. British jets maneuver overhead. In the Hotel Peninsula a few days ago, you could have sat in with Dr. Michael Bialoguski, a brilliant Australian counter-espionage agent who cracked a Soviet spy ring as effective as any the Russians ever ran in Canada or the U. S.

Misunderstandings

But despite all that these symbolize, we keep losing. Despite our superior arms and effective counter-espionage, we're on the



run. We just don't seem to understand what's happening in this part of the world. We've sent chairs to the Indochinese, five or six to a family, as a gesture of good will to help them make their homes more comfortable. But the Indochinese don't use chairs. They laugh at us.

We've sent them rice. This, they grow themselves and in sufficient quantities.

We've sent them butter and cheese. But they don't eat cheese or butter anymore than you'd eat sawdust.

We give the Indians and the Japanese millions of dollars for technical development and they use the money in special areas to provide facilities which will win votes for the party in power.

British Idea

We give, give, give, but we win no one over. The British here, however, have a better idea. They give the Chinese refugees from communism a helping hand. But no one gets anything who won't work for it and match with human labor the money, the housing and other aid the British give out.

This colony has about one refugee for every inhabitant — and in a 40-mile area that's something. The refugees are first housed in squatters' shacks dug into the mountainsides. Jobs are found for them. Then they are moved into areas around the plants. Huge balcony apartment houses are built for the proud Chinese. Hospitals and modern schools are all over Hong Kong island.

The refugees pay $1.50 American a month for their apartments — and are rehoused as swiftly as possible. British intelligence knows that Commie agents put fire to the refugee shanty towns. Only last winter a blaze burned out 56,000 pitiful homes. Fires flare regularly.

One philanthropic family, the Kadoories, lend money to impoverished Chinese at no interest — in an area where interest hits 30 per cent. Some 75,000 Chinese and 150 villages have been helped — with scientific pig raising, fruit trees, irrigation, fish ponds and fertilizer. Not one of these ventures has failed. There has not been a single bad loan.

Make Capitalism Work

The British here make capitalism work. So the Chinese have a proverb. "In Hong Kong you eat pork, in Canton, you drink congee (boiled rice water)."

When you just give, they call you sucker. When you help, they call you friend. And brother, do we need friends!

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 1:14-16

Paul's commission was to the Gentile world primarily (see the last word of v. 13:, with no exception. Whether Greek or barbarian, wise or unwise, he says that he was debtor to both, v. 14. In v. 15 he says that he was ready to preach the Gospel in Rome also, and in v. 16 that he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile. And so, wherever Paul went, he left a trail of churches behind him. He was ever on the lookout for new opportunities for soul-winning, and he wanted some converts in pagan Rome, too.' He yearned to leave his mark for God's glory wherever possible. Paul not only had a program assigned to him, but he had a passion to carry it through. Jesus had been especially gracious to him in that he had revealed Himself to him, for which reason he felt that he was a debtor to all people. Thus Paul, of the seed of Abraham, became a blessing to hosts of Gentiles who were willing to believe in Jesus as their only Savior. And thus the Church grew.

Edgar A. Guest

THE WISE AGE

For girls, they call it "sweet
  sixteen,"
Of life the loveliest stage.
For boys, it only seems to mean
  The "voice of wisdom" age.

At sixteen girls are fair to see
  Wherever they appear,
But parents all must patient be
  A boy that old to hear.

Since they're old-fashioned, he'll
  propose
  They learn the customs new.
He'll tell his family all he knows,
  And tell his grandpa, too.

But if of him they loving stay
  And his advice endure,
He'll be all right. There'll come
  the day
  When he won't be so sure.

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Brilliant work and clever hunches should bring much profit. Today's child should be one of fortune's favorites, blessed with courage, good nature and charm.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ALTIE G'SHICHT: Net long tzurick imma gawissna londs shtore, hen m'r 'n gutie altie g'shicht khoert — die uhrsoch ferwos ken wilda dauva may rum sin. Der fertzailer wor 'n mon fon in da ochtsich yohr, un woh uns yoh awbafohla hut os m'r sei nahma net nanna dada—"odder," hut er g'sawt, "'s maich'd dale howwa os maina dada ich dade die socha glawwa."

Aenicha waig, er hut fertzailt fon da tzeit wie sei Pap yusht 'n shpringer fon ocht, nine yohr wor, un wie er seim Fodder helfa het die ledshda wilda dauva sheesa os rum worra.

Wilda dauva hut er fertzailt, weara immer gonga in drubba, un kent sich noch gute erinnerra wie sei Pap ols fertzailt het wie sie die dauva sehna hetta kumma. Sie hen aryads drowwa nagshd om Bloe Barrick gawohn'd, un die dauva shun fon weit'm sehna 's dahl runner kumma owwich da Lechaw. Sei Grampap woh arrick gawest wear fer wilda dauva essa, het paar fon da nochberra garufa, un ol weara kumma mit ihra alta mushkate flinta, un hetta sich ready wilda dauva essa, het fon seina nochberra garufa fer 'm tzu hilf kumma, un er het bout 'n dudsend mushkate flinta nous hinnich die shire ganumma, un onnerra hetta pulver un shrote bei g'shlaift bei da seck fol.

Wie die dauva darrich die Lechaw Koft runner kumma weara, net sei Grampap awfonga sheesa—het immer gatziehlt fer die aller feddershda dauva, un het net aenie ferfail'd. Un wie er ae flint lose g'shussa het kot, het 'm shun widder ebber shunshd 'n fol galawdnie flint onna k'hova, un so hetta sie fert gamocht fer shier ae halva dawg. Sei Pap, der yung boo wear aw dabei gawest, un het ols 's ledshd warrick in die flinta laif fer die shrote om blotz halta—drei un dreisich mon hetta flinta galawda.

'Die dauva weara so dick g'floga os m'r der bloe himmel owwich na net sehna het kenna, un woh sie g'falla weara, hets libehoftich gaguck'd wie won wosser iwwer 'n dom brusht nunner gang'd—yusht in blotz fon wosser falla, wears nix gawest wie wilda dauva un fedderra.

Wie sie shier 'n halva dawg om dauva sheesa gawest weara —un sei Grampap hut er g'sawt, het alla shuss g'shossa, wear die ledshd daub owwa runner kumma, un woh er aw noch g'shossa het. "Un sel," hut der alt kerl im shtore g'sawt, "wor's end fon da wilda dauva, noch sel'm worra kennie may rum."

Wie m'r g'frok'd hen wos es gewwa het mit ol da dauva os sei Grampap g'shossa het, hut er g'sawt er kent sich noch gute erinnerra wie sei Pap ols fertzailt het die dauva hetta uf ma haufa galaiga halver so hoch wie der Bloe Barrick, un sei Grampap het der laida so arrick kot fon dauva flaish, os es 'm iwwel werra wear won ols ebber 'n daub ganann'd het.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r Die boat trip morya 'n woch, fon Jersey City noch Bridgeport Conn. nembt uns net nous uf der sae—m'r sin die gons tzeit in wos gakent is ols "Long Island Sound," un is gore ken g'fohr os aenich ebber sae gronk werra sot.

'S boat, der John Meseck, shtopt middawgs, un owets widder uf 'm tzurick waig, on Rye Beach, Playland, fer solcha ob lossa, un widder ufs boat nemma, os der nommy dawg on Rye tzu bringa wolla.

REGINA LEININGER

A Penn's Creek Massacre Episode

By ANDREW STEINMETZ

Conclusion

Regina's Fate

It will be remembered that little ten-year-old Regina was separated from her sister on the sixth day of their captivity. The child was allotted to the tribe proceeding in the direction of the Ohio.

In those days it was not uncommon for Indians to replace with captives such of their children as had died or otherwise to increase their fortunes with the labor of such unfortunates as fell into their hands. They preferred girls to boys, for the former were less likely to resist or escape. Also it must be taken into account that the squaws performed the labor of the camp, while the warriors were fighting, hunting and fishing, or sat about their wigwams contemplating and smoking their pipes.

Right at the start the Indians bound a little two-year old girl to Regina's back, who herself was still a mere child. They did not follow the beaten trails for fear they might be caught and deprived of their loot, but marched straight through the wildnerness. In this way little Regina carried her burden for about one hundred miles, her few clothes torn to shreds, and her young body bleeding from innumerable scratches. It is amazing that she survived that cruel journey.

On arrival at their destination Regina and the child were allotted to an ancient Indian squaw and made her slaves for life. Herself only a child, Regina now acted as mother to a little girl and as an old woman's housekeeper.

She gathered wood for the fires and did the washing and cooking. For provisions she would go out into the woods and catch mice, squirrels and insects, or bring home roots, herbs, wild potatoes, wild garlic, and the soft bark of certain trees.

It was worse in winter when the ground was frozen and Regina's little fingers could not work themselves beneath the hard soil; then there were no rodents or insects. At such times Regina would feel desperate; she would take her little ward to some hiding place, and there they would repress their tears, pray and sing hymns, just as her pious mother had done when things looked darkest.

Somehow Regina managed to get along and stay alive, although she was not spared gruesome experiences like those her sister had to endure. As the years passed, Regina's skin darkened, and she looked every bit an Indian girl. She might have forgotten all her mother tongue, had it not been for her hymns and prayers.

Slowly the wheel of destiny turned to 1763, the year of the Pontiac conspiracy. The Treaty of Paris had settled the differences on this continent, between England and France. But some of the Indian tribes felt themselves cheated out of their favorite hunting grounds in the Ohio Valley. The dissatisfied tribes, under the brilliant Pontiac's leadership, struck a sudden blow. They destroyed a number of forts and killed all the white population falling into their hands. Nearly all settlements in western Virginia and western Pennsylvania went up in flames.

Pontiac's victory was short-lived. That summer Colonel Henry Bouquet, himself a Swiss, with his German and Swiss Royal Americans and some Highlanders and English, marched upon the Pontiac forces and put them to flight at Bushy Run. The resistance of the Indians in that region was utterly broken.

In the following year Colonel Bouquet again marched into the region, but this time to make peace with the Indians and to secure the release of their prisoners. On November 12, 1764, two hundred and six white prisoners were set free. Amongst them was Regina Leininger, who by now was nearly twenty years of age.

A Mother's Prayer

The liberated captives were brought to Pittsburgh and then to Carlisle, the usual point of assembly. The brave and kind-hearted Colonel Bouquet had arranged for a hearty reception. The soldiers vied in their endeavor to do something for their liberated countrymen; they went without their rations and gladly parted with their own clothing in order to be helpful.

The relatives of liberated captives then were invited to call for their loved ones. Many were the heart-rending scenes at such reunions. There were, however, instances where captives had become so estranged from the ways of civilization that they preferred to return to their Indian friends.

Regina's mother never missed any of the reunions at Carlisle, and every time she would return to her home at Stouchsburg disappointed and heartbroken, but never losing faith in the ultimate return of her little girl.

And so that wintery day, on New Year's Eve, 1764, she walked the long lines of liberated captives, but could not recognize her Regina in any of them. The kindly officer in charge tried to help the unhappy widow and told her to think hard. Perhaps there was some mark on her child, who must now be a young woman, some words often used, or a song. A light flared up in the widow's mind—yes, a song! A lullaby she had sung so often to her baby. She stepped foward and began: "Allein und doch nicht ganz alleine — Bin ich in meiner Einsamkeit. . ." She got no further. Out of the crowd a clear woman's voice fell in, finishing the stanza:

Allein und doch nicht ganz alleine
Bin ich in meiner Einsamkeit,
Denn wenn ich ganz verlassen scheine,
Vertreibt mir Jesus selbst die Zeit.
Ich bin bei ihm und er bei mir.
So kommt mir's gar nicht einsam fuer.

(Alone, and yet not all alone,
I am in my solitude;
For when everyone has gone,
Jesus is my fortitude.
I am with him, he is with me,
How could I ever lonesome be!

It was Regina! While mother and daughter still were clasped in each other's arms, they were interrupted by the loud cries of a young girl. Regina's little ward, now about twelve years old, clung desperately to her protector pleading to be taken along.

Her heart filled with so much happiness, how could she be unmindful of the happiness of others?

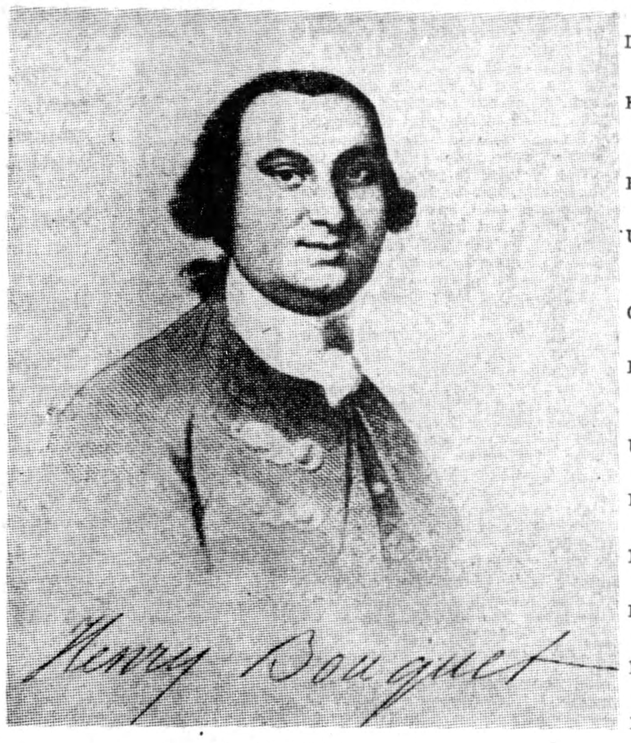
Epilogue

As far as we know Regina and her mother lived happily together to the end of their days. Although their markers could not be located, all indications point to their having found rest in the old cemetery of Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church, just outside Stouchsburg, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Nearly two centuries have since rolled down the ages, and during that time a mass of contradictory Regina stories has appeared in a variety of publications. She was frequently mixed up with her sister Barbara, or presented as the daughter of one Henry or John Hartman; she appears under the name Liningeree or other names. A similar confusion exists about the place of the tragedy and the eventual home of mother and daughter. And all the while excellent and original source material was reposing in our libraries and archives.

The story as related in these pages is amply authenticated by the personal testimony of Regina's sister Barbara and Marie Le Roy, May 6, 1759, at Philadelphia. That testimony was later verified by Regina herself and her mother before the Reverend Mr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, patriarch of the Lutheran Church of America, in February, 1765.

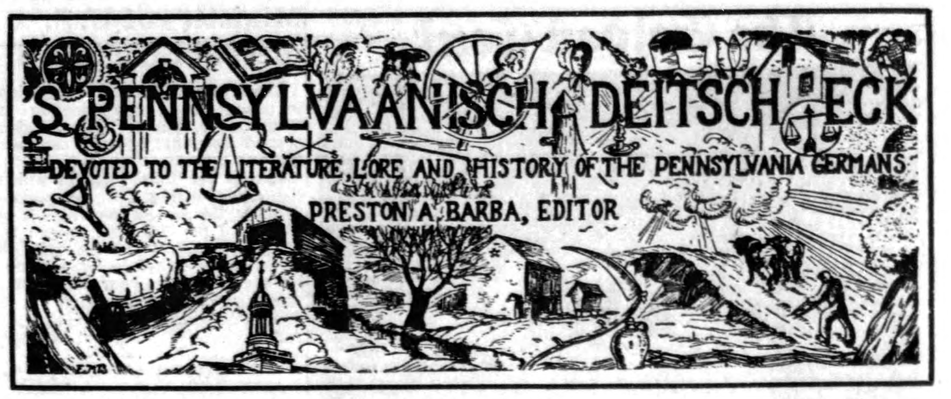
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COLONEL HENRY BOUQUET



RELEASED CAPTIVES MEET THEIR FAMILIES AT CARLISLE, PA.



EN SUMMERDAAG

Was iss so hibsch wie'n Summerdaag
  Mit Graas un griene Beem?
Die Sunn so waarm, der Wind so sanft,
  Un alles so genehm.

Die Veggel in ball alle Baam
  Mit Yunge in ihr'm Nescht;
Die singen dann ihr Lieder siess—
  Die gleichen Summer bescht.

Die Kieh, die schtehn datt in der Krick
  Unnich em Schattebaam;
Sie kiehlen do ihr Millich ab
  Un gewwen siesser Raahm.

Der Bauer fleissich drauss im Feld,
  Sei Weibsleit drin im Haus;
Sei Kinner schpringen hie un haer
  So munter wie en Maus.

Die Ieme gehn vun Blumm zu Blumm
  Un machen Hunnich gut;
Ken Wunner macht's en Pickter schee
  Wie alles schaffe dutt.

Es kummt verleicht en kleener Schtarrem
  Mit Dunnerschall un Blitz,
Un wessert yetzt die daschtich Aerd—
  Verdreibt dann weil die Hitz.

Ob lang iss doch der Schtarrem verbei,
  Die Wolke sin verzogge;
Doch iss Verschprechnis uns gemacht
  Datt im Reggeboogge.

Un noh kummt Owed vor mer weess,
  Es Vieh iss in ihr Schtell;
Doch iss es gaar net dunkel drauss
  Mit groosser Mond so hell.

Mer heert die Laabfresch un die Eil
  Am Singe drauss im Wald;
Der Wipperwill un Hawwergees
  Un Gricksel aa sobald.

Die Luft iss kiehl, die Landschaft ruhich,
  Un alles schloft nau ei;
Doch muss ich, vor ich selwer schlof,
  Zum Heiland dankbaar sei.

Des iss en Summerdaag zu mir,
  So schee uff aller Hand;
Yuscht saag mir, was kennt besser sei,
  Wie wohne drauss im Land?

Im Mol 1933 — RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

A Time to Be Thankful

As the Lehigh Valley from Tamaqua to Easton began the long, tedious task of recovering from one of the worst floods in its history, its people had many things for which to be thankful.

Those who suffered most from the rampaging waters, as well as those whose homes are remote from the flooded areas, counted it as a major blessing that Diane brought only torrents of rain to the Lehigh Valley, leaving her hurricane gales and their inestimable damage behind.

As a result, damage to property, high as it eventually may be, was held to a minimum; power supplies and communications for the most part were uninterrupted; crops suffered comparatively little; and transportation, though snarled and crippled in some areas, was not completely halted.

They were thankful, too, that this community has the men and the women who stand by their neighbors in times of disaster and distress—the policemen and the firemen, the Civilian Defense forces, the Red Cross Disaster squads, the Salvation Army and the countless other volunteers who worked through the night and the day to house and feed the homeless, to rescue those in danger, to salvage as much property as possible, to protect inundated areas, to maintain or restore essential services, to make at least temporary repairs, to get back to normal as quickly as possible.

True, as humans, volunteers and safety forces were unable to stem the surging flood, but when it came they rallied quickly and worked tirelessly and generally at great personal sacrifice. There were tales of heroism and of daring, and countless more that are still to be told or that never will be told because those responsible for them felt they were simply doing their duty.

And they were thankful, after their experiences of the last 24 hours, that the Lehigh Valley communities in which they live, normally enjoy more pleasant weather, that the area that is their home generally is spared the losses and the heartaches of widespread floods, of hurricanes and of tornadoes.

They realize that disastrous as were the events of the day, they were fortunate to escape with as little lasting damage as they suffered.

For all these things, for these blessings that are theirs, they are glad to give thanks.

The Habit Is Annoying

For entertainment and relaxation, there's nothing like a good movie, a football game, a baseball game or a basketball game.

And for those who pay admission to theaters and stadiums and sports arenas because they enjoy that particular type of relaxation, there is nothing quite so annoying and aggravating as to have their pleasant surcease from toil and care interrupted by jingling coins, the passing collection box and the Hollywood pitch for one of a dozen or more charities.

In the first place, most people who go to the movies and to sporting events are contacted dozens of times at their homes or at their work, in person or by letter or through their children, for contributions to support the recognized agencies that serve them and their neighbors, that kept their own community healthy and happy.

In the second place, when they pay admission to go to the movies or to a ball game they aren't expecting to be tapped for another fee to avoid the embarrassing glances of their neighbors or the glares of the plate passers. True, they are not required to give, but to dig down for a nickle, a dime or a quarter generally seems the most expedient thing to do.

In the third place, particularly when the pitch is for an organization about which few, if any, have ever heard, the individual has little opportunity of knowing whether the charity is either one that he wants to support or that deserves his support.

Certainly until there is adequate support for hospitals and health groups whose services are so well known and so imperative for the people of this community, there is little valid reason for pleas that they support hospitals that serve a limited few in areas remote from home.

Certainly, if an individual gives generously to any cause either at his home or at his place of employment it is an imposition to repeatedly urge him to give — practically force him to give to avoid embarrassment — by the pitches that are made when he seeks an hour or two of release from these things he has with him most of the day or week.

Repeated duplication of requests may discourage even the most charitably minded contributor from making gifts that are so important to the welfare and the well-being of many.

Blueprint For Freedom

The Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, proposed by the President and established by Congress, has made its report. In 311 authoritative pages it discusses the problems involved in maintaining our system of government and points to strengths, to weaknesses and to needs.

Its general conclusions are rather simply expressed:

"We should seek to divide our civic responsibilities so that we: Leave to private initiative all the functions that citizens can perform privately; use the level of government closest to the community for all public functions it can handle; utilize cooperative intergovernmental arrangements where appropriate to attain economical performance and popular approval; reserve national action for residual participation where state and local governments are not fully adequate and for the continuing responsibilities that only the National Government can undertake."

This is tantamount to saying that no government should do what private enterprise and private citizens can and will do; that state and local problems should be met at local levels, and that federal government should act only when it is clear that no other agency can perform some function required for the safety and welfare of the people.

This is more than a blueprint for good government, more than an affirmation of the principles the founding fathers had in mind when they established the National Government. It is a blueprint for maintaining and strengthening every one of our freedoms — a blueprint that should be studied and mastered by each and every citipen.

Don't Discount Harry

There is no doubt that Harry S. Truman of Independence, Mo., World War I artillery captain and ex-President of the United States is a fighting man.

He proved that in 1948, when just about everybody said he could not win another term in the White House and wrote him off. He fooled the pollsters and the dopesters by defeating Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York.

Truman did it by beating the bushes in a whistle stop campaign where he talked to the people in plain language. He called it "discussing the issues" and made quite a few "give 'em hell" speeches in which he belabored the Republicans from pillar to post and back again.

Once again he is champing at the political bit and packing his bags for a speaking tour. He says that he intends to "tear into the Republicans and predicts that, with or without President Eisenhower as a candidate, the GOP will be beaten "with their own ammunition" in 1956.

Much of what Truman has said in the past was regarded by the opposition as political poppycock which nobody would swallow. But, swallow it the voters did in 1948 and there are some who believe the Eisenhower victory in 1952 would have been even more sweeping, if the man from Missouri had not been in there swinging for Adlai Stevenson.

Truman can pretty well be discounted as a presidential candidate next year, even if he is acting like one now and Gov. Folsom of Alabama has predicted he will lead the ticket to victory in '56.

He cannot be discounted as a potent force in the Democratic effort to regain control of the administrative branch of the government. He is a rough and tumble political fighting man who must be reckoned with by the Republicans in mapping their strategy for next year. They sold him short in '48 and learned too late they erred. It would be extremely foolish to make the same mistake again.

There Is A Law

Governor Leader on March 30 signed into law an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature making it a misdemeanor for any individual to abandon a refrigerator or similar device without first removing the latches or doors that in many cases have made them death traps for children.

Conviction carries with it the penalty of a fine not exceeding $50 or a jail sentence not exceeding 30 days.

An editorial published in The Morning Call yesterday failed to note that the bill, introduced early in the present session of the legislature, had been passed and signed into a law that is now in effect.

Sounds Reasonable, No?



Bought Elections

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

One of the bills not passed during the recent session of Congress is S.636. It was not declared "must" legislation by President Eisenhower. Naturally, the President does not have to declare any legislation "must," nor should he. According to the Constitution, it is Congress that is the legislative branch of the government and all any President needs to do is to approve or veto bills passed by Congress. The "must" legislation habit is a corruption of the legislative process introduced by Franklin D. Roosevelt and continued by his successors. It gives to the President a leadership and a responsibility not intended by the founding fathers.

To return to S.636, here is a bill introduced by Sens. Hennings, Hayden, Green and Gore to make elections more honest than they are. The bill is called "Federal Elections Act of 1955," and it should be passed to safeguard the institution of governments by choice from being corrupted by advertising agencies, press agents, professional party managers and such who benefit by the size of campaign expenditures. Advertising agencies, for instance, receive 15 per cent of the expenditures which pass through their hands. The more spent, the better these self-sacrificing idealists do for themselves.

In the first place, this bill abolishes one of the tricks for pyramiding campaign expenditures, namely, the organization of multiple committees some of which exist only to legalize the evasion of the spirit of the law. Under S.636" . . . No contribution shall be accepted, and no expenditure made, by or on behalf of a political committee for the purpose of supporting the candidacy of a candidate until the candidate (or a representative designated by him in writing) has authorized in writing the political committee to support his candidacy and has filed a copy of such authorization with the clerk of the House of Representatives . ." The multiple committees therefore will have to be authorized; they will have to register, and unless they take money under the table, they will have to report.



I regard this as a most important improvement because the multiple committees are a perfect device for hiding contributions. Under the bill, such committees may be organized and contributions may be made to them, but they will have to give some excuse for existence. the bill has about every provision one can think of to prevent secret contributions except the passing of money under the table, which nobody can prove and which, being illegal, becomes an income tax evasion and a dangerous adventure in which many, if not most, politicians engage. No law can be passed which legislates men's morals and this is a moral question.

The limitations upon expenditures are as follows:

"(1) The sum of $50,000 if a candidate for senator or representative-at-large, or the sum of $12,500 if a candidate for representative, delegate, or resident commissioner; or

"(2) In the case of an election that a caucus or nominating convention, an amount equal to the amount obtained by multiplying 10 cents by the total number of votes cast in either the last primary election or the last general election for all candidates for the office which the candidate seeks."

Elections Costly

These provisions are a step forward in making elections honest, but the elections continue to be costly which is really the issue. If the 1956 election, preconvention and post-convention, costs both parties $100 million, it is too much. Half of that amount is too much. It simply means that whoever is elected President is obligated to too many persons and some of them not particularly proper persons. It makes little difference whether a candidate gets excessive contributions from, let us say, the Rockefeller family or the United Automobile Workers; the candidate places himself under obligations which ought to be beyond his capacity to fulfill. President Eisenhower has spent two years discovering how costly such obligations can be and how embarrassing at times.

Adequate limitations upon election contributions will help, but what needs to be done also is to place an absolute roof on expenditures. Expenditures can be traced more easily than contributions, particularly if they are spent on radio and television or in newspapers, and the penalty ought to be automatic expulsion from office once the excessive expenditures are established. That is the way it is done in Great Britain where elections are clean and honest and representative.

(Copyright 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 5:11-21

A Christian has every reason to be the happiest person in the world, for, having by grace through faith obtained peace with God, he enjoys the peace of God in his heart, of which the world out of Christ knows nothing. In Romans 3:11 Paul says that we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom we have now received the atonement (or 'reconciliation,' in the reference column). The word atonement is an interesting compound, at-one-ment. Sin separated man from God, as it always does, but through the reconciliation which Christ made on the cross for us, we who by faith accept this work of Christ, are agains 'at-one' with God, the happiest relation possible, because it sets everything else right. Having this experience, we realize what Paul means in 5:20-21: 'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, so that as sin reigned unto death, even so grace now reigns through (His) righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.' This is the Gospel message to every individual.

Edgar A. Guest

CRIBBAGE

With: "fifteen two and eight are ten"
Upon a narrow board
Three centuries, and more, good men
Their cribbage hands have scored.
And strangely, by the rules they made
Three hundred years ago,
The game today is being played
Without a change to show.

What throw the crib and what to hold
My father taught to me.
"Turn up the jack, take two," he told.
"Each run is good for three.
You get two points for every pair,
And as the game goes on
Remember here and everywhere
It's two for thirty-one."

Now this is what I'd like to know
And often wish I knew:
Who was it in the long ago
First counted "fiteen two?"
Who thought of "cribbage" for its name,
The pairs and double runs,
The pegs, the board, and left the game
For dads to teach their sons?

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Extensive gains are suggested. A strong will and generosity are indicated for a child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

EXKURSIONS: Tzitter os m'r ebbes wissa fon da welt hen m'r immer fiel k'hoert fon exkursions. Nagshd om rigelwaig wie m'r uf gabrocht sin werra — yusht wenich iwwer 'm mile awenick fon Rockdale, un paar mile fom Laurys woh ols 'n park wor, hut m'r 'n gonser summer wenich shunshd k'hoert os wie fon exkursions. Dale sin nuf noch Glenoka gonga, onnerra sin bei kumma noch 'm Laurys Islond. Kerricha hen aw exkursions kot noch da Weissa Heiser in Topton un Womelsford, un onnerra sin noch Gettysbarrick gonga. Ow'r unser familia wor nee net dabei won die exkursions gonga sin—hen selwar sei lava die blessier net kot fer mit exkursions gae bis m'r unser airshdie unner numma hen tzurick in 1938.

Tzitter sellie tzeit hen m'r paar dudsend exkursions garunn'd—noch Nei Yarrick, der Hudson nuf, noch da Welt Fair in Nei Yarrick, un noch Niagara Falls. M'r worra shun drei mohl noch da Falls, un hen alla mohl 'n iwwerrousie gutie tzeit kot. Sis kayose won m'r draw denk'd, wie fiel leit os es noch hut; os sei lava net uf ra train worra—uns same halt aw ous mit boats. Morya widder sin ordlich dabei fers airsht mohl uf ra train un ma boat. Fermuthlich won m'r net selwar ons exkursion runna weara, hetta m'r aw noch wenich boat rides kot—uns same halt aw ous mit da traina.

Ebbes os wenich leit draw kenka, is, os die train un boat exkursions shtarrick om weck gae sin. Passenger traina werra dawg fer dawg wenicher in darra gagend—kens fon da rigelwaiga doh rum hut fer yohrra neia kerrick kauft—un sie duhna aw net. Un wie fon da alta kerrich ous weara, wie aw die shteamer boats um Nei Yarrick rum duhna, werra sie weck gaduh, un duhna mit so fiela wenicher. Ken monichie tzeit, un die passenger kerrich uf da rigel waiga sin fert, un die train exkursions sin omma end.

Net monicha yohr tzurick worra die Nei Yarrick wosserra fol exkursion shteamers. Ow'r sellie, wie aw die rigelwaig kerrich, werra yohr fer yohr, wenicher. Der Americus, 'n boat so gross wie der John Meseck is g'schrapp'd werra, un so aw der Sandyhook woh m'r mohl ae yohr kotta hen, un aw der Robert Fulton woh m'r ols k'hoff'd hen fer mohl howwa fer 'n trip mit nemma. Shiffer weara ous, un die koshda fer sie in da arder halta wie sie sei missa fer Inspections passa, sin tzu gross, uns aintsich'd tzu duh is fer sie weck duh fer schkrap.

So mit ous aenich ra maining fer aenich ebber fershracka, brouch niemond wunnerra wos es gewwa hut won mohl ken train un boat exkursions garunn'd werra. Sis net os die leit net gleicha dada tzu gae, ow'r weil ken trains may rum sin, un aw ken boats fer exkursions runna. Un so weit os neia kerrich un boats aw gaina, sawga sie uns, die koshda weara tzu gross, niemond kent afforda sie tzu baua un 'n brofit mocha mit da hocha koshda fer sie om gae halta in da paar mohnet os exkursions gae kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

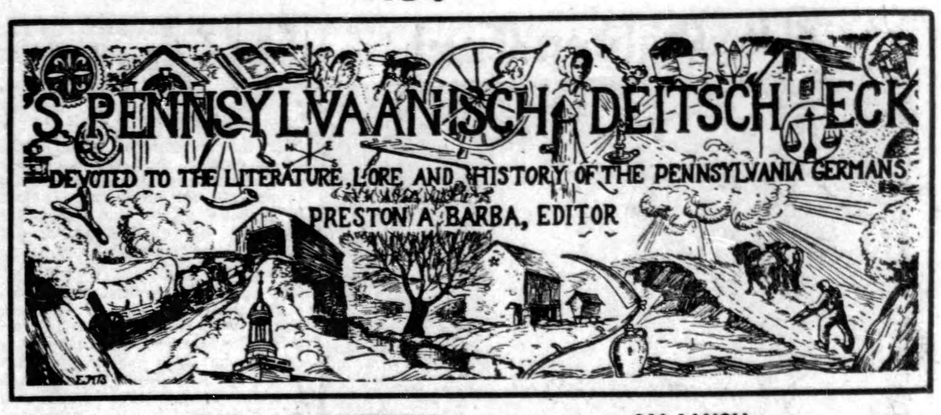
Now os der shtorm Diane feriwwer is, sotta m'r morya 'n iwwerrouser shainer dawg howwa fer noch Bridgeport gae—'s hoch wosser is fert, un Nei Yarrick huts nix aw gabrocht.

AN AMISH COMPLAINT IN 1718

In a letter addressed to William Penn, dated May 20, 1718, the same year he died, our Swiss (Amish) ancestors complain that they are to be subject to laws in which they have no share in making, and which they do not want, or avail themselves of. In it they say "We are subject to the laws of God — you to the laws of men. We do not go to the elections — we do not go to your Courts of Justice—we hold no offices, neither civil nor military — we do not refuse to pay for our lands, but we regard it as a subject for complaint that we should be subject to civil and military domination. We came to Pennsylvania to enjoy the freedom of our opinions and of our bodies, and expect no other prescriptions of the laws than such as God has commanded. Because we make no debts and need no laws to collect such, we ought not be compelled to pay for the support of other criminals in jails. We respect your rights — do you also respect our customs. We demand nothing from you beyond what the word of God justifies."

Since their American freedom of that day and the laws were not satisfactory to them, we can easily understand how odious their attitude must have been at home in Berne (Switzerland). In the face of their partial dissatisfaction here, they prospered and grew, so that in 1883 they had 3,500 baptized members — 41 churches — 47 preachers and eight bishops in Lancaster County alone.

Excerpt from H. Frank Eshleman's HISTORIC BACKGROUNDS and ANNALS of the SWISS AND GERMAN PIONEER SETTLERS OF SOUTH-EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA, etc., Lancaster, 1917.



DIE HOCHZICH

Vum RALPH S. FUNK

Ich glaab 's waar meh wie fufzeh Yaahr,
Ya, zwansich Yaahr gewiss,
Ass unser Knecht, der Bill Schmidt,
Mit der Bally gange iss.

Die Bally Schwewwelhols waar Maad
Zu Leit paar Meil eweck,
Un regler iss der Bill datt naus
In Schnee un Schdaab un Dreck.

Hettscht du zum Fenschder nei geguckt,
Wann's Umhang effent sich,
Hettscht du sie sehne kenne als
Beinanner in der Kich.

So geht's als fatt, Yaahr ei, Yaahr aus,
Es waar oft druff gewett:
Saagt yeders: "Ach, die Ball un Bill,
Die heiern sei Lewe net."

Ich weess net, was hot's aagebrocht,
Farliert die Ball Geduld;
Odder eb der Bill's ball ledich waar—
'S weess niemand wu die Schuld.

Well, ennihau, der Bill kummt mool
Un saagt er heiert en Fraa;
Neegschde Samschdaag iwwer acht Daag
Keemte die Gschpichte aa.

Dann geht er noch em Kreizweeg Schdor
Un legt elf Daahler aus
Far'n suit un Schuh un neier Hut—
Des freet ihn iwweraus.

Noh kummt der Daag sie gsetzt hen ghatt,
Des waar en Zeit, du ye!
Er dutt sei neie Kleeder aa,
Sei Balli hole geh.

Geht er iwwer die Felder zu—
Em Weeg no waar's zu weit;
Der Daag waar schee un alles hibsch—
Es waar die Friehlingzeit.

Es Harbachs Bull waar datt im Feld
Am Fresse in der Weed,
Un sehnt em Bill, sei roder Schlupp—
Was denkscht ass er druff deet?

Er hott — wie du aerwaarte meechscht—
Der Bill aa schnell gerennt;
'S waar zweiwelhaft eb unser Bill
Die Draatfens mache kennt.

Der Bill hot eemool zrick geguckt
Un gschwind sei Gang gedreht
No'm Damm am anner End vum Feld,
Un's scheint er 's mache deet.

'S hott awwer net so solle sei—
(Mir druwwelt noch 's Gewisse!)
Der Bull packt Bill vun hinne bei
Un in der Damm neigschmisse.

Gflogge iss er, wie en Foggel,
Macht en scheener Bogge;
Vier weege weisen Aarm un Bee—
Kennt nix schnner froogge.

Wie er dann drefft, was hot's geblatscht,
Riehrt mechdich 's Wasser uff;
Un iwwerdem weist Bill sei Kopp,
Wie'n Schillkrott owwedruff.

Die anner Seit schleeft er sich raus
Un hot sich mool beguckt;
Sei Armel waar'n — du liewer Grund—
Zum Axel ball gezuckt.

Sei Rock waar all varzogge schunscht,
Was hot der Bill's doch ghasst;
Es scheint er hot zwee jackets aa,
So schnock hot er'n gebasst.

Sei Hosse waar'n eigange wiescht,
Schtehn hoch vum Grund eweck;
Un was noch iwwrich waar devun,
Waar zugedeckt mit Dreck.

Die Gschichte hen ihn schpot gemacht,
Hot sich misse dummle;
Was hot er doch sei Glick varflucht —
Hab en heere grummle.

Er hot en scheeni Fuhr bschtellt ghatt,
Mool in Schteil zu faahre;
Die Buwe awwer waar'n erscht datt
Un ken Zeit varlore.

Alles unnerscht 's ewwerscht gedreht,
Die Redder gegedeel
Fascht gebunne mit Aabinnschdrick,
Un Sitz voll Weezemehl.

Der Gaul hinnerscht-vedderscht eigschpannt,
Grutze im Geeschel-schdock;
Der blanket um der top geknippt,
Un in der box en Block.

Es hot ihn schdutze mache weil
Es waar'n vardollter Tschapp
Knepp uffmache im Aabinnschdrick
Un vun de Redder ab.

Der Gaul recht in die Lanne gschpannt,
Es iwwrich losst er sei;
Was hen doch all die Leit gelacht,
Wie kummt der Bill mool bei.

Die Ball hot alles gut beguckt,
So viel waar aus der Aart;
Es nemmt Ausleegges sonderbaar,
Var sie dann mit ihm faahrt.

Beim Parre endlich aagelannt,
Er gleicht net nei zu geh;
Sei Kleeder waar'n so wiescht aus Platz—
Sie waar'n schunn lengscht zu klee.

Un net yuscht sell, wie er eischdeigt,
(Er schemmt sich schier zum Dot,
Do hot er gheert ass ebbes reisst—
Waahrhaftich 's waar en Not.

Der Bill, der meent er dreet do rum,
Er saagt er misst heem geh;
"Ich geh zum Parre nei," saagt Ball,
"Un ich geh net allee."

"Bei Tschinks, mir sin dann so weit nau,
Yetzt waerd's faddich gemacht."
Un wie er dann vum Wagge schdeigt,
Hot widder 'n Not gekracht.

Der blanket dann vum Wagge ab,
Um sich rum gewickelt;
Er hot geguckt wie'n alder Insch
Un wie sell gehickelt.

Ich kann mir's gut noch eibilde,
Wie sie ins Haus nei gehn;
Un wie mir ball varschprunge sin,
Weil sie vorm Parre schtehn

Far die Varschprechnis yeders macht—
Rein un Aarm, Knecht odder Maad;
Der Parre fangt sei Leses aa
Un zu der Balli gsaat:

"Nemmscht du der Bill do far dei Mann?"
In sei gewehnlich Aart;
"Ei, ya," saagt Ball, "des iss die Sach
Hab ich schunn lang aerwaart!"

Wie sie's Varschprechnis darrichmacht,
Waar wennich alles schdill;
Dreet der Parre sich ewennich,
Un no kummt's an der Bill.

"Nemmscht du des Meedel far dei Fraa?"
Saagt er zum aarme Dropp;
"Saag 'Ya,' du Gees," schwetzt Balli uff,
"Schunscht grickscht eens an der Kopp."

Bischur, es waar nix schunscht zu duh,
Wie 'Ya' zu saage dann;
Mit des die Ball waar gross un dick,
Der Bill so'n kleener Mann.

Well, sell waar gut, noh kummt die Zeit,
Wu gfroogt iss far der Ring;
Er waar vargelschdert — des helft net—
Un sucht dann far des Ding.

Im Suche fallt der blanket ab,
Er kann en nimmi hewe;
Un wie der Bill datt gschdanne hot,
Fargess ich net sei Lewe.

Er hot geguckt wie wann sei Kleed
Uff ihm gewachse waer;
Bis uff wu Not varrisee waar'n—
Des, zimmlich hie un haer.

Der Bill iss darrich all sei Seck,
Reecht die Fauscht zum Parre,
Un iss, wie er die Hand uffmacht,
Schier unmechdich warre.

Do hockt en scheeni kleeni Krott,
Un weil dann yeders lacht,
Gradd vanne in der Ball ihr Frack
En freier Tschump gemacht.

Die Balli iss weil rum gedanst,
Un nooch sie grickt sie raus,
Ziegt uff vor Bill sich helfe kann,
Un wischt ihm heftich aus.

Er's gflogge naus ins hinnerscht Eck,
Beed Aagge hot sie gschwartzt;
Im Falle iss die Goldfisch bowl
Iwwer sei Kopp noch gschdartzt.

Was hen mir gschafft bis die waar ab,
Mit all Gewalt gezuckt;
Sei Naas waar abgerisse schier—
Hot neegscht die Goldfisch gschluckt.

Noh schpiert der Bill en scharfer Schmarz,
Un macht Gegrisch recht hell;
Er hot gemeent sei Fraa, die Ball,
Hett gschdoche mit'n Schpell.

Dann fliegt er uff, graad wie die Ball,
Aa enns blitze losse;
Yuscht 's waar en Krebs aus Harbach's Damm,
Wu petzt ihh in die Hosse.

Ich waar im Krieg — datt geht's rasch haer—
Un datt aerwaart mer's so;
Doch in de Daagge seiter 'm Krieg
Sehn ich ken Schdreit wie do.

Was hen sie Seierei gemacht,
Waar'n zarnich iwweraus;
Schdiel varbroche un Blummeschdeck
Datt im Parreshaus.

Un wie dann alles iwwer waar,
Hot's en bull band gewwe;
Noh iss sei Gaul noch darrichgange—
Wiescht varschrocke ewwe.

'S hot yuscht nix aageh kenne recht
Uff des ihr Hochzichdaag;
So Daagge sin net abzuduh,
Browiere wie mer mag.

Dann hen sie nanner aageguckt,
Druff hie mool recht gelacht;
Noh nanner um der Hals genumme
Un 's widder gut gemacht.

Der Bill uffkors saagt nie net viel,
Noh yuscht wann ebbes wehrt;
Un wie die Uwwening iwwer waar,
Hab ich des iwwerheert.

"Eemool Hochzich darrichgemacht,
Des geht net vargesse;
Un wann ich widder narrisch bin,
Soll en Krott mich fresse!"

'S waar darricheweck en grosser Daag
Zu uns — vleicht net zum Bill;
Ken eens vun uns vargesst des gschwind,
Loss kumme was es will.

GEH NOCH HALIFAX

Es Fluche iss gaar net schee un doch fluche so viel Mensche. Net yuscht die Mannsleit, awwer aa die Weibsleit. Iss des nau net zu arrig?

Doch meent mer ebmols, es Fluche deet bissel helfe. Es blost ab der Zann, wu mer in sich hot. Un ebmols iss die Versuchung wunners grooss.

Ver alders hen die Parre oft Bauereie ge-eeggent. Noh hen sie die Bauerei gemaennetscht un der grooss Knecht hot die hatt Aerwet gschafft.

So en Parre iss naus ins Feld kumme, wie der Knecht der Aawann am Bluugge waar. Un des iss schtolperich gange. Un hot der Knecht gflucht!

Der Parre hot gsaat, "Loss mich der Blug hawwe." Wie er zerick kumme iss, hot der Knecht gsaat, "Parre, wie iss es gange?" — "Ei, ei!" saagt der Parre, "do waer's ken Wunner, wann mer aa so saagge deet."

Nau, wann mer fiehlt fer fluche, kann mer ebbes schunscht saagge. Die Englische saagge oft, "Go to —" (ich darref's net gans saagge!) En guder Weeg fer sell saagge unne gflucht iss des, "Go to Halifax!"

Es gschpassich Ding domit iss des. Es iss en Blatz ass Halifax heesst. De iss im ewwerschte End vun Dauphin Kaunti. Ich waar datt yuscht paar Sunndaag zerick.

Hot ebber zu mir gsaat, "Go to Halifax?" Nee, es waar ebber vun datt drowwe un der hot gschriwwe, "Come to Halifax." Sell iss besser.

Was hen sie welle mit mir in Halifax? Ich hab breddiche selle in der siess Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Schprooch an der Millers Kaerrich. Selli Kaerrich iss acht Meil drauss im Land vun Halifax.

Wie ich noch Fisherville kumme bin, hab ich net gewisst, wu ab zu drehe. Es hen etliche alde Menner bei nanner gschtanne. Ich hab sie gfroogt, "Schwetzt dihr Deitsch?" Noh hot eener geandwatt, "Deitsch un Englisch un zwische drin."

Sie hen mir der Weeg ausgelegt zu der Kaerrich. Die waar gans drauss, umringt bei Felder. Ich hab gebreddicht uff der Text, "Losst's eich net verleed sei."

Die Leit hen mich verschtanne. Un sie waare freindlich, wie die Kaerrich aus waar. Un ich hab en gudi Zeit ghatt. Nau wann ebber saagt zu mir, "Go to Halifax," warr ich net bees. Sell waar en guder Blatz fer zu sei.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News.

DIE WEISHEIT VUN KINNER

Geschder iss der Tscheki brutzich heem kumme vun der Schul. "Harrich emoll, Daadi," saagt er, "denkscht du, 's iss recht, en kleener Bu dresche fer ebbes ass er net geduh hot?" Uffkors, des hot aardlich hatt aus Adder gscheint un ich hab gsaat, ass in meim Tschotschment sett niemand gschtroft sei fer was er net geduh hot. Dann aus Wunnerfitz hawwich gfrogt was es waar. "Ei," saagt er, "der Schulmeeschter hot mich geaddert mei lesson uffs blackboard schreiwe, un ich hab 's net geduh, un yuscht fer sell hot er mich hesslich gedrosche."

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK

Der Bill iss gheiert zu der Ball
Net weit vun fufzeh Yaahr;
Zwelf Kinner hocken um der Disch—
Zum End iss noch ken Gfaahr.

Losst eich's dann net varleed sei gaar,
Geht alles owwe naus;
Oft was en schlechter Aafang hot,
Dreht noch am End gut aus.

15 Marz, 1934

THE MORNING CALL

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

Atlantic Roundtrip in 14 Hours

The people of the United States were too much concerned about the effects of floods and threat of more tropical storms to pay much attention early in the week to the flight by a pair of British aviators from their base in London to New York and return in only 14 hours and 21 minutes. But the people of England seem to have been excited almost as much as they were when in 1919 Sir John Alcock and Lt. Arthur Brown flew from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland, in 16 hours and 12 minutes. British interest was akin to that of much of the world when in 1927 Col. Charles Lindbergh made the first solo crossing of the Atlantic from New York to Paris.

Tuesday's feat, something never attempted before by any aviators, broke no records because of course no records had been established. No other aviators seem to have thought about the possibility of taking breakfast in England, flying the Atlantic, landing in New York in time for another breakfast (American style) and getting back home in England for supper in the evening.

Now that the feat has been shown to be feasible, it can be expected that there will be challengers for the mark set by Pilot William Hackett and his navigator Peter J. Moneypenny. But it will have to be done by men flying in a ship that can exceed an average of 481.5 mph or a little better than eight miles a minute which was what their plane, a Canberra, was able to do.

Christopher Columbus, four and a half centuries earlier, lumbered across the ocean on his first voyage in 70 days and managed to get back home in 59 days. The first steamboat to make the crossing entirely under steam power took 19 days each way.

Against Columbus' feat of 129 days, or more than four months, and the Sirius' feat of 38 days, Hackett and Moneypenny did the round trip between sunrise and sunset and with some minutes of daylight to spare at each end of the journey.

Can Man Harness Whirlwind?

With threat of another hurricane heading northwestwardly from the Atlantic Ocean south of Puerto Rico and with vivid memory of the devastation and grief caused by the two most recent storms, Connie and Diane, there will be a sincere wish that the storm now building up (known as Edith by the meteorologists) will be disposed of somehow without harm to any one.

In the face of this threat controversy has broken out between eminent scientists concerning ways to dissipate this and other hurricanes and therefore avert damage.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, of Schenectady, one-time winner of the Nobel prize in chemistry, is confident that storms like Connie and Diane can be prevented. He has urged that there be resumption of experiments in the seeding of such storms with dry ice.

Because of possible effects upon population, Dr. Langmuir would have the experiments conducted in the South Pacific, far from any habitations of men.

Dr. Langmuir said that fear had halted experiments along this line in 1947 when a hurricane was seeded out over the Atlantic. Then for some reason or other, the hurricane suddenly shifted course, struck Savannah, Ga., and caused millions of dollars of damage. Savannah bitterly objected to this government interference with a storm that previously had hit Florida and caused an estimated $2 million damages.

Other scientists have promptly contradicted Dr. Langmuir or have belittled his faith in man's power to interfere with and steer the course of hurricanes and, in milder matters, to induce rainfall over parched areas.

It is discouraging when the cooks fall out. A lot of people would like to believe that Dr. Langmuir is right; that hurricanes can be controlled and given new direction when harm seems likely to be done. But there will be little point to saving one section of the country and directing the violence of the storm against another.

Imagine all the damage suits that could and would be brought by sufferers if they were to feel that man had contributed to acts of God which cannot be sued for damages.

Our Big Stake in Morocco

Like violence which is directed against government almost anywhere in the world today, riots and threats of overthrow of French and French - supported authority in Morocco at this time are of deepest concern to the government and to the people of the United States.

Apart from our natural, national sympathy with any and all subject peoples, and apart from our friendly relations with France as an ally is the fact that the United States has a large and costly military stake in Morocco.

In the fear that Russia might break out against western Europe and our allies thereabouts, the United States has built airbases in Morocco at a cost of close to $400 million. All these are in danger either of destruction or of confiscation or denial of use to our flyers in the event that almost any changes be made in government in Morocco.

The situation would not be so acute if work on airfields in Spain were farther advanced. In fact, if bases could have been secured from Franco years ago, it might not have been felt necessary to set up bases in Morocco to defend the western world.

So it can be known that all effort possible is being exerted by our diplomats to induce settlement of the Moroccan situation and to end rioting, bloodshed and wholesale destruction of property. Until the Spanish bases are completed, the Moroccan bases could be vital to American defense plans in Europe. Even then the Moroccan bases may be sorely needed.

'Life' Means Mere Decade

Conviction during recent days of that hard-boiled top sergeant, James C. Gallagher, brought a sentence of life imprisonment for the former prisoner of war in Chinese camps.

Charged with murder and cruelty toward fellow-Americans in the Chinese prison camps, twenty-three soliders came forward to testify against the brazen defendant. Some of these also testified to Gallagher's currying favors from the Chinese by collaborating with the enemy.

As in most highly publicized trials there were plenty of apologists for the sergeant and all sorts of excuses were cooked up to explain his behavior as charged. There will likewise be a lot of maudlin sentiment about the severity of the sentence: Life. In the case of a man now 23 years of age this could mean fifty to sixty years in jail.

However let there be no tears on this score. The sentence carries with it the privilege of applying for pardon or parole in ten years, conditioned upon good behavior. Tho Gallagher was charged and found guilty of causing or contributing to the death of several soldiers and comrades-in-arms, he will in all likelihood be enjoying full freedom in a decade. By that time the enormity of the crimes with which he stood charged will have faded in memory and by most persons will have been forgotten.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

H. S. SORORITIES ENJOY NO OFFICIAL STATUS

Editor Morning Call:

In several recent editions of your newspaper, reference has been made to Allentown High School sororities. In fact, in the Morning Call on Aug. 23, 1955, the statement was made that "there are now six sororities at Allentown High School."

This creates a false impression since these so-called Allentown High School sororities are not a part of the organized high school activity program. Each activity at Allentown High School is faculty sponsored and the whole program is directed by a faculty member in charge of activities. These sororities are not sponsored by the faculty and are not connected in any way with the Allentown High School. In fact, some of the members are not even pupils at Allentown High School. The groups are no more Allentown High School sororities than would the Daughters' Division. of the Woman's Club be an Allentown High School organization.

So that this false impression, which is prevalent throughout the city, may be cleared up would you please publish a statement in that part of the paper which is most widely read and also refrain from referring to them as Allentown High School sororities in future publicity? We would appreciate it.

Thank you for your co-operation.

Very truly yours,
Clifford S. Bartholomew
Principal



Indians Shouldn't Criticize

By VICTOR RIESEL

I've been investigating Nehru's Indian government for some time now, strictly on the theory that it is not really our friend and some day soon may become a rather energetic enemy. In my bulging files is some quaint information which indicates that the Indians would be well-advised to overlook the unfortunate, bumbling Jim Crowing of their Ambassador Gaganvihari Lallubhai Mehta, by an overzealous lady restaurateur in Houston, Texas.

The Indians are hardly in a position to criticize anyone for breaches of civil liberties.

They have some of the toughest labor and press laws and anti-free speech regulations this side of the Bamboo Curtain.

About Discrimination

When it comes to discrimination you need only wander through the huge city of Calcutta or the other Indian communities. See, in the early morning hours, the "untouchables" awaken. They have lain in the streets under the cover of vermin-ridden cloth. They go to the local fountain and wash. Then they beg and scrounge for bread.

There are some 70 million of these wretched humans, although the Indian government says it is now illegal to treat or group them as "untouchables." But there is also a report in the Indian Parliamentary files which says that little can be done to wipe out the Indian upper castes' distaste for the "untouchables" and the brutal discrimination practised daily against them.

We can't justify ourselves with any of this, but just let me say in passing that it would be fascinating to watch an "untouchable" try to get into some of the big Calcutta, Delhi or Bombay hotels and restaurants.

But that's not all. My trans-Asiatic plane put down at the Calcutta airport the night of a dock workers' slowdown. The waterfronts of the world are my hobby, so I looked into this type of Indian strike. I you want to see some tough labor laws in action just follow the use of the Indian codes.

The local government at once declared a "state of emergency" because of the slowdown. N. M. Ayyar, the government's transport minister, who has the power under the Dock Workers Regulation of Employment Act to fire



longshoremen for striking or working slowly, began to crack the whip. And the Indian law gives him plenty of latitude.

The government can jail the strikers, or fine them heavily or exile them from all dock work for life by removing their names from the employment register. Furthermore, the government can refuse to pay the dockwallopers for time put in during the slowdown — even if cargo was handled — albeit at a slower pace.

Strike leaders can be arrested — and have been. There is no appeal from the government's order under that great libertarian, Jawaharlal Nehru. The government's position is that a strike wastes the national wealth —and it wants its shipping developed.

The state of emergency was declared, by the way, although there was no congestion in the port. Only one ship was forced to wait out in the harbor before it could pull up dockside.

Well, you might say a strike emergency is a strike emergency and maybe Nehru's transport minister had to move. But I say this tough policy is just one part of the whole picture of Nehru's power to crack down on everybody — including the press. Just read his press laws. Nehru can shut down any paper if it gets too critical of him.

And he can shut the mouths of 400 million Indians anytime they protest. While I was in Asia, I kept a lookout for arrests on the civil libertarian front. This government will arrest you for shouting even half slogans against its policies. Up in Ambala on Aug. 2, some poor souls, wound up in jail for a month, plus a 200 rupee fine, because 11 of them marched through the streets shouting some words.

They were imprisoned under Section 144 CrPC (Criminal Procedure Code) in what seems to me to be a violation of their own Constitution and local Fifth Amendment. Seems these 11 Akalis wanted their local state reorganized. The slogan for this was "Punjabi Suba Zindabad".

These 11 "demonstrators" knew the law prohibited the shouting of slogans on the street — so some of them yelled half, "Punjabi Suba" and the others finished the call by adding "Zindabad." But they were jailed anyway for shouting even the half slogans.

Others Arrested

Also arrested was a "Satyagraha" (passive resistance) group in New Delhi the same day. Some Indians, including a member of the Parliament, led two cows and a calf through the streets demanding a ban on the slaughtering of cows. Five men were arrested for shouting such slogans. This, and worse, goes on all the time.

Seems to me the pious Nehru ought clean out his own home first. We made a mistake. We apologized. Now it's Nehru's turn. He owes the decent world an apology for what's happening inside India.

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Roman 8:26-27

Before quoting these verses, let us notice a word in the paragraphs of the last few days, the word 'creature' in vs. 19, 20, and 21 of the King James text. In v. 22 we notice the word 'creation'. Reading the Greek text, we find that these four words are the same, ktisis, which will explain why we find the word 'creation' used in the four verses of all the modern translations. Such verbal corrections should be marked in our Bibles—in this case using 'creation' for 'xreature.' Vs. 26-27 read as follows: 'Likewise the Spirit also helps our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which for us with groanings which cannot be uttered (that is, be put into words). And He that searcheth the hearts (that is, God) knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints (Christians) according to the will of God.' I wish every one of my readers had access to the January number, 1954, of 'Interpretation,' one of the best religious quarterlies in the country. On pages 35-42 these verses, entitled 'The Work of the Holy Spirit in Prayer.' Further comments tomorrow.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Richard F. Crandell in his "This Is Westchester" claims that lovely suburb of the Bronx — wealthy, hilly, Republican — is the birthplace of the cocktail, the first American golf club, the first safety elevator, and the modern circus. Crandell also attributes to the late John Miles of White Plains the first super market and suburban shopping center. Refutations of these extravagant claims will be filed in order of their receipt.

In Bordighea, on the Italian Riviera, one of the most unusual exhibits of the year has been put on display. Its general title: "Spaghetti in Art and Literature."

(Copyright, 1955.)

Horoscope

A memorable year seems likely, with promotion probable. Today's child may be artistic and musical.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUNDS G'SHPICHTA: Dade m'r now denka os ae glainer hund wie 'm Paul Rabenold un seinra Miriam ihra Beauty, so fiel druvel mocha kent. Uns sis mohl net fiel fon ma hund so weit os grase aw gait, ow'r fer lieblichkate is er net tzu beata. Woh der Paul is, darta is der hund — lawft 'm uf 'm foos noh wie 'n alter shofe.

'S Pauls' darta in wos ols gakent wor ols 's Schnecka Eck nagshd on Scheidys, sin alla weil om house awshtreicha. 'M Paul sei bruder Daniel helft, un denk alsa mohl aw der bruder Henry. Sellie Rabenold breeder sin sella waig, won ainer hilf brouch sin die onnerra immer nagshd dabei fer mit helfa. Un grawd so gaits aw hit 'm Pap George, drunna nagshd woh ols der Peifleys dom wor, wos er hut is da boova, un wos sie hen is ihm.

Den gawissna owet is es noh ow'r 'm Daniel ei kumma os der Paul 'm Pap sei sake galaind het, un woh sie ferleicht howwa sot. Aenicha waig, er hut 'm Paul g'sawt er sot die sake hame nemma, un wos hut der Paul gaduh, os wie aw der Beauty mit ganumma — hut der hund so gore net haisa breicha fer uf der truck gae — er wor druf eb der Paul.

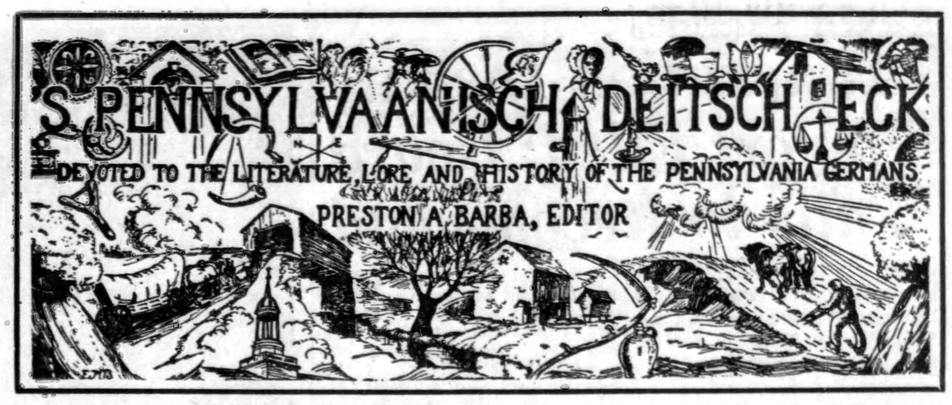
Drunna dahame hut der Paul noh weil gablauder'd mit 'm George un da Laura — sel is'm Paul sei Mam, un fermuthlich wert der Grampap Mosby Mertz aw dabei gawest sei. Aenicha waig, der hund hut sich arrick blessiert wie er immer dut won er nunner hame kumt, un is rum g'shprunga wie net recht g'shide.

Wie der Paul fartich wor blauderra is er uf der truck un ob hame, allas os er gae hut kenna, un hut aw widder awfonga painta os die paint drubba 'm bol owwich 'm kup tzomma g'floga sin. Weil danoh hut 'm Paul seim bruder Henry sei dochter, Louise gawunnert, woh der Beauty wear, un sie hen awfonga sucha. So wie m'r hoerra, hen sie die gons bauerrei ous g'such'd fon ain end bid ons onner — die Miriam wor nunner in der kaller, un 'm Daniel sei fraw die Mary is ums hous rum, shier wie won sie maina dade der hund het fliegel grick'd, un dade aryads uf 'm doch hucka.

'S wor net bis sie der gons blotz bol sunersht saversht kotta hen os die Mary draw gadenk'd hut, os der Paul der hund yoh mit nunner hame ganumma het. Un wos der Paul noh g'sawt hut dade gawiss os allas net gute gucka in shwartz un weiss, un is uf der truck gajump'd, un widder tzurick nunner hame allas os er gae hut kenna.

Wie er hame kumma is, darta hut der George in da kich k'huck'd un wor om hund shuckla, un die Laura hut nava draw g'shtonna un so fei shtanglich g'sunga. Wie der Paul fert wor, hut der hund awfonga brilla, un sel wor der aintsich'd waig fer 'n dishterra. Die sagund os er ow'r 'm Paul sei truck hoerra hut tzurick kumma, is er 'm George fom shose gajump'd, un os er net tzum fenshter nous is wor allas, un der Paul hut 'n aw ken tzwae mohl haisa breicha fer uf der truck gae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r wolla gross donk sawga tzu ol os uns korta g'shick'd hen dog in kartzm — fon da Corning Glaws Waricka, fon St. Louis, fon Phoenix, Arizona, un Hoover Dom.



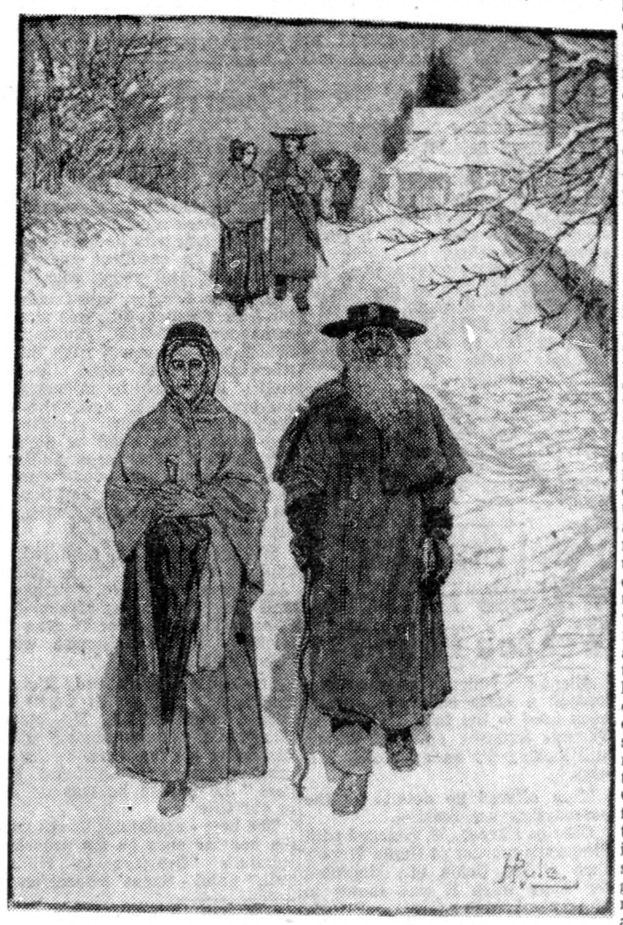
A PECULIAR PEOPLE

By HOWARD PYLE

THE city of Lancaster is bustling and progressive. But here and there, crowded in between structures of modern date, are remnants of old times, curious little houses one story high, with very steep roofs and one or two dormer-windows peeping over the edge. They are the houses of old German Lancaster. One visiting this old town is struck by the peculiarly foreign appearance of many of the folk he meets. He sees a smooth-shaven, long-haired people — the Mennonite Baptists — and here and there long-bearded members of the Dunker or German Baptist sect, both speaking Pennsylvania Dutch. It is of the latter people, and of a sect springing from them, that we have here chiefly to speak.

Some fifteen miles from Lancaster by turnpike and twenty by rail lies the little village of Ephrata. It is a very secluded, sleepy-looking little place, in spite of the railroad that runs through it, shut in by surrounding hills and by a low line of mountains dignified by the name of Ephrata Ridge. The houses of the town straggle along a broad road which crosses the railroad near the station, dips away until it sweeps around in a curve over a bridge, past an old mill in front of a broad-built red brick house, and so away into the country. The houses, generally brick-built, in many cases old-fashioned, are very comfortable and homelike.

Here one meets the Dunker per



GOING TO MEETING

se in every by-road and lane — men with long beards and flowing hair parted in the middle. At the farmhouses are pleasant matronly faces, stamped with humility and gentleness, while an air of almost saintly simplicity is given by the clear-starched cap, the handkerchief crossed on the breast, the white apron, and the plain gray or drab stuff of the dresses.

The style of living of these good people, their manners and customs, are of the most primitive type. Their aim is to imitate the early Christians in their habits of life as well as in their religious tenets. There is absolutely no distinction of caste among them.

They settled at first near Philadelphia, in a spot which has since been called Germantown, from the various German religious refugees who settled there in the early part of the last century. The sect is now chiefly confined to central and western Pennsylvania, but has spread to other States, principally those of the Northwest, though there are churches established in western Maryland, West Virginia and North Carolina. Their dress is of the simplest description, quaint and old-fashioned in the cut; they offer no resistance to injuries; they observe no conformity with the world and its manners and customs; they refuse to take oaths in courts of law; in these and many other ways resembling the Society of Friends.

Some of their religious ceremonies are exceedingly curious. They celebrate the Lord's Supper after the manner of the primitive Christians.

The feast begins about the time of candle-lighting. The men are seated upon one side of the meeting-house, the women upon the other. The first ceremony is that of the washing of feet, each sex performing this duty for its own. Those who are to engage in the ordinance presently enter the meeting, carrying tubs of luke-warm water, and each member on the front benches removes his or her shoes and stockings. A man on the men's side and a woman on the women's then wash the feet one by one, taking the right hand of each individual, as they finish the washing, and giving the kiss of peace. After the one who performs the washing follows another with a long towel girded around the waist, who wipes the feet just ciating minister then laying his hands upon the recipient, who still kneels in the water, and praying over him or her.

The ministers or teachers, who receive no stipend whatever, are elected by the votes of the members of the church, he who receives the largest number of votes being pronounced elected. These elections are summoned by the elders of the church, who preside over them and receive the votes of the people, either viva voce, in whispers, or by closed ballots. If no candidate has a majority, or if there are a greater number of blank votes cast than for any one candidate, the election is pronounced void.

Such is a brief and condensed account of these people, and of their religious customs and ordinances. They are called Dunkers, or Tunkers, from the German **tunken**, which may be interpreted to dip, or probably "to sop" is a better equivalent word. They assume for themselves the name Brethren on account of the text Matthew, xxiii.8, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." They also sometimes call themselves "God's Peculiar People."

TO BE CONTINUED

ABOUT HOWARD PYLE

At no time in their history has such nation-wide interest been manifested in the Pennsylvania Germans. Today a wealth of publications, both scholarly and popular, have made their history, lore and literature easily accessible to a larger public. It was not always so, but it must not be overlooked that the general public did have glimpses of our Pennsylvania German life in earlier times.

In October, 1869, the "Atlantic Monthly" published a notable essay, "Pennsylvania Dutch" by Phebe Earle Gibbons, an "outsider," who had for 20 years lived in Lancaster County, "where my neighbors on all sides are Pennsylvania Dutch." This essay, together with others which Mrs. Gibbons wrote after she had become better acquainted with the "plain people" was published in book form in 1872. This book with various changes and additions went through three editions, an indication of its popularity.

"Harper's New Monthly Magazine," not to be outdone by the "Atlantic Monthly," sent Howard Pyle, already on his way to fame as an illustrator, to Lancaster County to acquaint himself with the customs and habits of its "peculiar people" and to make sketches there. The article which grew out of his experiences there in 1880, together with his sketches, was published only nine years later in "Harper's New Monthly Magazine" for October, 1889.

Howard Pyle was born at Wilmington, Delaware, March 5, 1853, of old Quaker stock on both sides of the family. He died in Italy, November 9, 1911. He won fame as an artist who became a vitalizing factor in magazine and book illustration in the second half of the 19th century. He also distinguished himself as a writer. His books dealing with King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table and his Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, with their superb illustrations, continue to be looked upon as juvenile classics.

Those who wish to have a more detailed account of Howard Pyle's sojourn in Lancaster County we refer to a fascinating book, **HOWARD PYLE. A CHRONICLE**, by Charles D. Abbott, with an Introduction by N. C. Wyeth and many Illustrations from Howard Pyle's works. Harper & Brothers, New York and London, 1925. In this book the experiences of the young Quaker among the "Pennsylvania Dutch" in Lancaster County are revealed in charming letters addressed to Anne Poole, whom he married in 1881. From a letter written on November 17, 1880, we quote: "I find the natives here as hard to open as an oyster without a knife. Your mother was quite right. They do not expand with the geniality one might expect from the bucolic German. On the contrary they shut with the most persistent tenacity. I landed in Ephrata feeling — metaphorically speaking — like the Vizier's son in the Arabian Nights, when he was suddenly transported into the desert with almost nothing on, so ill at ease was I." And in another letter we read: ". . .ye Gods! What a time I have had! I came back and found my friend Pfautz waiting for me at the station according to promise — and very much good he did me. Item to be booked for future use: Never take a man to be a fool when he seems anxious to represent himself as being one. To use an expression of your mother's, 'These people are smarter than they look.' At least, that is what is beginning to dawn upon me. When you begin to enquire of a Pennsylvania Dutchman about things with which he thinks you have no business and which concern him, his face assumes a stony expressionless expression, so to speak, most exasperating and most hopeless to an impatient nature . . . He took me up to the Cloisters and pointed out the different buildings, giving quite a little lecture upon them. He took me in and introduced me to the chief sister, pleading in the most engaging fashion for permission for me to sketch. He took me around and introduced me to the minister, also pleading with him, and finally got full and limitless permission to make all the sketches I wanted. . .

"I think I can say without vanity that I made a complete 'mash' of the chief sister. I talked to her in the sweetest way I was capable of doing, and she answered me in English as broken as ancient Italian china. She was a very fat, dumpy specimen of humanity about sixty years old. She showed me all about the chapel and the cookhouse at the rear where the soup is cooked for the love feasts. She took me upstairs and downstairs, into crumbling cubbies and moulding pantries. We ascended grasping a rope in lieu of a banister. She introduced me to the other sisters of which there were three, exhibited my sketches and assumed complete ownership of yours truly. She showed me old spinning machines, reels, dilapidated chairs, clocks inhabited by earwigs and things, flat wooden legs for stretching stockings upon, wooden candlesticks and Providence only knows what else."

In a letter dated November 19, 1880, Howard Pyle writes: "I went over to see my ancient friend Pfautz. I showed him the sketch I had made and he was interested. Then I asked him to sit for his picture. Here his daughter put in her word, objecting most strongly. I think the old man rather liked the idea. He had the queerest old trousers that might have been worn by Noah anterior to his cruise — yellow with age and patched with parti-colored remnants — oh! so picturesque! His daughter thought it would be ungodly to have his picture taken. I thought she meant ungodly for me to draw it. 'I'll take the responsibility,' I said. 'You better be responsible for yourself,' said she, 'one soul ought to be enough for you.' Then I quoted Scripture and she answered with twice as much. Then I appealed to the old man. 'She will scoldt me,' said he, 'and make it onpleasant.' To make a long story short I finally prevailed, provided I would not sketch more than his head."

The article which grew out of Howard Pyle's sojourn in Lancaster County 75 years ago, with his sketches of an Ephrata which no longer exists, cannot fail to be of interest to our readers. The first installment begins in the ECK for today. The article will be continued in the next two issues.—

P.A.B.

THE MORNING CALL

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

Stay Out of Flood Areas

Again the warning has been issued: Stay out of the Poconos over this weekend holiday especially, and at all other times until road conditions have improved and adequate bridges have been built to replace upwards of forty structures that were swept away during the August 18-20 floods.

Last weekend similar warning was issued. But as if they thought all other motorists would heed the advice, thousands of motorists seemed to think they would have the highways to themselves. Accordingly they ventured into the areas of death and desolation in the valleys of the tributaries of the Lehigh and Delaware Rivers. The result was that motor cars traveled bumper-to-bumper at snail's pace thru the Poconos. They did nothing to help the situation but rather impaired the movements of the relief workers.

There will be lots of time to see the flood damage, for the scars which have been left will remain for a very long time to come. While curiosity about what happened to vast areas is natural and there is desire to be able to say that scenes so close to home have been visited and observed, it is in the motorist's self interest to keep out of the Poconos for a considerable time to come.

If curiosity cannot be contained, then the motorists and their parties can expect to be detoured again and again over poor roads and spend hours in tedious traffic. They can expect no welcome in the troubled towns and villages whose people and their new - found friends do not want to be interfered with in the continuing task of cleaning up debris and of search for the considerable number of dead whose corpses are believed to be lodged in mountains of driftwood, rocks, mud and sand.

Happy Days at Muhlenberg

Announcement from Muhlenberg College that enrollment for the coming term already exceeds seven hundred is a happy one for the officials to make. It also is welcome news for the people of the big city whose life the student body will participate in to considerable extent during the coming year.

Not since the war years, when the United States Navy sent hundreds of its young men of officer calibre to Muhlenberg for special training, and Muhlenberg adapted its program to the Navy's pressing needs, has an enrollment of this size been enjoyed by the college.

Following the war and cessation of the Navy program there were lean years. But healthy increase has come during recent years so that during the 1954-1955 term there were 745 students and the promise for this year is 770.

All this is good for while Muhlenberg's capacity is limited by its facilities in buildings, including dormitories, equipment and faculty, it has shown its ability to handle the numbers that will fill its classrooms when the new term opens.

The college is important for the city and its culture. Its prosperity and continuing value as an institution of higher learning are important not alone for the college but for the community as well.

If we did not have our fine colleges for both women and men, the community probably would move heaven and earth to get such institutions.

Our Schools Must Be Good

It is a high compliment to Allentown's educational system that year after year the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, thru its subsidiary the Lago Oil & Transport Co., sends bright young men from Aruba to Allentown High School to round out the secondary and vocational school education which they have secured in the little Dutch colony of Curacao on an island off the coast of oil-rich Venezuela.

In line with many American corporations which do business abroad, Lago seeks to train and place as many natives as possible in jobs in its foreign-owned company. It makes for better public relations and is more likely to quiet the demagogues who stir up the people in many lands with the cry "Yankee, go home."

For seven years the Aruba schools have sent their top young men in pairs to Allentown not alone to be educated here, but to be received in a sound and substantial community. Here they live in a sympathetic and understanding American family and come to know our people as well as acquire the knowledge that will be useful to them when they go home to important positions with the oil company.

It is to be noted with satisfaction that the educator in Aruba who probably was most influential in sending the first pair of young scholars to this city six years ago formerly was a teacher in Montclair, N. J., nationally famed for the excellence of its public educational system. He could have selected any one of many hundreds of cities and towns in the United States to which to send the first pair. He elected to send them to Allentown and to its vocational training program. He must have been pleased with the initial results for he has been sending pairs of boys to this city ever since.

Some ancient saws like "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" and "a satisfied customer is the best advertisement" immediately come to mind.

The annual arrival of these young Arubans serves to make the community more appreciative of the educational system from which its own young people, if they have the initiative and desire, can profit so greatly.

For Reservoir on Bear Creek

It is cheering to learn from Washington that Congressman Walter, whose constituency was so hard hit in the recent floods, is working like a beaver to get flood control projects a-building in the local valleys.

According to word from the capital city, Mr. Walter has conferred with the Budget Bureau and has urged the inclusion immediately in its 1956 plans of a million dollar appropriation for the beginning of construction of a large reservoir on Bear Creek near White Haven.

This dam long has been regarded as a key project in the program to control flood waters in the Lehigh Valley. Inasmuch as it will impound the rains and snows that fall upon nearly three hundred square miles its importance can be realized. Belief is that if it had been built during the recent years, while there was agitation for the project, the flood story of the Lehigh Valley two weeks ago would have been a far milder one.

Congressman Walter is authority for the statement that the engineering work for the project was completed more than a month ago and that construction can proceed as soon as money for it is assured.

He is asking for only a million initially. If that be granted and if construction be begun, it will be the entering wedge for further appropriations to total upwards of $19,000,000, according to current estimates.

Equality and Inequality

A cynic once said that everybody in the United States is born equal but that some are born more equal than others. The truth of the cynicism is presently being tested by twenty-five scholars at Columbia University who are engaged in a search for a definition of what "human equality" means in the United States.

The scientists, philosophers and theologians have been at the task through mailed exchange of personal views all during the past summer. They hope to agree on a definition acceptable to each within a year.

It is a formidable undertaking. To attempt to say, as so many always say, that human equality must be measured by wealth is to choose as wrong a standard as to measure men's equality by skills or scholarship. The carpenter at our house is not the equal in scholarship of the twenty-five scholars, but we doubt if the mathematicians among them could lay a floor quite as skillfully. We do not doubt who makes the more money.

Indeed, neither poverty nor wealth nor scholarship nor skill is a good measure except as they prove to be a measure of ambition and incentive. Equality and success are not to be measured by bank accounts or fame alone; they are to be measured more by how successful is a person in seeking to use as he wishes what talents he possesses. And all men are not born with the same talents.

The truest yardstick, therefore, must be opportunity for each man to become what he wants within the limits of his abilities and the scope of his desires. And to secure this opportunity there must be equal protection of the laws which forbid one man's ambitions to trespass on another's like rights.

This nation, by and large, has done a pretty good job in these regards and we dare say the scholars will come to that conclusion a year hence. Perhaps they will also conclude that the race is better off for the "inequalities" which raise higher the standards not only of living but of scholarship. — Wall Street Journal.

LABOR'S DAY



Most Prosperous Labor Day

By VICTOR RIESEL

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Because Labor Day is officially dedicated to the working man, Victor Riesel asked Secretary of Commerce Weeks for an analysis of the economic state of the nation)

By SECRETARY OF COMMERCE SINCLAIR WEEKS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Crowded stores, vacation resorts and highways indicate that the American people this Labor Day will enjoy the greatest period of overall prosperity in history. If we don't rock the economic boat, 1955 should be an even better year than the boom year 1953.

Approximately 65 million people now have jobs. Over 57 million are employed in non-farm enterprises such as manufacturing, mining, construction, transportation and trade, breaking all previous records. Average weekly earnings of factory production workers in July were at an all-time high of $75.76. This figure is $4.84 above that of a year ago.

True, there are still some people without steady employment but happily this number is growing less. In 1939, for example, 17.2 per cent of the civilian labor force was unemployed. In July of this year the percentage dropped to 3.7 per cent. That certainly is progress in creating jobs.

Our current over-all prosperity results from stimulating many parts of the economy. As examples: Tax cuts and record personal income increase people's buying power. Personal security is advanced by measures that help people cope with the hazards of unemployment, illness and old age. Tax incentives to investment and sound monetary policies encourage business expansion — and hence job expansion. Sound credit policies stimulate home building. Necessary public works have a favorable impact on business and employment.

'Bundle of Benefits'

Not just one but all of these many aids help create an atmosphere favorable to economic activity. It is this "bundle of benefits" that makes today's prosperity so vigorous, so much more widely shared, and so conducive of hope for the rest of the year.

Had it not been for administration policies that heighten business confidence, this record prosperity would not have been possible. Because we have an administration whose ideas and acts stimulate prosperity, workers have steady jobs and more assurance of continued employment and well-being.



SINCLAIR WEEKS

If businessmen were afraid of what government might do to upset the economic apple cart, they would pull in their horns—and whenever they cut back on purchasing materials or on capital investment, then unemployment crops up all the way from store to mine. But if they think the future looks bright, businessmen step up their activities. As a consequence, workers are kept on jobs and new people, including school graduates, are hired all the way along the line.

Businessmen know that the Eisenhower administration has junked controls, eliminated much federal competition, reduced the cost of government, made the biggest tax cut in history, kept down the cost of living and is advancing toward a balanced budget.

These steps give confidence to businessmen. So with optimism in their hearts they not only are engaged in great advertising and selling campaigns but they report that they plan to spend more money for new plants and equipment in the third quarter of 1955 than in all history. Those new selling campaigns and new factory buildings and tools all spell more jobs.

Building Program

The President also has a program to spur the construction of homes, schools, hospitals, ships, airports and highways.

Take the President's new great highway program as a case in point: It can benefit labor in many ways. Thousands more "on-the-site" workers will be added to those already on road construction projects. They will need great quantities of materials and equipment, making jobs for miners, lumbermen, cement and steel workers, machine builders and countless others employed in architecture, engineering, planning and administrative offices.

These workers will then have money to spend in stores and to use in purchasing autos, homes, washing machines, boats, travel tickets, etc. — further stimulating employment in all sorts of fields. Finished highways will open new industrial, service trade and real estate developments, in turn starting new cycles of employment. And national security and motor pleasure will be enhanced.

Opportunities Ahead

Great opportunities for progress are ahead if this nation keeps going in the right direction. We have successfully banished the fear of depression. We must guard against inflation, reckless speculation, unsound consumer credit policies, and other dangers to a sound economy — including quack economic medicine.

We must continue to give our private enterprise system the encouragement from government and the help from labor, business, consumer and other segments. If we do, then private enterprise can keep on raising the standard of living and spreading prosperity around.

Because our economic system is strong and healthy we have both adequate national defense and prosperity. This is an important factor in keeping the free world free and in advancing the peace for which we all hope and pray.

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 1—8

Before proceeding with the next section of this epistle, chs. 9-11, W. H. Griffith Thomas, the well-known Bible expositor, suggests that it would be a good idea that, at the end of the magnificent eighth chapter, readers of the epistle should try to get the teaching of the eight chapters as a whole, after having taken a few verses and brief sections day by day. Righteousness as God's gift is contrasted with righteousness by man's work, in answer to Job's question: 'How can a man be just before God?' (Job 9:2). Habakkuk, 2:4, answers the question, as we saw weeks ago: 'The just by faith shall live' (the word order in the Hebrew), quoted in Romans 1:17. In Romans 1:18 to 3:20 we are shown how, because of man's universal unrighteousness, he cannot work out his own righteousness by any deeds of the law. In 3:20 to 5:21 we are shown how we are accounted righteous by the reception of Christ's righteousness through faith in His atoning death on the cross. In chs. 6-8 we are shown the life of righteousness, with its secrets of power, victory, and permanence, counted righteous not by law, but by grace through faith (Justification); made erighteous (Sanctification), and kept righteous unto Glorification.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Marilyn Monroe created a mild sensation on the Fox lot once when she appeared in denim slacks. "On her," quipped Gene Sheldon, "the end justifies the jeans!"

Those Indians who relay messages by means of smoke signals from one hilltop to another, reports Sid Skolsky, must be reading their ads very conscientiously. They now use filtered smoke.

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Be watchful and you can gain by publicity and clever advertising. While today's child may be quiet and retiring, moderate good fortune is indicated.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIN GABUTTA: Leit in da shaina shtadt fon Topton sin alla weil gabutta — sie kenna der Porra Frank Slifer nimmy laisa. Tzeit wor woh sie immer gawist hen wos er druf ous wor fer duh —ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg tzitter os er bol ragler moryets farna drous uf da porch huck'd der Morning Call laisa mit ra grossa huls ox fer 'm kumpany halta.

Dale worra shun uf ra maining der Porra Frank dade die ox handich halta fer die hund yawga woh ragler moryets farna on seim hous uf un ob parada. Hund kenna sich ungleidich mocha. un won ken gute un ken baisa werta, may botta wolla fer sie yawga, kumt 'n ox handich rei. Noh uf kours huts aw widder dale woh maina 'm Porra sei fraw die Sara kaimt alsa mohl fer 'm der Morning Call nemma —un won ebbes is os der Porra Frank fertzarnt, don is is won er gagwail'd wert fer die tzeiting eb er sie fartich galaisa hut.

Un so nadierlich wert 'n lot rum gawunnert ferwos der Porra immer die huls ox bei sich het — dale hen shun gamaint 's kaimt har fon bresident sei ae owet fom shule board, un hut so 'n hesslichie tzeit kot fer die onnerra in roy halta. Ma bresident sei arwet maint nix won er ken hommer hut fer alla gabut uf der dish sloga — yusht sellie hammer hen so kartza shteel—net die guta longa shteel woh m'r immer fin'd on ra ox.

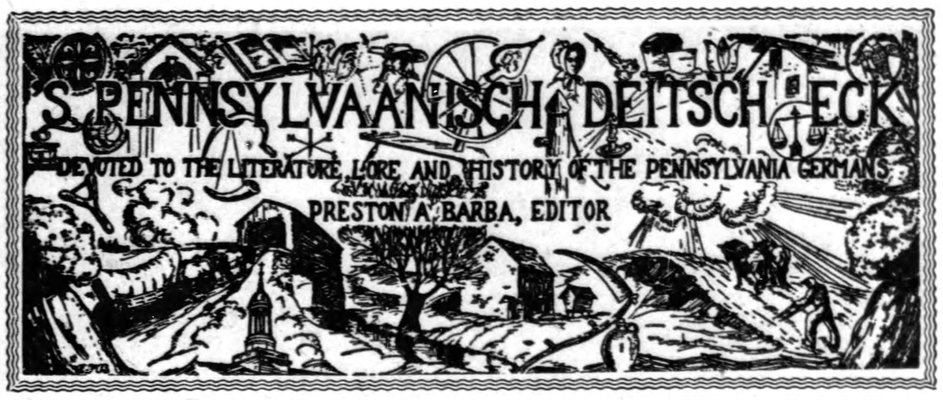
Wel aenicha waig, 's wor shun 'n aryer uf ruhr dart in Topton tzitter os der Porra Frank immer 'n ox bei sich hut — sei nagshd dier nochber Milt Schappell is numma tzu froh os es 'n ox is, un net 'n shrote flint. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, solla die socha aw net rous, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r

Morya so gore, hen m'r widder die yairlich Schnitzer party on Dorney Park mit da Snyder's Kerricha kicha band fer mit helfa mit da g'shpass.

Morya werra die ebbel g'shail'd un g'shnitzt, un da Mondawg wert der lodwarrick gakoch'd, un sel is aw die tzeit woh widder gadonst wert os der shtawb flieg'd, mit 'm Aaron Rehring un sei boova fer shpiela.

Der Aaron un die boova sin aw morya dabei, un kon eich sawga os es widder 'n gross ordichie tzeit gebt on Dorneys wie immer der fol, won die Pumpernickle Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties k'halta werra, grawd wie sie ols lodwarick gakoch'd hen 50 odder 'n 100 yohr tzurick.

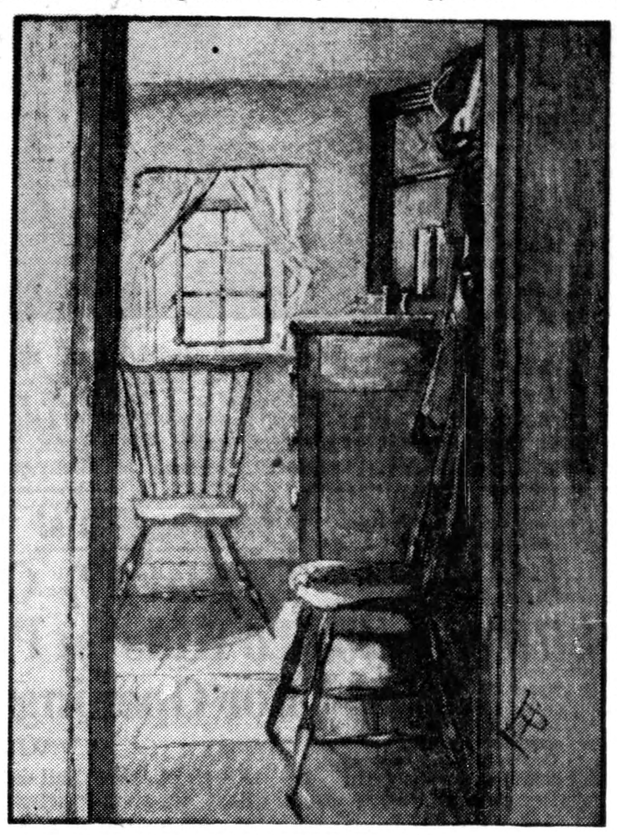


A PECULIAR PEOPLE

By HOWARD PYLE

Continued

The first visit we ever made to a Dunker meeting was on a cold day in the latter part of November. The wind piped across the snow-clad hills and over the level white valleys, nipping the nose and making the cheeks feel stiff like leather. As we neared the straggling, old-fashioned-looking town we passed an old farmer of the neighborhood and his wife trudging toward the meeting-house, the long gray beard of the former tangling in the wind or wrapping itself around neck and breast, and further on a young couple in the quaint costume of the people, picturesque figures against the white of the broad - stretching road. Around the meeting-house were collected the farm wagons and dearborns of the folk, who themselves crowded into the low brick building, the men by one door, the women by the other.



A DORMITORY IN THE SISTERS' HOUSE AT EPHRATA

The ceiling was low; the room was sunny and bright; there were two stoves, one at either end of the building, at which warmed themselves the white-capped sisters at one end, the long-bearded brethren at the other, the latter standing with their backs to the stove, holding their horny palms to the warmth and rubbing them together. Presently a minister entered, and as he moved to the long table where his two confreres sat facing the congregation, he passed by the bench of the elder brethren. One after another of those nearest to him arose, the two right hands were clasped, and the two long gray beards met in the kiss of peace.

A hymn was sung in English, with a peculiar quavering of the voice and lingering upon each word. A hymn in German followed; then a sermon in German; then a second in the same language. The second preacher threw into his tones a peculiar intonation which we learned was characteristic of these people. It was a rather high-pitched monotone, carried throughout the sentence, and dropped only at the last word. The gestures were easy and natural, and every now and then the voice dropped suddenly into a colloquialism absolutely startling, as the preacher directed some broad truth based on human nature directly at the hearts of his hearers. A sermon in English followed, and the service was concluded by another German hymn and the reading of a portion of Scripture.

It was from this people that a sect, probably one of the most interesting in this country, took its rise; a sect once numerous, now nearly extinct, once wealthy in fertile lands and busy manufactories, now poor, though still having many of the comforts of life—the German Seventh-day Baptists. They live as a semi-commune, having only a degree of community of interests in the estate of the society. They are an ideal republic, where every man is of perfectly equal standing in the society, and they are a monastic order without enforced celibacy or monastic vows.

Near the broad road along which Ephrata stretches its straggling row of houses stands a curious pile of buildings of quaint, old-fashioned architecture. The larger are weather-boarded with planks or shingles; the smaller, which have something of a foreign look — half Swiss, half German — are built of stone. The main buildings stand on a little rise of ground, the others, some larger, some smaller, of frame and stone, are scattered around in its neighborhood.

The buildings standing on the mound, which loom up before us the moment we enter the ground, are great steep-roofed houses, several stories in height, spotted by many very small windows twinkling in the sunlight. The flooring beams of good sound poplar pierce through the walls and are pinned upon the outside. The buildings are gray and haggard with age; here and there the clapboards are why they stopped short of complete reformation and return to the primitive principles of the Christian Church in respect to observing the seventh instead of the first day of the week as the Sabbath. Upon this subject he wrote a tract, which he published in the year 1728. This created such a disturbance in the society of which he was a member, a society which has ever jealously guarded itself from innovations, that he was compelled to withdraw himself from membership with it. He retired to the then wilderness along the banks of the Cocalico, and there found a hut or cave that had once been inhabited by a hermit called Elimelech, and in it established himself as a recluse. In time, however, some of his old friends, together with others who had become convinced by his tract, gathered themselves together around his retreat, until quite a number had settled in the neighborhood of his once solitary habitation. About the year 1732 this recluse life was changed for a monastic one, and the earliest buildings of the Kloster were erected. The habit of the Capuchins, or White Friars, was adopted by the new monastic society. The brothers wore shirt, trousers, and vest, with a long white gown and cowl of woolen web in winter and linen in summer. The sisters' costume was the same, with the exception of a coarse flannel petticoat substituted for the trousers. There were no vows of celibacy exacted or taken, although the idea was considerably inculcated. Monastic names were given to all who entered the Kloster: the Prior, Israel Echerlin, took the name of Onesimus; Beissel, who steadily refused to accept any position of influence, took that of Friedsam, and was given the title of Spiritual Father of the community.

The society now gathered numbers, insomuch that in 1740 there were thirty-six single brothers and thirty-five single sisters in their respective Klosters, while the community numbered nearly three hundred persons. The property and real estate grew to be of great value as the farm became productive and mills arose on the banks of the Cocalico, built by the hands of the brethren and sisters, and this wealth was the common stock of the society, and the income was devoted to the common support. None, however, was obliged to contribute to this general stock. The mills were at that time the most extensive in that part of the country, embracing paper, woolen, saw, and grist mills; but of these little or no vestige now remains. It was here that one of the first, if not the very first printing-press in Pennsylvania, was erected, and the books and tracts of the society were printed within its own walls.

TO BE CONCLUDED



THE KISS OF PEACE

WAS MER HEERT

MEI Paepp hot mir als gsaat, wann du dei Ohre uffhaltscht un dei grooss Maul zu, heerscht ebmols Ebbes, as gut iss fer dich. Graad recht! Der Paepp hot net viel Zeit rumgebrocht in Schule, awwer er hot guder Geilsverschtand ghatt. Wann ich yuscht genunk gewisst hett, fer zu duh, was er mir gsaat hot!

Nau will ich awwer schreiwe vun Sache, as mer heert uff der Schtrooss un as eem gaar nix badde. Mer deet besser fiehle, wann mer's gaar net heere deet.

Heit bin ich an de Neint un Cumberald Schtroosse gewest, un hab en yunger Kall heere schwetze mit me Mann, awwer weil des gedruckt watt, darref ich net schreiwe, was er gsaat hot. Er hot schwere Wadde geyust. Yedes Watt hot ebaut en Dann gewoogge. Es aerscht hawwich gemeent, er deet en schwer Watt yuse zu allem anner Watt. Iwwerdem hawwich awer gheert, ass er meh schwere Wadde geyust hot as wie annere. Ich kennt die Wadde aa net schpelle, wann ich sie schreiwe darreft.

Der Paepp hot als gsaat, wann ebber gflucht hot, "Wisst dihr ferwas er so flucht?" Wann mir als gsaat hen, mir deede's net wisse, hot der Paepp als geantwatt, "Seller Kall iss zu dumm fer greftich schwetze. Er weess net genunk Wadde, un fer sell flucht er so." Ich glaab nau, ass mei Paepp recht ghatt hot.

Well, der Yung hot als fattgemacht mit seim Gefluch. Wie er faddich waar, hot er gsaat, er hett sei Automobil "uffgsopt." Sie saagge mir, sell deet meene, er hett sei Auto so gfixt, ass er wunner schtarrig gingt. Die menscht Zeit hen sie ken Schparr as hebt, un noh kumme sie uff eem los, wann mer uff der Schtrooss iss.

Well, mei liewe Leit, wann ich so en Narr sehn mir entgeegge kumme mit seim "uffgsopte" Automobil, darref ich net schpautze, weil mei Hatz in meim Maul iss. Un wann ich schpautze deet, deet ich's bei Tschudes verliere. Mer waer besser ab, wann so en Kall schiesse deet noch eem. Weescht, en Kuggel iss net so grooss as wie en Automobil.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

Vum Solly Hulsbuck Seine Kaze Reime

Wann die Welt flat waer,
Hot die Polly gsaat,
Waer schunn mancher Automobil
Driwwer nunner geyaagt.

En bissel kammner Verschtand
Iss alsemol besser als hochgelannt.

Zweemol gedenkt
Iss immer es bescht,
Sunscht leegt mer's Oi
Ganz newich 's Nescht.

Dumme Wadde vun reiche Leit
Warre oft kunsiddert wunners gscheit.

Viel lewe do mit wennich Geld
Fer reich sei in re annre Welt.

Wann Geld schwetzt,
Sin viel Leit verhext.

Die Groosse Dieb sin haus uff ball,
Die kleene Dieb sin in der jail.

Der Druwwel wu
Uns oftmols baddert,
Hen mer verkammen
Selwer geaddert.

THE MORNING CALL

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

Training for War Is Rough

War is a tough, rough experience for any and all who get into the combat areas and accordingly the training for it cannot be of a gentle and refined type. Men do not fight wars in a gymnasium or upon an athletic field. Accordingly the training for those who go into combat has to be of the rough and tumble type such as the U. S. Marines have become famous for and such as commandos in every contest since the Boer War have learned.

A new element of war risk has developed since the Korean conflict and the contact with barbaric Asiatic concepts of warfare. This is the risk of prisoners being subjected either to physical torture or to the more subtle and cruel processes of brainwashing for the exacting of information or coercion into signing any statement or alleged confession which the enemy wishes to have made.

Many of our young Americans, following capture in Korea, were subjected to torture and brainwashing in order that all possible information could be squeezed out of them and that propaganda material might be given apparent confirmation.

Accordingly, there has been a lot of thought in military circles concerning the training of our young soldiers and airmen particularly to the end that, if they ever become prisoners of enemies who have no respect for the Geneva Convention's rules for the treatment of prisoners, they will not crack necessarily under the inhumane treatment.

Revelation of this new type of training by the Air Force has stirred the American people who do not want our boys to suffer torture and or degradation, even if it be for the laudable purpose of saving them in a crisis.

The Air Force denies that the course of training is as severe and even harmful as early reports by the magazine Newsweek have made it appear. It will be well to have a thoro airing of the entire matter by the Air Force. In the meantime judgment can be withheld in the knowledge that not every mother of a young man who has entered the military has been satisfied with the food, the bunk, and the long marches with heavy packs which their boys have had to endure and that many of them have paled at the thought of their frightened little boys creeping beneath barbed wire fences with machine guns spraying live bullets just a few inches over their heads.

War is a hard business. The training for it is no pantywaist matter. The boys who perforce are virtually driven into it are not made into fighting men by being coddled and treated with the gentleness of home life.

Many phases of military training and military life always have shocked the families of those in training. Particularly have the mothers been shocked and especially so if they have never severed the "silver cord."

Adenauer Confronts Reds

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and a 13-car trainload of his leading officials has arrived in Moscow from West Germany for one of the most important conferences since the ending of World War II.

For ten years the vast number of problems which can grow out of a long, bitter and extensive war have been worked out slowly for Germany as far as her relations with the western world are concerned. West Germany has come pretty close to attaining pre-war position, as far as the West could help her.

As to Russia, the story is entirely different. East Germans remain under the control of Russian guns, Russian politics and Russian greed.

Chancellor Adenauer represents the ambition of all true Germans to be reunited in one nation, under one system of government and possessed of complete freedom to work out the German people's destiny.

He has gone to Moscow upon Russian invitation. He goes not as a suppliant for Russian favors but as a strong political figure who has very positive convictions about the rights of the German people even tho they were losers in the great war.

Altho the Russians rolled out the red carpet of welcome to the aged statesman this does not seem to have softened the program which he took with him from Bonn.

Initially he has demanded a settlement of the ten-year scandal in Germany, both East and West, namely the detention all these years of former German soldiers in Russian slave labor camps. Chancellor Adenauer has demanded the return of these men. He has told the Reds that this should be the initial step in any program for restoring normal relations between the two peoples.

The Germans pretty well know who these prisoners are and where they are kept prisoner, for during the past ten years there has been a trickling back home of men whom the Russians have permitted to return when they became sick or injured and therefore unfit for labor. They have brought word concerning their healthier fellows who were left behind. In addition, a letter a year or so, has been permitted by the slavers.

German wives and mothers have never forgotten the many thousands of prisoners. And they have not permitted the Government to forget about them.

They will endorse Chancellor Adenauer in his insistence upon agreement to release these men who, contrary to all the laws of war and of peace, are held by the Russians and have been prisoners for ten or more years for no reason other than that they were members of a defeated army which fell into the hands of conquerors.

Dream of Permanent CLT Home

Again the dream of the membership of the Civic Little Theater for establishment of its activities in a permanent home of its own is being enjoyed as the huge barn on the former Pastime Farm of Dr. A. H. Balliet (later owned by the late Abe Sofrancsy) is being considered for this purpose.

It can be expected that the matter will be most carefully considered for the CLT has gone thru other dreams and has awakened out of them in disillusion.

Most recent was the purchase by Max Hess of the former Towne Theater for CLT uses exclusively.

Initially there was enthusiasm about the property and about taking it over for the institution's program. But closer study of facilities and their relation to the CLT needs prompted reluctant rejection of what would have been a magnificent gift.

Whatever the outcome of the pending discussion which centers around the former Pastime Farm, the hope of the public must be that the Civic Little Theater ultimately will become established in an adequate home of its own.

During the many years of its existence CLT has been a credit to this community in that it has been one of our important cultural assets. Its values must and will be conserved in the community interest as well as in the interest of the many persons, young and old, who will pass through its organization while profiting from, and enjoying the facilities which an institution like this alone can furnish.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Keep Dogs Under Control

Editor of The Morning Call
Dear Sir:

Rusty, the well-known dog of Allentown's 16th Ward—loved by young and old, mailmen and policemen—is dead. He was shot by the state dog agent early in the morning of Labor Day.

Rusty, a 15-year-old mixed collie, made one mistake. Instead of going to sleep on his chaise lounge on the porch of his master's home, he chose to lie down in the street to sleep.

Victor Lenhart, World War II veteran and now working for the U. S. government in Alaska, is Rusty's owner. He is coming home soon. What will be his reaction when he gets to the home of his parents at 205 E. Lexington St., and learns of the killing of his beloved companion?

Victor's brother, Julius, was unable to prevent the shooting. You are not permitted to interfere with a state officer doing his duty. And his duty was, according to the state law, to shoot all dogs loose and off their premises between sundown and sunup.

Rusty was wearing his collar with 1955 license. An agent should give a dog a chance. He could have taken Rusty to the Animal Shelter and, after securing the name of the owner through the license tag, notified him. The Lenharts would gladly have paid the fine and costs. It would have benefited all concerned—the Lenharts, the state, which would be enriched by $10; the alderman by his fees, and the dog agent with a good reputation.

This state dog agent who made such a mess of his job was only appointed last June 16. He had no previous experience in dog work.

One more question. Does the City of Allentown allow dog agents to shoot up its city streets during the night? People might be mistaken for dogs.

Mrs. Max Arbenz
Summit Lawn
Allentown, Pa.

Can't Use More Wives



Policy and the Party

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Adlai Stevenson has an article in Look magazine which is severely critical of the way foreign affairs have been conducted by the Eisenhower administration. As Stevenson is the leading candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, we may, ask ourselves not whether there is ground for criticism but whether the Democratic party can take issue legitimately and effectively with the Republican administration.

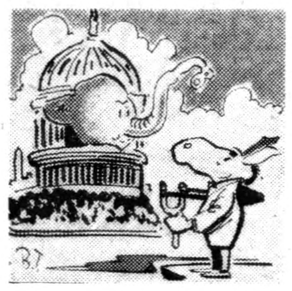
I would think that as of now at least the Democrats cannot do it. That is not because the Eisenhower-Dulles record is above criticism. Far from it. It is because by their support and by their silence the Democrats have forfeited the chance, and with it one might say the right, to take issue with the President.

Things may look very differently a year hence. But as of now the Democrats have no quarrel with what the administration has anaged to do. Thei quarrel, long aster the event, is with how by backing and filling, by zigging and zagging, by talking tough and by talking soft, the administration got where it is today. As the Democrats do not criticise the results, as they did not at the time oppose the method, they have as the opposition party no issue. They have no record of their own to oppose to the Eisenhower record. And as the saying goes in politics, you can't beat a horse with no horse.

As of now, we are, one might say, in the last act of a melodrama. The heroine has passed through a series of hair-raising escapes. Will she then marry the handsome young man who sat on his hands when she was in peril because he has much to say about how hair-raising it all was?

There is no doubt, I think, that the President has made a great, a unique, and a necessary contribution to reducing the probability of a third world war. He has done this by maintaining our military power and our alliances and, also and no less, by clarifying our fundamental policy in the Far East. This is not, I realize, the official line which holds, or at least used to hold, that having incorporated West Germany and its 12 promised divisions in NATO, the Soviet Union was being compelled to retire and to retreat.

If we pay attention not to what the administration has said but to what it has been doing, we can say that it has pulled back from positions of weakness, where we were over-extended, to positions which the United States a d its allies are strong enough and willing enough to hold.



This is how, after the alarms of war, that the truce which prevails in the Far East was brought about. The President planted himself in Formosa and in South Korea, which can be defended by the retaliatory power of the United States. At the same time he disentangled himself from the ambitions of Rhee and Chiang to push forward into the Asian mainland. It is a reasonable guess that what relaxed the tension in the Formosa Strait was that friendly mediators convinced Chou En-Lai that the United States would defend Formosa but that it did not intend to put Chiang back on the mainland.

The administration is vulnerable to criticism for having unleashed and then released Chiang. But there is no partisan issue here. The final outcome, which was to disentangle this country from its dangerous commitment to Chiang, is an achievement for which Eisenhower deserves great credit. It was not an easy thing to do. It was something the Democrats never did under Truman and in all probability could not have done under Stevenson. For it needed the down-grading to the vanishing point of what has been during the days when they were out of power the chief dogma of the Republican party in foreign policy.

In Europe the position is, it seems to me, less bright than the general prosperity and the released tension make it appear. I hope I am mistaken but it has become hard not to wonder whether the French politicians have the lucidity and the resolution to re-establish peace and liberty and order in North Africa. They overthrew the Prime Minister who had the insight and the toughness and the magnanimity that were needed for that great task of statesmanship. They have now remove the resident general who had won the confidence of the natives that France is trying to pacify. It is not clear that the French politicians can take coherent decisions on the scale which the situation demands, or that they can get their decisions carried out fully and effectively and loyally when they take them.

The situation contains a grave threat to the whole western position in Europe. For the United States as an ally of France, and her oldest friend, the dilemma is painfully acute. How far can we go and how far should we go in treating the situatio as entirely French? How long can we keep the Asian and African members of the United Nations from seizing the problem? Now much longer, I should suppose, than we have some substantial hope that the government in Paris is able and determined to govern.

We are expecting French support in keeping the thorny question of Red China's seat out of the U.N. during the coming session. We have a good case for asking the nations not to push the issue. For we have during this year clarified our own relations with Chiang. Let us hope that France will do something comparable so that we can support her on North Africa in the United Nations.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 91:14816

Just a brief interruption in the series of meditations in Romans, for, though it may not be ethical, I am tempted to be somewhat personal on this my 76th birthday! Like everyone else who reaches the 70s and 80s, one is tempted to join Job, the Paslmist, the James (4:14) in thinking of life as a weaver's shuttle, a shadow, a vapor, or as grass which grows up, only to be mowed down. But, hoping that there may be a few more years ahead in the Lord's service (more about that tomorrow in Romans 12:1-2), there is a promise which the Lord gave in Psalm 91:14-16 to a godly father for his son who acknowledged the God of his father in Ps. 91:2. Born in Allentown (a most delightful city in which to live), of godly parents, I have always appropriated the I will's of God in these three verses: 'Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor Him. With long life will I satisfy him, and (best of all), show him My salvation.'

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Eddie Condon, a musician who is rated high in hepcat circles, has a low opinion of "bop" and "progressive jazz." When a waiter dropped a loaded tray with a horrendous crash, Eddie cautioned, "Hey, boy, none of that progressive stuff in this jernt!"

Sid Richardson, Texas oilionaire, reminds us, "You ain't learnin' nothin' when you're talkin'."

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

You will prosper in the year ahead by your own steady industry and endeavors. Love and marriage are favored. A hard-working, methodical and loyal personality is probable for today's child, with a successful career indicated.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERLEICHT HEN SIE GAPETZT: Ebbes os 'n lot let in Alburtis alla weil wunnert, is, war mohl ae owet borefeesich hame is. Yar bei jupps won net ebber 'n paar shoe shtae hut lossa — 'n shae paar shwartza nummer nine'd'r. Wons winders gawest wear un het shnae kot, hetta sie der Ketzer shoppra kenna, ow'r so is er hame uns hut kén hawna danoh gagray'd bis die barkipper die shoe sehna hen shtae — tzwae so ferlorna shoe os sei lebdawg noch tzu sehna worra in Alburtis. Wons ungfare sei sot os aenicher mon, seinra fraw g'sawt hut er wear garawbt werra — sie hetta 'm die shoe ganumma, don dade sellie fraw ihra mon besser draw gamohna os ebber 'n paar shoe ferlossa hut im Alburtis firehous — der blotz woh der aigner sei shoe griega kon won er so nimmy wase woh er sei shoe ferlossa hut.

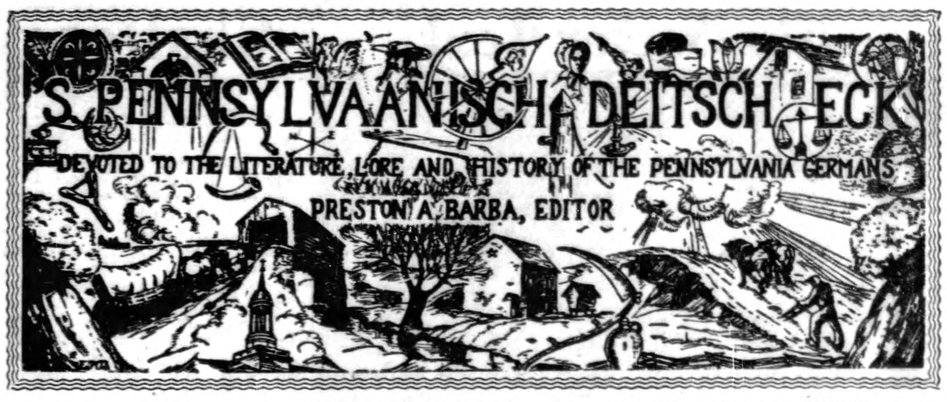
HUT 'N GRAWB UF HOND: Wons sei sot os aenich ebber garn 'n grawb het — der Harvey, "Digger Odell" Reitenauer, der Long Shwammer kerrich hofe fersaryer, hut ains uf hond — un des 'n funkle neias. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der "Digger Odell," kon alla weil noch net fershtae wie os er sich so fersehna hut. Aenicha waig, wie die leicht kumma is wors grawb om letza blotz, un der Harvey hut frish nei awfong amissa grawwa, un der chob net fartich grich'd bis da nagshda dawg.

HUTS UF 'M SHTRICH KOT: So wie die Fegelcher yusht gapifa hen wil der Arthur Reinhard doh fon da shtadt, un woh shoft on da A un B, shlochterrei nix may wissa fon fisha gae im Longa Dahl woh er un sei Margie un summer hamet hen. Der "Art" is moryets uf g'shtonna lansghd fer dawg, un noch 'm dom fisha, mit ra maining fer 'n gonser tzuverfol howwa bis die dawg helling kaimt. In blotz fon die fish ow'r inna tzuver duh, hut er 'n ket mit ganumma fer sie ei faidla.

Allas wear ol recht gawest, uns het ferleicht ken shtory gewwa won net onnerra fisher rum gawest weara on da sama tzeit. Alla mohl os sie om Art ferbei sin hut er der aint fish os er g'fonga hut kot — 'n sunna blot bout die grase fon ra halva hond, fershteck'ld in da bait box. Endlich hut ae fisher der fish erblick'd, un gawunnert tzitter won os sie lavendich bait yusa dada darta om dom fer fisha. Der Art huts gore mechdich k'hoss'd, ow'r net bohna g'sawt os sel der aintsich'd fish wor os er g'fonga hut kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r Die woch die Lehighton Fair, die nagshd woch Reading, un noh unser aignie grossie Allentown Fair — wohrhoft 's nagshd os m'r wissa bloast der winder wind uns um die ohrra rum, un der Belsnickle shtaid fer da dier.

Won aenich ebber sawga kon woh die tzeit onna gait, dada m'r gleicha tzu hoerra dafon.



A PECULIAR PEOPLE

By HOWARD PYLE

Continued

Not the least singular thing about this singular people was their music. So far as we are able to discover, it is now nearly if not quite extinct in the fast decaying branches of the society. This music was composed and written by Beissel himself. It was founded upon the melodious and plaintive chords of the Aeolian harp, of which Beissel was very fond, and one of which he had in his cell. It is written in a peculiar melancholy minor key, and was sung with a singularly soft modulation.

Such was Ephrata in the old time, prosperous, busy, beautiful, with broad land, with smiling pastures, sunny hills, and dewy dales. But now all its glory has passed. All its prosperity has departed, and nothing remains but ruin, decay and picturesqueness. The last celibate brother passed away years ago, and the celibate sisters (there are but four of them) without monastic name, without monastic dress, plain, matter-of-fact, elderly German women, subsist on a scanty allowance of fuel and flour from the estate, which has now nearly passed out of the hands of the society.

It was a queer old Dunker, gnarled and twisted, scarred and crooked as an aged fruit tree past fruit-bearing time, who acted as our cicerone in an exploring trip through the old building of the Sisters' Kloster. He had once been a man of more than ordinary intelligence among his people, but age and accident had snapped most of the bright strands of his intellect, though many still remained. He wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat, showing the white here and there at the edges where the fur was worn away, beneath which hung his long silvery hair almost to his shoulders, meeting with the voluminous gray beard that lay upon his breast. He wore an ancient and much used coat of that distinctive cut so much affected by the Society of Friends. It, as well as his trousers, which were very short, made of homespun, and of a color brown as butternut, was patched in numerous places with some darker colored stuff.

He led us by a short-cut to the building, down the road and across a field, past a well-looking flour-mill of modern build, but having an old foundation. It was a part of the mills of the palmy days of the brotherhood. Beyond this we crossed a stile, cut across a sunny field, past a great rambling building that had once been the Brothers' House, from which faces peeped at us from the many different little windows (it is now rented to several families), and so reached the Kloster proper.

The great building fronts toward the northeast, is white-washed, and forms an ell with the chapel adjoining. This is the Sisters' House, and very comfortable it looked from this side, the queer little windows winking down at us in the sun. It was along this wall that the wounded soldiers sat, waited on by the white-cowled sisters, after the bloody fight at Brandywine. Nearly three hundred American soldiers were brought here to be nursed by the sisterhood.

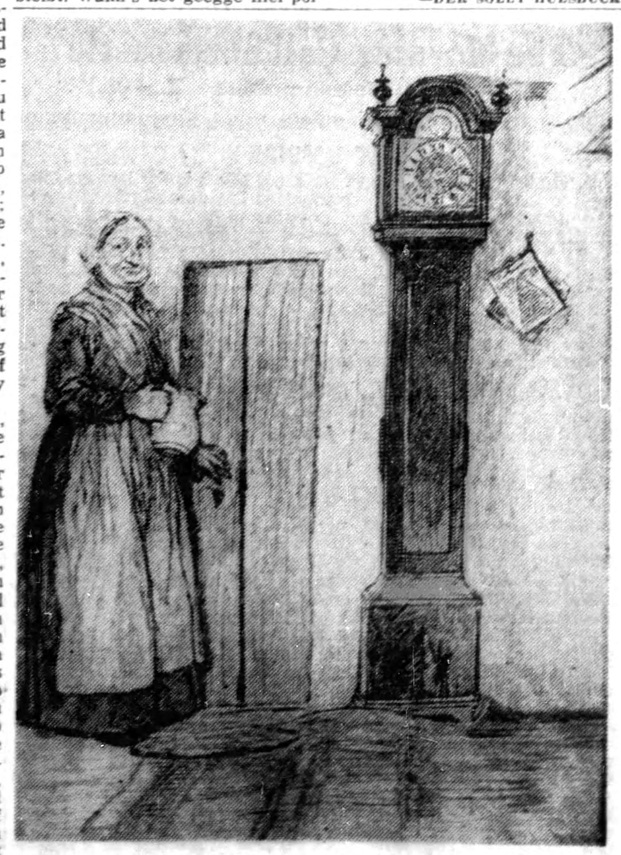
The old Dunker did not knock at the door, but walked directly in, leading the way down a long passage to a low-ceiled, white-washed room where a wood fire crackled in a large stove, making the kettle hum pleasantly to itself. An old-fashioned brass - handled bureau stood on one side, some quaint high-backed chairs stood around, a very thin and very tall old German clock stood against the wall, its top almost touching the ceiling, which, albeit, was only seven feet high; but what most struck us was the exceeding smallness of the doors. They were, we afterward found, but five feet high and twenty inches broad. Our old cicerone saw our curiosity at this and explained it to us. It was to represent the narrow way that leads to everlasting life, and always they must be of one size, five feet high and twenty inches broad.

We passed through a dormitory, through a dark passage into the chapel. It was a low room, constructed of heavy beams of poplar timber, hewn by hand, and built by the members of the society in the old days. The beams were dark with age, but the walls were whitewashed to a spotless purity, and the light that struggled in through the little windows showed that the floor was actually worn with scrubbing, so painfully clean that it seemed almost desecration to walk upon it; the nail heads fairly glistened here and there, so brightly were they polished with numberless applications of soap and sand. Around the walls were a number of curious antique-looking cards about three feet square, bearing mottoes and texts, all printed by hand, with a beauty of design and delicacy of execution that might rank them with the lost art of vellum manuscript printing. Some of the designs were very unique, and all of them were aged, even mediaeval looking. One of them represented the narrow way leading to eternal life. In the distance were numerous faces and figures gathered around a lamb. The winding path that led to this group was marked with appropriate texts from Scripture in German, many relating to the blessedness of celibacy; for instance: "They that are of the flesh do mind the things of the flesh," etc.; "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord," etc., and others as appropriate.

Nothing could be more interesting than our ramble through this great barn-like old building under the guidance of one of the good sisters. Now we mounted a steep flight of stairs, clinging to a rope by way of balustrade: now plunged down a long mysterious passage-way leading into utter darkness and mystery, the very place for a good ripe ghost of some long-passed-away cowled and hooded sister; now through vacant hallways down which the wind sighed through cracks and crannies as it lifted the loose shingles and weatherboards outside, making them crack and flap as it shook them about. Here and there we came to queer little rooms piled high with furniture, rickety and antique; here we discovered some curious wooden household utensils, dishes, platters, spoons, and candlesticks, of turned poplar wood, used in the earlier love-feasts and household life of the community In another room we found a great hour-glass standing in the window, a timepiece that had probably drained slowly with the waning life of some former head sister or Prioress, and here was a hewn bench and billet of poplar wood, for in the earlier days the brothers and sisters stretched their weary limbs at night upon such benches and reposed their weary heads upon such billets; not from motives of piety, but of economy. All was vacant, barren of the life that once had stirred inside of it, but here and there, as a little oasis in this desert of mouldering loneliness, some old sister had gathered together a lot of the best preserved furniture, and had fitted up a room where the old dame herself was sleepily awaiting the coming of the great night that should give her rest forever.



"It Was Along This Wall That the Wounded Soldiers Sat"



"It Was to Represent the Narrow Way"

SAUFE ABGEWEHNE

Es iss en schreckliches Ding, wann en Mann en Siffer iss. Es hot Leit ass schtarrick Schtoft nunnerschidde so lang ass sie schlucke kenne. Un mer weess vannenaus, was es gebt mit so Kalls.

Sie hen moll me Mann gsaat, er sett's Saufe schtoppe. "Ya," hot er gsaat, "Es ess all recht fer so saagge, awwer was kann mer duh mit me groosse Dascht?"

Alleweil schwetze sie vun Alcoholics Anonymous, was ewwer ass sell iss. Sie saagge, die hedde sich's Saufe abgewehnt ur deede de annere Siffer helfe's Drinke schtoppe. Sell iss en gudi Andwatt

Es waar en Kall ass allegebott der Schlag in die Bee grickt hot vum schwere Drinke. Moll ee Daag hot er en schtarriyi Resolution gemacht. Er hot die Feischt zugedrickt un die Zaeh uffnanner gebisse, un hot gsaat, "Marriye schtopp ich net am Wattshaus." Er iss draa verbei fer ebaut en Vaddel Meil, noh iss es ihm eikumme, er misst zerick geh un's uffsetze fer sich selwer, weil er so schtarrick waar. Noh iss er beim Levi widder gsoffe warre.

En Mann ass zu viel Dramm gedrunke hot, hot gschwore, er deet in seimm Lewe ken Dramm meh drinke Der aarem Dropp iss in paar Woche so daschtich warre fer Dramm ass sei Maul so drucke waar wie flannel. Wann er gschpautzt hot, iss nix ass en blooi Flamm aus seim Maul kumme. Er hot awwer ausgemacht, er deet sei Eed net verbreche, un wett ken Dramm drinke. Er hot noh en Suppeschissel halwer voll Dramm gemacht un hot ihn gesse mit me Leffe.

Die Fraa hot ihrem Mann gsaat, wie er heemkumme iss, "Du bischt widder gsoffe." — "Nee, ich bin net," hot er gsaat. Noh iss es ihm farrichterlich iwwel warre, un er hot uffgschmisse. Noh hot die Fraa gsaat, "Nau iss es haus."— "Ya," hot er gsaat, "Datt leit's."

Der Henrich waar bissel bedrunke un iss in der Brunne gfalle vanne am Haus. Er hot aaghowe an der Kett wu der Kiwwel nuffziegt un hot madderlosich fer Hilf gerufe.

Die Betz hot ihn gheert, hot die Dreh gedreht, un hot der Henrich schier rausgezogge. "Witt dei Lewe nimmi saufe?" froogt die Betz ihn. "Ich versprech nix," saagt der Henrich. Noh hot sie ihn widder nunnerfalle losse.

So hot sie ihm's dreimol gemacht. Es viert Mol hot er verschproche fer uff der Wasserwagge geh. Sell waar en aardlicher guder Weeg fer em Henrich's Saufe abgewehne.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

itics un Krischtendum waer, deed ich sell re lausiche Gluck ihre Hals abdrehe graad nau. Der Parre waar yuscht do uff Bsuch. Er iss en feiner Mann un hot so himmlische Weegge. Wann er net yuscht nau kumme waer, hett ich sellre Gluck ihre miseraabels alder Kopp abghackt.

MITTWOCH — Seem wie annre Daagge. Hab der Tschecki iwwers Gnie un die Feierschaufel iwwer sei end-gate, ass es gschmokt hot, Hab selli Gluck gfange un uffs Nescht gschbart. Wie ich widder geguckt hab, waar sie uff de Oier — mit de Fiess!

DUNNERSCHDAAG — Alle Oi verbroche! Kann mich schier nimmi kontrolle! Wann ich net so en guder Krischt waer, deet ich mich gottlos versindiche iwwer selli nidderdrechtich alt Gluck. Hab sie vum Nescht gschmisse, ass es gedunnert hot, un der Tschecki nochemol gaar farrichterlich gedrosche.

FREIDAAG — Die Gluck hot sich selwer gsetzt. Hockt uff me alde Diereknobb un browiert en Haus rausbriche.

SAMSCHDAAG — Gewesche, elf Kinner. Gebutzt, gebiggelt, gebacke, gemelkt. Alle Moll ass ich an selli confounded Gluck denk, macht's mich schaume am Maul.

SUNNDAAG — Waar in der Kaerrich un der Gluck alles vergewwe. Bin heem kumme un iwwer die miseraabels Gedanke gelese in meim Daagbuch. Muss mich meiner Seel schemme! Ich geb's uff. Do maag en Diarrhie hawwe waer will. Ken's fer mich.

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK

DER POLLY IHRE DAAGBUCH

Die Polly hot aafange en Daagbuch halde letscht Mundaag. Mit dem ass sie meh vergesslich watt, hot sie diseit alles nunner schreiwe. Des iss so weit ass sie kumme iss mit:

MUNDAAG — Gewesche, gekocht, gebacke, gemelkt, gebiggelt. Elf Kinner gschtraehlt un noch der Schul gschickt. Un en Hinkel gsetzt.

DIENSCHDAAG — Gekocht, gewesche, un sunscht weider wie geschder. Gluck vum Nescht un will net hocke. Sei sin contrary, Esel sin schdreidich, Kinner sin alsemol schtarrkeppich, un so iss mei Mann. Awwer nix in der Welt iss iwwler, ass en confounded briehich Hinkel, ass net uff em Nescht bleibt. Wann's net geegge mei pol-

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Editorials

Last Chance Day for Voters

Today is the final opportunity for adults who otherwise have qualified as citizens to get their names on the permanent registration rolls of the county and thus be permitted to vote at the municipal elections in November.

It is a fact in our highly fluid society that vast numbers of people change residenceship. Many move from one state to another. Others move from one community to another in the same state. Others may move only around the corner and yet such moving may have put them into a different election district. By moving they became disqualified from voting in their former election district. Only by re-registering will they be permitted to vote in their newly chosen election district.

Thousands of persons either have to change their registration or lose their votes every year through change in residenceship. During the current year there has been earnest effort on the part of our county commissioners to return all persons possible to the permanent registration lists.

The last phase of an intensive program began on Thursday when the first of three 12-hour days for registration was observed in the Court House annex. The last will be today.

From 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. today any person who has not yet qualified for voting on November 8 can do so at 519 Hamilton St. Only those whose names are in the big books will be permitted to vote in November.

New Truck Law Has Teeth

Arrest in Quakertown and imposition of a fine of $2,150 upon a trucker whose vehicle was overloaded by almost 22,000 lbs. calls attention to the new legislation which the Legislature enacted this year and which became operative on June 30.

The case shows either carelessness or the greediness and the unconscionable behavior of some business concerns which use the highways and trucks for transportation. These persons would crush every foot of million-dollar-per-mile highway in Pennsylvania simply to move a few extra tons of freight on a truck's trip.

They are the type of truckers who have had to be watched constantly by the law enforcement agents and who will have to be watched in the future even though Pennsylvania, after many years of agitation has liberalized legislation for their benefit.

Under the new law the weight limit is 60,000 lbs. That is a big increase over previous figures and satisfied the large and important transportation companies. But it will not satisfy greedy truckers. They will continue overloading practices if they think they can get away with it. But under the new law it is going to be exceedingly difficult and costly to be caught, as the Philadelphia trucker learned in a magistrate's court in Quakertown on Thursday when he paid approximately $200 per ton of overweight.

Bingo Barred From Fair

Hamlet's "to be or not to be" ponderings have a more earthy parallel in the annual pre-Fair-Week speculations in this community about the "Bingo" or "No Bingo" problem of our annual exhibition.

District Attorney Morgan and Mayor Diefenderfer have not permitted the question to be bandied about and remain unanswered up to the opening of the Fair's gates. Both have come out clearly and unequivocally against giving the popular pastime any chance to operate.

Now it will be up to the law enforcement officers to put the decision into effect. Certainly our public officials are on sound ground in reaching the announced decision. The game is a gambling enterprise, pure and simple. Gambling, under Pennsylvania law is illegal. Even if the game be comparatively harmless and even tho it brings pleasure to many it cannot pass the test of legality.

Even tho public officials might wish to yield to much public sentiment favoring the game they are confronted by the results of a legal test. The answer is that the game is illegal.

Mass Evacuation Wrong

In much of the publicity concerning the defense of communities against atomic bomb attack there is recognition of the fact that there would be mass evacuation of the populations of cities that had been or might be attacked.

It might be noted that people in the inland areas of the country almost inevitably shudder at the thought of millions of people crowding out of a city like New York or Philadelphia and coming to camp in their back yards, on their farms or in their dwellings.

This entire idea of mass evacuation of the great cities is all wrong, according to an article by Paul Jones in the Freeman, as condensed by Reader's Digest in its current issue. Civil defense is being built on "the disastrous foundation of a sedulously cultivated terror," Mr. Jones charges and this is a dangerous development.

He believes that if millions of panic-stricken refugees clog the roads out of New York, Philadelphia and other great centers they will by their very mass bring about the complete collapse of industrial defense. He points out that our chief air-raid defenses, consisting of ground-to-air missile sites in rings around important cities, could not be supplied, repaired or reinforced if the roads were blocked.

No military staff officer would undertake to move two million disciplined soldiers any considerable distance in less than three days. Yet civil defense officials promote the makings of panic by talking glibly of evacuating Philadelphia's two million inhabitants on one- to six-hours' warning.

The enemy's objective — to put a city out of action — would be furthered, not hindered, by a heterogeneous crowd including children, the sick and the aged, attempting to move in haphazard vehicles. Those who stayed put in their shelters would be far better able to take protective measures after exposure to radioactive dust than would those caught in a jam of panicky refugees on the open road.

"Civil defense does not mean saving as many lives as possible, at any cost," Jones emphasizes. "It means training a beleaguered population to take maximum cover, while standing by its machines and workshops, its communications and transportation networks, and its vital system of supply. Yet officials apparently lack the courage to explain this to the people, or perhaps they do not themselves understand it."

It is time for the development of a civilian defense program that will use existing cover against attack and will discourage the idea of flight. Stampede can be more costly in human life than bombs and fallout.

City Folks Drift to Country

The old song "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" may soon have to change its title to "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em in the City?" for, according to the September issue of Farm Journal magazine, while "once Americans yearned for the city, today it's for the farm." The farm publication states there is a growing trend among city folks, wage earners and executives alike, toward quiet rural living while continuing their jobs in the city.

What a Farm Journal editor found along Route 700 in Ohio, some thirty miles from Cleveland, could be duplicated along similar rural routes within reasonable distances of metropolitan areas. It started when a farmer sold a hilltop site to a banker friend. When the banker's friends saw his place, they wanted sites, too. Today there are 20 homes in the first mile, 20 to the second mile and 12 to the third. There are two real estate agents on the road, a small heat-treating plant and a TV-repair shop. Route 700 is changing gradually from a rural road to a residential street. In fact, local farmers now call it "the Street."

"For the most part, it's a happy change," says the farm magazine. "The new neighbors fit in. They keep their places up. Their kids are well-behaved. In the main, it works out fine."

But the old neighborliness is gone. Trading work, an old farm custom, is impossible when a farmer's neighbors are not working like himself. City "farmers" swell the school population, are quick to vote yes to every bond issue, then often move out leaving the rest to carry the load. Taxes mount for those remaining. They've doubled in ten years along Route 700, are higher than taxes in Shaker Heights, a swank Cleveland suburb.

So many wells are drilled that the water table drops and wells dry up. Around Flint, Michigan, septic tanks backed up. Where sewage and water mains are voted, many farmers are forced to give up and move. Additional problems are created when city people moving to the country ask for fire protection and police protection, which were not needed in open farming communities.

Conversely, as town people move out to the country to live, farmers go to town to work part time. In all of Geauga County, one of Ohio's top income counties, not more than 40 per cent of the farmers devoted full time to farm work.

That America is moving out of town, and moving fast, points out FARM JOURNAL, is seen in the census figures. In the last census only 10 per cent of the population was farm while 17 per cent was "rural non-farm."

Plans For '56



Ford Frowns on Fund's Use

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The Ford Motor Company is displeased with the use being made of the $15 million donation bestowed by it on the so-called The Fund for the Republic, which now is engaged on an active propaganda seeking to discredit the security system of the United States government. This is the project which National Commander Seaborn P. Collins of the American Legion recently denounced.

Likewise, not only does the Ford Foundation, which obtained the funds from the motor car company and which gave them to the independent corporation known as The Fund for the Republic, assume no responsibility for what has been done thus far with the money but the trustees of the foundation are very much disturbed by the kind of campaign that has been undertaken.

The foregoing factual statements have been obtained from sources most familiar with what has happened. It seems likely that a congressional investigating committee will at the next session seek to put on public record all the strange aspects of this $15 million project.

It is learned that Paul Hoffman, now chairman of Studebaker-Packard Corp. and who at one time was the head of the Ford Foundation, incurred the displeasure of some of the trustees of the foundation, and his resignation was consequently submitted. But at about the same time a broad declaration was approved by the Ford Foundation concerning a project to be instituted by The Fund for the Republic and Hoffman became its chairman. The statement issued at the time said the object was "to support activities directed toward the elimination of restrictions on freedom of thought, inquiry, and expression in the United States, and the development of policies and procedures best adapted to protect these rights in the face of persistent international tension."

Fund's Directors

The words of the charter were broad enough to permit a fair and dispassionate study, giving all sides of these controversial questions. But The Fund for the Republic consists of a board of directors predominantly from the liberals. It is headed up by Robert M. Hutchins, as president, whose relationship with the Ford Foundation was severed after friction developed as to his viewpoints. Also, since The Fund for the Republic has announced its projects, it is apparent that most of these are concerned with an attempt to discredit and ridicule, if not abolish, the present security system. The net result, if the effort is successful, could only be to bring about a relaxation of the vigilance which the United States has been exercising toward Communist infiltration during the "cold war."

Thus, a large grant of money has been given for a television program to be conducted by a cartoonist who regularly ridicules the security program and is noted for his liberal cartoons. He has a right to be presented on television or anywhere else, but this foundation which boasts that it "takes no position on these matters" has not sponsored any



projects which would give the American people the other side.

Just now, much of the money is being used to distribute books, pamphlets and speeches by those who are opposed to the present security program. No attempt has been made to permit the rebuttal of those writings, many of which are false and contain misleading statements and half-truths. Thus one of the directors of The Fund for the Republic, in a recent series of lectures in which he exaggerates the defects of the present security system, makes this sweeping charge:

"As far as espionage is concerned, it is obvious that none of the programs or regulations would have prevented the treachery of Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, or real Communists of that ilk. All the multitudinous restraints we have discussed must therefore be justified, if at all, on the theory that they are necessary to prevent the spread of ideas thought to be inimical to the national safety."

It is the main thesis of the projects sponsored by The Fund for the Republic that "ideas" and "freedom of thought" are being suppressed. This is an old cry. Dwight Eisenhower, in a speech on Oct. 3, 1952, called that contention a "sophisticated lie" as he outlined the specious claims of those who consider communism just a political faith instead of a criminal conspiracy. He said that this lie "partly poisoned two whole decades of our national life" and that it meant "contamination in some degree of virtually every department, every agency, every bureau, every section of our government." He added:

"It meant a government by men whose very brains were confused by this opiate of deceit. These men were advisers in a foreign policy that — on one side of the world — weakly bowed before the triumph in China of Communists hailed as 'agrarian reformers.' On the other side of the world, this policy condoned the surrender of whole nations to an implacable enemy whose appetite for conquest sharpened with every victory. This penetration meant a domestic policy whose tone was set by men who sneered and scoffed at warnings of the enemy infiltrating our most secret counsels. It meant —in its most ugly triumph— treason itself."

This is the Eisenhower concept on which was based a successful appeal to the American people. Yet The Fund for the Republic is out to prove that it was all a myth or the result of a "social pressure . . . That has tended to suppress conscientious non-conformity."

This very week the Communist party, outlawed by Congress because it is an agent of a foreign government's conspiracy, filed a brief in the Supreme Court of the United States echoing all the arguments of the American liberals and called for the court to declare invalid the laws passed by Congress which require the Communist party to register and disclose what it is doing.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

1 Corinthians 12:12-15

In Romans 12, Paul spoke of the diversity of spiritual gifts bestowed upon the members of the Church, the body of Christ, each one to exercise his gifts in the spirit of humility. In 1 Cor. 12 Paul cautions us against the vice of jealousy, for not all members of the Church are equally endowed with what might be considered the more outstanding and important talents, even as the members of the human body have various functions, some apparently more important than others, although all are equally necessary. I would like to quote Paul's interesting treatment of this subject, beginning at v. 12: 'For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink of one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?' (Continued tomorrow).

Horoscope

Your outlook is good and even, steady fortunes are likely to attend you. A new and happy friendship or romance is probable. A very well balanced, even tempered and cultured personality is prophesied for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N WESHBA DONS: Sawg, hen ihr sei lebdawg shun k'hoert fon ma Weshba Dons? Wel won ihr hen, mier hen net — 's wor ebbes gons neias tzu uns. Sis uf kours nadierlich fer alla gabut hoerra fon neia dons, grawd wie aw der Bobby Sobers fon da Harmony Grange etlicha yohr tzurick 'n Lodwarick dons rous gakunsider'd hut, un woh die yunga leit fon da Harmony grange widder so shae gewwa hen on da yairlicha Pumpernickle's Lodwarick Party on Dorney Park, Labor Dawg.

Ow'r der Weshba Dons woh blauderra dafon, is ebbes gons onners — is ferleicht wie aw ols die Insha Dons kotta hen fon unnershittlicha erta, long eb die weissa leit uf da sama hivel un dailer worra woh der Floyd Neff un sei Rachel fon da Tilghman shtross doh in da shtadt ihra gorda hen, drowwa bei da Rachel ihr'm bruder, Paul Klotz nagshd on da Ebbel Jack Tank.

Tzitter os der Paul die bauerrei hut, hens Floyds 'n gorda dart, un woh sie fiel fon ihr'm laves middle raisa. Dabei hen sie aw des yohr aw 'n gross neshd fol weshba garais's — ferleicht ferol os m'r wissa, worra 's aw gail weshba. Wel aenicha waig, der Floyd un die weshba sin net tzu gute mit nonner fert kumma, un der Floyd hut mohl ae dawg ous gamocht doh mist ebbes gaduh sei — un des shnell, un hut ebbes fon ra shpritz grick'd fer die weshba shlofa laiga.

Die barichda sin, der Floyd het shier net worta kenna bis sie er un sei Rachel drowwa ons Paul's gawest weara fer sei socha ous brovierra woh er fer parbas grick'd hut fer shnell ruh mocha mit da weshba. Kartz eb dunkle hut er sie g'shpritzt, un sie sin linx un rechts g'falla, un er wor shure os die weshba ken bodder may mocha dada. Un noh wohrhoft, 's nagshd os wor, wie der Floyd owets im dunkla rum gadobt is — sel wor woh der Weshba Dons in der gong kumma is.

Die weshba woh der Floyd gamaint hut weara dote, worra yusht shlofa gonga, un sin widder wocker werra. Wie er rum gadobt is woh sie galaiga hen, sin sie 'm inside da hussa bae, nuf gagrodd'ld, un glei is die g'shpass ob gonga. Sie hen awfonga 'm linx un rechts nei sola, un des da aryer os sie g'shtocha hen, des da aryer is der Floyd gajump'd. Die barichda sin, er wear sarwer iwwer 's shmoke hous gajump'd, un so aw iwwer sel glae gabei die lut drunna, mit ma halb mond in da dier.

Des da aryer is er gajump'd is, der da aryer hen die weshba g'shtucha, uns Pauls' un die Rachel sin nous fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Sie worra yusht in tzeit fer 'n sehna die hussa ob tziega hinnich 'm hous drunna, un hut g'shloga un gawish'd mit tzwae hand fer die weshba lose werra.

Un sel now wor 'n Weshba Dons, un woh niemond sich ei bilda kon wie flink uf da fees os der Floyd sei kon, won die notes erfotter'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Ferol os m'r 'n grossie drup kotta hetta, worra net ganunk nahma hin fers miglich mocha fer da Airsht Ocktober noch Niagara Falls gae — die trip is ob garufa, m'r gaina net.

THREE ANECDOTES ABOUT CHRISTOPHER SOWER

By GERHARD FRIEDRICH

The life of any truly remarkable man tends to give rise to curious, often semi-fictional reports of incidents which illustrate in a striking manner certain notable traits of his character and personality. Among the numerous stories inspired by the life and conduct of Christopher Sower, Jr., Pennsylvania German printer, are the following anecdotes. They are based on information in Martin Grove Brumbaugh's **A History of the German Baptist Brethren in Europe and America** (Mount Morris, Ill., 1899) and in Abraham H. Cassel's manuscript booklet entitled "Historical Sketches, Anecdotes, etc." (Harleysville, Pa., 1856).

That the imagination has used freely whatever factual elements may have prompted the brief narratives seems likely, if not certain. It would be a difficult and tedious undertaking to determine with accuracy the extent of historic truthfulness in the anecdotes here presented. However, the open-minded reader, who is capable of seeing and enjoying the very real, human touch in these miniature prose dramas, will not ask for carefully documented, historical evidence.

The Lord Almighty and the Weather Book

In the days before the Great Revolution there was a farmer, Welker by name, who was as good-natured and hard-working a man as could be found anywhere in the Dutch country. He had faith in God, faith in the Holy Bible, and faith in Sower's High German American almanac, and his belief in this strange trinity had not been without temporal advantages to him, if the excellent condition of his farm — a few miles above Sumnytown — could be taken as evidence.

There was a time for the fall plowing and a time for sowing the grain, a time for the mid-summer haying and a time for the harvest, and all were carefully predetermined with the help of Brother Sower's indispensable almanac. Like many of his fellow countrymen from New York to Georgia, Welker had relied implicitly upon the useful book year after year, and had derived from it countless benefits which the townspeople were in no position to appreciate.

One autumn morning, after an exceptionally clear night, Welker consulted his almanac and found that it promised fair weather for several days ahead. He had long wanted to visit the city, in order to sell some of his produce there, and to buy a few special supplies for the coming winter season. So he loaded his wagon and started for Philadelphia, hopeful of a bright and prosperous day.

The sky had seldom made a gayer reflection in Perkiomen Creek. Its delicate and ever-changing pattern slowly turned into a deep and radiant blue. Since the horses knew the road well enough without him, Welker felt free to sit back and enjoy a nap. Soon he was fast asleep. He dreamed of his wife, of his farm, and of a heart-warming Christmas — with snow outside, and candles burning, and all kinds of presents for the children.

When the wagon had gotten about halfway toward Philadelphia, the sun disappeared behind a cloud. The sky looked dark, and grew more ominous every moment. A strong wind tore at the canvas cover behind the farmer, but Welker did not awake until the first heavy drops were falling around him. Then he was so startled that he took no time out to rub his eyes. He merely picked up the reins, and with wild shouts and equally wild gestures urged the horses into a desperate gallop.

It was a regular cloudburst. Sheets of water swept over the wagon, drenched the valuable load, and sent icy little streams down the unfortunate farmer's back. Welker grew increasingly angry. He denounced the "weather book," and decided to stop at Sower's place in Germantown to give the pious printer a severe reprimand for publishing such gross and costly untruths about the weather.

To be sure, there were insults aplenty. Welker was not used to mincing words. Utterly enraged and soaking wet, he charged the printer with willful deceit, said that he was spreading blunt lies, and working the misfortune of his more thrifty and conscientious fellow men. Elder Sower found himself at a loss as to exactly what to do. Patiently he listened to his accuser's harangue. At last he took courage, put his hand on the farmer's shoulder, and in a meek voice he said: "Friend, be not thus angry. It is indeed true that I made the almanac, but it is forever the Lord Almighty who makes the weather."

"Amen!" concluded Welker, vigorously. "Amen," echoed Sower, as the two men shook hands and parted, glad to have recognized each other as brethren-in-Christ.

The Recalcitrant Debtor

When the late Christopher Sower, the bishop printer of Germantown, was yet a man of considerable wealth, he was known throughout Pennsylvania as a general benefactor, and no one in distress ever appealed to him in vain.

One summer afternoon a farmer came to him from a distant valley, greatly in need of a large sum of money, and begged the kind-hearted printer to lend it to him if he possibly could. The crops were expected to be good, he said, and within three or four months, before winter had covered the earth with snow, every cent of the solicited loan would be duly repaid. Without much hesitation, Brother Sower made up the required sum, although he had never before extended such substantial financial aid to a perfect stranger.

It so happened that not long afterwards Sower was asked to preach in the same valley where the indebted farmer lived. The poor man had seldom shown any interest in religious matters, and his church-going neighbors were surprised when he appeared at the appointed time and place to hear the visiting minister's sermon. Being something of a shrewd strategist, the farmer had decided to attend the service, partly as a sign of gratitude toward his benevolent creditor, but more especially to satisfy his curiosity as to exactly what that strangely generous and preaching printer believed in.

Christopher Sower had chosen the sixth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, beginning with the twenty-seventh verse, as an appropriate Bible text on which to base his spiritual message. At great length and with remarkable vigor he expounded the self-denying and non-resisting doctrines of his Dunker faith. He spoke of Christ as the Prince of Everlasting Peace, and urged his listeners to refrain from all selfish methods of overpowering the evil which they were bound to encounter in this world. "Of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again," he quoted from the Scriptures, and the sentence had a very pleasing sound in the astounded farmer's ears.

To make sure he had not altogether misunderstood the printer's foolhardy remarks, the farmer took occasion to shake hands with Sower after the closing hymn and to ask in a naively pointed manner whether the splendid sermon could be considered an expression of Mr. Sower's own and inmost sentiments. Brother Sower immediately replied that what he had proclaimed were not merely his deepest personal convictions, but the divine injunctions of the one Lord and Master, as recorded in the Holy Bible, and pronounced to guide men everywhere to a truly Christian way of life.

Upon his return to Germantown, Christopher Sower found on his desk a letter from his farmer-debtor, informing him briefly that the extended loan would most assuredly never be repaid, since Sower would apparently neither go to court nor use other means to recover any embezzled money. The printer acknowledged receipt of the blunt note in the kindest possible terms, adding that he regretted the incident very much. As he would not feel free to sue a recalcitrant debtor, he would rather cancel and forget the unsettled account. Life was too short and too sacred, he concluded, to be made a record of disappointments and unjustified betrayals.

Years went by. One morning, when Brother Sower looked out of the window, he saw a man on horseback come down the street and alight in front of his house, and the man's face seemed vaguely familiar. It was the farmer, who entered the office and bid Mr. Sower a blessed good morning.

"I have brought you your money," he said. "I was resolved not to pay you unless you should sue me, but that money of yours has caused me more trouble than I can tell. I have had no rest on account of it, neither day nor night, and I have therefore come so early this morning determined to ease myself of the burden."

Sower quickly explained that he had forgiven the debt a long time ago, and had no right whatever to accept payment on an obligation thus cancelled. However, the farmer insisted on counting down on Mr. Sower's desk the exact amount, with interest, and tried his best to move the resolute printer to accept what was but his own. Sower still refused, and remained inexorable. Finally he named several persons in need and suggested that the money might be offered to them — either as a loan or as a gift.

The Ghost in the Garden

Christopher Sower once had in his house a Dutch maid who was generally regarded as upright and very faithful. However, the printer had reason to suspect her of having purloined small sums of money on several occasions, over a number of years, and had therefore come to watch her as closely as his extremely busy life would permit. Unfortunately, in spite of all his cautious supervision, he was never in any position to prove conclusively the girl's innocence or guilt, but his suspicions were constantly being strengthened, much to his regret and sorrow.

One winter season, after a prolonged period of inclement weather the girl became so seriously ill that hardly a hope was left for her recovery or survival. Brother Sower considered it best under those circumstances to relieve himself of the unpleasant doubts he had harbored. He went to the maid's room and told his patient that there was something on his mind which he felt it his duty to mention, and that — being on the point of death — she ought to own to the truth and clear up the matter to their mutual satisfaction. If she had indeed taken some money, he would not at all care to have it back, but for the sake of her soul's rest he would rather pray her to admit the theft, without false pride and hesitation. A full confession might even at such a late date tend to her acceptance into the blessed realm of Eternity.

The maid was very much incensed over her employer's insinuating remarks, and denied in the most definite terms that she had ever betrayed the trust put in her. Yet when she died, a few days later, Sower was still wondering whether she might perhaps have departed from this world with a lie on her lips. He was well aware of the fact that the unfortunate girl had always been quite economical in every respect, but he continued to think that she might have hoarded the stolen money in some secret place, and felt sure the exact truth would eventually be discovered.

In the early spring, not long after the simple Dunker funeral, an apparition was seen by various persons in different parts of the house, but especially in the far corner of the garden. It made its appearance almost regularly in the late afternoon under a certain tree, and all who happened to encounter it believed it to be the Dutch maid's ghost. Brother Sower heard many detailed reports about the strange new vision, and although he himself had not noticed anything unusual in or around the house, he was soon convinced that the spook could only be the deceased girl's disembodied spirit, unable to find the desired rest on account of her dishonesty.

It was on an evening toward the end of May, when the air was fragrant and mild and delightfully still, that Sower finally felt constrained to challenge the mysterious intruder. The unsolicited visits had become more and more frequent, and the whole bearing of the miserable creature was said to have taken on something treacherous and bold. So far, the younger generation had been spared the annoying experiences which caused so much excited discussion among the older people. However, one night about dusk, when the printer's boys were playing in the garden, together with the neighbor's children, they were suddenly haunted by the sight of a pale, young woman who beckoned them to come nearer, and — pointing down beside her toward the earth —said in a faint but audible voice, "In the ground, in the ground!" The youngsters were so terribly frightened that they ran into the house, screaming and calling wildly for Father Sower and his protection.

The printer hurried downstairs as quickly as he could, tried in vain to quiet the children, and listened with amazement and growing anger to their confused story. The ghost had urged them to search in the ground? — Was some gold hidden there? His own money perhaps? — Sadly, Sower arrived at the conclusion that his half-hearted accusation of months ago must have been well-founded. The belated confirmation, the very certainty of it, shocked and distressed him. His face became somber and stern. For a few brief moments he seemed to be lost in thought. Then, with utter determination, he stepped out into the growing darkness of the garden and shouted: "Thou unfaithful servant! Canst thou not fool thy conscience with a lie? Keep now thy buried treasure. Thou hast begun it, and thou shalt finish it. I most assuredly will not!"

This narrative appeared in The American-German Review for June, 1944, and is reprinted here with the kind permision of its Editor.



MEI SCHEENES LAND

Hot ebber do en dodi Seel,
Un kann net saagge uf die Fehl:
Des iss mei Land, mei scheenes Land?
Hot sei Haz nie in ihm gebrennt,
Wie er iss widder zerick gerennt,
Vun wu er waar gans unbekannt?
Wann so'n Mann iss, dann marrick ihn gut,
Es macht nix aus was seller duut;
Hoch schetzt er datt sei Naame grooss,
Sei Reichtum schwer, sei Seel gans los—
Mit all seim Naame, Gwalt un Geld,
Der Schelm, hoch drowwe in der Welt,
Im Lewe watt net grooss geehrt,
Un nooch seim Dod watt oft verkehrt,
Un watt vergesse, unnerm Grund,
So waahrlich ass die Welt iss rund.

—Dr. Pierce E. Swope

A free translation from Sir Walter Scott's familiar verses "Breathes there a man with soul so dead— Who never to himself has said: This is my own, my native land!"

DER FAULENSER

Im Summer iss die Zeit fer mich,
Ken Kleeder schwer wie Schtee-Schtatts, Hemm un Hut un Iwwerhalls—
Waahrhaftich net viel meh.

Pingscht Eppel suche drauss im Busch,
Deel Beere un so was,
Un schwimme geh, wann's so mich basst—
Ich saag dir, sell iss Gschpass.

Un fische — well, du weesscht, wie's geht,
Der Greesscht, der grickt mer net;
Leit saaggen glei, un schpettlich aa,
Mer wiescht gelogge hett.

Ich gleich uff kors des Schaffe net
Im Summer, wann 's iss heess;
Die Hitz iss yuscht fer Frucht un solch,
Un net fer Faulheit bees.

Liewer unnich en Schattebaam
Zu leie uff meim Bauch;
Ferwas bin ich net aa recht reich,
Ass ich net schaffe brauch.

Ich gleich nadierlich esse gut,
So wohl wie annre Leit,
So muss ich, denk ich, als so fatt,
Graad wie ich hab so weit.

Waer Aerwet aerscht aagfange hot,
Sett gschosse sei mit Sals;
Un dreff ich ihn mol aeryets aa,
Verbrech ich ihm der Hals.

Im Abrill 1933 RALPH S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

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

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Editorials

Income From State Forests

Altho a number of European countries for many years have developed long-term programs of scientific planting of trees, clearing of forests and lumbering of matured trees, such programs were disregarded (altho well known and understood in the United States) until comparatively recent years. American overconfidence in the nation's so-called "inexhaustible timberlands" prevented action as long as privmitive forests of hard and soft woods existed by the millions of acres..

When the woodman and his axe had chopped a path of devastation across the American continent the people and their governments had to sit up and take notice. Wood was invaluable for our welfare. Forests had to be restored.

Happily Pennsylvania has been active and one of the foremost states in the development of scientific reforestation programs. Many excellent results have been attained, as predicted. But only in recent years has the economic phase of this program reached favorable proportions.

In a statement from the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters, Secretary M. K. Goddard announced the recent signing of contracts by which more than three million board feet of timber are to be removed from 218,000 acres of forests that already are under controlled management. This contrasts with the year 1954 during which total sales amounted to 2,857,000 board feet.

Mr. Goddard added that, by mid-1956, the State can plan to cut 60 million board feet of saw timber and 370,000 cords of firewood in the beginning of a permanent plan of annual lumbering. He estimates that his lumber will bring upwards of $2 million into the State's coffers and that the cutting will not impair but rather will improve our state forests.

This is a happy outlook for it means that under intelligent management we shall continue to have no decrease in forest land areas, that all standing timber will be given the maximum opportunity for growth and that the surplus growth will yield increasing return to the State and bring about some interest upon its heavy investment.

It might be noted in passing that Pennsylvania now has 308 tree farms and that there has been an increase in their number by 46 since the beginning of the year.

The end is not yet in this farsighted program under which Penn's Forests are to be restored for their beauty, their healthful influence upon the people who breathe the air of Pennsylvania, their protection of watersheds and their creation of a haven for wild life. In addition they will increase the economic welfare of the people of this great commonwealth.

Great Fair Nears Close

The Great Allentown Fair enters upon its final day and except for today's programs the exposition has reached its conclusion for the year 1955.

It can be said that, beginning with Sunday, vast numbers of our citizens and visitors daily enjoyed the big show and the opportunity offered for the natural enjoyment that comes to people thru rubbing elbows in crowds of merriment seekers.

Despite some early threats there were six days of good weather. Not until early last evening did rain discourage attendance and serve to drive home those who had spent the afternoon or the day on the grounds.

Whatever today's weather, the Fair will have had a very good week. It probably will not prove to have been a record-breaker when the business reports are made. But it should prove to have been a satisfactory one financially.

As an entertainment and educational enterprise, there is no question about the high success of this year's exhibition. It was enjoyable from every angle. Difficult to please indeed must be the person who did not find it possible to have a good time at the Allentown Fair this year.

More Red Spies Revealed

The subtlety, as well as the extensiveness oft he Russian spy system, is illustrated anew in the acknowledgment during the weekend by the British Government that two of its most trusted young diplomats were spies for Russia over a period of twenty years.

The revelation seems to have come about thru the desertion in Australia of a young Russian undersecretary who asked for haven under the British flag and bared his guilty soul.

As was the case in Canada where a young Russian deserted his hateful, conspiratorial job, the desertion of the young man in Australia uncloaked a lot of spies thruout the world.

The Canadian desertion revealed a member of the Canadian Parliament in Russian pay. It also revealed a considerable number of spies in Canada, the United States and England.

The Australian revelations served to explain the sudden disappearance in 1951 of Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess while they were in European resorts enjoying a holiday. Foul play was hinted at the time. Desertion to the Reds was another explanation. Now it has been revealed that the two men had come under suspicion. They apparently learned that they were being investigated and ran for their lives to Russia.

The importance in this revelation from London is that both men, now in Russia, were prominent in the British embassy in Washington for some years and presumably had access to American as well as British information which was passed on to the Soviet.

It required a defection in Australia to reveal spying in the United States and Great Britain and to reveal the whereabouts of two men missing for four years. Much other valuable information may have come out of that defection. The British government is not telling. In fact it revealed the little about MacLean and Burgess only after it could no longer keep it away from public knowledge.

More Years to Live

The American people never had it so good, to use a common expression and apply it to the life expectancy which lies ahead of just about all of us.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., which is noted for its statistics in this field, reports that American life expectancy now has almost reached 70 years.

Thus within the memory of many persons now living, life expectancy has been increased by decades, not merely by a few years and months. Our people in vast numbers have attained the Biblical three-score and ten and if medical discoveries and public health measures continue on the phenomenal course they have been running, especially since the turn of this century, we may be heading toward Methuselah's years.

People are living longer and they are happier during more years than those in which fevers, rheumatics and a vast variety of ailments made life less worth living. And because they are living longer and keep in better general condition, their years of usefulness to society and to themselves are extended.

Speed Traps?

Use of radar devices to nab speeders is warmly defended by the Assn. of Casualty and Surety Companies, which has no sympathy for drivers who complain that such scientific gimmicks are "unfair."

We agree. We're in favor of pulling all demons of the highway over to the side, by any means available. A wild man doing 70 in a 50-mile zone rates a ticket, whether he's flagged down by a radar detector, electronic speed timer, patrol car or motorcycle cop.

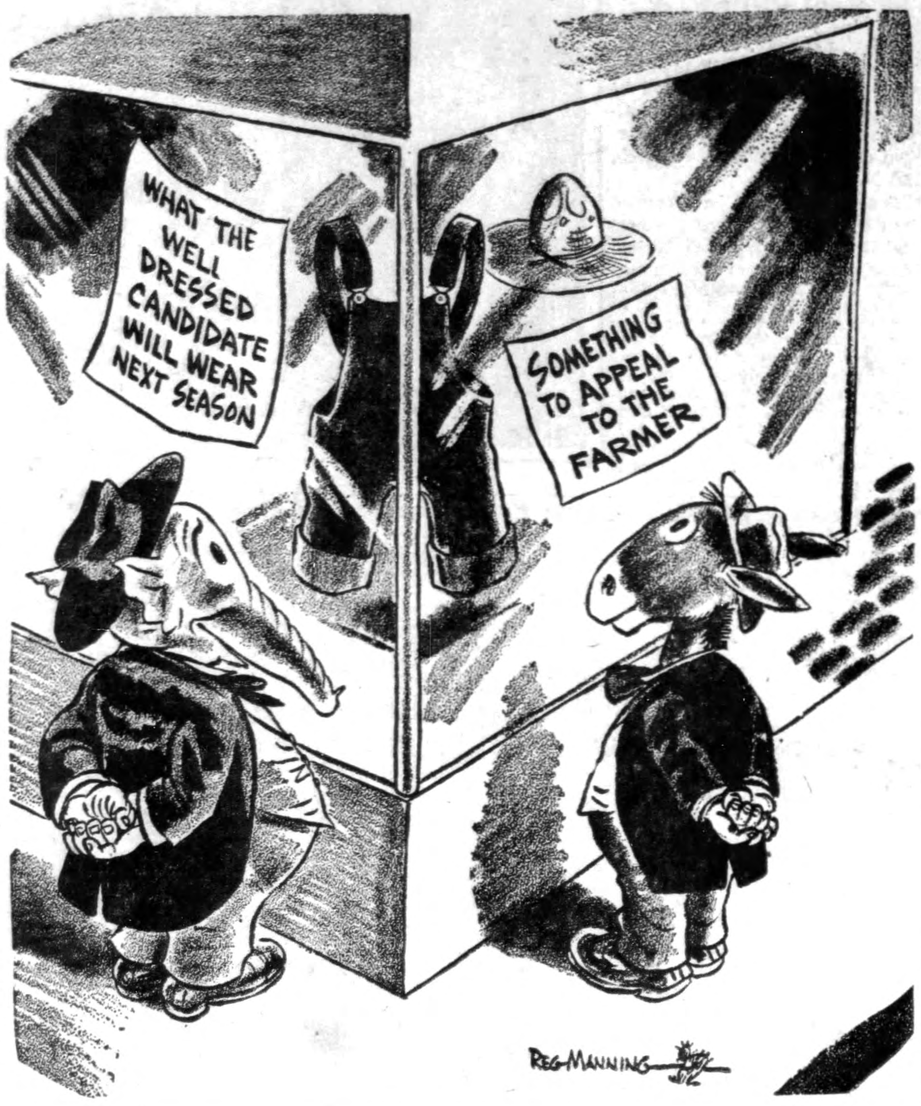
Any such nut endangering his life—and, more important, lives of others — can scarcely make a convincing beef about being caught in a "speed trap." It's like a burglar claiming he was caught in a "burglar trap."

But there are such things as unfair speed traps. They're encountered in driving through unfamiliar towns. A driver sees a 20 m.p.h. sign, figures that means 25 or 30 and, next thing he knows, he's got a ticket.

He may have been caught up in a spurt of strict enforcement. Or maybe the law's enforced only against unwary transients. Unlike the flagrant speeder who knows he's violating the law, this driver can reasonably complain about a speed trap.

There's a remarkably easy solution to this hodge-podge of speed laws and surprise enforcement. And that is for every community to examine its speed ordinances, decide on practical limits which it intends to enforce. Then post the signs—and enforce.—N. Y. World-Telegram

Overall Style Notes



Truman's Memoirs

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Not so long ago the Democrats in Congress were protesting loudly that the Department of State had made public some documents containing personal comments by British and other officials at the Yalta conference. Likewise, the secretary of state was criticized by members of a congressional committee because one of his subordinates let the New York Times have a copy of the Yalta papers in advance of release to all newspapers.

Now comes former President Truman with the publication in Life magazine and in two newspapers of the story of a piece of confidential information the official record of which is the property of the government of the United States.

The document is the text of a trans-Atlantic telephone conversation between Winston Churchill, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the President of the United States, then Harry Truman. It concerned German overtures for surrender in 1945. The conversation was stenographically recorded by government employes, and the transcript now is sold by Mr. Truman as a part of his book, which in its entirety is reported to have already brought him $600,000.

Mr. Dulles didn't sell the Yalta papers or the personal transcripts of high officials of other governments, nor did anyone get any money for allegedly giving a "scoop" to one or more newspapers. Yet at the time several Democratic senators criticized Mr. Dulles severely, and one senator asked whether there was "any official collusion between the State Department and the New York Times in the distribution of the Yalta agreements." Another Democratic senator suggested an investigation as to whether any law had been violated in releasing the documents to a single newspaper. Another Democrat thought it was a breach of "security" and asked who was responsible for disclosing "unauthorized material."

Certainly a President who leaves office has a right to pen his memoirs and to sell his reminiscences for profit. There is no impropriety in it. But has he the right to take away and later sell documents that are government property?

The same issue arose during the New Deal administration, when President Roosevelt refused newspapermen the right to make public the texts of press conferences but he later included the text of all the transcripts in a book that was sold while he was in office. These transcripts were the property not of Mr. Roosevelt personally but of the government of the United States, just as are any recorded conversations of the President and officials of foreign governments.

The Democratic campaign orators have lately been playing up the "conflict of interest" issue and, though Air Force Secretary Talbott resigned, the Democrats have been insisting that he was not reprimanded by President Eisenhower for receiving outside income while in office. They show signs of making a campaign issue of it. But if they do, they will have to answer questions of "conflict of interest" which arise when Democrats who have been public officials use official memoranda available to no one else and insert them in books they sell for financial considerations. One Democratic senator, before his report was submitted to the Senate, sold articles on hearings he had conducted.

Mr. Truman took away from the White House many files on what happened during his term of office. Personal letters and communications are the property of the official when he leaves but documents paid for by the government, and particularly communications with foreign governments, cannot by any stretch of the theory of personal property be included.

Sale of Documents

Former President Truman didn't sell any documents while he was in office, as did Mr. Roosevelt, but the question is whether he had a right to take away any public documents whatsoever and sell them after he left office. The episode probably isn't going to create any political disturbance, but it ought effectively to silence the "conflict of interest" cries which have been heard recently about the Eisenhower officials in the Dixon-Yates controversy. In that case, the director of the budget consulted a man who got no fee but who had advised also a bank with which he had been connected, but the bank also got no fee for its service. The Democrats have been loud in their denunciation of this as something with a "conflict of interest" taint, but they will have to concede that it doesn't begin to compare in impropriety with the sale of government documents by the former leader of the Democratic party.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 12:17

Paul has been stressing the spirit of humility as a mark of the true Christian. Jesus exhibited it when He washed His disciples' feet. The towel in His hand (John 13:4) was, as it were, a symbol or token of the spirit of His kingdom. Jeremiah 46:5 says: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' Paul, at v. 17 in our chapter in Romans, forbids us to return evil for evil—reminding us of the slang expression, 'tit for tat,' that is, retaliation in kind. 1 Peter 3:9 reads like a commentary on this: 'Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye shall inherit a blessing.' Peter continues: 'For he that would love life, and see good days, let him keep his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile; let him turn away from evil, and do right; let him seek peace and pursue it. For the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their prayer, but the face of the Lord is against those that do evil.'

Edgar A. Guest

POSSESSION

The more the things we gather cost
The greater is the care required.
Lest they be broken, stolen, lost,
For them must space in vaults be hired.
Possession, difficult to gain,
Is sometimes harder to retain.

The more we get, the more to guard.
None worries over what is cheap.
The fortune won by labors hard
May prove to be as hard to keep.
Watchful of things we're forced to stay,
Lest they be lost or snatched away.

Once give your heart to treasures rare,
As every one is apt to do,
They must be given constant care.
Great worth will make a slave of you.
You'll have to keep a sturdy grip
Upon the pride of ownership.

(Copyright 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At the annual sales meeting of a big brewing company, the president suddenly cried, "On your feet, everybody! Look at the bottom of your chair!" The startled salesmen jumped up, and found under each seat a crisp new dollar bill. "Keep the dollars, boys," smiled the pres. "I just wanted to demonstrate that the time has come when you've got to get out of your chairs if you want to make a buck!"

Horoscope

You should benefit by an unusual friendship in the months ahead, but be sure to check a tendency toward extravagance. Born today, a child will be ambitious, possibly too much so, so thought for others should be inculcated in early youth.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FRIDAWGS ON DA FAIR:

Kalt wedder un fairra bossa ken pieca besser tzomma, wie aw politicks un bingo. Schreiva wie m'r om sin wenich noch middawg 's sin so weit noch sare wenich leit doh — un wos sin, lawfa rum mit da hand in da seck, odder shtaina, um winscha sie hetta iwwerreck mit gabrocht. Kinner kenna widder rei fernix, fiel shula sin tzu, un wert fermuthlich fol bis gaea owet—Fridawgs wor noch ken tzeit 'n aryer Fair dawg.

So weit os bakonta leit aw gait — fon sella huts heit shier may wie geshter. Dunnershdawgs wor ols immer der gross dawg garach'ld, weil sel die tzeit wor woh die rigelwaiga exkursion traina rei gabrocht hen. Ow'r die mashina un bussa hen shun long der blotz ganumma fon exkursion trains, un alla dawg sot now 'n grosser dawg sei, in boltz fon yusht Dunnershdawgs.

Fiel leit kenna net fershtae ferwos die Fairra nimmy weara wos sie ols worra yohrra tzurick. Un grawd wie sie heit tzu dawg wunnerra waeich sella socha, so wunnerra sie aw fuftsich yohr fon now — wunnerra ferwos die Fairra nimmy weara wos sie worra in 1955. Allas anner'd sich diw welt iwwer — m'r lava in ra onnerra welt gaeich wie wos m'r hen 50 yohr tzurik. Un 50 yoh fon now lava die leit aw widder in ra onnerra welt gaeich wos m'r heit tzu dawg hen.

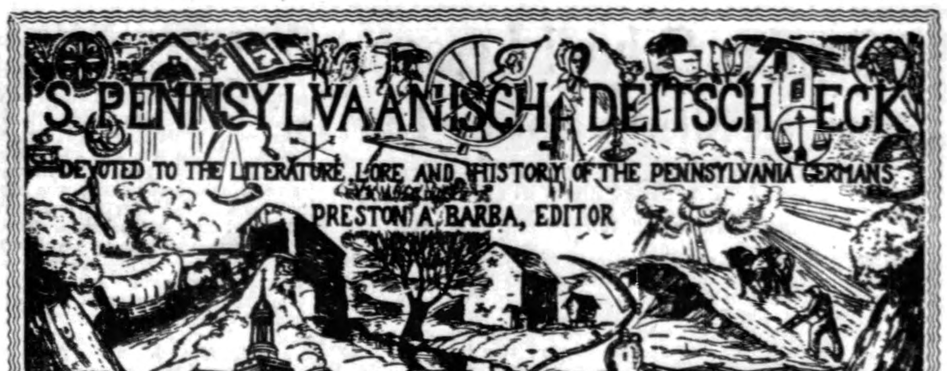
'S harbert eb der Jerry Roth woh fer yohrra bresident wor fon da Fair, sei lava fiel gablauder'd hut iwwer 'n telefone, uns sol uns wunnerra eb er aenichie tzeit g'fohrra is imma automobile. M'r wissa os er sei lava ken TV g'sehna hut, ken lecktrick refrigerator in da hamet kotta hut, odder gablug'd hut mit ma trucktor. So 'aw in fiel onnerra hee sichda — leit hen heit so fiela mainer socha wie sie ols kotta hen yohrra tzurick, un kumma so fiela maina rum in da welt, os ebbes wie 'n Fair nimmy feil maint.

So hee un doh hoert m'r ainer glawga os nimmy so fiel bauerra garaidschoft doh wear wie yohrra tzurick. Sel is aw ebbes os sei tzeit erlaibt hut on ra Fair—glaina bauer werra dawg fer dawg wenicher, un grossa bauer breicha net noch ra Fair kumma fer sehna wos sie wolla in bauerra garaidschoft — sie wissa sel shun long farna nous.

'S fee is ains fon da spcha os immer sei blotz halt — un wons oft mohls a wfon weit'm bei gabrocht wert. Nadierlich dade m'r gleicha tzu sehna won ol die geil kee, si, shofe, uns fedder fee un hawsa, kaimla fon bauerreia im Lechaw Dahl, ow'r sel is 'n umiglichkeit. Leit missa die socha fon weit'm bei bringa, un wie sie aw duhna fer helfa sel dade fon da Fair ferbesserra — un wie der fol des yohr widder wor. Nem die fiela neia hawsa shtel tzum bei shpiel, die keshda fer anda un gens — sellie socha laenich worra wert fer kumma die Fair ei nemma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won m'r aw des yohr ken welshkern kerna uf nummerra laiga hut kenna, uns obsht hous hut garocha wie 'n obadake, wor des widder 'n wunnerborie gutie Fair — 'n Fair woh die kinner fon heit, 50 yohr shpaiter noch blauderra dafon, un fertzaila ihra kinner un kindskinner fon da guta Fair os ols wor wie der Howard Singmaster der bresident wor.



JOSEPH TRIMBLE ROTHROCK

Father of Forestry in Pennsylvania

By GEORGE H. WIRT

GREAT men may soon be forgotten, but their work may be of benefit to the world for many generations. The following biographical sketch, therefore, is intended to help keep alive the memory of a great man whose lifework will continue to benefit the people of the American States for many generations.

Joseph Trimble Rothrock was born in McVeytown, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, on April 9, 1839. He was of the third generation of pure German stock — a descendant of immigrants who came from the Rhine provinces in colonial days.

He attended the public school in McVeytown, although, because he did not have a robust constitution, his father arranged for him to spend several years on a farm near the town. Dr. Rothrock's own estimate of this early farm experience was that it was the most valuable part of his education because "it gave to the formative period of his life, poise, stability and direction. It served to curb the restless spirit of the lad by concentrating his attention upon a definite work, thus contributing to the making of the man through habits of industry and observation."

For preparatory training the young man was sent to the Tuscarora Academy of Academia, Juniata County. Frequently he walked across the forested mountains and valleys which lay between his home and the Academy. Years later he purchased for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania thousands of acres of these forests with which he had become so familiar. It was entirely fitting that when the State Forest areas were named, the large block in Licking Creek Valley should be called the Rothrock State Forest.

After attending Freeland Seminary (Ursinus College), in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, Rothrock was enrolled at Harvard. There he came under the influence of Asa Gray, the great American botanist, who at times visited McVeytown to collect botanical specimens of that region. Although Rothrock attributed his strong liking for botany to the influence of his mother, there can be no doubt that Gray encouraged and guided — and probably inspired — his ardent pupil.

His course at Harvard was interrupted by the Civil War. Rothrock enlisted in Company "D" of the 131st Pennsylvania Infantry and became a corporal. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. While he was in an army hospital, President Lincoln shook hands with him and encouraged him. Later he returned home and organized Company "E" of the 20th Cavalry and became its captain.

From the Army he went back to Harvard and in 1864 was graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

During 1864-65 he studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, breaking into the course, however, to join the exploring party going to British Columbia and Alaska in connection with a proposed telegraph line from the United States to Russia by way of Bering Strait. The hardships endured by this group probably never have and never will be recorded. Starvation, cold, and hostile Indians almost defeated them a number of times. But Rothrock's accurate description of the resources of Alaska was probably one of the determining factors which resulted in the purchase of Alaska by the United States.

In 1867 he graduated from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. That fall he went to the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania (State College) and for two years was Professor of Botany and Human Anatomy and Physiology. He was also Sanitary Officer and a member of the Board of Internal Government.

On May 27, 1868, Dr. Rothrock married Martha E. May, daughter of the Reverend Mr. Addison May of West Chester, Pennsylvania. Shortly thereafter he moved to Wilkes-Barre to practice medicine, making surgery his specialty. At Wilkes-Barre he was one of the founders of the Wilkes-Barre City Hospital. Though established in a busy practice, he maintained contact with the great out-of-doors and at the same time demonstrated his belief in the recuperative powers of life in the open by starting the "North Mountain School of Physical Education." This was a boys' camp on the shores of Lake Ganoga, and probably was the first of its kind in this country.

Again, in 1873, Rothrock gave up the comforts of home and the profits from his growing medical practice, to do more research along botanical lines and to experience the hardships of the explorer. He accepted appointment as surgeon and botanist in the expeditions of U. S. Engineers west of the 100th meridian in the years 1873, 1874 and 1875. These were known as the Wheeler expeditions. Dr. Rothrock's botanical report fills one of the quarto volumes on the expeditions. He found, described and named many new botanical specimens. Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, leader of the expeditions, wrote to the Commanding General of U. S. Engineers: "The zeal and fidelity displayed by Dr. J. T. Rothrock not only in the field but in the preparation of his report and in superintending the collation of other reports are worthy of all commendation."

The fall of 1876 found him back at the University of Pennsylvania as Professor of Botany on the faculty of the Auxiliary Department of Medicine. On May 20, 1877, he became a member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia and shortly thereafter that society chose him to be Michaux Lecturer for the promotion of forest botany and forestry in accordance with a legacy left by F. Andre Michaux in 1855 and becoming available in 1870. Dr. Rothrock continued as head of the Botanical Department of the University until the fall of 1892 and as Michaux Lecturer until 1891.

As a part of his extended training and experience Dr. Rothrock went to Germany and enrolled as a student of the world-famous botanist, DeBary, at the University of Strassburg. While there he must certainly have made a close study of the scientifically managed forests of that country as a part of his preparation for his duties as Michaux Lecturer on Forestry. At the same time he demonstrated to the foreign scientists of Europe for the first time the triple stain in microscopic botany which he had developed in America.

Sometime in the early 80's Dr. Rothrock did some cruising on the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, and in 1884 he wrote and published a very interesting book covering these experiences, entitled **Vacation Cruising.**

Dr. Rothrock's lectures on botany, forest geography, forest influences, and forest management were an important part of the nation-wide consideration then being given to the subject of forest resources. They not only influenced greatly the National policy but were the basis upon which was built the policy of Pennsylvania with respect to forests.

By 1886 there was a widespread feeling that something had to be done about the deforestation that was taking place in the seaboard States. Dr. Rothrock's lectures in Philadelphia reached an influential group of women who, after some preliminary private meetings, arranged for a public meeting, May 26, 1886, in the hall of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia, and for an address by Dr. Rothrock. His presentation of the subject resulted in the temporary organization of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association and his election as temporary President. Later at the first formal meeting of the Association, November 30, 1886, at the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, Dr. Rothrock was elected the first President. From then until his death in 1922 he was the acknowledged leader of the forestry movement in Pennsylvania. At the close of the first year, however, he requested that he not be re-elected on account of ill health. In November of 1890 he was elected a Vice-President of the Society although at the time he must have been in the West Indies instituting a series of scientific investigations. On this expedition he sailed his own yacht as a master mariner. He wrote for the **Youth's Companion** a story, "Yachting on the Edge of a Cyclone."

He was re-elected Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association in November, 1891. The next year the steps were taken which rapidly crystallized Pennsylvania's forest policy. "Earnest efforts resulted in securing as general secretary, Professor J. T. Rothrock, who gave up his active work in the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania to represent the Pennsylvania Forestry Association. Professor Rothrock will by his best efforts excite the interest of the people throughout the State in forestry, and secure the cooperation of our citizens in the Association's efforts to preserve and protect such forests as we now have and encourage the propagation of new growth of timber."

For this program of education in a new field, Dr. Rothrock provided himself with two horses, a buckboard, and a camera. From his pictures lantern slides were made and used with a limelight projector. The slides portraying the destruction of forests and its results forcefully emphasized the speaker's comments. Through all kinds of weather and under all kinds of conditions he traveled into the most remote valleys of Pennsylvania preaching the value of forests and the necessity of protecting and using them properly. He talked to audiences of one and of many, but no matter how many listened, most of them went away remembering what they had heard and seen and believing that something must be done.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania took effective action in 1893, authorizing the Governor to appoint a committee to study the forest resources of the State and to report back to the Legislature in 1895. Dr. Rothrock was appointed as the botanist member of the committee. His report was complete and convincing.

The Legislature of 1895 responded immediately by establishing a Bureau of Forestry in the new Department of Agriculture. Logically, Dr. Rothrock was appointed the first Commissioner of Forestry under Secretary of Agriculture Hamilton. From the 1897 Legislature there was obtained authority for establishing two fundamental forest policies. The first was the acceptance of responsibility for the extinction of forest fires which were doing such tremendous damage all over the State. The second was the establishment of State Forest Reserves at the headwaters of the three large rivers of the State. These reservations were to serve as demonstration areas for the practice of forestry as Dr. Rothrock and others had seen it practiced in Europe. For the future they were to furnish timber, a protected water supply, and recreation areas for the health of the citizens of the State.

The difficulties of effective administration under a superior officer who did not appreciate the importance of the work to be done resulted in a move to have the forestry work recognized as of Cabinet status, and in 1901 a Department of Forestry was established. Dr. Rothrock was appointed as head of the Department, the first State Commissioner of Forestry in the United States to be a member of a Governor's Cabinet. He retained the position until June, 1904, when he resigned because of ill health.

In 1901, however, he appointed the first trained forester in the State and in 1902 saw him establish actual technical forestry activities at Mont Alto. These included forest tree planting, the beginning of a forest tree nursery, road development, boundary surveys, a forest protection program, and improvement cuttings with timber sales.

From 1898, when there came into the possession of the State the first land for a State Forest Reserve, the Commissioner of Forestry was faced with the problem of obtaining men trained in the management of forest land. There were very few foresters in America at that time. Even if they had been available, political endorsement before admission to State service would have been required. The problem of training men for the work and at the same time of avoiding a political organization had to be met. The young forester at Mont Alto was given three student assistants. They worked and studied. The system seemed wise, and the Legislature of 1903 was asked to provide for a school in which to train the men needed to care for State Forests. Dr. Rothrock believed that if they were trained at State expense there would be no question as to their being employed as foresters without endorsements of any kind. The school was to be of the nature of West Point and Annapolis, with loyalty and service to the Commonwealth as the basis for an outstanding **esprit de corps.** The State Forest Academy became one of the outstanding schools of forestry in the country because theory and practice were combined in its teaching.

With the purchase of the Mont Alto Iron property there came into the Department some of the highest land in the South Mountain region of Pennsylvania. Dr. Rothrock, as an explorer and physician, had seen numerous examples of health regained as a result of a careful regimen of living out-of-doors. He believed that people who needed rest, sick people who needed air and sunshine, tubercular patients who needed to regain strength, could obtain them here in Pennsylvania as well as in distant climates. He believed it to be the duty of the State to give people a chance to keep from getting sick as well as to give them a chance to rebuild their health after sickness had taken them out of economic life. In 1902 he brought to Mont Alto some tubercular patients and established a camp for them on top of the mountain. They spent the summer in tents. Considerable improvement was noted. The next summer these returned and others came, and small cabins were built for them. Out of this experiment grew the Mont Alto Sanatorium for tubercular patients, and all of the other sanatoria of the State. This activity continued as a part of the work of the Department of Forestry until 1907 when it was turned over to the Department of Health.

Although Dr. Rothrock resigned from the duties of administrative head of the Department, he was prevailed upon to accept appointment as a member of the State Forest Commission and in that capacity continued until 1920 as an active director of details in the forestry work of the State.

On June 2, 1922, he died at the age of eighty-three, loved and honored by all who knew him. Both before and after his death those who knew him and his work appropriately expressed the love and honor which were due him because of his gracious personality and his private and public service and sacrifice.

In 1914, in accepting a loving-cup and check presented by Governor John K. Tener and two hundred and sixty of the doctor's friends, he stated that all he was and did was his wife's contribution to the State of Pennsylvania.

Since his death several memorial tablets have been erected in his honor — at the Mont Alto Sanatorium, at West Chester, at McVeytown, and in the State Capitol Building at Harrisburg. Many beautiful things have been said about Dr. Rothrock and his life of service. The summary of activities on the memorial tablet in the State Capitol is the most complete: **"Patriot: Soldier: Pioneer: Forester: Botanist: Sportsman: Physician: Educator: Author: Public Servant: Distinguished Citizen: 'Loving Husband and Father: Leader in Conservation of our Forests and Streams.**

"He exemplified the typical traits and virtues of American manhood: He has left us the memory and example of one who embodied in his character and life 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report'."

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

Love, Money and Peron

Because love and money universally hold the highest interest of readers, stories about the deposed dictator, Juan Peron of Argentina, are being gobbled up by the public for these stories have both themes abnormally developed.

Peron for years created something of an aura around himself through the beauty and charm of his second wife, the late Evita Peron. Likewise he affected the role of a common man with complete disregard for wealth and all its trappings but with the interests of the humble laborer as his major and almost sole concern.

Dramatic climax has come in revelation of the deceitful and hypocritical character of the dictator. He not only amassed and hid away countless millions of his nation's funds but also seems to have accumulated and hid away a considerable number of dolls.

Subject to some discounts for the tendency to exaggerate in such matters, the stories that have come out of Buenos Aires since the Argentinians decided to junk the general indicate that Peron was an unusually successful person in his acquisitiveness both in the field of love and fortune.

Report is that fourteen lovenests have been bared, together with some attractive young birds ensconced therein. In addition there is a story that immediately upon threat of his ousting, a girl friend speedily took off for Switzerland to arrange for Peron's taking up residence there. The story is that such a haven has been arranged with the Swiss government and that the new sweetheart, a widowed friend of the departed Evita, is shopping around for a chalet befitting the newest political exile and his wealth.

In the field of money, the stories are fully as astonishing as those concerning Peron's inamoratas. Report is that $22 million in cash has been found and confiscated by the new government. This is supplemented by report that Peron cached something like $20 million in cash in Swiss banks during the past decade.

There is no fear that Peron will don the hair-shirt of penitence and contrition for his crimes over many years against a great people. In the inventory of his fabulous accumulation of wealth, which was not removed from Argentina, appear such items as hundreds of silk shirts. Nor is there any likelihood that as a pauper he will become a charge upon any foreign government which may give him haven.

Like other dictators Peron took very good care of himself. He took even better care of himself than did Mussolini and Hitler whose careers ended in violence and complete disgrace. He appears to be well on the way to getting out with a whole skin and with prospect for many years of life in luxury and some degree of contentment.

A Free Press—People's Right

The first week of October, beginning today, annually is dedicated by American newspaperdom to the promotion of the free press of this nation.

It is the one brief period of the year in which the American press calls some attention to its own services to the American people while emphasis thruout the rest of the year is upon the many other agencies and groups that seek to make America a better land in which to live.

Some recent experiences have highlighted the fact that there are entire nations on this globe that do not have a free press. For example, there is the recent development in Argentina. For nine years every newspaper in that country was under strict government control after owners had been dispossessed and some newspapermen had gone into exile. Even with the eviction of Dictator Peron, the press of that country seems to have passed into new government hands that hold just as stiff rein upon it as did predecessor Peron.

This year a slogan has been adopted for nation-wide sounding. The hope is that every American at all times will assert as one of his basic blessings "the right to know." American newspaperdom this week unanimously pledges itself to "to fight for your right to know."

And if you think that "it can't happen here," that destruction of the freedom of the press and the removal of your "right to know," is impossible, consider what has happened thruout the world in the life time of almost all of us.

The American Newspaper Publishers Association recalls that a free press was destroyed in Germany when Adolf Hitler burned "verboten" books and seized the newspapers.

It happened in Italy, as Mussolini destroyed newspapers in his climb to power . . .

It happened in Argentina when a great, free press was wiped out because it dared to differ with a dictatorship . . .

It is happening all over the world today as newspapers are attacked from many sides. . .

Chile: A bomb wrecks an anti-Government newspaper office. . .

Cuba: An opposition newspaper is closed by the Government; two editors arrested. . .

Argentina: Another newspaper shut down by Government decree; the editor thrown in jail. . .

Greece: A newspaper ordered to stop publishing articles "causing public unrest". . .

India: Newspaper reporters will be prosecuted for articles attacking Government officials.

South Korea: A new law forbids newspapers to "disturb people's minds". . .

Bolivia: A newspaperman is jailed for writing "inaccurate news". . .

Austria: Soviet authorities confiscate a newspaper because of a critical editorial. . .

Colombia: All newspapers are censored before publication. . .

Brazil: Foreign newspapers subjected to new, strict import regulations. . .

Turkey: A publisher sentenced to prison for an "insulting" article about the Government. . .

Pakistan: Opposition newspaper refused supply of newsprint. . .

Great Britain: American newspapermen asked to "voluntarily" censor dispatches. . .

Spain: Twenty issues of an American newspaper banned from Spain by Government Censorship Bureau. . .

Russia: Everything is censored and controlled by the Government. . .

Complete Government censorship of publications and outgoing dispatches exists in all Iron Curtain countries: **Albania, Bulgaria, Communist China, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland and Rumania.**

The people of the United States cannot remain smug in the face of such an international record. While the Constitution guarantees freedom of the press; while our press is controlled by the people; while newspapers are published for the people and not for the government, repeatedly attempts to take away that freedom are made.

Always there must be alertness. The American press promises a determination to fight against any inroads upon freedom But always the press must be assured of the people's support for such a position.

"Your newspaper fights for your right to know." But always you must recognize that such is your right and support the press in its fight.

Russian Profit Motives

Since 1932 the Soviet has had a law on the books under which a man can be jailed if he buys or sells agricultural products or consumer goods with the motive of profit.

But Russians are people, and people are what they are, and so the law isn't working as well as the planners had hoped. Speculators deal in everything from scarce goods and services to theater tickets. Things have got to such a state that there are widespread demands for strengthening the law in some respects and for weakening it in others.

Mr. Daniel of the New York Times tells us about one proposal for changing the law which appeared recently under the imprimatur of the Institute of Law of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. The authors say the definition of "speculation" should be extended to cover buying and selling of anything where the motive is to make a profit. At the same time the punishment of five to ten years in jail for offenders should be reduced and mild speculation should only be punished mildly.

The effect of this would be to reduce the length of the jail terms but it would also put more people in jail. How it will end speculation is something of a mystery.

It is simply a fact of life that people like to trade and those who trade like to make a profit. The motivation to profit stems from the sound belief that a profit can help a man to a better station in life. In this country, one generally accepted sign of personal prosperity is to own a Cadillac. In Russia, it's to become a commissar.

The Russian theory is that the profit motive is a bad thing for the workers, but the workers, who have seen the commissars, are quite unconvinced. Even the law draws a fine distinction between what the Government says is speculation and what is considered legitimate selling. Any Russian can sell anything he possesses if he no longer wants to keep it; but it's our guess that the Russian — like the American — is likely to sell or trade a possession if he thereby can acquire something he wants more than the thing he has. It is unprofitable to do it any other way.

We think it will not be enough for the Russians to change their law if they want to get rid of the profit motive. What they will have to do is to change the habits of people. And if the Kremlin thinks it can easily do that, it might be profitable for them to look into the history of our Eighteenth Amendment. — Wall Street Journal.

Sitting On Top of the World



Debt Guides for You

By SYLVIA PORTER

You buy a new 1955 car at a real bargain price of $2,200. You put down $550 or 25 per cent. You agree to pay off the balance in 36 monthly payments of around $63.

You have made a bad deal for yourself.

For long, long periods during which you'll be paying on this car, you'll owe more on it than it would be worth on resale.

For many, many months, your payments will be going entirely to cover interest and finance charges—and although you may think you're building up your investment, you're really not.

You buy the same 1955 car. You put down $733 or 33 1-3 per cent. You agree to pay off in 24 monthly payments of around $75.

You have made a sound deal for yourself.

For most of the time you are paying on your car, it will be worth more in the market than you owe. You'll have a major equity in it and be able to get something out if you have to sell.

While a number of your monthly payments will go just for interest and finance charges, the ability to buy a car on time is a most valuable privilege which you should pay for.

You buy a new refrigerator for a few dollars down and agree to pay off the balance at $1.25 a week for three years.



You have made a bad deal for yourself.

Long after your appliance is old, you'll still be paying for it and will owe a lot more than you could get for it on a resale.

You'll also pay out plenty just for finance and interest charges.

You buy the same refrigerator, put down 15 per cent and agree to pay off the balance in 18 months.

You have made a sound deal for yourself.

Your appliance still will be fairly new when it is entirely yours. You'll have an equity in it from the start. Your charges will be reasonable.

You are a young couple and you have a net income — after deductions — of $400 a month. After allowing for the basic expenses of food, clothing and shelter, you have $100 left. Since you're creating a new life, you buy a lot of things on credit and pledge 80 per cent — or $80 of the $100 left — for monthly installment payments.

You have made a risky deal for yourself.

You're playing it too close. If you get into the slightest financial trouble, you may find yourself in an intolerable squeeze.

You are the same couple. But you pledge 40-50 per cent — or $40 to $50 of the $100 you have left after basic expenses — for payments.

You're within the safe limit. Should you get into some financial trouble, you'll have room to turn around.

The concern of objective experts in America over the soaring trend of private debts is mounting by the hour. An installment debt alone surges toward the $26 billion mark — almost double the level of only five years ago! — the questions are being asked with intensifying anxiety: How high can these debts go? At what point will we find ourselves so overloaded with debts that the whole structure will be in danger of crashing?

Quality Debts Important

But as an objective observer myself, I am increasingly convinced our anxiety should be not over the QUANTITY of our installment debts. It should be over the QUALITY of our installment debts.

With our incomes higher than ever, jobs at a peak and our assets at all-time records, we can safely carry giant-sized debts.

What is frightening, though, is the extent to which more and more financially naive families are buying goods on the loosest credit terms.

What is deeply disturbing is the extent to which more and more are going into debt on the misleading basis of their "total" incomes — instead of on the proper basis of their incomes AFTER allowing for their basic expenses.

The simple illustrations above give you three fundamental yard - sticks for good and bad loans. Follow the sound rules and they'll not only protect your family. They'll safeguard your country too.

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 6 and 7

These two chapters give us the account of Stephen's martyrdom (chapter 7 is the longest chapter in the book of Acts). Stephen was one of seven deacons (mentioned by name in 6:5) who had been appointed to take care of a problem of relief in the Jerusalem Church (6:1-4). He was not content, however, merely to help in the physical administration of relief, but, as a true layman, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people (6:8). He also had a testimony for his Lord, which corroborated the Old Testament Scriptures, and which the religious leaders could not gainsay. This also aroused their envy. So they bribed false witnesses to declare before the council certain statements which they said Stephen had made, but which were untrue. He was then given the opportunity (in chapter 7) to defend himself before the council, reviewing Old Testament history, declaring that the people had killed the prophets of old, had killed Jesus, and were still resisting the Holy Ghost. Dragging him out of the city, they stoned him to death, Saul (Paul) helping to kill him. Thus persecution is increasing; first, threatening, 4:21, then beating, 5:40, and now Stephen (his name means a crown) is the first man to win a martyr's crown.

Edgar A. Guest

TO A LITTLE FELLOW

Little fellow, by and by,
In the years that are to be,
You may sometimes wonder why
Heartache used to trouble me.

You are much too young to know
All that now is taking place,
But when you shall older grow
Disappointment you will face.

Little fellow, this I pray:
When some joy you cannot save,
Cling to faith and steadfast stay.
Life has much a man must brave.

Little fellow, happy be.
Childhood for delight is planned.
All that often troubled me
Some day you will understand.

(Copyright, 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A Budapest merchant rushed into an eye and ear hospital demanding emergency service. "The symptoms have been growing ever since the Commies have been here," he wailed. "I just don't see what I hear!"

Al Freeman describes a company that's got about fifteen too many high-salaried executives on the payroll but can't fire a single one of them because their names are embossed on the expensive stationery!

(Copyright 1955)

Horoscope

The beginning of an important new undertaking or friendship may exercise a profound influence on your life, mainly beneficial. Be on good terms with your employer and associates, however. Excellent reasoning powers and exceptional ambition may be noted in today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OM "GREATER READING ANTIQUE SHOW": Yar bei jupps won m'r net 'm Dunnershdawg owet 's Barricks kounty relick show ei ganumma hen im "Skateland" gabei uf 'm Reading Fair grund. Gross wies gabei is, is der blotz so weit neva drous im dunkla, os es shier note dade m'r het ebber fer em der waig weissa wie onna kumma. Un noh is es 'n blotz woh yusht soicha hee kenna os mashina hen — bussa huts kenna darta os m'r g'sehna-hen, un fer lawfa is es tzu weit. 'S wor der ledshd owet, uns worra arrick wenich leit darta, un die leit mit socha tzu ferkaufa — 's wor allas tzu kaufa — hen gore mechdich galawk'd bisniss wear shlecht.

So weit os bakonra leit aw gaina, worra fiel fon na darta woh m'r immer sehnt om Reading show. Dabei, die Ann Frey fon Maxatawny, grawd tzu da die drin, un nagshd dabei uf da onnerra side 'm gonk, worra 's Irvie Kocha fon Reading. Net weit ob wor der Bob Burkhart un sei fraw fon Monterey, un woh noch net arrick long tzurick sin fom alta lond, woh sie fier mohnet tzu gabrocht hen.

M'r shure worra aw froh der Ralph Miller fon Riegelsville sehna — woh sei fraw die Helen wor kenna m'r gerhoftich sei net sawga. Der Ralph wor laenich wie m'r ob g'shtopt hen on seim shtand im hinnerra dale fon Skateland, uns hut uns laid gaduh tzu hoerra, os sie so tzu sawga allas ferlorra hen in ihr'm grossa "antique" blotz on Riegelsville wie die Diane doh wor. Uns shlimsh'd fon ol, wos fert is is fert, sis gore ken inshurance uf alta relicks so weit os hoch wosser aw gait.

'S wor kayose wie m'r noch 'm show kumma sin. Nommy dawgs in Reading uf bisnis, hen m'r nei g'shtopt ons Reesers ess blotz uf 'm Pottsville pike eb m'r noch Laureldale gangda fer 's Porra Rahna p'sucha, sehna wie der Porra aw kaimt. Der ess blotz wor g'shtopta fol leit — dabei fiel bakonta "antique show," leit os m'r gakent hen. Ow'r 's wor net bis uf im nous waig os m'r der Sam Leidecker, un der Jimmy Webb aw gadroffa hen om worta uf ihra essa. Wie m'r g'sawt hen m'r hetta ken tzettle fer nei, omshow hut der Jimmy in der sock galong'd un uns tzwae passa gewwa. Der Sam wie gawainlich hut sei alta relick bicher tzuferkaufa kot in seim shtand, un der Jimmy Webb fon Plainfield, New Jersey, g'shar un so aenich ebbes un allas.

Eb m'r or noch 'm shotsin, hen m'r nei g'shtopt ons Porra Rahna, un sin froh tzu sawga, os der Porra gute aw kumt. Er is uf un rum, ow'r gait noch net fon hame, un tzailt fer ains fon da tzeita nocha mohl tzurick in der hospital gae fer 'n drittie operation. Yusht wie m'r onna kumma sin, war sot aw hee kumma os wie der Dr. Clayton Wotring un sei fraw doh fon da shtadt, un glei danoh sin aw 's Ray Titlows fon Reading onna kumma. Un yusht eb m'r ferlossa hen is der Menno Snyder fon da Jacksonville gagend onna kumma — un so gaits fert 'n gonser dawg on da Rahna hamet — freind kumma fon alla echa kumma fer sehna wie der Porra aw kumt, un 'm winscha os er bol widder munder un g'sund sei mawg.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da kayosa socha os m'r g'sehna hen om show, hut uns nix kayoser gadink'd, os wie blechna and a fer uf shtecka shtella, wilda anda aw tzawma — ebbes os gapatent wor in 1873.

GOTT ISS MEI FREIND

(John Wesley von Nieda, 1853-1939)

Gott iss mei Freind im ganse Yaahr,
Er hebt Sei Hand mir eewich vor;
Die Yaahreszeit macht gaar nix aus,
Er iss deheem bei mir im Haus.

Im Winder blost en kalder Wind,
En weisser Schnee schtost runner gschwind,
Eiszeppche hengke an de Beem,
Gott iss doch noch bei uns deheem.

Im Friehyaahr ziegt en waarmi Luft,
Mer riecht yo glei en frischer Duft,
En grieni Saft schteigt in der Schtamm,
In Beem un Bledder, Busch un Schwamm.

Regge, Blitz, Dunner, Summerzeit,
Gricksel, Fresch, Ieme, Blumme weit,
Die Veggel zwitschre hallich froh,
Sie sehne scheene Sache do.

Es Schpotyaahr kummt, es ennert viel,
Was grie waar, watt so'n Farweschpiel;
Es Laab losst geh vun all de Beem,
Ich bleib mit Gott bei uns deheem.

Mer lowe Gott, 's maag sei wie's will;
Witt du Gott heere, dann sei schtill;
Witt du Gott sehne, kumm zu mir
Un glopp en bissli an der Dier.

—RUSSELL W. GILBERT

The above beautiful verses, sung to the tune "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee," concluded the dialect services held at Grubb's Church on Sept. 4, 1955.

SEI DRIDDI FRAA

vum Jim Brenasel

Wie der Pitt Hummler es aerscht Mol gheiert hot, dann hot er en schtarrigger Glaawe ghatt, ass Weibsleit net vun viel Bedeiting sin un ass sie yuscht in daere Welt sin als de Mannsleit ihre Gschklaafe. Der Pitt hot sei aerschti Fraa allerhand Aerwet schaffe mache, ass net schicklich waar fer en Weibsmensch, un wie sie mol endlich grank iss warre un iss gschtarrewe, dann hot er wunnerlich gebrillt un geglaagt wie er so en gudi Fraa verlore hot.

Drei Monet nochdem ass der Pitt sei aerschti Fraa vergraawe hot ghatt, dann hot er schunn widder en anneri ghatt. Die zwett Fraa waar en schwechlich, geduldich, gut-genadurt glee Weibsmensch, un hot alles gedrei geduh, was der Pitt vun ihre gfoddert hot. Der zwett Winter ass sie gheiert waare, iss mol ee Nacht en farrichterlicher diefer Schnee gfalle. Der Pitt hot sei Fraa den Schnee all schebbe mache ums Haus un um der Scheier rum. Sie hot en farrichterlich Kalt grickt, un sell Friehyaahr, yuscht wie die Beem ihre Laab grickt hen, dann hen sie em Pitt sei zweddi Fraa newich die aerscht gelegt im Kaerrichhof. Der Pitt hot uffkors widder farrichterlich gebrillt, awwer in seim Haz waar er froh, ass er nau widder die Gelegenheit hot fer en anneri Fraa zu griegge.

Es hot net lang genumme, bis der Pitt sei Aag uff en anner Weibsmensch ghatt hot. Des waar die Jane Hannesel — en grooss, raubaschtich alt Meedel, ass gans naegscht zwee hunnert Pund gewoogge hot un waar schtarrick wie en Gaul. Die Jane hot en schee Gsicht ghatt, un des waar, was der Pitt aagezogge hot. Der Pitt iss die Jane alle Samschdaag Owed sehne gange, un dernoh hot sie ihn als gfiedert mit sponge-Kuche un Moschi bis er schier verschprunge iss. Sie hot's awwer net beduh ass sie ihn gheiert hot, bis en Yaahr noch der zwedde Fraa ihrem Dod.

Die Hochzich waar mol ee Samschdaag Owed am Pitt seim Haus, un wie der Breddicher un die annere Leit mol endlich all fatt waare, dann dutt der Pitt sei Aarem um die Jane un browiert ihre en Boss zu gewwe. Die Jane hot des awwer net erlaabt, un wie der Pitt sich dernoh uff en Schtuhl ghockt hot un hot sei driddi Fraa mit Wunner bedracht, dann saagt die Jane:

"Nu, Pitt, weil mir nau dann endlich Mann un Fraa sin, dann deede mir nanner yuscht so gut graad recht verschteh. Du waarscht en farrichterlicher, mienner, wieschter Mann zu deine aerschte zwee Weiwer, un hoscht sie allezwee in ihre Graewer geduh eb ihre Zeit do waar darrich dei unverschtenniche Weegge. En Fraa iss ken Gschklaaf, un ken Mann mit eischt e wennich Verschtand deet en Fraa Mischt faahre, Schnee schebbe un so annere Aerwet schaffe mache, wie du dei aareme aerschte zwee Weiwer duh hoscht mache. O! was hot mei Blut drum gekocht, un was hawwich drum gewinscht, ich darreft dich yuscht en halwi Minutt recht gut warrigge, wie ich dei aarem glee zwett Weiwli sehne hab seller schwer, dief Schnee schebbe dieweil ass du hinnich em Offe ghockt hoscht un hoscht dei schtinkichi aldi Peif gschmokt! Meensecht du sell waar recht, Pitt?"

Der Pitt hot awwer ken Andwatt gewwe. Er hot datt ghockt mit Maul un Aagge weit uff, un hot gewunnert, was dann in der liewe Welt uff eemol bassiert iss.

"Nau, Pitt," saagt die Jane wie sie so aardlich hatt uff der Disch gschlagge hot, "ich hab dich net gheiert yuscht fer dich zu driweliere un dich mien zu yuse—awwer zu browiere en diesenter, verschtennicher Mann aus dir zu mache. Du musscht dei ganser Lewenslaaf verennere un viel vun deine dumme alde Aagewehnt uff en Seit leegge. Du musscht dich 'n gans neier, rumgebauter Mann beweise, un dernoh kenne mir gut mit nanner fatt faahre. Un nau denk ich gehn ich ins Bett. Gut Nacht, Pitt!"

Un eb der Pitt recht gewisst hot, was bassiert iss, dann hot er die Jane heere drowwe in die Vedderschtubb geh un die Dier schliesse wie sie drin waar.

Ich deet net gleiche zu iwwerhole, wie der Pitt so wiescht gflucht hot, wie er seller Schlissel heere hot drehe an der Jane ihre Dier. O, was hot seller Mensch drum gedobt! Er iss zerick un varre geloffe, un hot dernoh als Feischt nuff geeich die ceiling gemacht un hot wedder die Wand gschlagge mit de Feischt, bis es Haus recht gezittert hot. Dernoh, wie sei Zann e wennich drunne waar, dann iss er die Schteeg nuff gschniekt un hot an der Jane ihre Dier gharricht. Die Jane waar bei daere Zeit laut am Schnarrickse, un — die Dier waar teit gschlosse. Dernoh iss der Pitt widder nunner gange un hot aafange die Schtiehl un anner Sach rum zu kicke in seim Zann.

Dernoh hot er en Licht genumme un iss ab in der Keller. Datt hot er sich uff die Grumbiere Hatt ghockt un hot mol hazhaftich aafange zu heile. O, was hot der Pitt drum gebrillt!

"Do waar ich nau noch immer mei eeggener boss un muss nau in meine alde Daagge unnerdeenich sei zu so emme fratziche Wese wie die Jane! Ich duh's net!" greischt der Pitt wie er uffgetschumpt iss un hot drei odder vier scheene Schnitzboi wedder die schee weiss Kellerwand gschmisse ass sie breet verschpritzt sin. Der Pitt hot aa widder so aardlich wiescht gflucht un hot darricheweck yuscht ebaut wiescht ghaust.

Der Pitt hot yuscht reddi gemacht ghatt fer en Schnitzboi wedder 's Essich Fass zu schmeisse, wie ebber ihn gegraebbt hot mit zwee powerful Aerem un die Jane nemmt ihn un legt ihn wie en glee Bobbli uff ihre Schooss.

"Pitt, ich sehn dei Esel-Nadur will net noochgewwe, un ich muss dich browiere zu treene uff en annerer Weg!"

Un was hot die Jane der Pitt dernoh drum gebletscht! Der Pitt hot farrichterlich gebrillt un gegrische, awwer des hot alles nix gebatt, un die Jane hot als hadder druff gschlagge!

Der Pitt hot nau yuscht ebaut wiescht gegrische, awwer es waare ken annere Heiser naegscht, un niemand hot gheert wie's in sellem Keller gemacht hot.

Wie die Jane der Pitt recht gut gedrosche hot ghatt, dann hot sie ihn dreimol farrichterlich owwe wedder die Balge gschtaucht, ass der Pitt ewwe recht gegrext hot. Dernoh hot sie's Licht in ee Hand genumme un mit der annere Hand hot sie der Pitt middes uff em Buckel gegraebbt un hot ihn nuff uff der Schpeicher gedraagge. Datt hot sie ihn uff sei Bett gschmisse, iss naus un hot die Dier gschlosse.

Es waer en hatt Ding fer browiere em Pitt sei Gfiehle auszuleegge, wie er datt uff seim Bett gelegge hot. Er waar wie en Mann, ass yuscht uff eemol in ere neie Welt zu lewe kumme iss, un hot net recht ausmache kenne wu er iss.

Der Pitt iss vum Bett gegraddelt un hot in der Schpiggel geguckt. "Bin ich der Pitt Hummler odder bin ich en glee, schwach Bobbeli?" saagt der Pitt.

Dernoh hot er sich ausgeduh un iss ins Bett gange. Awwer er hot net viel schlofe kenne. Sei Erfaahrung mit em Hannesel waar ihm die gans Zeit var de Aagge.

Die Jane waar frieh uff der naegscht Marye un hot gsunge wie en Larrich, wie sie yuscht ebaut en gut Esse gemacht hot. Der Pitt hot sie heere singe, un hot gewunnert wie sie so uffgelebt sei kennt, nochdem ass sie ihn so wiescht gedrosche hot.

"Nau, kumm esse, Pitt," greischt die Jane in ere blessierliche Schtimm die Schteeg nuff.

Der Pitt hot sich so halwer gfarricht fer nunner geh, awwer er iss ab nunner, un sei Engschte sin ihm all vergange wie die Jane ihm en Boss gewwe hot un frogt:

"Pitt, denkscht du, du kannscht mich triete wie en Fraa getriet sei sett, un ass mir in Friede mit nanner lewe kenne?"

Der Pitt hot an der Jane ihre wunnerbaari Schtarrick gedenkt, un der Weg wie sie ihn ghandelt hot datt im Keller, un es hot ihn net lang genumme fer der Jane alles zu verschpreche, ass sie hawwe hot welle.

"Der Pitt waar nooch sellem en gans annerer un besserer Mann, awwer ken Mensch hot gewisst, ass er sei besserer Verschtand in sich gebletscht grickt hot im Keller bei seinere dridde Fraa.

(The above story first appeared in the Schuylkill Haven Call on May 3, 1901)



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHURCH SERVICES

Many of our readers remember the time when our bi-lingual rural pastors conducted services and preached sermons in the High German language, as had been done from the time of our earliest pioneers in Pennsylvania. The First World War brought an end to such services, but the people continued in their every-day lives to speak their beloved dialect. Some even felt that the dear Lord spoke more persuasively to them in the tongue of their fathers. Perhaps a compromise could be effected.

Last summer the Reverend Benjamin Lotz, Assistant Professor of Religion at Susquehanna University, and at that time supply pastor for Grubb's Church, conceived the idea of an all-Pennsylvania-German church service. Surely the Creator of all tongues would not look disdainfully upon those worshipping Him in their own humble dialect. The Rev. Eugene O. Steigerwalt, Pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Selinsgrove, was selected to conduct Pennsylvania German services for Snyder County in the grove of Grubb's Church on Sept. 5th, 1954.

Grubb's Church, better known locally as the "Botschaft" Church, is one of the oldest in Snyder County. It was founded in 1776 and is a daughter of St. Peter's Church, Freeburg. "Botschaft" means message, and is derived from the German version of St. John: "Dies ist die Botschaft, die wir gehoert haben" (This is the message which we have heard).

This novel service appealed to the worshippers and we are happy to learn that the second annual Pennsylvania German service was held in the grove of Grubb's Church on September 4th. The Rev. Dr. Warren C. Heinly, Grace Lutheran Church, Lancaster, presented the message for the day. Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, Professor of German, Susquehanna University, who has done notable work in the field of Pennsylvania German, presented suitable materials of worship and translated two hymns into the dialect. He also provided an original poem on the seasons," Gott iss Mei Freind im Ganse Yaahr," which is reprinted elsewhere in this issue of the ECK. For those who could not attend we reprint here a large part of the order of the service, as it appears on the published folder:

Aafangswadde

Des iss der Daag, wu Gott gemacht hat. Mir sin froh, ass mir an Gott glaawe. O Gott, unser Vadder im Himmel, Du bischt unser Droscht, Du bischt unser Hilf, un wie oft breiche mir Dei Gnaad un Dei Barmhazichkeet. Du bischt die Ruh, Du bischt die Graft, Du bischt die Gsundheet im groosse Grieg zwische 'm Gude un 'm Schlechde. Mer wolle's Beschde duh fer Dich un fer uns, un so gehne mir in Dei Kaerrich. Iwwerall hoscht Du uns gholfe. Der Vadder, der Suh un der Heiliche Geischt sin immer un iwwerall bei uns. Wie's Biepli unnerm Mudderfliggel Schutz sucht, so suche mir all Dei Hilf. Bischt Du bei uns, iss alles gut un alles schee. Mir singe zu Dir un lowe Dich. Du Gott bischt die Liewe, un mir sin all Brieder.

Der Haerrgott iss mei Schofhieder: Ich brauch gaar nix. Er bringt mich zum Hieleegge in der griene Weed, un er fiehrt mich zum frische Wasser. Er macht mei Seel widder munder: er fiehrt mich uff 'm graade Weg in seim eeggne Naame. Un wann ich aa darrichs dunkel Daal geh muss, iss es mir net verleed: Du bischt bei mir, Dei Schtang un Dei Schtock dreeschde mich. Du hoscht en Disch vor mir reddi gemacht geeich meine Feind: Du hoscht mei Haar mit Eel gewesche, un mei Koppche kann's net hewe. Was gut un barmhazich iss, geht mit mir darrichs ganse Lewe, un ich will seilewes in Deim Goddeshaus bleiwe.

Kaerrichelied: In Dei Kaerrich Gehn ich Nei

Die Heiliche Schrift: Sankt Matthaeus 13:1-23 un Sankt Matthaeus 25:1-20, iwwersetzt vum Dr. Ralph C. Wood un vorgelese vum Dr. Russell W. Gilbert

Es Gebet: beim Parre Eugene O. Steigerwalt vun Selinsgrove

Kaerrichelied: Ich Brauch Dich, Liewer Yesus

Die Breddich: "Schwitze, Net Schwetze" — beim Dr. Warren C. Heinly vun Lengkeschder

Es Kaerrichegeligewwe: Letscht Yaahr iss 's Geld an die luderisch Gemee im Schteddel Zierenberg in Hessen, Deitschland, gange. Des Yaahr hot der Kaerricherat ausgemacht, es Geld em Good Shepherd Home in Allentown zu gewwe. Eier Geld kann Hilf warre zu denne, wu es breiche. Gebt hazhafdich!

Etliche Kaerrichelieder: beim Friehbaerrick Kweier

Die Seegning

Es Schlusslied: Gott Iss Mei Freind im Ganse Yaahr

The reader of the above will sense to some degree the innate fervor and radiance of our dialect when used in religious worship. We agree with the Palatine poet when he sings:

Wann ich zu Gott im Himmel hoch
Als bede will, dernoh
Duh ich's i meinre Mudderschprooch,
Weil Gott iss mit re froh.

BULLY LYON

In an article "Who Was Bully Lyon?" (ECK, July 2) our readers learned to know Berks County's most spectacular and picturesque character (1832-1909), old "Rough and Ready," rough toward offenders against the law and ever ready for trouble, "the great detective" and "terror to evil-doers," who, at some time during his 77 years had served as newsboy, street car driver (when horses were still in use), bill poster, constable, high constable, special officer, Sheriff's deputy, mule driver on the canal, policeman, prison inspector, Chief of Police, auctioneer, driver of an omnibus from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, Coroner, watchman, messenger for the Navy Department, detective (both for the County and the National Government at different times) and agent for the so-called "Underground Railroad" of Civil War days. It was Bully Lyon who inspired the dialect rhymes that were once popular among our Pennsylvania German people of two generations ago, fragments of which are still heard occasionally. Those contributed by Mrs. William Miller, Allentown, at that time ran:

Do kumm ich mol noch Reading,
Do waar ich net bekannt;
Noh kummt der Bully Lyon
Un grickt mich an der Hand.

Noh saag ich, "Ei, ei Bully,
Was hawwich dann geduh?"
Noh saagt der Bully Lyon,
"Du waarscht en beesser Bu!"

In response to our request for other such rhymes that might still linger in the minds of our readers, we are pleased to add the following which have come to us from Mrs. Beulah Klotz of Allentown:

Noh fiehrt er mich ins prison
Un saagt datt misst ich nei;
Datt misst ich drei Yaahr bleiwe,
Noh waer ich widder frei.

Noh kummt mei Fraa mich sehne,
Sie hot so arrig gheilt;
Noh saagt der Bully Lyon,
Sie waer gewiss net scheit.

Does this ballad remain fragmentary or do you know additional verses?

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

A Glad but Sad Newsboy Day

Thruout the United States, wherever newspapers are being delivered today, especial recognition will be accorded to those ambitious boys who arise early in order that they can place this morning's paper at your door in time for reading during the breakfast hour.

This is the one day in which there is nation - wide attention and admiration for the ambitious little fellows who, for generations, have constituted an admirable type and who, as they grew older have become some of our finest citizens and have made extraordinary contributions to American life.

The American boy, who carries the daily papers, has become a model for American youth. It has been the nature of his occupation that it has developed in him good physical habits to serve him thruout his life. It has trained him in many ways to find his place and make his way in society as he has gone on in years.

Especially in recent years has the occupation trained him in fundamental business relationships. He has been prompted to become a budding young businessman who becomes accustomed to buying and selling, to the keeping and balancing of accounts, to becoming a salesman for his product concerning which he is prompted to widen his knowledge in order that his salesmanship shall be more efficient.

Especially does his training tend to develop his tact and his understanding of people. In many instances he is the closest contact which the clientele of a newspaper has with the organization that turns out the paper. It is important therefore to the organization that he be prompt, faithful and diligent in the conduct of the last link in the long chain of services performed by a newspaper organization, namely the placing of the finished product in the hands of the customer.

That the carriers of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers perform their work with satisfaction to their organization and (what is more important) to their customers can be testified to best by the customers of the boys. Altho more than 90,000 papers are placed in the hands of our customers daily, comparatively few are the complaints concerning service. Our boys take their job seriously. It is their own business which they are conducting and they are being taught to do it well.

It has become not only a badge of honor but a privilege and high honor for many hundreds of boys to have become carriers of the Call - Chronicle Newspapers. The newspaper boy is a highly regarded element in the big organization that produces these papers daily and the boys can best tell how profitable that regard has been for them.

However today's celebration of National Newspaper Day in our organization has been clouded by serious accident to one of the force of carriers. A hospital bed is occupied by one of the boys, who on his early morning rounds yesterday as he rode his bicycle and was accompanied by his dog, was struck by an automobile. Serious internal injuries are feared and recovery may take a long time.

The accident suggests the hazards that hundreds of boys daily face as they go about their duties for their routes take them upon busy highways during hours when exceptional speeds are used by motorists on their way to or from employment.

What happened to one of our carriers yesterday could happen to others. What happened served to illustrate the hazards which many assume in order that a service to readers of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers can be rendered.

The American newspaper boy is of the salt of the earth. Call-Chronicle newsboys are a cross-section of our finest young people and most promising citizens of the future.

The Fight Never Ends

While National Newspaper Week continues to be a topic for the American press, it is pertinent to repeat at its closing the slogan of the year: "Your Newspaper fights for your right to know."

If there be any American who thinks that all the fighting for the freedom of the press is over and that there can be no one so brash as to contest the right of the press to present the truth then let him consider what happened this very week in San Francisco. There a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle was jailed for contempt by a judge. The contempt consisted in his refusal to divulge the source of information which he gave out in a story about a strike.

Not only did the reporter believe in protection under the Constitution of the United States but also in a specific California law which provides that "a newspaper publisher, editor or reporter need not disclose the sources of information." That law was passed in 1935, but never had been taken to the top court of the State. There is where it will be tested ultimately altho for the time being the reporter is in a prison forty miles from his home.

All over the United States there will be support in newspaperdom for this courageous reporter's stand. But it is more important that general public opinion support him. Always there is danger that petty tyrants will get into control of government and that one of their first steps will be to muzzle the press which contends that the people have the right to know.

It will be well for every American to consider and answer for himself these questions:

Does the man on the street want someone in Government to decide what information is "useful" or "interesting" enough for the public to know about?

Would Americans have faith in Government - controlled newspapers grinding out pre-censored, pre - condensed, pre - pulverized "news" in easy doses?

Are the people ready to accept cradle-to-grave control by a Super-State without hearing both sides of an argument as presented in a free press?

Are the people ready to give up newspapers that fight for their right to know? The newspapers of America don't believe it.

Newspapers are of the people by the people and for the people.

Newspapers will continue to fight for the people's right to know.

The Opportunity Continues

It was a most unfavorable evening for leaving the comforts of the fireside and attending the opening of the special exhibition of paintings in the Allentown Art Museum on Thursday night. But let it be understood that the exhibition will continue during the remainder of the month and that just as good opportunity continues for all our people to enjoy this senstational showing of masterpieces as was provided for the large turnout of prominent people on the opening night.

Every visitor to this exceptional show will be amazed to learn what art treasures have been amassed by many of our people and are lived with daily by them in their homes.

It is not possible for most persons to visit the series of private dwellings from which these paintings come, but it is possible to see them now that they are brought together in wonderful array at the Museum.

It is an opportunity never again to be had by our people. Those who like good pictures will not fail to see this exhibition. Make a trip to the Museum a "must" on this weekend.

Consistently Sinister

During its two-year lifetime, the Hoover Commission was frequently attacked as an attempt not only to save money but to change the course of government.

The charge was fairly substantial, for the members of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government thought that the Government was doing some pretty silly things such as storing up a couple of decades of hamburgers with tomato ketchup to match. The members didn't think much of the Government's being in the businesses of making ice cream, mixing cement, manufacturing clothes, roasting coffee or baking bread; they figured that private industry could do it better and cheaper for the Government than the Government could do it.

In fact the Hoover Commission suggested many other ways of saving the taxpayers' money. Just by reorganizing the foreign aid give - away programs the Hoover experts estimated that some $360 million annually might be saved. Some of this "aid" went for such things as a grant to The Netherlands to study the behavior of its people.

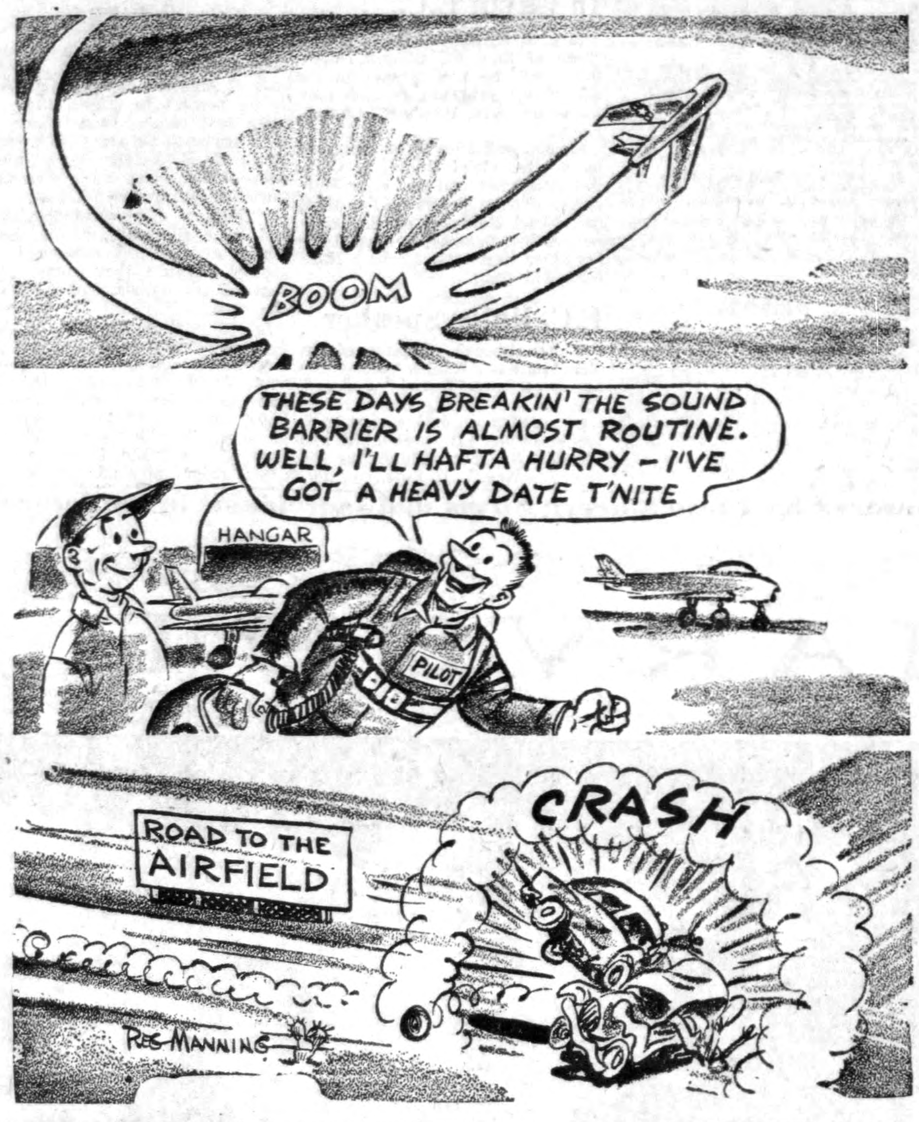
Indeed, one conclusion of the Commission was that if the savings it found could be made were put into effect by the different Government agencies the budget could be balanced.

To the politicians whose philosophy is to tax and spend, this was downright revolutionary talk. Any such idea would certainly change the course of Government if it were adopted.

Well, the other day the Hoover Commission returned unspent to the Treasury $83,000 of the total appropriation Congress granted for the series of studies.

This final act showed the Hoover Commission to be consistent about economy in Government, but it proved something sinister also. To return money to the Treasury revealed the Commission to be far more subversive than even the most critical spender had suspected. — Wall Street Journal

It's A Dangerous Life



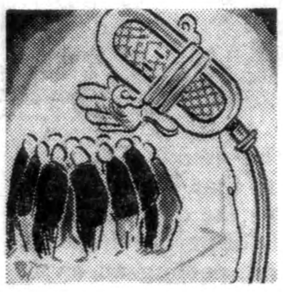
Eavesdropping on Jury

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Strange goings on — the news comes out that a group of University of Chicago professors recently planted hidden microphones in a jury room without the knowledge or consent of the jurors. All this supposedly comes under the head of "research." It is being defended now on the ground that the attorneys in the case and the judge consented—but nobody seems to have been worried about the discourtesy to, if not the violation of the rights of, the jurors themselves, who didn't know that what they were saying to each other privately was being recorded and transcribed for the eyes and ears of persons who had no moral right to eavesdrop in the first place.

It would have brought the loudest of protests from coast to coast if Sen. McCarthy's committee or any of the other congressional investigating groups had tried the same sort of "research" in order to get information about the conversations of organizations or discussion groups of various kinds. It wou have been, of course, interesting "research" for a congressional committee to sit in on meetings held by ideological groups. But the cry would have gone up that this was a gross breach of the Bill of Rights and all the other rights of the individual guaranteed by the Constitution.

Yet today it has been revealed that the Ford Foundation made the grant of funds to the University of Chicago Law School and that the project involved a study of the jury system. It is probable that the Ford Foundation didn't know that its money was going to be used to plant microphones in jury rooms, nor did it presumably know why it was necessary for the managers of the research project to



get information in this peculiar way.

But it is a safe bet that the committee headed by Sen. Hennings (D-Mo.), which is studying abuses of consitutional rights will not investigate this, though already the Senate Sub-committee on Internal Security has announced it will take testimony. The episode actually belongs in the field of the Hennings committee.

Brownell's Statement

The attorney general, Herbert Brownell, expressed himself in indignant terms concerning the project. He issued a statement in which he said that the wiring of the jury room was done "without the knowledge or consent of the jurors and without the knowledge or consent of the attorney general, in at least five civil cases." He then said in part:

"We in the Department of Justice are unequivocally opposed to any recording or eavesdropping on the deliberations of a jury under any conditions regardless of the purpose. Such practices, however well intentioned, obviously and inevitably stifle the discussion and free exchange of ideas between jurors. They tend to destroy the very basis for common judgment among the jurors, upon which the institution of trial by jury is based, and are inconsistent with the purposes of the 7th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which requires that trial by jury shall be preserved."

Constitutional Provision

The attorney general also might have mentioned the provision of the Constitution which guarantees the citizen against intrusions on his privacy. It is in Article 4 of the Bill of Rights, which says:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

"The word "unreasonable" means that the limits of intrusion must be defined by law. There are currently pending in Congress some bills to permit wiretapping when a federal judge, upon a showing of the circumstances of a suspected crime, approves the use of listening devices. But in this instance there was no crime suspected. It was, therefore, a sheer invasion of the right of privacy on the mistaken assumption that some beneficent purpose of research might be served. This could just as well have been fulfilled by interviewing the jurors afterwards as to their suggestions for improvement of the system or by seeing to it that some of the professors or students serve on juries. They could reveal their recommendations or proposed reforms in the classroom afterwards without violating the confidence of the jury room.

The attorney general has announced that he will ask Congress to pass laws "to prevent such intrusions upon the privacy of the deliberations of both grand and petit juries of the courts of the United States by any persons whomsoever and by any means whatsoever."

This would include the newfangled "research" techniques, too.

(Copyright, 1955, New York Herald Tribune Inc.)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 14:1-7

I have been stressing the passages in the book of Acts which describe the persecutions of the early Christians, who, although they were quite ready to obey Paul's injunction which we saw in Romans 12, namely, to render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, that is, to be obedient to the government under which they were living, also obeyed Jesus' command to witness for Him, which did not please the religious leaders, and therefore brought on them persecutions and martyrdoms. They suffered with great joy, because they knew that they were pleasing their Lord, and that great glory would some day follow — suffering and glory was the order. Coming to Acts 14, we follow our missionaries from Antioch in Pisidia to Iconium, where again in their synagogue they spoke to the people (Paul always went to the synagogue, so that his own people might be the first to hear the Gospel.) Whenever Christ is 'lifted up,' there is a division, some believing, others rejecting Him, v. 4. Rumors that they were to be stoned, v. 5, caused them to flee to the next town, Lystra, where Paul had a most dramatic experience.

Edgar A. Guest

BEST

Good, better, best they say.
Each stop a test.
Why choose with good to stay?
Strive for the best.

Leave good behind and try
Better to gain.
Then as the days go by
What's best attain.

True this of things and men,
Classes are three.
First good, then better, then
Best is to be.

Never with good content.
Never with better rest.
Work till your strength is spent
For what is best.

(Copyright, 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Report from a Miami Beach weather forecaster who knew on which side his bread was buttered: "Sprinkles yesterday (four inches) caused by strong winds drifting east from California."

"Teaching my wife to play poker," boasted Aristedes Henpeck, Jr., "was a positive inspiration. Why, last Saturday night I won back a third of my salary!"

Horoscope

You should benefit by the help or counsel of an elderly friend or relative, but be sure that you do not antagonize your employer or others in authority. Today's child may be ambitious and desirous of fame, and at least average success is prognosticated.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N HUTE FER YADER KERRICH: Der Porra Tom Brendle fon Egypt hut drei kerricha — Egypt, Cementon, un Laurys. Summers gait er gawainlich mit ous ma hute, ow'r kumts shpote yohr, noh mus der hute bei, un hut gawainlich der same druvel wie mier aw immer hen — lust der hute liea won er an aryads ob dut. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, mier selwar hen shun grawd bout so fiel heet ferlorra os m'r aw ous gaworra hen — die uhrsoch os m'r summer ken hute noh shlaifa.

Wel aenicha waig, der Porra is doh kartzlich ous heet kumma, hut yusht tzwae kot, un net recht gawist on welra kerricha tzu gucka fer sei ferlorna heet finna. Noh liever os wie in da gonsa nochberschoft rum shpringa sei keet sucha, is er gonga un hut sich 'n neier kauft — 'n funkle neier hute ós er fers airsht mohl uf hut fer noch da Millers kerrich gae on Laurys. Noh bei jupps wos sot die Phyllis Schoch duh, os wie sei frelorner hute finna im basement—un woh sie gakent hut weil "T R B," ins bond gadrick'd wor.

Die sawg is, der Porra het galocht fon ohr tzu ohr wie er sei airshder ferlorner hute tzurick grick'd het, un het noh g'sawt won er der onner now aw noch het, het er drei heet bei nonner — un woh maint, os er ae hute hut fer yader kerrich, un immer wase woh hee tzu gae fer ainer griega won er sie widder leia sot lossa.

'N TZWAE WAIGA GABUTZDAWG PARTY: Doh 'm onnerra Sundawg wor 'n tzwae waiga gabutzdawg party im Clair Price on Longswamp, seim neia picknick un frollick gabei. Die weil os er ken nutza may kotta hut fon seinra alta shire hinnich 'm wertshous drunna, hut ers gabei rum shoffa lossa in 'n bletz fer parties drin halta, un woh die Anna Warmkessel fon dart drous, un die Emmy "Grundnis" Hilbert doh fon da shtadt, eigawei'd hen mit ra tzwae waiga gabutzdawg party.

Die Anna yair'd sich alla mond wex'l un alsa mohl g'rhwisha drin, un wert ken tzeit elter. Die Emmy ow'r yair'd sich ae mohls 's your — farna im Ocktober, un kon noch grawd so arrick grundnis essa wie sei lava. 'S wor allas tzu essa un drinka dart os ebber howwa hut maiga, un des wor mohl ae party, woh sie ken tzeit kot hen fer blauderra fon da elt. Allas os gablauder'd is werra, wor, fon da Dodger un Yank balla fuhrra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won aenich' ebber wissa wil wie alt os die Anna un die Emmy werra sin, maiga sie der Clair Price froga, er kons sawga uf der dawg.



The Amish and Their School Problem

By VINCENT R. TORTORA

In the past two years the 10,000 or so Amish farmers in southeastern Pennsylvania have received much more publicity than is their wont or desire. These austere people who diffidently detach themselves from almost all aspects of the modern world to live intensely religious lives on their beautiful, exceedingly simple farms unequivocally deplore the public attention that is being focused on them.

One source of the publicity has been the production in New York of a highly successful musical entitled "Plain and Fancy" which is loosely based on Amish life and manners. Another source, and the one with which this article is concerned, has been the continued and well-publicized prosecution and imprisonment of a number of Amish fathers for withdrawing their children from school at 14 years of age so they may work on the family farms. They contend that religious principles do not permit an Amish child to study after his fourteenth year.

But the Pennsylvania state law stipulates that farm children must attend school until their fifteenth year before being eligible for a permit to work on the family farm. Only under "dire financial stress" may a child leave school at fourteen. In either case ,the Superintendents of Public Instruction grants the permit.

After many years of unsuccessfully attempting to convince the Amish fathers that the withdrawal of their children from school one year early was illegal, several school boards in townships in Lancaster County began to prosecute. They were fearful of losing their state education subsidies if the illegal truancies continued. Starting in 1953, an almost unbroken chain of Amish fathers reluctantly appeared at hearings, passively refused to pay imposed fines and resignedly shuffled off to jail. Non-Amish friends and neighbors became so distressed at the spectacle of highly principled Amish sullenly sitting out their jail sentences with an air of Gandhian martyrdom that they volunteered payment of their fines. The Amish fathers left jail just as resignedly as they had entered. To the Amish mind, paying fines, retaining lawyers or making any other gesture of defense is tantamount to admitting guilt. One man has been prosecuted ten times.

Finally, several neighbors who do business with the Amish grew tired of the unabating prosecutions and decided to retain two Lancaster attorneys on behalf of their friends. Although some of the Amish themselves protested against "going to law," Lawyers W. Hensel Brown and Charles W. Eaby petitioned the Lancaster County Court for an injunction against one of the township school boards to stay prosecutions during the 1953-54 school year. It was hoped that during the following school year injunctions would be granted against all the prosecuting townships. The purpose of the injunction was to give State Senator Edward Kessler of southern Lancaster County the opportunity to introduce a bill in the State Legislature which would give the Superintendent of Public Instruction the authority to grant farm work permits on religious grounds to 14-year olds. The bill passed the Legislature despite the vote of urban legislators who opposed what they considered to be a bill that would permit child labor. For a reason that has gone unexplained to this day, ex-Governor Fine vetoed the Kessler Bill during the 1953-54 session.

At the beginning of the 1954-55 school year, prosecutions started again with usual regularity as a number of Amish parents of 14-year-olds held them away from school. The lawyers forthwith petitioned the court for injunctions against all the concerned townships; but no more were granted.

In a definitive attempt to terminate the whole distasteful situation and bring the full issue to public attention, Lawyers Brown and Eaby prepared a test case appeal which will be presented to the Pennsylvania State Supreme Court in September or October. They took the case of Amish farmer Smoker who had been convicted and fined during the 1953-54 school year for not sending his child to school and contended that his conviction had been unjust because: 1. the religious freedom of the Amish farmer is violated by continued prosecutions and convictions; and, 2. the Superintendant of Public Instruction exceeds his authority when he refuses to grant permits for Amish children to leave school at fourteen insofar as requests for same are based on religious grounds.

In order to understand better the points made in the appeal, it might be well to examine the position of the Amish.

Ever since the exceptionally strict Amish religious sects immigrated to this country in the late 1600's, they have striven to live their lives, practice their religion and do their farming exactly as their fathers did. This is all part of their way of life. As the surrounding world progressed by leaps and bounds, it became increasingly difficult for them to keep their faith. Yet they managed to adjust themselves to the multitude of pressures from the outside with a minimum of compromise. This they have done largely by shutting themselves, and especially their children, off from "worldly" or secularizing influences.

But the parents are not able to keep their children under their constant protective care; they must go to school. The parents, therefore, in an attempt to shelter their children from what is "world," prescribe to the township school officials the type of school their children should attend; it must have only one room, have no inside plumbing or electricity, be heated only by a wood or coal stove, etc. The township officials bend over backwards, as it were, to comply. Every elementary school the Amish attend embodies all these requisites.

But most of the school systems in the Amish district of Lancaster County hew to the traditional 12-year education program — eight years of elementary and four years of high. A child therefore spends eight years in a one-room elementary school and then must go to a consolidated high school, which is usually quite modern. If an Amish child begins to go to school at six, he is only 14 when transferred to a high school with internal plumbing, electric lights, central heating, etc. Since the state law provides that he must be 15 before he can leave school to work on a farm, the whole issue revolves around the single year between the ages of 14 and 15. How is the child to keep away from the "worldly" influence of the high school for the one year?

No Amish child stays in school after his fifteenth year, regardless of his academic promise. A very small number of Amish parents compromise their religious views and permit their children to enter the modern schools. A few others take advantage of the alternatives afforded them by school authorities. These are: 1. Letting the child continue into the "second eighth grade" set up in the one-room school houses by several of the townships. Actually, in this appendage, as it were, of the eighth grade, the child learns little more than slightly advanced arithmetic, spelling and geography; 2. Instructing the child in townships where there is no "second eighth grade," to get himself "left back" in the eighth grade, and 3. Sending the child to school at seven (compulsory education in Pennsylvania begins at eight) so he will be 15 by the time he finishes the eighth grade.

Essentially, the Amish distrust higher education. They believe that a man who is too well educated turns to the world and does not follow Christ. The belief of the Old Order Amish as to higher education is founded on the Dortrecht Creed set forth on Page 395 of the Martyr's Mirror which reads as follows:

"And since it is a known fact that a lack of faithful ministers, and the erring of the sheep because of the lack of good doctrine, arise principally from the unworthiness of the people; therefore, the people of God, needing this, should not turn to such as have been educated in universities, according to the wisdom of men, that they may talk and dispute, and seek to sell their purchase gift of temporal gain and who according to the custom of the world do not truly follow Christ in the humility of regeneration. But, the true members of Christ must, according to the Counsel of God, with humble fasting and praying turn to the Father of the harvest, who is the true Sender, that by His divine wisdom he will raise up men, whom he may set as faithful and wise stewards over His household, that they may give them meat in due season and may enkindle them in their hearts with His Spirit and urge them into His harvest, that they may feed the flock of Christ, not for the milk and wool, but of ready mind, with knowledge and understanding and lead them on the right of way to the Kingdom of God; and thus execute the ministry imposed upon them by God, by the strength which God gives."

They further believe that, since the child's entire life will be devoted to farming, he will have no use for any academic knowledge he might acquire after the eighth grade. But he would have a good measure of use for the knowledge of farming. This he could acquire at home, apprenticed to his father.

Finally, for reasons of their isolation from the "worldly," the Amish only reluctantly hire non-Amish farm hands to work on their farms. Whenever it is possible, they help one another. It is quite understandable, then, that they would want their children to reach the point just as quickly as possible where they can devote full time to farm work.

Critics of the position taken by the Amish contend that "economic factors" lie behind it. As evidence, they cite the anxiety of the Amish parent to put his child to full-time work on the farm. They oppose granting concessions to the Amish for "economic reasons" and withholding them from other groups.

Those who so blatantly decry the Amish would appear to have lost their sense of balance and of perspective. Certainly a strict religious sect like the Amish that has chosen the humble and secluded life and lived it unwaveringly for 250 years would not be apt to expose itself to the continued degrading affronts of the past two years because of patently materialistic "economic reasons" . . . Rather, their motives cannot be other than those stemming from a profound religious conviction.

In the final analysis, the appeal before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has little chance of causing a reversal of the conviction of the concerned Amish father. Nor will it end the impasse. It will only serve to call attention to the plight of these good people.

Daniel H. Shertzer, a Lancaster attorney who has been most interested in the problem and is well aware of the seeming irreconcilability of the issues, suggests what seems to be a logical solution (though the legality has not been tested, it would appear to be legal). It would involve the setting up by the Amish of their own parochial-vocational schools. In this way they would come under the State vocational - training program and be permitted to spend two weeks working on the farm—which vocation they would be studying — and two weeks learning the academic subjects prescribed by the State. This could continue until their fifteenth year when they would leave school.

Whatever the outcome, it is to be hoped that the Amish farmer who has achieved great dignity as a profound religious man and as an ideal citizen does not lose something in the public estimation as a result of his intransigent principle.

Reprint from The Rural New Yorker (September 3, 1955), with the kind permission of its Editor.

BULLY LYON AGAIN

Our request for additional Pennsylvania German rimes that had grown up about that colorful Berks Countian, Bully Lyon (William Young Lyon, 1832-1909) who served in his day as constable, Sheriff's deputy, Chief of Police, coroner, a detective, etc., etc., brought the following verses from the aged Mrs. Jennie L. Creveling, Allentown, who adds that she used to sing it in her girlhood days:

Do waar ich mol in Reading,
Do waar ich net bekannt;
Noh kummt der Bully Lyon
Un reisst mich an der Hand.

Noh saag ich, "Bully Lyon,
Was hawwich dann geduh?"—
Noh saagt der Bully Lyon,
"Du waarscht en wieschder Bu!"—

Noh fiehrt er mich ins courthouse nei
Un saagt datt misst ich bleiwe;
Noh zieh ich mei Babier raus,
Noh waar ich widder frei.

We had hoped to receive verses which would reveal this little ballad in its entirety, if such ever existed. In **Songs Along the Mahantongo** (Boyer - Buffington - Yoder, The Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Lancaster, 1951) we find the following:

Bald gehn ich noch dem Redden zu;
Datt waar ich nicht bekannt.
Datt kummt der Pauli Lyons
Un nemmt mich bei der Hand.

Er fiehrt mich noch der Prissen zu,
Un saagt er: "Do musscht nei;
Doo musscht du drei Yaahr bleiwe,
Noo wascht du widder frei."
(Noo saag ich zum Pauli Lyons:
"Was hawwich dann geduh?"
Noo saagt der Pauli Lyons:
"Ei, du waarscht en schlechder bu)."

Noo kummt doch meine Fraa,
Die kummt yoo gaar so weit;
Noo saagt der Pauli Lyons:
"Die iss nicht recht gescheit."

The third stanza was inserted in modified form from Stoudt's version. Neither Stoudt nor the editors of **Songs Along the Mahantongo** seemed to know that the name is "Lyon" and not "Lyons" (see ECK, July 2, 1955).

The version of John Baer Stoudt in **The Folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans** (Philadelphia, 1916) remains the best. It runs as follows:

Do kumm ich mol noch Reading,
Do waar ich net bekannt;
Do kummt der Bully Lyons,
Un nemmt mich bei der Hand.
Noh saag ich zum Bully Lyons:
"Was hawwich dann geduh."—
Noh saagt der Bully Lyons:
"Ei, du waarscht en schlechter Bu."
Noh fiehrt er mich ins courthouse,
Un saagt: "Do musscht du nei,
Do musscht du drei Yaahr bleiwe,
Noh bischt du widder frei."
Noh kummt mei Fraa mich sehne,
Sie hot so arrig weit;
Noh saagt der Bully Lyons,
Sie waer gewiss net gscheit.

DER GUCK VERFIEHRT

Es iss en alt Schprichwatt, ass saagt, "Die Sache sin net immer, was mer meent sie waere."

Paar Yaahr zerick hawwich gschwetzt mit me Mann vun Harrisbarrig. Er hot mir en Schtori verzeehlt, ass so gschpassich waar, ich muss heit noch lache, wann ich draa denk. Des iss die Schtori.

En Mann iss uffem Paefment geloffe imme Deel vun der Schtadt, wu nix waar ass Wohnheiser, gaar ken Bissnissbletz waare datt. Der Mann hot en kleener schwazer satchel gedraagge.

Uff eemoll geht en Dier uff amme Haus iwwer der Schtrooss. En Mann iss raus kumme, arrig verkollebiert. Er hot den Mann mit em statchel gsehne un hot gsaat, "Kumm graad do rei! Ich brauch dich. Un es iss ken Zeit zu verliere."

Der Mann mit em satchel waar erschtaunt. Ferwas wett ebber ihn nau graad hawwe? Er hot awwer nix gsaat un iss zu der Dier nei.

Wie er im Gang waar, hot er der Mann sehne die Schteeg nuff schpringe. Er iss ihm nooch so schtarrig ass er hot kenne. Uffem zwedde Schtock iss der Mann vum Haus zu re Schlofschtubb nei gerennt. Es hot der Mann mit em satchel aardlich gedingt, awwer er iss aa dezu nei.

In der Schtubb waar en Fraa im Bett. Sie waar aageduh, wie mer ewwe iss, wann mer im Bett iss, net zu schwer. Sie waar gans feierrot im Gsicht.

Der Mann vum Haus hot gsaat zum Mann mit em satchel, "Guck sie yuscht moll aa. Was deetscht du, wann dei Fraa so aussehne deet?"

Der Mann mit em satchel hot gsaat, "Ich deet graad schicke fer en Dokter" — "Liewer Yammer," saagt der Mann vum Haus, "bischt du ken Dokter?" — "Gewiss net," saagt der Mann mit em satchel.— "Was bischt du dann?" frogt der Mann vum Haus. Noh hot der Mann mit em satchel gsaat, "Ich bin en piano-tuner."

Ya, die Sache sin net immer was mer meent sie waere. Nee, net beim Tschockvoll!

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
Vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

A Great Victory

Only a few days ago the passing of four hospitals, which New York had set up to take care of tuberculosis victims, was noted here. In the first place, the buildings had become obsolete and were not adapted for other types of hospital work. In the second place, the long-time flow of patients to the hospital from the city's huge population had been reduced to a trickle and there were four hospitals too many to take care of the remaining case-load.

In somewhat similar manner and for similar reasons, the sanatorium for treatment of tuberculosis victims at Allenwood, in Union County, has lost population. While 95 victims formerly were under treatment there, the average today is down around 25.

Accordingly the Phoebe Home of this city is arranging to take over the institution on December 1 and thereby enlarge its already hard-pressed service to an increased number of aged folks.

It is an arrangement under which the local institution will be able to accommodate a considerably larger number of guests than it now can care for in its buildings at 19th and Turner Sts. This is a happy circumstance.

But even happier perhaps is the fact that society's battle against an insidious disease is showing such good results. Much has been done within the memory of many of our people. The older generation can well remember when TB was considered a hopeless disease. The consumptive, as the victim was known, was doomed to early death. In addition, he or she became a pariah, or a recluse or an object of shame that his family sought to hide.

Then came knowledge that the disease was curable. With that knowledge, society strove to take victims out of their homes and place them in hospitals where their chances for recovery were multiplied.

Later came fuller realization that not only could the disease be cured but, in large measure, it could be prevented. Accordingly preventive measures have kept pace with measures to effect early discovery and treatment of incipient cases of the disease.

Operation of these measures has served to empty the TB hospitals. Society can look upon the results and say: It is good.

Logical Park Expansion

Initiation by the City of Allentown of condemnation proceedings for acquirement of improved property just west of and abutting upon the Rose Garden is a long-anticipated and long delayed move in the direction of logical expansion of that unit of the park system.

The dwelling and buildings, most recently the home of Abraham Sofrancsy and now in his estate, just naturally belong in the park system. Successive heads of the park department have just been itching to put their hands upon them. But the cost always deterred and the inevitable, it would have seemed, was delayed.

Now City Council seems determined to go ahead, to pay the price that the land and buildings are worth and make them elements of the park system which they should be.

Thru the move there is prospect that the Allentown Art Museum may get a new home and there is also prospect that the huge barn of the former Pastime Farm will become the home of Allentown's Civil Little Theater.

Both these institutions fit into the cultural pattern of which the park system and the Rose Garden in particular are important parts. But whether they be incorporated in this new section of the park system, or not, the City is keeping in the path of progress in acquiring this property.

Taking this step also will be encouragement to later purchases of land to the west, the widening of Parkway Boulevard from 30th St. westwardly and a general beautifying of that area in harmony with the conditions that prevail east of 30th St.

First Classes for Blind

In its efforts to provide educational opportunity for every child in this community, regardless of the peculiar and difficult problems that may be presented in special cases, the Allentown School District is about to make another innovation — the formation of classes for blind children.

The State furnishes financial encouragement for such special classes yet Allentown promises to be the first community in Pennsylvania to provide such services for little unfortunates.

Establishment of classes for the blind will make it possible for parents to keep their children with them during hours other than those spent at school. The psychologists believe that this is better for the child than to separate him from his natural home and place him in an institution for the blind which was the only way open hitherto for the education of such little unfortunates. It should prove a happier way for both children and parents. That it is expected to be so is indicated in the report that a family presently residing in Reading intends to move to this city in order that their little child can be entered in the class now forming. The School authorities also have inquiries from other cities indicating that other families may move here for the same reason.

Since this is the first class to be established, educators in every school district in the State are going to be interested in its work. This will be the laboratory for the testing of all the ideas that will be adopted in the acceptance of a group of children with problems never presented before to a teacher in this city and to our educational system.

The success with which those problems are met will be stimulus to all other communities, for all communities have children with this handicap. All school districts would like to know how to educate these children.

Careful Defense Spending

Sound business practices in defense spending, keynotes of Defense Secretary Wilson's regime, are showing big savings and promise more.

Writing in the November Reader's Digest, W. L. White says the New Look in Defense "housekeeping" can be seen in a sampling of accomplishments:

The Defense Department is selling land and structures valued at $73 million, and the Army is disposing of two chemical plants for almost $21 million.

Accurate financial accounting is now a must with the Air Force. Formerly keeping an inventory in pounds and ounces, this arm of the service now maintains strict dollar-and-cents records. Already savings are being realized, notably in the overseas transport of jet engines needing repair. Air Force procurement regulations, once filling seven huge books, have been so simplified that they now occupy a single volume.

The Army, too, is "thinking in dollars," White notes. A new firing range for tank battalions, recently laid out in Georgia, eliminates the need to transport eastern tanks and crews to a California range, as formerly. The Georgia site cost $54,000 but it saves half a million dollars a year.

Streamlining of clerical work has enabled the Army to close 22 offices and to transfer 247 persons to other jobs. Several million tax dollars are saved thereby. Storage-space savings, achieved by the simple expedient of narrowing warehouse aisles and piling goods higher, have amounted to $660,000.

In its new war on red tape the Navy has shortened or eliminated 44,996 forms and 2840 reports and destroyed 303,000 cubic feet of useless records, thus saving three million dollars in space and storage equipment.

Auction-sale and supermarket techniques, in the selling of military surplus, have netted from 15 to nearly 30 cents on the cost dollar, as against about ten cents realized through the old method of sealed bids.

There is still plenty of senseless waste, the article says. But Secretary Wilson's industrial managers are convinced that the job is well started, and can cite proofs in dollars and cents and in man-hours.

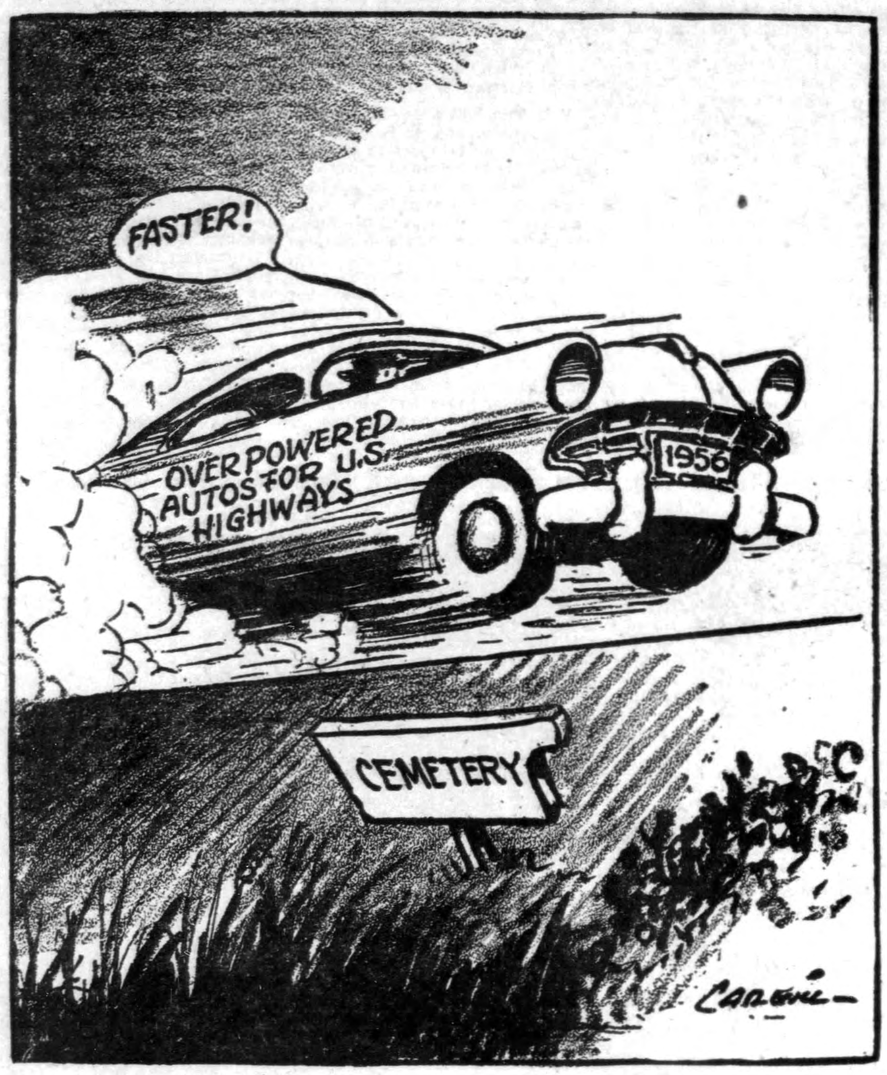
The Olympics

It will necessarily take a bit of planning to carry the Olympic torch from the original site in Greece to Melbourne, Australia, for the traditional games that will be held there from Nov. 22 to Dec. 8, 1956. Lighted on the plains of Olympia in Greece from a fire set by the sun's rays, the torch will be carried almost 12,000 miles to light the flame at Melbourne. The flame, still burning, will be carried by runners over land and a plane over the seas to keep an old tradition alive.

"Down Under" at these Olympics the United States hopes to make a showing that will compare favorably with the best of what the other countries represented do. This country wants its athletes to do well. It wants them to participate in the genuine spirit of the Olympics. But it takes money to send the athletes to Melbourne. The United States Olympic Committee needs $1 million to help finance the expenses of this country's team.

It is therefore appropriate that Congress has authorized President Eisenhower to proclaim Oct. 22 as National Olympic Day to focus attention on the need for public support. — N. Y. Times

'Git Thar Fustest With the Mostest!'



Presidential Questions

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The medical bulletins about President Eisenhower's health have had such a continuously reassuring note in them for several days that the general anxiety felt two weeks ago about the imminence of a serious change has subsided.

Hence the speculation here as to the President's intentions on the political front has also taken a new turn. The questions being asked now are these:

First, on Jan. 20, 1956, Mr. Eisenhower will have served exactly three years. Is this not likely to be the occasion for the pronouncement he all along has had in mind concerning his availability for renomination?

Second, if Mr. Eisenhower undertakes to remain in office until the end of his fourth year, Jan. 20, 1957, will he or will he not risk further damage to his health because of the cares of his office?

Third, if the President really desires a complete respite from the responsibilities of his office, would he be able to get this in any way except by resigning on Jan. 20, 1956, and giving up the fourth year of his term?

Fourth, if the President and his physicians decide he can carry on throughout a fourth year, why isn't it logical to asume that he could, therefore, also carry on for a fifth year or sixth year or longer?

Plainly, the devoted admirers of the President who think he is really indispensable to his country and world affairs at this critical time in history are asking in all earnestness: Why, if the President can serve a full year from Jan. 20, 1956, can't he be counted on to serve for as much of a second term as he is able?

The argument is made that the American people in 1956, if Mr. Eisenhower were the candidate, would not be voting for a man who was certain to serve the full



four years. The answer to this is that no candidate ever has been certain he could serve out his term, and the electorate takes that chance always.

The Constitution fully recognizes this contingency and provides that the American people shall elect a vice president at the same time they elect a President. While it is true that under the present electoral system the candidates for President and vice president must be voted on together and cannot be separated — as was originally the case in the first years of the republic, before the Constitution was changed — the voter can nevertheless by his political influence in his own party and through a national convention express his wishes as to who should be the vice-presidential nominee. There is a new emphasis on the vice presidency nowadays. Also, the voter can refuse to cast his ballot for a ticket if either name on it is not acceptable to him.

If the President does eliminate himself from the race and the months of 1956 reveal him to be in a condition of health approximating his normal status, more and more people will say it was a mistake for him to have withdrawn.

How President May Feel

One wonders how Mr. Eisenhower himself may feel if the Lord spares him another four years in relatively good health and during those four years he observes blunders made by a successor President. Will his conscience bother him and make him think he should not have consulted his own wishes but should have stayed on despite the risks? If America, for example, because involved in a war, many Americans might feel that Mr. Eisenhower, by staying in office, could have avoided it. Would history then say that a different decision should have been made by him?

Certainly nobody ought to exercise political pressure on the President — as, for example, to argue that this continuance in office is necessary to the Republican party or to any of the persons now in office. But public opinion, which is in the main not too concerned by political parties as such, may indicate that Mr. Eisenhower has a duty to his country above all else. When a young man volunteers for duty in the armed services despite physical handicaps, he shows the highest form of devotion to his country.

Dwight Eisenhower has been trained as a soldier. His sense of duty will determine his future. If he does decide that he cannot be a candidate, he will reiterate his belief that no man is indispensable and that the nation must take a calculated risk in selecting at the November 1956 election someone for the highest office in the land who the majority of voters think can best carry out the wishes of the American people. But might not Mr. Eisenhower also say, when Jan. 20, 1956, comes, that the country should have the services of a full-time President immediatly for the whole year of 1956 and the 20 days of 1957 until a successor is inaugurated:

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 16:32-40

When Paul was converted, the Lord, through Ananias, revealed to him 'how great things he must suffer for My name's sake.' (Acts 9:16) His experience in Philippi was just one instance of such suffering. But the conversion of the jailer which resulted from Paul's imprisonment was ample compensation, since He was not interested in his personal conveniences, rather that he might by his preaching, and by all means, 'save some' (1 Cor. 9:22). What a change took place in the home of the jailer! Paul and his companions 'spake unto him the Word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes, and was baptized, he and his straightway. And when he had brought them into his house, he set food before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.' In the morning the officials discharged them; so Paul and his companions went from the jail to the house of Lydia, gave farewell to their Christian friends, and left the city, leaving a nucleus of a congregation, to whom Paul later wrote his letter to the Philippians.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

In the flight kitchen of a big airline service they estimate that passengers travel about 25 miles while they toy with their appetizer, 110 miles while they eat the main course, 40 miles for the salad, and 55 more during dessert. In other words, a single dinner goes a long ways—230 miles!

"Uncle Herbert," implored little Jonnie, "for my birthday this year I'd like another snare drum just like the one you gave me last year."

"I'm glad my last present was such a hit," beamed the uncle. "What made you like it so much?"

Jonnie explained, "Daddy gave me ten cents every week not to beat it."

The Shangri-La-by-the-Sea was run on the American plan, and Mr. Mandelbaum was determined to get his money's worth. He had to give up, however, after four helpings of beef." I can still chew," he sighed to his wife, "but I can't swallow any more."

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Business should be exceedingly prosperous during your next 12 months. Do not let emotional tensions prevent you from giving it your earnest attention, however. A quick-witted, keenly observant character may be noted in the child born under these influences.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIS TZU FIEL OM AW GAE:

Wos gebts noch mit unserra leit mit allas os heit tzu dawg om aw gae is? Niemond hut ken meesichie tzeit, 'n yaders is gatzailt sol des un sel ei nemma—meetings, fersommlinga, suppers, un fress — sis gore ken end heit tzu dawg tzu wos 'n yaders gatzailt is fer duh. Des kumt tzomma, sel kumt tzomma, kommittees doh, un kommittees darta — auxaliaries, fire kumpanie, lodges, granges. PTA's un der shinner wase wos — un noh sin die kerricha, Societies, Sundawg shula un so 's gleichas — 's mawg sei os ganunk dawga in ra woch sin, ow'r oweta — duh himmel reich won drei mohl so fiel weara, kent 'n mensch net noh kumma.

Un noh is es aw net yusht die tzeit os es nembt fer ol denna socha noh gae — un 'n yaders hut sei gute un iwwelie side. Ol die socha koshda gelt — so fiel gelt, os m'r 's leit net ferdenka kon won sie ungaduldich werra won die kinner hame kumma fon da shule un sawga, die PTA het 'n supper un het garn 'n kucha, odder die Grange wot ebbes onnishders howwa — hetta 'n "Covered Dish Social," un 'n yaders kent bringa wos es wot. Doch wert·g'shtich'ld sie sotta ken gabockna bohna, odder grumbierra tzalawdt bringa, sie hetta ganunk fon sella socha, wos sie 's mansh'd howwa sotta, wear flaish fon aenichra ra ort, un guta, hocha steeple-jacks fon hame gabockna kucha.

Sis wohr os leit nimmy so hard shoffa wie sie hen 50-60 yohr tzurick. Weibsleit in da hameta hens fiela besser wie sies ols kotta hen — basem, barshda, un uf wesh lumba, hen wenich blotz in ra heit tzu dawg hamet, un so aw hondwesh board, un wesh mashina os m'r reddl'd fon hond. Der becker bring'd 's brode un die kucha on die dier — doh is nix may fon shwitza un sich bloga fer 'm bockboard un offa, die familia sot feedra mit hame gabockna socha. Fon games wissa wenich lect heit tzu dawg ebbes, un shtondhoftie kosh'd wie shunka flaish un oyer schnitz un gneb, un sourkrout un shpeck — fer sel missa sie noch ma wertshous odder ess blotz gae, woh kosh'd fon selra ort garish'd wert.

Leit heit tzu dawg sin immer imma shussel, immer om gae, un oft mohls won sie tzurick hame kumma wissa sie net ferwos sie gonga worra. Sis nix unbakontas fer on tzwae, drei, un noch may bletz imma owet gae — naryads long, yusht long ganunk so os sie sawga kenna sie worra darta. Noh wert gaglawk'd, sie sin so mead un mot, kenna net shlofa, un hen ken obadit. Sie selwar kenna 's net fershtae, ow'r die blose uhrsoch is nix may os wie sie sin immerom gae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis wunnerbore wie fiel leit os es ols noch hut os net laisa kenna — un fer sel ous finna, brouch m'r numma die Hamilton shtross nunner fohrra won sellie lichter om gae sin wohs da leit secht won tzu lawfa, un won tzu worta, fer tzu foos iwwer die krossing gae.

Ol woh driwwer gaina wons secht, "Don't Walk," kenna all'm noh net laisa, odder sin 's lava laedich, un hoffa fer um g'forhrra werra bei ra mashine.



LEWE UN HIMMEL

Was iss des, was mer Lewe —nennt?
Un vun wu kummt es haer?
Es iss en Waxtum, ass mer kennt,
Der Schtifter iss der Haerr.
Viel Lewe hot aa Wissenschaft,
Un anners hot viel dodi Kraft.

En yeders Dier des Lewe hot,
Des eschtemiert es viel:
Gut Lewe watt mer niemols satt,
Winscht dass es hett ken Ziel.
En Seel iss mit verbunne aa,
Do muss mer immer denke draa.

Des Menschelewe iss so kaz,
Mer wunnert wie es kummt;
Gewiss, es dutt mer weh im Haz,
Wie schnell die Zeit vertschumt.
Nein hunnert Yaahr hen als die Leit
Gelebt in langer Haerrlichkeit.

Nau kummt's kaum achtzich. Was iss letz?
Der Psalmist heesst sell "hoch;"
Viel gehne in ihr Ruhebletz,
Ins Graab, ins dunkel Loch,
Lang eb sie vazich Yaahr alt sin;
's iss viel zu kaz, 's iss gaar nix drin.

Ich kann net sehne warum net
Es alsnoch so sei kennt;
's iss unser eegni Schuld, ich wett,
Dass es iss so beschtimmt.
Doch hoffe mir all uffzuschteh
Un ins zwett Paradies zu geh.

Wu kummt en solchi Hoffning haer?
Wie kann dann so was sei?
Dass Mensche schtarrewe? Wunner waer
Uns Lewe gebt gans nei?
Kann's net begreife —, wunnerbar,
Doch iss es unni Zweifel waahr.

Des weldlich Lewe, des geht aus,
Geht hie vun wu es kummt;
Des geischtlich finnt en anner Haus,
Wann Gott uns mol uffdrummt.
Was vun der Aerd kummt, muss zerick,
Die Welt iss yuscht en zeitlich Glick.

Waer im Fleisch seet un gebt gut acht
Un hot Christlichi Lehr,
Der aernt vun alles, lebt in Pracht,
Gewinnt dezu viel Ehr;
Hot Gsundheit, Hoffning, Freed un Geld,
En Himmel do uff daere Welt.

Der Haerr hot die gans Aerd gemacht,
Un aa en Paradies;
Den Aadam hot Er neigebracht,
Un Evaa, schee un siess.
En Himmel datt hen sie gehatt,
Doch hot er sie net viel gebatt.

Hen ball gemeent, sie wisste's all,
Sie breichte gaar ken Rot;
Sie hen geglaabt, es waer ken Fall,
Un aa ken Seele-dod.
Des Paradies, fer sie bereit,
Waer nau die ewich Selichkeit.

Was iss en Himmel, un waer hot
En solcher Ort gemacht?
Der Schepfer, den mir nenne Gott,
Der hot ihn vorgebracht.
Zwee Himmel, haerrlich, grooss un reich,
Un waer sie sucht, der finnt sie gleich.

En Himmel waar des Paradies,
Es waar un iss aa noch;
Doch waer drin Lewe will, der weess
Un finnt's en miehsam Yoch.
Die Sinde hot es mol verschteert,
Der Heiland hot es rumbekehrt.

Die Aerd iss haerrlich, schee un grooss,
En Himmel uff der Welt.
's iss alles do im grooss Mooss,
Mer grickt's wie mer's beschtellt;
Doch nemmt es Aerwet, Sarg un Mieh,
Un waer net uffbasst, kummt net hie.

Karakter, Ehrlichkeit un Geld,
Es Bescht — guder Verschtand;
Des gebt dem Mensch en gudi Welt,
En haerrlich, lieblich Land;
Doch dreibt der Dod uns all hinaus,
Mer bringt nix mit, mer nemmt nix naus.

En neier Himmel geht uns auf,
Viel besser als des do;
En annrer Weg, en annrer Lauf,
Mer iss net immer froh.
Doch iss ken Leiden un ken Not;
Datt iss ken Schtaerwe un ken Dod.

Wie glicklich iss der Mensch, der lebt
Im Himmel uff der Aerd!
Meh glicklich der, wu sich beschtrebt
Un nuff genumme waerd
Vun Nummer eens zu Nummer zwee!
Datt gebt's ken Angscht, ken Sarg, ken Weh.

's iss aardlich dass ner widder lebt,
Wann mer mol schloft im Graab;
's iss yuscht so aardlich, dass mer schtrebt
Un heert un iss doch daab.
Mer draamt, mer fiehlt, mer sehnt, mer denkt,
Wann der gut Schlof schwer uff em henkt.

Was iss en Draam, der uns aagreift,
Der uns zuweile plaagt?
Zu annre Zeide uns hiezeigt,
Un uns vum Himmel saagt?
En Draam im Schlof ermaahnt em oft,
Was kumme kann, wann mer's net hofft.

Der zwedde Himmel iss verleicht
En langer, siesser Draam;
Zu glaawe des, bin ich geneicht,
Ich sag es unni Schaam.
Doch wu der geischtlich Himmel iss,
Des iss ken Mensch uff Aerd gewiss.
Es macht nix aus, eb ich's aa weess,
Der Glaawe gebt mir Mut;
Die Menscheseel — gut odder beess—
Waerd rein darrich Christi Blut.
Noh finnt der Haerr en Blatz fer sie,
Un nemmt sie selich, glicklich hie.

Was iss des doch en Frohsamkeit!
Der Haerr hot's so gemacht;
Zwee Himmel un zwee Lebenszeit,
Ken langi, dunkli Nacht.
Mit Himmel do, mit Himmel datt,
Iss Lewe un der Dod net hatt.

—FRANK R. BRUNNER

A LINGERING DEATH

Mark Twain pronounced the premature announcement of his death as "greatly exaggerated." The same may be said of that of the still widely spoken Pennsylvania German. To those who have long awaited the demise of the dialect the following letter renders but little hope. For our readers it offers a humorous commentary on the lingering death of our dialect. The letter appeared in The Railroad Gazette for August 23, 1901. It is reprinted here by courtesy of one of our readers, Mr. Lloyd Espenschied, Kew Gardens, New York.

The "Language Order" of the Lehigh

Easton, Pa., Aug. 9, 1901

To the Editor of the Railroad Gazette.

The recent order of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, requiring the crews of shifting engines to use only the English language while on duty, meets with universal approbation here. The orde says that "under no circumstances shall Pennsylvania German be spoken," and it is said to have been issued for the reason that recently a serious collision nearly resulted because a conductor gave directions to his crew in this language, and a brakeman who did not understand it perfectly shifted cars to the wrong track. As the rules are printed in English, the railroad officials are plainly in the right in insisting that this language shall be exclusively used by its employees while on duty.

What kind of a language is this Pennsylvania German tongue, which requires such an unusual order to be issued to railroad crews? It is a strange combination of English and the German dialect spoken in northern Bavaria. Here is a stanza describing a locomotive, taken from a poem, entitled "Fawra in der Train," which is said to be sung to the tune of "Michael Schneider's Party" at picnics in eastern Pennsylvania:

Nou fawrt mer mit der insheinkawrs,
Des is ein eisner goul,
Der shnouft un hechst wie oner fe,
Duch sicht mer gar kein moul.
Der ward net meed, un won er shpringt
En hunnert dousend mell;
Do hat er shur der forzug welt
Fur oll de onra geil.

Here is a description of the effect upon the passengers of an accident to the train, with a statement of its cause:

Nou gebt's en weshtr aksident,
Es is olles gons ferkart,
De weibsleit wara omechtlich,
De monsleit sin ferstart,
Der insheineer blost marderlich,
Der inshein gat druf los,
Nun shpringt sie weder'n olta koo-
Wos gebt'r dos en shtos!

A quarter of a century ago it was said that this language was dying out and would soon be no more. Such prophecies, however, have proved to be false, for it is now spoken more widely than ever before. Two millions of people in Pennsylvania, and probably a milkion more who have emigrated from Pennsylvania to the middle West, use it in daily conversation. Even in cities like Allentown and Reading no merchant can be successful in business unless his employees are proficient in it use. On the trolley lines and in the railroad yards employees may be heard employing it constantly in social conversation. These men speak English well but it is easier for them to chat in this strange dialect, which is governed by no rules of grammar. It seems that they are using it even when on duty, but the safety of the public demands that this practice shall be stopped, and the employees themselves will doubtless all agree that the Lehigh Valley Railroad has done a good thing in issuing the order.

G. O. METER

The above hardly needs further comment. Thanks to the many publications in the field since 1901 our readers have had ample opportunity of correcting the erroneous notions about our dialect that still existed when the letter was written 54 years ago.

Our older readers will know that the poem "Fawra in der Train", quoted in the letter, is believed to be next to Harbaugh's "Schulhaus an der Krick" the most widely quoted Pennsylvania German poem. It was written by the late Hon. Milton C. Henninger, father of the Hon. James F. Henninger, President-Judge of the Courts of Lehigh County.

ALLE SADDE WADDE

Wadde, Wadde, soviel Sadde!
Deel vun do un deel vun dadde;
Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht,
Ass sie niemand meh verschteht;
Graade, grumme, gscheide, dumme,
Nemmt sie ewwe wie sie kumme;
Ach! was hot's doch so viel Sadde
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Wadde!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

In the above lines the poet has well defined the character of our dialect, its wide range and extensive sources, as well as the many abuses and distortions it has suffered. There are some who like to think that it is a mongrel, half German, half English. The fact is that our best dialect writers use only a very small percentage of English words. Many words, once in common usage, have faded from our vocabulary. Words are like tender plants, or like friendship, needing constant care and cultivation if they would thrive. At the same time words are among the most tenacious and enduring of man's possessions. Without them there could be no expression of thoughts and feelings, no records, indeed no civilization. Words in themselves are most fragile and evanescent — a slight stirring of the vocal chords and muscles of mouth and throat, a breath of air, a vanishing sound. And yet they are more enduring than empires. Where is now the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome? But Greek and Latin continue to live and stimulate and animate the speech of man. And so it is with our humble dialect, ancient when Julius Caesar's armies stood on the banks of the Rhine and when the Roman historian Tacitus wrote his Germania; once as important or as insignificant as the other Germanic dialects of those early days. Out of the Low Germanic dialects of the Angles and the Saxons there grew in the course of centuries the language of Shakespeare and of a mighty empire. Our own ancestral dialect, but for the vagaries of political and economic history, might also have become a world language (see ECK for April 26, 1952).

It is one of the purposes of the ECK to maintain the purity of the dialect and to restore lost words and forgotten usage.

The Editor of the ECK asks his readers to define the following words and illustrate the usage of the same in dialect sentences:

der Riewewinder
es Schnadderli
der Teegel
zwazle (verb)
der Schpraeck
der Luftvoggel

Who will furnish us with the Pennsylvania German for the following?

sister-in-law
shelf
porkchops
ankle
butternuts

And who will furnish us with a recipe for pickling butternuts? And were black walnuts also pickled like butternuts?

Please reply to: **Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.**

WHAT THEY WORE 1718

Mr. Conyngham in Vol. 7 of Hazard's Register (p.150), writing of the dress of our early German immigrants in Pennsylvania, says that the long beards of the men and the short petticoats of the females just covering the knee, attract the attention of the English settlers. He further says, "The men wore long red caps on their heads; the women had neither bonnets, hats or caps, but merely a string passing around their head to keep the hair from the face. The dress of both male and female was domestic, quite plain, made of a coarse material, after an old fashion of their own.

"Soon after their arrival in Philadelphia they took a westerly course in pursuit of a location, where they could all live in one vicinity. They selected a rich limestone country, beautifully adorned with sugar maple, hickory, and black and white walnut on the border of a delightful stream, abounding in the finest trout — here they raised their humble cabins. The water of the Pequea (Lancaster Co.,) was clear, cold and transparent, and the grapevines and clematis, intertwining among the lofty branches of the majestic buttonwood, formed a pleasant retreat from the noon beams of a summer sun.

"These emigrants were neither stimulated by the desire of distinction, or the love of wealth. They approved of an equalization of rank and property. All they required was sufficient land, from which by their own industry, they could raise produce for the support of their respective families. Tea, coffee, West India sugar, and spirituous liquors, were not considered by them, either as useful or necessary. The sugar tree supplied them with sugar and molasses. They had therefore no want but what they could gratify.

"As land was easily acquired, it was in the power of each individual to be a large proprietor, but this neither agreed with their professions and practices."

Excerpt from H. Frank Eshleman's HISTORIC BACKGROUNDS AND ANNALS OF THE SWISS AND GERMAN PIONEER SETTLERS OF SOUTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA, etc., Lancaster, 1917.

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Editorials

A Good Example

There is nothing quite like the safety and welfare of children to draw a community and its people together.

That was happily demonstrated once again when the Southern Lehigh Joint School Board tabled animosities that have rankled for some time and unanimously agreed to let an impartial fact - finding board determine the safety factor of the Lanark Elementary School.

The community at large — and particularly parents whose children attend the Lanark School — have been considerably concerned since last weekend when an expanding area of sink holes approached closer to school property and to the pretty little building along Route 309 on the south side of the Lehigh Mountain.

School administrators and members of the board made an immediate inspection of the area and established a vigilance patrol on school property. Many times each day the patrol of teachers and other interested citizens makes repeated checks to be certain that no child is endangered.

For the moment, at least, they are certain that every possible precaution has been taken, that the children who are in the building daily are safe. The fact that only four children were absent from school on Thursday is evidence that the parents who are most vitally concerned have confidence in the decisions that have been made and in those who made them.

What will be done in the future is something that will require careful study by qualified experts, the considered and documented opinions of engineers, geologists and men whose professional training is in the field of safety. When it created the fact-finding board by its unanimous action on Thursday night, the School Board acted expeditiously. Presumably the ultimate decision will be based on the findings and recommendations of the experts.

The manner in which the problem was handled and is being handled is deserving of the highest commendation for the administration of the Southern Lehigh School District, for its board of directors, for the parents who have refused to be panicked, and by a taxpayers group which, in this matter at least, has laid aside bitterness and animosities that in the past have stemmed from several areas of interest.

Once again, they have set an example that should be an increasingly evident pattern. Nothing will be gained by doing otherwise or by failing to respect every honest difference of opinion in this controversial matter.

Beat Bethlehem

Within a few weeks a rash of signs, placards and buttons will bloom profusely on both sides of the thin, nebulous line that marks whatever geographical division there is between Allentown and Bethlehem.

To the west of the line the signs will carry the canary and blue legend "Beat Bethlehem." To the east, in bold red and blue letters, the placards will read "Beat Allentown."

The friendly gridiron rivalry between Allentown High School and Liberty High School and their respective partisans is one of long standing and, for the most part, it has been a healthy one. In most other cases, the friendly competition between the two cities and their people also has been stimulating.

This week Bethlehem gave Allentown and all of Lehigh County another mark to shoot at when, for the fourth consecutive year, the people, the industries and the business concerns of the Steel City filled their Community Chest to overflowing with pledges and contributions of $374,123 — just about $126,000 less than all of Lehigh County, east of the Monocacy, is striving to reach this month.

For meeting their objective and for scoring another goal, the people of Bethlehem merit the most hearty congratulations of their neighbors. Once again they have recognized both the needs and the importance of the Red Feather organizations that serve each one of them.

If their magnificent repeat performance serves as a challenge to their neighbors in Allentown and other parts of Lehigh County, they rate the deepest appreciation from this community.

Bethlehem again has proved that it can be done. Allentown and Lehigh County still has the chance to lay its own proof on the line. Certainly, economic conditions are just as healthy west of the thin line of demarcation as they are to the east.

Regardless of what happens in the Allentown High School stadium on Thanksgiving Day, this is the month to Beat Bethlehem.

Every resident of Lehigh County, every industrial establishment and every business firm is a member of the team that can score the needed touchdowns and cross the Red Feather Goal by Tuesday, November 1.

Farm Prices and Politics

The latest report on wholesale food prices shows them at the lowest level since the week of June 27, 1950 at the start of the Korean War.

This development is contradictory to the general trend of prices which has been either stable or slightly upward.

Since food prices are so closely tied to the economic welfare of farmers, the continuing downward trend is loaded with political dynamite.

Farm policy already has been staked out as one of the key issues in the 1956 presidential and congressional elections. Already there are predictions that the farm vote, an important factor in the Eisenhower sweep of 1952, will swing back to the Democratic side.

Time alone can tell whether this actually will happen and, if it does, whether the farmer's position will be enhanced or weakened through the switch.

It is true that farm prices have declined rather steadily from the peak they reached during and immediately following the Korean conflict, but that of itself should not be the sole factor in determing whether a change in political atmosphere is necessary.

It is strictly a matter of keeping things within a proper perspective. Whether a farmer gets more or less for a bushel of potatoes or a hog is not as important as whether, when the year is ended, he can show a fair return on his investment, a reasonable profit on his products and a net income that will keep his standard of living on a par with his city cousins.

If his books balance in that direction, there can be no justification for seeking a new deal of the sort which would artificially inflate prices, as rigid price supports and agricultural subsidies did in the past.

My America

By HARRY BOYD

By the time this gets into print I expect to be playing out the second installment of a split vacation. And I hope it is more fun to experience than it is to anticipate.

October is a bad time to take a vacation in our section of the country. Especially if you subscribe to the theory that a vacation isn't a vacation unless you go somewhere.

If you live in the middle west, October is the one month above all others when you'd rather just stay where you are. There is hardly ever anything too wrong with October around here. If people elsewhere in the country were wise to themselves, ths is where they'd want to come then.

We usually have mild but exhilarating weather. We have red, yellow and brown leaves — quite a few of them still on the trees. We have pumpkins in the fields and frost on the pumpkins. We have bright sunshine in the daytime, beautiful sunsets at the end of the day, soft haze in the evening. And at night in October this section of the country looks out on a large, round, yellow moon.

We have the smell of black walnuts and burning leaves in the air—mellowed by just a hint of melancholy romance. We have woodland dells galore where roasted weenies and burnt steaks taste better than anything they cook at the Waldorf.

And in the streams around here the fish are hungry in October if they're ever going to be.

On top of that we have the strong suspicion that almost any place you might go within driving range from here at this time of year would be frozen over or closed for the season.

So by all the dictates of common sense a person lucky enough to be in the middle west in October ought to just sit tight and enjoy it. There will be plenty of other months when he can't expect to have it so good.

Another factor that should make him realize this is that very little of the standard propaganda bait from vacation spots elsewhere is designed for October reading. Lots of it sounds appealing against a background of summer heat and humidity or winter cold and slush, but apparently those tourist tantalizers have sense enough to know when the competing charms are too tough.

There's no use going someplace where your friends back home will be sending you cards saying, "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here." Part of the pleasure of a vaction trip lies in thinking how miserable the folks are at home.

So somehow I have a hunch that these happy holidays are going to be a disappointment. And it has taught me a lesson. This is the last time I'll ever be caught with part of a vacation to use up in October.

(Copyright 1955)

I Wouldn't Hit You, Adlai



Strange Case of Browder

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There's something strange and mysterious about the case of Earl Browder, secretary general of the Communist party in America from 1929 to 1945, who, it is announced, has been hired by The Fund for the Republic at a substantial salary per year for part of his time as a "source of information and raw material."

The Fund for the Republic is one of the so-called "liberal" organizations, financed by the Ford Foundation, and one of the cries of protest raised by the "left wing" is that the government uses paid informants or pays ex-Communists as witnesses to testify in trials involving Communist problems.

But so far as can be discovered here, there is no case on record in which the government has ever paid money to any person while he himself was under indictment.

There is pending against Browder a criminal indictment accusing him of perjury.

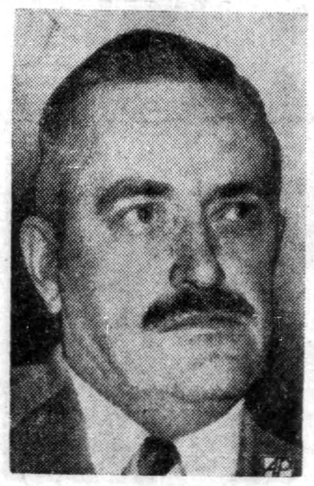
Curious Phase

But the curious aspect of the matter is that if Browder, who claims to have forsaken the Communist party, has done so, why should he hesitate to furnish all the information he possesses to his own government? He was summoned a few days ago to testify before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security in executive session. He was under oath. He is reported to have refused to give any information of substance — and, of course, in such a refusal, he is protected against prosecution under the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution.

Again and again it is said that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has endeavored to persuade Browder to give under oath the history of the Communist party as Browder knows it — the very material sought by The Fund for the Republic — but he has declined to do so.

The question naturally arises whether The Fund for the Republic can be sure that it is getting complete information from a man who declines to testify under oath before his own government.

Various attempts have been made in recent years to have Browder make a clean breast of what he knows. There have been suggestions that some charitable foundation grant money to finance him during the period when he devotes his whole time to refreshing his recollection of



Earl Browder

what happened when he was in command of the Communist party in this country. These efforts collapsed because those to whom Browder talked became convinced he was holding back the key parts of the story.

Browder's position is that the Communist party never engaged in espionage while he was connected with it. Maybe he was unaware of that phase but, if so, he should not object to telling who he met at meetings from 1929 to 1945 and what they said, and what officials of the American government or other governments were in consultation with him and when and under what circumstances.

A spokesman for The Fund for the Republic says that the organization isn't interested in obtaining "espionage secrets" and that Browder will not write any books or studies or "control a single comma or comment" that goes into any of the projects for which $250,000 has been granted by the Ford Foundation.

But the information, when made available to The Fund for the Republic, either has to be credited or discarded. Some who have talked with Browder in recent years have come to the conclusion that he is interested only in getting across his version of Communist party activities. There are indications that The Fund for the Republic prefers the version that the Communist party is a political institution rather than a conspiratorial organization. Browder denies any relationship to a "Communist conspiracy," which is the language used by Congress in passing the Smith Act.

Moscow Welcomes Him

It will be recalled that, due to a feud inside the Communist party in this country, Browder was ousted in 1945 but he later went to Moscow, where he received a warm welcome. His perjury case stems from an allegation that he made a false statement in connection with some immigration documents relating to his wife's alleged participation in the Communist party. His wife died within the past year.

The Department of Justice could grant Browder immunity from prosecution not only in this case but for any possible incrimination in connection with anything else he might think would put him in any jeopardy.

Up to now Browder has refused to cooperate with his own government. He insists he is not a Communist now and insists also that from 1929 to 1945, when he was head of the Communist party, there was nothing relating to subversion or espionage going on with his knowledge. It is, indeed, an unsolved mystery, and some officials are still hopeful that Browder some day will come through with the complete story of what did happen.

(Copyright, 1955, New York Hearld Tribune Inc.)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 17:27-29

The whole object of divine providence, in His dealings with nations as well as with individuals, has been to bring them to a knowledge of the one true God —'that they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being, as certain of your own poets have said: 'For we are also His offspring.' (This quotation Paul took from the two Greek poets, Aratus and Cleanthes, which may prove that Paul was well acquainted with Greek literature). Being then God's offspring (think of Genesis 1:27, man created in the image of God), we ought not to think that the Deity is like gold, or silver, or stone, a representation by the art and imagination of man.' Long before Paul made this address in Athens, Job had asked the question (11:7), 'Canst thou by searching find out God?'. The answer is, No, which implies the need of a revelation, which is exactly what the Bible is, and the reason for preaching the Gospel to these learned Athenians.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Roger Price says he had to turn down the role of a private eye in a new TV series. He's allergic to trench coats. "It's my girl who ought to be doing the hush-hush stuff anyhow," he adds. "Can she keep a secret! We were engaged for three months before I knew it!"

Have you heard about the sheep who made the big time in Hollywood? He landed a part in Terry Moore's next sweater.

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Fair progress should be made in your business afffairs, even if you encounter some slight losses. Domestic life portents are excellent. Born today, a child may be ambitious and fortunate.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA STATE UNIVERSITY:

Des is widder die tzeit fon da yairlicha fersommling fon da Pennsylvania German Society, un woh k'halta wert on da State University, on State College. Der Wallie Boyer, un der Dr. Alfred Buffington hen allas shae in arder grick'd, un sin fersicher'd os m'r widder 'n iwwer rousie gutie tzeit hen.

Geshtrovet hut der George Korsan g'shwetzt — 'n kerl, gute bakont in darra gagend, weil er der Fodder wor fon da Folksfeshter os m'r ols kotta hen. 'S wor darrich ihn os die airshda Pennsylfawnish Deitscha feshter k'halta sin werra — ow'r's wor net bis m'r ae gonser owet gabreich'd hen fers airsht fesht halta im Lyric theatre, os 'm George die auga uf gonga sin, un hut ous g'funna os unser leit grawd so fiel, un ferleicht aw maina folklore hen wie aw die Kola Miners, un woh er fer yohrra on ihra lieder om sommla wor.

State University is 'n aryer shainer blotz, un gore mechdich feranner'd gaeich wie wos der blotz wor wie m'r howwa worra on Grange Lecturer's Konferences. M'r hen 'n monichie gutie tzeit doh kot wie die shule yusht 'n Kollege wor, mit halver da gabeier os sie now hen — un hen now net ganunk blotz fer die 15,000 shtudenda uf nemma os alla weil noch da University gaina.

'S mansh'd fon unserra fersommlinga werra k'halta om Nittany Lion wertshous — yusht paar hawna shrit weck fon da University. Heit gebts 'n gablauder bei unnershittlicha Pernsylfawnish Deitscha shtudenda — dabei der Porra Bill Rupp fon Walberts. Sie blauderra fon da grossa annering in socha Pennsylfawnish Deitsch fon 1855, bis ruf tzu 1955 -- ae hunnerd yohr, un grawd so'n longie tzeit os die State University om gae is. Oh wel, 's wor net immer 'n University — sel is airsht doh etlicha yohr tzurick in der gong kumma, un dafor wors die State Kollege.

Sis immer 'n grossie blessier fer die Pennsylvanis German Society fersommlinga ei nemma, un gain shun fer etlicha yohr shula un Universities noh. Der Wallie Boyer, 'n University professor huts mansh'd fon da arwet gaduh fer die fersommling halta — un sin fersicher'd wie aw onnerra yohrra os er selar chob kotta hut, os er widder 'n gutie arwet dut.

Fer etlicha yohr wor die Society wenich hinnerhandich mit da bicher os all yohr gadruck'd sei solla, ow'r sin now widder uf da rechda pawd fer alla yohr 'n buch rous griega. Der Porra Bill Rupp hut sellie arwet in hond, un unser hute is ob tzu ihm fer die gute arwet os er shun gaduh hut mit da hilf fom Andy Berky fon da Pennsbaryer Schwenkfelder Library. Bis die fersommling heit feriwwer is, werra m'r fermutlich ous finna wos im wind is so welt os es nagshd buch aw gait — un woh widder ebbes gons arbadiches sei sol.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Ains fon da graishda blessier on denna yairlicha fersommling is, fer die fiela freund sehna fon ol iwwer bei — un woh m'r yusht ae mohl 's yohr aw dreft — on da Pennsylvania German Society fersommling.

Annere Leit ihr Brot schmackt immer besser

YEAST

What unsung housewife ages ago, Prometheus-like, snatched from the gods the precious possession of the yeast plant and bestowed it upon her mortal kin? Or was she some caveman's slatternly mate who gossiped over the back fence while her batch of dough started fermenting? Was leavened bread an accident like the roast pig in Charles Lamb's delightful essay? Or was it a miracle that of the 200 and more sorts of yeast plants that float about in the air about us the right sort attached itself to the rudely ground grain of ancient days and man ate aerated bread for the first time in history? Be that as it may, provided with fire and with yeast man challenged the gods and started upon his slow upward journey.

Do you remember the days when your mother or perhaps your grandmother sent you with a tiny tin pail to the cross little old woman around the corner for a penny's worth of yeast? And the crosser she was the better the yeast!— You may even recall that picturesque piece of kitchen furniture, the doughtrough **(die Backmol)**, in which the large mass of bread dough was mixed. After it had been removed into the straw bread baskets for its last rising, the frugal housewife or her daughter used a little iron scraper **(die Deegkitsch)** with which she carefully scraped together the bits of dough, which was then used as leaven or "starter" for the next yeast.

What a pity that modern housewives are so little given to the use of yeast. Indeed many fear to work with it. Yeast-baking still provides one of the great kitchen adventures. In this domain the Pennsylvania German housewife excels. Where else does one find so many delightful creations of yeast dough? Yeast-baking continues to be a deep-seated tradition among us. The outdoor bakeoven of the Rhineland and of the Palatinate became firmly established in the new world. Our Pennsylvania landscape is dotted with these old ovens, some attached to the kitchen and approached from within, others standing in the open a short distance from the kitchen, a quaint bit of old-world archiecture with their low projecting roofs and side shelves to receive the rows of loaves and pies that came forth from their capacious interiors. Friday was the traditional baking-day. Baking was indeed a major operation, not only in the preparation of the breads, beginning the day before, but of the many pies and cakes that had to be done when the big bakeoven was put into weekly action. The housewife knew by long experience just when the interior glowed with the right temperature. Then she hurried to scrape out the wood coals with her **Offekitsch**, swab the oven-floor of ashes with her long-handled broom of slivered hickory saplings or her rag **Huddelwisch**, plunged into a bucket of cold water. Only then was she ready nimbly to toss the loaves from the straw baskets on to the long peel **(der Backoffeschiesser)** and slide then to the rear of the oven, in order to leave space in front for the pies which baked more quickly and were the first to be removed. Most of these great old ovens are inactive today, but the art of baking with yeast is still practiced among us.

Random excerpts from that curious little book: PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY. A Regional Cookbook by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba. Schlechters, Allentown, Pa. 1950.

BREAD LORE

Wann's Brot iwwerm Backe in der Mitt uffschpringt, bedeit's en Leicht.

(If while baking a loaf of bread cracks in the middle, it forebodes a funeral).

Wammer vergesst en Leeb Brot aus em Offe zu nemme, schtarrebt eens.

(Forget to take a loaf of bread out of the oven and there will be a death).

Wann eens versoffe iss un mer kann's net finne, dutt mer en Leeb Brot uffs Wasser. Wu der Kaerper leit, bleibt der Leeb Brot schtee.

(If someone has drowned and the body cannot be found, throw a loaf of bread upon the water. Wherever the body lies, there the loaf of bread will rest).

Wammer'n Leeb Brot ins Wasser schmeisst, verdreibt's die Hexe.

(Throw a loaf of bread into the water and that banishes witches).

Brot ass mer uff der Himmelfer-daag backt, watt net grotzich.

(Bread baked on Ascension Day will not get mouldy).

Der Daag ass mer backt, darref mer net im Gaarde schaffe, odder's Sach watt mildaa-ich.

(Don't work in the garden on the day you bake, else the plants will get mildewy).

Mer darref net kehre wammer **Brot backt, odder's geht net in die Heeh.**

(If you sweep, on baking-day, the bread will not rise).

Uff der Karfreidaag darref mer net backe, odder's Gaardesach watt mildaa-ich.

(Don't bake on Good Friday, else the garden vegetables will get mildewy).

Brot uff der Karfreidaag gebacke, macht en gut Poltis fer'n Wund heele.

(Bread baked on Good Friday makes a good poultice for healing wounds).

Who will add other superstitious beliefs pertaining to bread?

BREAD OF OUR FOREFATHERS

By FELIX REICHMANN

The bread of our ancestors differed widely from the dinner rolls and whole wheat which we use today. Before the eighteenth century the bread of the middle class consisted of rye or barley and oats. The poor had to content themselves with bread made of beans or peas, or sometimes acorns. A seventeenth century proverb denotes a woman being dissatisfied with her husband as a provider: "She wants to eat white bread."

Commercial manufacturing of bread started very early. Medieval governments had to mediate between producer and consumer, and to establish ceiling prices. Beginning with the 13th century price regulations curtailed the profit of the bakers. The punishment for offenders consisted generally in ducking them in a cesspool. It was executed (and illustrated in hundreds of popular engravings) in all European countries until the time of the French Revolution.

According to medieval guild regulations innkeepers were not permitted to bake. They had to buy from a professional baker paying for twelve loaves but receiving thirteen. That was called the baker's dozen. It is interesting that that type of discount was soon imitated by manufacturers of other articles in their relations with retail trade. Cleanliness in the baking shops did not come up to our standards. Generally pigs were kept in the bakeries for the speedy consumption of bran and other bakery wastes.

Conditions in the New World were even worse — especially in the New England states. The common bread of the country people was made of a mixture of Indian corn meal and rye flour (rye and Injun). In the Connecticut valley pumpkin bread was eaten (made half of Indian meal). According to colonial description it was not pleasing in appearance and "an awkward food."

Life on the American frontier suffered under a great scarcity of bread. In Conrad Richter's frontier novel, **The Trees**, the sick mother longs for bread. The children, never having known real bread, are astonished at their mother's desire, since in the language of the household white venison was called bread, and white venison was abundant. Some Indian tribes used acorn bread but the tribes of the great plains had nothing but venison. Francis Parkman, describing a long expedition with friendly Indians in **The Oregon Trail**, was half starved for a piece of bread. For weeks and weeks he received nothing but venison.

In the Pennsylvania German counties bread always has been considered a most important food. The wheat fields were chosen with care and yielded a good crop. The German settlers always preferred heavy textured soils. The fields were not cleared by girdling the trees, as was often done on the frontier, but everything was pulled out by roots. Crop rotation preserved the fertility of the soil. All colonial observers praised the excellent husbandry of the German settlers who thus made Pennsylvania one of the richest agricultural areas in Colonial times. The bumper crops were wheat and rye.

The favorite bread of the early settlers was rye bread, especially a certain kind called Westphalian rye bread, similar to our pumpernickel. According to Sachse, it was made of unbolted rye flour without yeast or leaven and had to be baked in the oven from twelve to fourteen hours. This bread was very dark and heavy with an extremely hard and thick crust. For persons who had good digestive organs, the constant use of it proved very nutritious. Raised rye bread (blackbread) and bread with caraway seed was common. Buckwheat cakes and whole wheat bread probably belong to the post-Revolutionary period.

Almost every farmer's wife baked her own bread. As a matter of fact the bake oven was one of the first devices in a new home. We know that a large brick oven was one of the first buildings erected by the Seventh-day Baptists in Ephrata. The allotment of work at the oven and the distribution of its products sometimes caused trouble among the solitaries. Brother Ezechiel Sangmeister in 1767 wrote a long letter to th e"Vorsteher" of the Cloisters, Conrad Beissel, to forestall a feared withdrawal of the bread privilege. . .

The old Pennsylvania German bake ovens (Backofen) were solidly built of brick or stone. They were either at the end of the farmhouse kitchen or in a separate building not distant from the house. They were usually 4½ feet wide, 5½ feet long and 2½ feet high. The door opening was approximately 1½ square feet. The hearth was built of stone with an ashpit below. It had usually an opening at the rear to remove the ashes.

Baking is theoretically very easy. Flour is mixed with water and yeast. When this dough is set in a warm place, the yeast causes a change known as alcoholic fermentation, one of the principal results of which is the production of carbon dioxide gas. When the dough is well mixed, the gas appears all through it and, expanding, leavens or raises it. When the sufficiently raised dough is put in the hot oven, the heat kills the yeast, causes the gas to expand and stretch open the little pockets which it forms between the particles of dough, and finally changes the water into steam, thus raising the loaf still more. Also the heat hardens and darkens the outer layers into what we call the crust. When these changes have been continued long enough, the bread is done, ready to cool and to be eaten.

But with all that knowledge, meticulously copied from a pamphlet of the U. S. Department of Agriculture I could not make a decent loaf of bread. And undoubtedly in bygone days it was even more difficult. Flour and water were at hand (the flour was generally kept in a big barrel) but no yeast could be bought at the grocer's. Some home made leaven had to take its place. Also, salt rising was common. Iron pans for the dough were expensive, so baskets had to be used. The basket was first covered with flour, then the dough was put in. When the dough was sufficiently raised the basket was put upside down on the peel or baker's shovel. Air went through a hole in the bottom of the basket and the dough dropped on the peel. Then it was ready to be put in the oven.

The most difficult part was to keep the right temperature in the bake-oven. To make a fire in the oven was an art in itself. Matches did not exist, so sparks had to be struck from a flint. The sparks were made to fall upon dry punk and then laboriously fanned into a flame. Sometimes one of the youngsters was sent to a neighbor to bring embers on a broad strip of green bark. The most important part was to have the oven and the raised bread ready at exactly the same time. When the oven was too hot the bread became sour, if too cold it became heavy. If the bread were too quickly removed from the oven the half baked dough would fall into flat and solid masses.

Some rules however existed to test the right temperature of the oven. One was to put the hand in the oven. If one could count to ten without the hand being burned, the heat was insufficient. Another less Spartan method was to throw some flour in the oven. When the temperature was right the flour blackened quickly without taking fire.

Baking day was on Friday. On Thursday night the yeast crock was warmed; in the doughbox flour and yeast and water were stirred into a smooth dough. The dough box was then covered and stood by the fire to keep warm until early morning. Then the baskets were filled with dough and placed near the oven for the final raising. In the meantime a roaring fire of long pieces of wood burned inside the oven. When the bread was almost ready the ashes were removed with a scraper, the floor of the hearth was wiped with a wet cloth. The bread was now tipped from the straw baskets on the peel and pushed in the oven; the peel was withdrawn with a quick jerk and the oven door closed.

When the top of the bread became brown it was taken from the oven. A little butter was put on it to make it glossy and then it was put on shelves to cool. As a rule bread was made for a full week's provision. In cutting the bread a certain ritual was followed. It was first cut through the middle, then the half was placed cut side down and sliced.

The remaining heat of the oven was used to bake pies, and to dry apples and other fruit.

The old Pennsylvania German housewives did not need a cookbook. They had a few rules passed on orally from mother to daughter, but most of their rules were in their fingers and eyes.

Bread plays a great role in Pennsylvania German folklore. It stands for home: therefore it is the best remedy against homesickness. When moving to another place one should send a broom and a loaf of bread ahead to prevent homesickness. One will not become homesick if she sews salt and bread into her petticoats.

Bread is also the symbol of life. Therefore if a man has been drowned and the body cannot be found, a loaf of bread should be thrown into the water. The loaf will remain on the spot where the corpse lies. Life is stronger than the forces of darkness. If one throws a loaf of bread into water it will drive out the witches.

It can be used also as remedy for sickness. Whooping cough will be cured by a piece of bread given by a neighbor. When cows do not give milk, a piece of bread received from a neighbor without a word being spoken will cure the cattle.

Bread must be handled with care. It should not be laid on the round side "or it makes the angels weep." It is God's blessing and should not be cut without first making the sign of the cross with the knife.

The above article appeared in The Historical Review of Berks County for October, 1943, and is here reprinted with the kind permission of the Editor.



WENNICH MELODIE

Es rappelt un gleppert iwwerall,
Un dunnert schpaet un frieh;
'S iss alles drunner un driwwer,
Un wennich Melodie.

'S will alles Musick mache.
Un glimpere schpaet un frieh;
'S iss gaar keen Ruh uff daere Welt,
Un wennich Melodie.

Ich winsch ich waer in Afrika,
Ich winsch es schpaet un frieh;
Es waer net halb so schrecklich
Wie unser Melodie.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
(1868-1944)

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
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Editorials

Happy Days

There'll be something missing around 6th and Linden Sts. on Monday when Sully fails to make his usual bright and early appearance at his desk in the Call - Chronicle business office.

Just in case you don't know Sully, he is Stephen J. Sullivan, a bright and cheery Irishman of indeterminate age who for 35 years has been a collector for these newspapers.

Sully has never told anyone just how old he is and, except for the fun of guessing, no one particularly cared because for some reason or other, he never seemed to be old. His disposition, his verve, his zest, his joy of life seemed ageless, as it so often is with the white-thatched sons of old Erin.

Somehow or other, regardless of years, Sully decided it was time to stop making his rounds as a regular thing, time to begin taking things just a bit easier, time to retire and enjoy some of the ease he has earned and to which he is entitled as a pensioned employe of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers.

And so, on Friday, Sully made his last rounds as an employe of these newspapers.

Chances are, however, that he will do anything else but hibernate. He enjoys people too much to pull into his comfortable little shell at 408 N. 26th St. He will be around and his friends want him to be because Sully is the kind of fellow who has something about him that makes people happy — even when he is collecting a bill.

What's more — he couldn't hibernate with elections just a week away. Because who but Sully could present the cause of Democratic candidates — any Democratic candidates for any office — with the eloquence he has commanded for so many years?

A Proud Example

Down in the Saucon Valley today a good many people are taking their hats off to each other — and hats are being taken off to them, too.

And there's good reason for members of the school board and patrons of the Lanark School to be proud, for the community-at-large to be proud of them for the example they have set.

Tempers have been short for a good many months as property owners saw their water supplies dwindle and in many cases disappear. They became even shorter less than two weeks ago when sink holes surrounding the Lanark School raised serious questions about the security of the building and the safety of its children.

The Southern Lehigh School Board, wasting little time with idle and too frequently dangerous chatter, summoned a panel of experts to survey the situation and the panel wasted just as little time in making its study and submitting its findings.

The authoritative verdict is in and has been unanimously accepted by the board. The building has been termed safe by experts with the highest qualifications who also recommended a continuation of the vigilance and regular inspection instituted by school authorities as soon as the first sink hole developed. Already the school district has moved to expand these precautions.

School officials have been completely fair, impartial and objective in the entire matter and the response of parents and pupils primarily concerned with the building's safety has, according to Supervising Principal Thomas Watkins, been "overwhelmingly gratifying."

What dangers still exist are the dangers that lurk in any area with an underlying limestone formation. There are areas like it in Allentown. They exist in many other communities — in the Lehigh Valley and elsewhere. Fortunately, the enlargement of sink holes or the formation of new ones is a process that takes hours or days to complete — sufficient time for ample warning, particularly when vigilance is exercised.

The manner in which the situation has been handled in Southern Lehigh, the manner in which it has been accepted, well may set a pattern for settling or at least adjusting the other serious problems facing people who have been victims of industrial expansion.

It should, at least, be given another try.

Abuses of Academic Freedom

Atty. Herbert Brownell Jr. made a great deal of sense when he told a Lafayette College Founders' Day audience that "a Communist teacher forfeits academic freedom, since his own mind is enslaved."

The cabinet member drew the conclusion that colleges and universities are justified in dismissing from service teachers who receive their dictates from Moscow.

This statement can be expected to raise another wave of criticism from those who contend that academic freedom is broad enough to cover almost anything, including the right of affiliation with an organization dedcated to the destruction of any form of government which permits a freedom of choice, something Communist - dominated nations do not have.

Very properly, Brownell did not subscribe to indiscriminate condemnation and dismissal of a teacher who is merely accused or suspect. At the same time he made it abundantly clear that, in his view, any teacher who is a Communist starts with the intention of twisting and torturing the truth, not of teaching.

While he took a firm stand against permitting a Communist to teach behind the bogus cloak of academic freedom, Brownell also was equally firm in endorsing courses of study which permit students to learn what communism is.

This is in the best tradition of the free education system of the United States. If students can learn from competent teachers just what communism is and how it works, they can judge for themselves which is the more desirable form of government. There can be little doubt about the ultimate choice.

On the other hand, a teacher deeply indoctrinated in communist ideology is in a position to undermine the intellectual resources of the nation in those formative years when young minds are molded for their future roles as leaders of the community and the nation.

No one would give a burglar, a killer or pyromaniac free access to his property. So, why should a college or university give political felons an opportunity to gnaw away at the vitals of our freedom and liberty by infecting the brains of our youth with the ideological poison which is their stock in trade?

Our education system has been built and strengthened on a foundation of academic freedom. But, just as freedom of speech does not permit the dissemination of libel and slander, so freedom to teach does not carry with it the privilege of using the classroom as a propaganda sounding board for something which would forever ban academic freedom, because it could not exist if the truth were taught.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

SMART DOG

I've read and heard and understand
When I've a growing dog to teach
I should be sharp when I command,
And positive and short of speech.
I've tried to teach him tricks in vain.
That he is smart I can't deny.
Too oft that dog has made it plain
That he is smarter than am I.

He knows, if he's content to wait
At table, where he shouldn't be,
I'll share with him what's on my plate;
No charge, but absolutely free.
"Roll over!" order disobeyed.
Why work for what you needn't earn?
If man to teach is so afraid
Why any lesson try to learn?

He knows that always he'll be fed;
That he can freely come and go;
That I am soft of heart and head
And that is quite enough to know.
So there he is as yet untrained.
My simplest order he'll defy.
To friends the reason I've explained:
My dog is smarter than am I.

Horoscope

If you practice self - restraint, your year should be serene. Today's child may be good-natured.

Heads Together



Duty, Respect and Love

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Princess Margaret's dilemma faces few girls in this country because duty is a word that bothers us too little. The genius of the House of Windsor, and perhaps the principal reason for its survival, is that when other kings and Princes were building personal power and personal fortunes, the descendants of Queen Victoria put the accent on duty.

In a period of changing attitudes toward ancient institutions, the British Royal Family has stood firmly through two wars and vast imperial losses because they accepted service not to the state but to the people as their chosen duty. Those who had been subjects became the masters, the people triumphed over their lords, and the Kings and Queens became servants.

Elizabeth I could not have understood that Elizabeth II plead with the press for privacy for her son as he went to school so that he might grow up as other children. In such an atmosphere, the Princess Margaret grew up, reared in a strong sense of duty, adoring a father who unexpectedly became a King, watching a favored uncle reject his throne for the woman he loved and shaking the House of Windsor to its sills. Then came the death of her very young father, leaving a fearful void in her life.

Finds Solace in Church

It was in the Church that she found the most profound solace. And for that Church and for her sister, now Queen Elizabeth, Margaret knew only respect.

Respect is a quality that combines duty with love. To respect the history and tradition of a century is to place restraints upon one's will and one's benefits, surely upon the passions that satisfy one's private desires and hopes. It may be true that Henry VIII used the break with Rome to legitimatize his divorces and marriages, but the Anglican, as all Catholic churches, cannot condone divorce without lessening respect for the sanctity of marriages which are, if one has faith, made in Heaven for eternity and not in a night-club after half a dozen martinis. So Margaret, loving her sister, the Queen, strong in her sense of duty to the people of the various British nations and respecting the Church, its traditions and its history, was torn between these deep, almost primordial emotions, duty, respect and love.



PRINCESS MARGARET

Peter Townsend became her man when she was a teen-ager. And, from [illegible] that one can learn, he behaved himself perfectly, never taking advantage of his position or exploiting hers. Had he not behaved with such perfection, it would have been easy for the Royal Family to banish him forever for the British people do not go in for a wrong one. So the people think well of Peter and so does the Royal Family and so does everybody else. The only damage is that he divorced his wife, although admittedly she is to blame. The fact that Peter Townsend is a commoner is no factor in the present situation, although it might have upset Victoria and Edward VII who still possessed some German snobbishness.

Doesn't Despise Commoners

The present breed of British royalty does not despise commoners and the Queen Mother is not directly of a royal line. The Princess Royal, Mary, Margaret's aunt, was married to a Lascelles who was a commoner and it was looked upon as strengthening the Royal Family. These descendants of Queen Victoria are closer to the ordinary people of England than 19th century European monarchs regarded as permissible or than some of the refugees from countries whose thrones have toppled believe to be correct even though some of them have become proletarians by occupation.

And so Margaret must reconcile duty, respect and love. And she must do it herself, for having reached the age of authority, 25, she has come into rights which were not hers before, one of them being that she can make up her mind.

The law is clear and the law, in England, will be obeyed because it represents order and continuity and a submergence of individual happiness for the public good.

These are heavy burdens to heap upon a young lady and if all the world loves her, it is not for her passion but for her sense of duty, her respect for the rights of others, including a great Church, and for the purity and beauty of her love for the man of her choice and the propriety of his conduct under the most difficult circumstances.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 19:8-26

According to vs. 8 and 10, Paul spent two years and three months in Ephesus, speaking the things concerning the Kingdom of God. Active opposition against him and his message caused him to withdraw from the synagogue to some kind of an auditorium, where he could continue his teaching, v. 9, bringing his stay in Ephesus to three years (Acts 20:31). A concrete description of Satanic opposition to Paul is given in vs. 13-17, the outcome of which was that the name of Jesus was magnified. Verses 18-20 bear the mark of a real revival. Confessing their sins, many of the people brought their 'books of magic,' and burned them in a huge bonfire — so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed. The word, Asia, in vs. 22, 26, and 27, in the name of a small province in Asia Minor, in which Ephesus was situated. In the New Testament it never means the grand division of Asia. More trouble arose for Paul in Ephesus, because his preaching resulted in loss of business for the makers of shrines, statues, and images, which, he said, were no gods at all.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

When Herb Shriner gets going on the didoes of his home town, even Will Rogers couldn't have been funnier. "The folks did pretty good at the last election," boasts Herb. "We had 1000 votes cast. That isn't bad for a town of 300 people.

"Our swimming hole out past the church was a humdinger, too — till a real estate slicker got hold of it, chased off all the kids, put in a lot of bad food, mosquitoes, and high prices — and made a regular resort out of it."

The circus that pays an annual visit to Herb's birthplace is so small that they get their full supply of sawdust from a pencil sharpener. It's a great day for courting, however: girls looking for husbands, and husbands looking for girls.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ARYIE ERFOHRING: 'N freind fon Langashter hut uns 'm Somshdawg owet fertzailt on Nitany Lion Inn, State Kollege, fon ra arya erfohring os er kotta hut in da grossa shtadt Nei Yarrick net long tzurick. Ols 'n salesmon fer socha ferkaufa os kumma sin fon fremma lanner, hut er alla gabut dart niver gamist 'm mon shena mit ra offis nagshd om waraf woh die shiffer rei kumma.

Den gawissna dawg wor widder 'n tzeit p'shteld won er kumma sot der mon sehna — owets noch dem os die manshda offisa tzu worra. Onnerra tzeita won er kumma is sellier tzeit fom dawg, wor der blotz hel uf galeicht, ow'r dessa mohl wor er dunkle, uns wor niemond rum. Die dier wor uf, un der mon hut sich fer 'n kartzie tzeit in die halb dunkle offis k'huck'd worta bis der mon kaimt.

Wie der mon tzu long net kumma is, hut der mon fon Langashter ous gamoucht fer nous gae sehna eb net ferleicht 'm mon sie schreiver'n (secretary) in ra onnerra shtub sei maich'd net weit ob. Yusht wie er tzu da dier nous gawolt hut, is 'n shtose wind tzu ma uffna fenshter nei kumma un hut bobierra fon ma desk uf der budda gablosa. Der mon hut sich noh nunner gabick'd fer die bobierra uf hava, un wos sot er sehna unnich 'm desk drin leia, os wie der mon woh er gonag wor fer sehna.

Er is um der desk rum un hut halt ganumma om mon, un wohs g'sheind hut wear fon seim shtuhl unnich der desk nei garutch'd. Wie er 'n house kot hut, is der Langashter mon nous uf der gonk gucka fer hilf. Tzu all'm glick wor der gabel iwwermaishder net weit ob, un wie sie die lichter aw gadray'd hen, hen sie grawd g'sehna os der mon dote is.

'S airsht is 'n docktor kumma, un noh imma auga blick huts g'sheind wear die offis aw fol policeleit gauest. 'M mon sei schreiver'n is aw kumma, un 'n yaders hut gawunnert wos es gewwa het, un war der mon g'funna het. Der Langashter mon wor gore mechdich fershrucka, un hut numma gawinsh'd er wear net tzu so ebbes gadolet, un hut tzu sich selwar gawunnert wos es gabit, un wos fer 'n tzeit os er het fer baweissa os er 'm mon nix gaduh het, un so er 'n g'funna het unnich 'm desk.

Sis leicht tzu denka os 'n mensch alla sarta gadonka hut on ra tzeit wie sel — un arbadich os, wons fershtonna is os ers wor os der dote mon g'funna hut. In dem fol sin die socha ow'r besser ob galoffa os sie alsa mohl duhna — der docktor hut grawd g'swat der mon wear dote gonga fon ma hartz shtraich, un wear shun dote gawest fer 'n gonsie shtun eb der Langashter mon kumma wor fer 'n sehna. Die schreiver'n hut aw g'sawt der mon het gaglawk'd er dade net gute fiela wie sie ferlossa het, 'n shtun unna halb dafor fer bisnis noh gae.

Allas os der Langashter mon tzu duh hut kot — hut sie glae dawdt'm bich'l gawissa noh er die tzeit drin kot hut fer kumma der mon sehna. Wie die policeleit sel g'sehna hen kot, hen sie sich nix may bakimmert um ihn, un er is fert — ow'r hut er g'sawt, "sel wor ae nocht woh ich net fiel g'shlofa hob."

Sis shracklich tzu denka wos es ferleicht gewwa het, won ebber dafor der mon gamard het kot, un der mon wear datzu gadobt wie er doh is. 'N monicher mensch hut shun ungshuldich galidda fer socha os er net gaduh hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won aenich ebber 'n shnubduch brouch fer dem narrisha, iwwertzwaricha "daylight saving," noh heila, kons unser's howwa — mier heila 'm gawiss net noh.

The Pennsylvanisch Deitsch Eck



DIE SPECIALISTS

Vum JIM BRENASEL

Wie ich un der Mawny mol "Doktor" gschpielt hen in Eselschtedtel un wie mir unser patients gekyurt hen.

Chapter I

ICH un der Mawny waare mol in der Schtadt uff ere Grundniss un ice cream Schpree, un datt hen mir gsehne wie en paar "specialist" Dokter so wunderbaar viel Geld gemacht hen. Mir hen lang vanne an de Dokter ihre Offis gschtanne un hen die grooss crowd vun Leit gewatscht wie sie nei un raus gange sin, un mir sin alle zwee zu der conclusion kumme ass die "specialist" Bissniss so en aardlich gut Ding sei muss.

Der Mawny hot mir schier der Oochdem genumme, wie er propost hut, ass mir aa in selli Bissniss gehne un mache mol genunk Geld, ass mir uns really satt Grundniss un ice cream esse kenne. Der Mawny hot sei plans so schee expleent un hot's Ding ewwe so wunderbaar inviting gemacht, ass ich in ere kaze Zeit willing waar fer neizugeh als en partner uff en driddel share. Ich hab selwer an der Zeit ken cash capital ghatt, un weil der Mawny all 's Geld nei duh hot misse, dann hen mir agreed, ass er bei recht zwee Driddel vun de receipts hawwer sett.

Selli Nacht hen mir deheem im Daadi seim Schreiner Schapp ghockt bis zwee Uhr un hen unser plans all gemacht fer die specialist Bissniss mit naegschtem in Eselschtedtel uffzuschtaerte.

Der naegscht Marye, wie der Mawny schier faddich waar esse, dann saagt sei Daadi:

"Mawny, was hett dihr Kalls widder agoing? Ich hab genotist ass dihr so aardlich schpot im alde Brenasel seim Schapp waart, un ich bin schur, ass dihr ebbes im Sinn hett. Wann eenichi fun ahead iss, dann will ich 's verschtanne hawwe, ass ich aa en share drin hawwe will."

"Mir hen nix special agoing in der fun line, Paepp. Mir sin simply am arrangements mache fer en Woch odder so an der seashore zu geh; mir hen alle zwee schunn lang so aardlich hatt gschafft un sin entitled zu e wennich recreation," saagt der Mawny.

"Ya, sell iss so. Do iss e wennich schpending, un wann du meh hawwe musscht, dann schreib mer," saagt der Daadi Bleischtee, wie er zwansich Daaler in Note uff der Disch gschmisse hot un iss naus.

Der Mawny hot's Geld of course so aardlich promptly gegraebt.

Selli Nacht hen ich un der Mawny en lot Boddle, surgical instruments un anner Gfrees aus seinere aunty ihrem garret gschafft un hen's Schtoft in en trunk gepackt. Em Mawny sei aunty waar en Wittfraa. Ihre Mann waar en Dokter gewest, awwer er waar schunn paar Yaahr dod, un sie hot sei Bicher, Inschtrumente, Boddle un anner Sach all im garret ghalde, wu ich un der Mawny als oft ghockt hen, wann sie fatt waar un hen die Bicher gelese un die Pickters wunners beguckt. Em Mawny sei aunty waar naus West gange uff Bsuch, un hot em Mawny der Schlissel zum Haus gewwe ghatt, so ass er allegebott nooch de premises gucke hot kenne.

Es iss net notwennich, ass ich alles in detail expleene duh, wie mer denoh ahead gange sin. Mer hen unsere Freind mol ee Daag good-bye gewwe, un sin ab, yeders mit me trunk "fer der seashore."

Zwee Daag nooch sellem waare die Leit im Eselschtedtel so aardlich ge-exseit, wie sie circulars gelese hen vun zwee Dokter, ass nau am Swan Hotel waere un ass en positiv-i guarantee gewwe fer alle Sadde Grankheite zu kyure. Als en test vun ihre ability, hen die specialists ge-adverteist, ass sie seller Owed patients exemine daede frei un daede ihne saagge was ihne schunn lang gfehlt hot. Die "free examination" hot public sei selle, un die Leit waare of course all eigelaade fer zu kumme.

Ich un der Mawny hen seller Daag en Schtubb am Swan Hotel schee uffgfixt mit de surgical instruments, Boddle voll Rhubarb Brieh, un en Latt anner Gfrees, un bis mir faddich waare, dann hot unser "office" so aardlich imposing geguckt. Denoh hen mir en platform outside uffgeduh fer die free examinations seller Owed. Die Leit wu rum-gschtanne hen un hen uns gewatscht, hen of course net draagedenkt, ass selli Dokter der Jim Brenasel un der Mawny Bleischtee sin. Mir hen uns alle zwee so gut disgeist ghatt, ass ich schur waar, ass ken Mensch im Schtedtel uns kenne kann. Mir hen alle zwee geguckt wie genuine professors — mit scheene schwaze suits, hoche Schtitze, groosse falsche side whiskers un moustaches, un hen yeders Brille — so Naasepetzer amme schwaze Bendel — aaghatt.

Un dihr hett die crowd sehne selle, wu seller Owed um die platform rum waar!

Der Mawny hot en Hickerniss unnich sei Zung geduh fer sei Schtimm recht gut zu disgeise, un denoh hot er en bully specch gemacht. Er hot die leit informt, as er ihre complaints diescreibe kann yuscht bei en look in ihre Aagge, un ass er sie positively noochderhand kyure kann, wann sie willich sin. Er hot die Leit of course net wisse losse, ass er alle Mann un Weibsmensch im Schtedtel ihre complaints schunn lang gewisst hut.

Mir waare alle zwee so aardlich serpreist, wie em Mawny sei Paepp uff die platform gschteppt iss un hot ennaunst, ass er der aerscht subject sei wett, un ass er schur mache wett, eb mir humbugs waere odder net. Er hot uns of course net gekennt.

Chapter II

Es waar mir dod angscht, wie em Mawny sei Paepp datt uff die platform gschteppt iss fer exemint zu sei, ass der Mawny verleicht en Schlipp mache kennt, ass unser racket un die identity vun de fremme Dokter expose kennt. Awwer zu meim groosse relief iss sell part all recht abgange.

Der Mawny hot der alt Mann uff en Schtuhl hocke mache, hot ihm die Aaggedeckel nuffgedreht un saagt:

"Du bischt en Mann ass arrig soffert mit Rummadis. Du grickscht farrichterliche Schmaze in de Hifte, iwwer der Buckel un ins recht Bee. Wie du noch en yingerer Mann waarscht, dann hoscht du als viel Druwwel ghatt mit Leibweh. Iss des alles korreckt?"

"Ya, es iss alles korreckt; awwer ich kann zum Schinner net wisse, wie du alles so deidlich ausleegge kanscht," saagt der Daadi Bleischtee, wie er vun der platform nunnergange iss.

Un was waare die Leit drum serpreist.

Der naegscht patient waar der Sammy Oomkruger — en Kall ass perfectly gsund waar. Awwer zu faul fer ebbes zu schaffe. Der Sammy hot sei glee Weiwli naugeh mache wesche un Haus butze dieweil ass er deheem ghockt hot un hot sich schier dod gschmokt un geschaat.

Der Mawny hot em Sammy sei Aagge exemint un dernoh saagt er:

"Dir fehlt uff der Welt gaar nix except en Tschapp imme Schteebruch, rolling Miehl odder ebbes so wu du alle Daag hatt schaffe musscht. Dei Blut iss stagnant vum Rumleie un nix schaffe. Es daet mich ken bissel serpreise, wann ich heere daet, ass du verleicht en aldi Mammi, en Fraa odder verleicht en paar gleene Kinner schaffe machscht fer dich zu supporte. Du bischt en loafer, so naegscht ass ich tschotsche kann bei deine symptoms."

Un was hen die Leit drum geyohlt! Der Sammy iss of course bees warre, iss iwwer die platform nunner un hot yuscht about wiescht aafange zu fluche un Schtee zu schmeisse. Em Mawny sei Paepp hot ihn awwer first-rate gekickt un heem geh mache.

Wie 's exseitment ewennich verbei waar, dann hot der Mawny gerufe fer der naegscht patient, un der Mose Dewey iss uff die platform gschteppt. Der Mose waar en confirmed dyspeptic, un sei complaint iss kumme principally vun pei esse. Em Mose sei Schwachheit waar Roseine pie, un sei Fraa hot sich schier dod schaffe misse fer immer en guder supply uff Hand zu hawwe. Deel Leit hen druff insist, ass er positively nix schunscht gesse hot, un ass er alle Owed en pie mit nuff in sei Schlofschtubb genumme hot fer darrich die Nacht zu esse.

Un was hen die Leit drum geschtiert wie der Mawny im Mose sei Aag geguckt hot un saagt:

"Ich kann dem Mann sei symptoms net recht tschotsche — er iss gans verschtoppt mit pie — evidently Roseine pie. Wann du en Wille zu mache hoscht, liewer Mann, dann mach en gschwind, odder schtopp dei pie gfresse. Dei Lewwer, Haz, Niere, Lunge un alles sin eigegruscht mit pie un ich glaab actually, ass du nimmi en Woch lebscht, wann du fatt machscht mit deim pie diet. Next!"

Der Mose waar so weiss wie en Doder, wie er dernoh vun der platform nunner gschteigert iss un iss ab heem.

Die Leit waare nau yuscht about impresst mit em fremme Dokter seine revelations, un hen gemeent so ebbes kennt ewwe schier gaar net mieglich sei.

Es waar awwer ee Kall in der crowd ass somehow net recht convinced waar, ass em Mawny sei examinations genuine waare. Der Kall hot Yamocht gheesse, un hot en groossi Bauerei naegscht am Schteddel ghatt. Er hot immer schiecht gfiehlt un hot somehow ken Schtarrick griegge kenne. Es waar en notorious fact ass der Yamocht really zu geizich waar fer sich satt zu esse, un hot sich selwer, sei Familye un sei Schaffleit schier verhungert yuscht fer die sake vun recht viel Geld zamme zu gratze.

"Ich glaab ass dihr Kalls im Schteddel do rum gange seit un hett denne Leit ihre Grankheite darrich anner Leit ausgfunne," greischt der Yamocht datt in der crowd.

"Ich geb eenich ebber fufzich Daaler ass so ebbes wie sell prufe kann — un besides, ich geb dihr aa fufzich Daaler, mei suspicioser Freind, wann ich dei complaint net deidlich ausleegge kann," saagt der Mawny, wie er en Roll greenbacks so dick wie sei aarem aus em Sack gerisse hot. (Seller Roll waar principally so common grie Babbier mit en paar fimf Daaler Note ausse drum gewickelt).

Die sight vun dem groosse Glumbe Geld hot der Yamocht schier wiedich gemacht fer Deel devun zu hawwe, un er iss graad uff die platform kumme fer exemint zu sei.

"Do iss nau en chance fer revenge zu grieggge," saag ich zu mir selwer wie ich draagedenkt hab, wie der Yamocht mich un der Mawny mol so wiescht gedrosche hot wie mir noch gleene Buwe waare, simply well mir en paar vun seine Ebbel gschtole hen.

Der Yamocht hot sich uff der Schtuhl ghockt, un der Mawny hot ihn aafange zu exemine.

"Du liewer Friede! Kann so ebbes mieglich sei? Ihr liewe Leit, geht gschwind un grickt dem Mann ebbes zu esse! Er iss am verhungere!" greischt der Mawny wie er arrig exseitet iss waare.

"Huh, er iss reich genunk fer sei Esse selwer zu kaafe," saagt eener hinne in der crowd.

"Ich glaab verhafdich, ass der aarem Mann nau am Schtarrewe iss — sehnt dihr wie groo-weiss ass sei Gsicht iss?" greischt der Mawny wie er em Yamocht sei Pulse gfiehlt hot.

Un der Yamocht waar really so weiss wie en Doder. Er waar yuscht about verschrocke, wie er em Mawny sei Wadde gheert hot, un waar aa verleicht e wennich bees.

"Ich kann em Mann sei Lewe verleicht bei chance noch seefe, awwer ich fiehl net fer medicine zu weeste, ass fimf Daaler der Droppe koscht yuscht fer eich zu weise was ich duh kann," saagt der Mawny.

"Wieviel Droppe daet's neme?" frogt der Yamocht.

"Fimf Droppe," saagt der Mawny.

"Daet's net yuscht so gut, wann ich an der Boddel rieche daet? Fimfunzwansich Daaler iss viel Geld," saagt der Yamocht.

"Ich farricht even es medicine helft dir nimmi, wann net ebbes gschwind geduh watt — dei Bee sin verhafdich schunn so aardlich kalt," saagt der Nawny.

"Well, du schmeischt e wennich — ennihau fimf per cent — ab fer cash, duscht du net?" frogt der Yamocht.

Awwer der Mawny hot ken cent noochgewwe, un endlich hot der Yamocht es Geld gewwe. Dernoh hot der Mawny ihm fimf Droppe rhubarb Brieh gewwe un hot ihn flat uff die platform leie mache. Datt hen mir ihn dernoh fer en Vaddel Schtund ghandelt uff so en Weg, ass er net vergesse hot kenne sei gans Leweszeit. Mir hen ihn als die gans Leng vun der platform gerollt, dernoh mit so me Waerkelhols, wu die Weibsleit yuse fer Deeg ausrolle, hen mir sei Bauch gerollt, un sin darrich annere manipulations gange fer "die circulation zu restore-e" wie der Mawny gsaat hot.

Der Yamocht hot dernoh gegrische ass er nau fer schur widder all recht waer, un ass mir ihn doch um der lieb Wille heem geh sedde losse.

Der Mawny hot ihm dernoh en tumbler-voll rhubarb Brieh gewwe aus ere annere Boddel, un hot der Yamocht — ge-'advised' ass er nooch sellem net zu geizich sei sett fer sei Schtarrick uff zu halde mit decent Esse. Die crowd hot farrichterlich geyohlt, wie der Yamocht dernoh in sei Wagge gegraddelt iss un iss ab. "Selli rhubarb Brieh hot ihn of course so aardlich lively gelaxiert).

Yuscht wie der Mawny dernoh en annerer patient uff die platform grickt hot, dann hawwich genotist ass ebber mich am Aarem gezobbt hot. Ich hab rumgeguckt, un datt waar der Issy Zweilice—en mieni, schnieck-ichi gleeni Grott ass arrig unpopular waar im Schteddel fer die Ursach ass er immer sei langi Naas in anner Leit ihre Bissniss un private affairs ghatt hot, un waar net happy unless er hot allerhand secrets ausfinne kenne. Es iss mir en rechter kalter chill der Buckel nuff gange, wie ich der schnausich glee Risel gsehne hab, un especially wie ich genotist hab, ass er so en schpettlicher, falscher smile iwwer sei gans Gsicht ghatt hot, wie er sei eent Aag zugedrickt hot geeich mir datt in der crowd. Der Issy waar uff en "certain'er Weg so en aardlicher scharfer Kall, un viel Leit hen die opinion ghatt, ass er yuscht about en guder detective gemacht hett. Er hot mich un der Mawny en mannich Mol gfange in unsere Dricks, un hett uns of course promptly expost, wann mir ihn net ruhich ghalte hedde mit Geld un annere presents. Darrich des hen mir der Izzy ghasst wie en Schlang, un die Leit breiche gaar net wunnere, ass ich so bummeraanisch uncomfortable gfiehlt hab, wie ich die schnausich Grott so naegscht datt bei mir an der platform gsehne hab. Ich hab nau yuscht about wiescht gfiehlt, awwer ich hab actually geglaabt ich daet ummechtich warre, wie der Issy sich dernoh an der platform nuffgezogge hot un pischpert mir ins Ohr:

"Der Mawny dutt so aardlich gut, gell, Jim?"

To be concluded

JIM BRENASEL

In this number of the ECK we publish another long - forgotten story by Jim Brenasel, pen-name for John Wesley von Nieda (1853-1939), who was widely known at the turn of the 19th century as a prolific writer of dialect fiction.

This story was discovered in the files of the **Schuylkill Haven Call,** where it appeared in the issues for July 14, 21 and 28, 1900.

Jim Brenasel and Mawny, his bosom friend and fellow adventurer, have observed how a few physicians, active as specialists each in his field, take in both the public and their money. Jim and Mawny both conclude it is a trick which they can also perform successfully. Their adventures in the field of medicine follow.

MEI WINSCHE

Ich hab schunn gaar viel Winsche
Naus gschickt in die Welt;
Fer alle Sadde Sache—
Vleicht aa bissel Geld.

Mei Winsche, die sin gflogge
All rum in der Welt,
Un hen sich vleicht verlore.
Hoch im Himmelszelt.

Sie hen vleicht annre Winsche
Aagedroffe datt;
Noh sin sie wie die Veggel
Uff un zamme fatt.

Es iss mir bang mei Winsche
Kumme nimmi zrick;
So muss ich, denk ich, schaffe
Fer alles was ich grick.

—RALPH S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 70

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Editorials

Don't Gamble With Your Vote

With the sound and fury of the 1955 Municipal Election campaign dying down to little more than a whisper, the time has come for serious contemplation of the issues to be settled and the personalities involved in the balloting on Tuesday.

Although each contest and each office has its own separate elements, the one major issue embracing all of them, from the most lowly to the very highest, is good government.

Good government is a phrase that covers a wide area. Naturally one of the first considerations is economy. That does not necessarily mean running the office more cheaply than it ever was run before. It does mean giving the people what they demand and expect and provide satisfactory return for the taxes and fees they pay.

To have good government we must elect people who are qualified by ability, temperament and character to serve in the offices they seek.

While elections often are decided strictly on the personal popularity of the opposing candidates, with little if any consideration for qualifications, the best choices almost invariably are made when the turnouts of voters are largest.

Every Lehigh Valley resident who is registered should bear that in mind, if there is even the slightest temptation to sit this one out, perhaps on the specious premise that "one vote doesn't mean a thing."

Most voters have decided which candidates they look upon with favor or disfavor, but it is not too late to undergo a change of heart and mind.

It would be well for all of us to devote some of our time between now and our entry into the voting booth to our decisions, carefully considering whether we have chosen wisely and well, or whether perhaps we were unduly influenced by elements which should be given no weight or consideration in something as serious as choosing the people who will govern us, collect and spend our tax money.

The day after election is too late to cast a ballot that was missed on election day or recall a vote cast without weighing the many elements that go into making a good or a poor public official.

The stakes are far too high to permit the careless gamble that thoughtlessly cast ballot represents.

Lives Are at Stake

In the wake of the recent series of disastrous run-away truck accidents, Gov. George M. Leader has ordered state officials to move swiftly in setting up a program of safety and compliance checks for commercial vehicles using the highways of Pennsylvania.

With the approval and support of the Interstate Commerce Commission, 10-man inspection teams will patrol the highways of the Commonwealth to spot-check commercial vehicles. Any truck that fails to meet state and ICC safety standards will be taken off the road at the point of violation.

Because any vehicle, regardless of its size or the speed at which it travels, is a menace to life if its brakes or steering are faulty, or if it has certain other mechanical defects, the Governor's action is a step in the right direction. It will be a particularly important step and will be well-worth the time of the 50 men the five teams will take, if the program is carried on vigorously and enforced without fear or favor.

Even at that, it will be just a step.

If Pennsylvania's highways are to become relatively safe there also must be an even more rigorous and impartial program of enforcing speed laws — laws that limit most trucks to a maximum of 30 miles an hour on every road and highway in the Commonwealth, except the Turnpike.

The Lehigh Valley Thruway, Route 22, Route 309 and the other busy highways that take teeming traffic through this area are no exceptions.

The job of enforcement — of fearless and thorough and uncompromising enforcement around the clock and throughout the year — is the job of the Pennsylvania State Police.

It will be done only if Gov. Leader and his associates in the State Police chain of command insist that it be done, that it be done consistently and constantly, that it be done without exceptions. Ten-man teams are not necessary for this. Single patrols strategically stationed, single patrols traveling across the highways in unmarked cars, are all that will be required for effectiveness.

If, after all available Pennsylvania State Police are used for their prime job of law enforcement, more men are needed to make the highways reasonably safe, it is Governor Leader's duty to ask the Legislature to provide the necessary funds.

Safety on the highways of the state is one of Pennsylvania's prime problems. The Governor and his associates should not rest until they have taken every possible step toward its solution through a rigorous enforcement program.

This is a matter in which lives are at stake.

Tightening Tie That Binds

The road toward merger of the Evangelical and Reformed Church with the Congregational Christian Church should be greatly smoothed by the unique pulpit exchange program which will send five Lehigh Valley E-R pastors to New England this weekend, while five Congregational Christian clergymen will preach in the local E-R churches.

The merger of the two bodies will be completed by June 1957, but now is not too early for congregations and clergymen to begin getting acquainted.

A better understanding is certain to result from this program, which is being tried for the first time in the Eastern Pennsylvania Synod.

The merged denominations will be known as the United Church of Christ. They surely will be more closely united in fact, as well as in name, if they have the sort of personal contact which can best come from such things as the pulpit exchange undertaken this weekend between the Lehigh Valley and New England.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Teen-Ager Protests Emphasis Upon Juvenile Delinquency Stories

Dear Sir:

I would like to voice my feelings and the feelings of many other teenagers. Why do you only write about the bad things a few teenagers do? Nothing is ever said about the members of the Civil Air Patrol, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Luther League, Christian Endeavor, other church organizations, YWCA, YMCA, Girl's Club and Boy's Club and the good things they do. Instead you read only of juvenile delinquency.

Our parents read these articles and don't even let us go to parties, dances, or any place because we might turn into delinquents.

A perplexed "Teenager"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our "perplexed teenager" has every right to express his or her opinion and we are pleased to publish it, even though it was submitted without a name. These newspapers are proud that the overwhelming majority of teenagers in this community have given them the kind of news they like to print — the news of the very organizations and groups and activities he refers to. Occasionally when teenagers — and adults too — become involved in affairs that are not so pleasant, it is the duty of the newspaper to print them too. Certainly, if our young friend will read our newspapers, he will find them filled with stories of worthwhile teenage groups, of outstanding teenage accomplishments.

Approval for Publicity About "Juvenile Hoodlums"

To the Editor of the paper:

As a citizen and a taxpayer of Allentown, I think I have a right to say you are doing a good job of putting these ("Juvenile Hoodlums," as I call them), pictures in the paper. People now can be aware of these kids. You can't even walk the streets anymore without looking around you and feeling afraid of getting beaten and robbed.

I think the paper cooperating with the cops and the proper medicine due these hoodlums will eventually simmer down.

I always said the parents are to blame just as equal. They should know where their children are and what they do; check up on them.

Thanks again and keep on putting their pictures in the paper.

A Citizen and Taxpayer

November



The Call to Duty

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I dare not say that a woman should not marry the man she loves, but it is refreshing as springtime to witness a response to a call to duty. Margaret of England will be beloved by her people not because she gave up the man of her choice but because she sacrificed personal happiness to maintain a way of life which her family is duty-bound to defend.

After all, millions of young men are dead and buried because they answered the call of duty, often with less knowledge of the reasons for the call than Margaret has. She is a brave girl, but even more, an idealistic girl who accepts the responsibility of royalty, which in the British sense is to set an example of the proprieties of life.

Her grandfather and father labored valiantly in this field and saved not only a crown but a union of free and independent nations. And they did it without force or power, for they really have none, but by the virtue of their lives and the respect the people have for them. And now this respect goes to Margaret, for her sacrifice is very great and at an early age.

In this era in which marriage is being reduced to a matter of registration and the word romance is becoming, in common parlance, equivalent to harlotry, the clean courtship, the honorable decision, the unwillingness to yield principle to personal satisfaction stand out in pristine beauty and all who were engaged in what could have been an ugly pursuit of passion will be glorified among their own people as restoring the virtuous qualities of duty and respect.

It could even occur that in the course of events these lovers might find happiness, but they have acted well and have



reached a conclusion that is right because it is dutiful and therefore noble.

This middle of the 20th century has to an astonishing degree become an era of decadence and debauchery and the characteristic is almost universal. The most famed women are expensive courtesans who are press-agented and photographed until even children know their names and their so-called romances and multiple marriages, and hang their pictures upon their walls, perhaps as inspiration to go and do likewise. And against this mob of underbred, highly-paid votaries of the physical body, stands Margaret who answered the call of duty. And the contrast is so great that it turns the revellers, whom Igor Cassini correctly named the "jet-set," into unpalatable creatures who, in pursuit of pleasure, sacrifice not themselves but so much that is decent and noble in human nature.

Saints live to give example to good and righteous living, and no matter what she may suffer, Margaret will not fail to realize that she, who loves to sing and dance and be gay, has set an example of dutiful living which may put a period to the ugly excesses of those who, possessing wealth and position, do not know how to use them. Perhaps her answer to the call to duty may put an end to multiple marriage which is, after all, a form of concubinage and produces vicious results in society. As those on the summit do, so do those at the bottom.

The wage-earner copies the models' clothes and manners, and manners are the external manifestation of morals. When a society loses the morals of its tradition, it withers on the vine because its vitality disappears.

Great Contrast

I think of those American so-called heiresses chasing about the world purchasing husbands, paying men alimony after they divorce them, producing public scandals by the brazenness of their conduct and shaming their country and civilization, and then I think of Margaret answering the call of duty.

I cannot but wonder what those heiresses have inherited. Surely it is not a sense of devoted motherhood. Surely it is not the virtues of the Judaic-Christian civilization. Surely it is not the strength of the pioneer women who helped to build America, their own grandmothers who assisted in the building of the very fortunes which they now squander in roistering without sufficient shame to shut their doors and pull the blinds over their windows.

Margaret has rebuked them all and maybe our world, by this example, will return to a regard for duty in all its manifestations.

Edgar A. Guest

LASTING MOMENTS

Do you remember we sat by the shore
Watching the vessels ply up and down
And laughed, as never we'd laughed before,
At the name of a street in a near-by town?

Do you remember the meal we ate
At a counter long in a wayside shack,
The meat, the rolls and the chipped blue plate,
The heavy mug and the coffee black?

Well, the hours speed on and the days go by
And the months and the years become the past,
But a few of the minutes which they supply
Memory clings to and holds them fast.

If we remember, the lost is found.
If we remember, what's spent we keep.
Forgetfulness is the burial ground
Where the joys that were, but have vanished, sleep.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An antique dealer directed an injured look at a nouveau riche client. "When you stop to consider that this vase is over 2000 years old, you'll realize my asking price is justified," he insisted. "Don't give me that," countered the client. "It's only 1955 now!"

Kim Novak vows that never again will she go to a masquerade party dressed as a switchboard operator. She attended one in that guise some time ago, and before a half hour had passed, she had three close calls.

John Ringling on a trip to Africa left this note to his secretary: "I'm off again for the dark continent. As soon as convenient, I'll drop you a lion."

Sandy McSwirett has sworn off smoking a pipe. Whe he buys tobacco it's too expensive, and when he borrows any, it's packed too tight.

A Las Vegas garage, next to a wedding chapel, has a big sign reading: "Have your car washed while you get married!"

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

The outlook is favorable in the main. There is a probability of some gain and business improvement. Look for traits of prudence, loyalty and sound judgment in the child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT NET GABUSH'LD —

Won ebber badroga wor mit da hunderrei, don wors der Stanley "Fat" Bauer fon Longswamp. 'S wor net os der "Fat" selwar gatzailt hut kot ver yawga gae — so weit os die hawsa un fersont fersonta uf laisa aw gang'd, sel dade er gleicha, ow'r hos'd die lawferrei so arrick. Dale maina, er het shun tzu fiel beim Clair Price om wertshous rum k'huck'd — der Clair wil aw aenichie tzeit liever shwetza fon yawga gae os wie selwar drous in da bish un felder rum shtolberra.

Ow'r won der "Fat" aw net gatzailt hut kot fer selwar yawga gae, wor er shure der boo Donald, so yohrra 16 yohr rum alt, uns airsht yohr os er yawga gonga is — der "Fat" wor shure der Donald kaimt hame nunner galawda mit hawsa, fersonta, g'shwarl un allas shunshd os lawmaesich wear fer sheesa — nunner galawda os er nimmy fert kent.

Der "Fat" un sei Eva hen die socha iwwer gablauder'd, un ous gamochts o fiel flaish kenta sie net grawd uf ae mohl essa, un fers ferdarva gae lossa wear aw net recht. Uf die fohrsarrick hee hut der "Fat" noh 'n grossie g'friehr box kauft, un aw 'n lecktrick refrigerator, un woh er shure wor os sie ols flaish uf hava kenta os der Donald hame bringa dade da airshda dawg os es gawilbur frei wear.

Yusht wie g'sawt 's, free gablunder un gablawn, wie aw da alta weiver ihra dons, un da glaina kinner ihra lochas, halt net immer long aw. Die hawn wohs freesh'd graya, sin oft mohls sellie woh die kep 's airsht ferlierra, un so is es aw 'm "Fat" shier gonga. Ferol os er ol seina freind fertzailt hut wie er sich mohl fohrraedich g'sehna het fer 'm Donald sei socha halta fon ferdarva, wor allas fer ewwafiel. Ferol os der Donald onga Barricks Kounty ous gakess'ld is, hut er net 'n shwontz fon nix kot bis owets fom arishda, un der "Fat" hut blose nix kot fer in sei g'friehr box un refrigerator duh.

Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der "Fat" die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga nix may wieter so os er net sawga kon mier hetta die socha drous rum gabell'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won der Donald aw Somshdawgs lare hame kumma is fom yawga, 'm Mondawg sin tzwae hawsa 'm in der flinta lawf gagrodd'ld, un hut sie g'shossa.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 20:24-27

As Paul continues his farewell address to the Ephesian Church elders at v. 24, he says that 'none of these things (referring to threats to his life) move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day that I am innocent of the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.' Paul now transfers responsibility to these elders in these words: 'Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood.' It would be interesting to read Paul's letter to the Ephesians at this point, which is not excelled in its conception of a divine purpose running through the ages—of which the Church of Christ is one phase.



TEACHING
—for the time being

Apropos of Education Week in Pennsylvania we offer our readers the following essay. It was written by a Pennsylvania German schoolmaster in Lynn Township, sometimes referred to in those earlier years as "the dark corner of Lehigh County." It was apparently prepared to be read at Teachers Institute which the schoolmaster served as Secretary.

To the pedagogue of today its contents may seem naive and antiquated, but as an expression of a teacher in those difficult years immediately following upon the Civil War, it is of some local historical and pedagogical interest, and especially so since it comes from the pen of Edward Hermany (1835-1886), whose remarkable poems in our Pennsylvania German dialect, unpublished during his lifetime, place him in the annals of our dialect literature as its greatest satirical poet.—ED.

Among the greatest evils in the practical working of our "common school system" is the want of permanency on the part of teachers.

To such a vast extent is this evil prevalent, that one feels all but justified in asserting that fluctuation forms the rule and permanency the exception.

The experienced educator and the intelligent friend of the system know full well that "these things should not so be." They require neither words of counsel nor hackneyed advocacy of remedial measures. But the youthful and inexperienced members of our profession, and especially those who stand vacillating, half within and half without its everwidening threshold, may be benefited by a few earnest words of reflection—and to them accordingly will I address myself.

Teacher, you who are in the middle of your first term, how stands the case with you? Has mere chance thrown you into the position you now occup,y, or have you deliberately and with wise aforethought selected the place for yourself?

If the former, then it well were for you to look around you, and endeavor to discover whether or not you have received a reasonable share of justice at the hands of mere chance, and also, whether or not you are in a fair way of rendering justice to the choice of mere chance. If the latter (which speaks well for you) then be of good cheer in the midst of all your trials, vexations and daily failures.

Resolve to make a lifework of your arduous vocation. Do not allow yourself to be overcome by the difficulties with which you are surrounded. Bear up against them hopefully and heroically, determined to conquer or die — but be sure you arrange your programme with the dying scene at the very bottom—that is, when you have conquered!

Above all things do not resolve to exchange this school for another one, at the close of your first term, because of your many difficulties, or even because of comparative failure. Consider that in taking charge of another school you will encounter a fresh series of trials, vexations, disappointments, and in all probability positive failure!

If you were so fortunate as to find your first school in a bad condition, there should be discoverable by this time a slight change certainly. If you found your pupils irregular in attendance, habitually impolite, negligent and desultory in applying themselves to their studies, regardless of counsel and admonition, and even so completely demoralized as to be resolutely disobedient, there should be, by that time, in all these respects a considerable change — and a change there will be, either for better or for worse.

If you happen to be one of those who have taken up teaching, merely for the sake of "putting in time," or as a stepping stone to something more lucrative — in other words, if you teach "for the time being," the change referred to is very likely to be one for the worst.

But let us suppose that you, who with a tolerably successful first term may be induced to remain in the profession permanently, and in time stand forth a bright ornament of your noble calling—that you too (or others for you) have discovered such a deplorable change in your school. You have struggled along to the middle of your term, and almost everyt hing goes wrong with you. You find your school in a condition now even less enviable than at first. Your pupils are less and less regular in attendance; their nabitual impoliteness is changed into positive rudeness; their negligence and desultory application to study into "total abstinence; their heedlessness of counsel and admonition into reckless indifference; their resolute disobedience into defiant contempt of your authority. Where lies the fault, and where the remedy? Near by, near by — both! Do not rashly conclude that you are the right person in the wrong place. Neither should you be so indiscreet as to expose yourself to the charge of being ungrateful to the memory of your immediate predecessor. Remember that in the course of time you too will have a successor, and deal gently with the faults of him who has gone before you. In part the cause of all these disagreeable aspects in which you behold your school may rest with him, but not one iota of the remedy you require can be extracted from his departed shade. "Let the dead past bury its dead" — be thou wise and address thyself to the living issues before thee.

Teacher, if the fault of your troubles be not wholly yours, rest assured the remedy you need must be wellnigh wholly your invention and application. Boards of Directors cannot furnish it to any great extent. Works on teaching, however useful, are but partial helps; and as for "visiting and admonitory committees," they are generally successful in giving relief to all parties immediately upon leaving the premises! I repeat, therefore, the remedy you require must come from within yourself. You are the course from whence order is to be infused into your chaotic realm. Make you therefore diligent and persevering search in the proper locality; and if there you fail to find adequate legislative and executive power, then your case is a hopeless one indeed. I fear you have mistaken your calling. Best were it for you and your school to bow your head and pass out through your schoolroom door never again to enter in the character of teacher.

But such a state of affairs does not occur very often, where the teacher is imbued with the right spirit, even though he be possessed of but medium qualifications. Where it does occur however, let the unhappy victim assume the heroic stand before suggested. Let him scrutinize his own conduct and modes of proceeding even more closely than that of his pupils. For thus only will he discover the many weak points in his own character and be ennobled to perceive clearly which course to pursue. Let him make instant use of all legitimate corrective agencies that may fall under his observation — in one word, let him know his power and his whole duty and discharge the latter faithfully and fearlessly, regardless of all present results — ay, even though friends be alienated, enemies embittered and the school partially disrupted. Under such untoward circumstances, to know ones whole duty and to discharge it with absolute fidelity, may be wellnigh impossible, but whenever and wherever thus known and thus discharged, there victory is sure to come at last.

An experienced teacher of my acquaintance who was teaching his fifth term in the same district, once made the following highly significant remarks in my presence: "When I commenced teaching, I determined within myself, that if I should live, I would continue to teach in one and the same district until I could see at least a scanty harvest of my own sowing. As I should see the right, so I resolved to practice it now, not by and by. I went to work with many and many a little thing to unlearn and with many and many a great thing unlearned, but with an abiding faith in present tense justice. During my first term I was successful in making quite a number of enemies — during my second term I was so luckless as to infuriate them — during my third term they kept aloof anxiously expecting my inglorious downfall— during my fourth term they kept away entirely and began to reflect, and now during my fifth term they are coming around with interested apologies and their children are among the best disposed of all my scholars."

Thus it will always be; the faithful permanent teacher will achieve beneficial and even gratifying results in the darkest and most disheartening localities.

As for him who teaches "for the time being " — the mere "temporary fixture," who experiments one term here and another there—whose disreputable and unscholastic motto is in reality so much time wasted for so much money; he who during the first half of his term withdraws attention from his own shortcomings by pointing out the alleged faults of his predecessor, and during the last half puts forth the plea that but little improvement can be looked for, where it required half the term to set things "right;" he who goes about if not actually slaying the "innocents," yet forever stunting the growth and begriming the purity of their dawning intellects — as for him, let us all work together and all endeavor to hasten the happy day when his chance of securing employment in our profession will equal that of his defrauded pupil for obtaining true mental discipline under his bankrupt migratory administrations.

November 29, 1868

EDWARD HERMANY

DIE SPECIALISTS

Vum JIM BRENASEL

Wie ich un der Mawny mol "Doktor" gschpielt hen in Eselschtedtel un wie mir unser patients gekyurt hen.

Conclusion

Chapter 8

Ich hab gfiehlt, ass wann ich der Issy Zweilice graad datt warricke kennt bis er die Zung raus henke daet, un ich hab mich yuscht so zu Not kontrolle kenne. Ich hab of course gewisst, ass er uns promptly expose daet, wann ich so ebbes duh daet, un hab accordingly mei mind uffgemacht fer gracefully zu der circumstances 'submit'e un der Issy uff unsere Seit halde.

Wie der Mawny die patients all exemint hot ghatt, dann hawwich ihn uff en Seit gerufe un hab ihm expleent weeich em Issy.

"Die mean, schnieckich, contemptible glee Grott! Was welle mir duh weeich dem schnausiche Riesel, Jim?" frogt der Mawny.

"Well, wann mir net in die Bressent kumme welle, als en paar genuine swindlers, dann misse mir der Issy ewwe ruhich halde—sei Maul schtobbe mit greenbacks," saag ich.

"Selli Grott watt noch gut zerick bezaahlt fer sei Mienichkeit, nau meint!" saagt der Mawny. Un ich hab's em Mawny aasehne kenne, ass er meent was er saagt.

Der Issy hot sich bei uns ghalde, un hot uns helfe die Boddle un anner Gfrees nei in unser "office" im Wattshaus draagge.

Wie mir dernoh alle drei allee in der office waare, dann saagt der Mawny: "Issy, wie hoscht du uns graad so easy gekennt datt drauss uff der platform?"

"O, sell waar net hatt zu duh," saagt der Issy. "Dihr seid of course alle zwee gut disgeist, awwer ich hab eich graad gekennt. Un besides wann en Kall e wennich carefully iwwer eier racket schtoddi-e dutt, dann muss er zu der conclusion kumme, ass niemand except ebber ass die Leit arrig gut bekannt iss ihre complaints ur. private habits so deidlich ausleegge kann. Dihr zwee Kalls hett of course announced ass dihr an der seashore geht, awwer sell hot mich net gfuhlt."

"Well, Issy, du saagscht of course zu ken Mensch wer mir sin — mir deede gleiche noch e wennich fun zu hawwe," saagt der Mawny.

"Ich saag of course ken Watt, wann dihr Kalls es fair Ding duht, Ich sett en driddel Deel hawwe vun alles ass dihr einemmt — un sell daet mei share so weit acht Daaler un dreiun dreissich un en driddel Cent mache. Der amount daet dihr mir yuscht so gut cash gewwe," saagt der Issy.

Un was hen ich un der Mawny drum so iwwel gfiehlt wie mir ge'realized' hen ass mir completely im power waare vun daere schnieckiche, schnausiche, unprincipled gleene Grott! Mir hen unser Zeeh zammegebisse un hen innerlich in sentiments indulged ass ich schur bin, as net yuscht so arrig schee gucke daede in ere Zeiding gedruckt. Awwer des hot alles nix gebatt. Mir hen em Issy ewwe "sei share" gewwe misse.

Der Issy iss dernoh graad ab heem, wie er's Geld ghatt hot. Mir hen die Dier carefully gschlosse, un dernoh hen mir nanner gekickt datt in sellere Schtubb rum bis mir completely ausgschpielt waare.

Mir hen dernoh flat datt uff em Bodde ghockt, un wie mir nanner gans iwwer gut beguckt hen ghatt, dann saagt der Mawny:

"Was meenscht devun, ennihau, Jim?"

"Mawny, ich kennt heile," saag ich wie die Dreene mir actually in die Aagge kumme sin.

"Denk yuscht emol draa, Jim, acht Daaler un dreiundreissich Cent zu sellem schnieckiche, gleene Riesel, yuscht so ass er sei Maul halde duht. O, ich meen es kann net mieglich sei!" saagt der Mawny, wie er sei falsche Haar vum Kopp gerisse hot. Er hot sie awwer widder gschwind uff der Kopp geduh, un mir sin alle zwee gschwind uff getschumpt, wie mir ebber an der Dier heere hen globbe.

Der Mawny hot die Dier uffgemacht, un mir waare yuscht about surprised wie der Dokter Brenheiser, der eldscht un der bescht Dokter im Eselschteddel, in die Schtubb gschteppt iss.

Un ich hab somehow graad arrig nervous aafange zu fiehle.

"Wist dihr Kalls ass eens vun eiere patients — der Mr. Yamocht — so aardlich hatt grank iss?" frogt der Dokter Brenheiser in ere Schtimm ass mir die chills der Buckel nuff geh hot mache.

"Sell iss der natural result vun unserm medicine — en Satt vum e depressing effect fer a paar Schtund," saagt der Mawny wie er sei Brille carefully adjust hot un hot der Dokter mit ere arrigge professional air beguckt.

"So depressing, in fact, ass der Yamocht fer en paar Woche nix schaffe kann," saagt der Dokter.

"Un hot blendi Zeit fer sich mol satt zu esse — sell iss, wann er net zu geizich iss fer 's Esse zu kaafe," saagt der Mawny.

"Huh! was wisst dihr Kalls vum Yamocht seine private habits? Awwer des dutt mich yuscht 'remind'e vun ebbes. Der Issy Zweilice hot mich sehne vum Yamocht seinere Bauerei zerick kumme, un hot mich gfrogt wer grank iss datt. Er waar arrig verschrocke wie ich ihm explained hab ass der Yamocht grank iss. Der Issy hot dernoh ge'intimate' ass dihr Kalls ken genuine Dokter seid, un fer schur zu mache weeich dem Ding, bin ich den Owed noch do haer kumme," saagt der Dokter.

Der Mawny iss yuscht about exseit warre, wie er des gheert hot.

Awwer dernoh iss ebbes vorgfalle, ass uns alle zwee winsche hot mache, mir waere in China odder aryets schunscht weit, weit vun Eselschteddel fatt.

Im excitement hot der Mawny ebbes vum Disch uff der Bodde gschmisse. Er hot sich nunner gebickt fer der article uffzupicke, un wie er sei Kopp widder in die Heeb duh hot welle, dann fange sei falsche side-whiskers am Aarem vum Schockelschtuhl, un die whiskers, die falsche Haar uff seim Kopp, Brille un alles sin in eem Schwiep abkumme! Der Mawny hot datt ghockt so nadierlich, ass der Mawny Bleischtee ewwe sei hot kenne — mit der exception, ass er arrig bleech waar.

Es hot der Dokter yuscht en Segund genumme fer' die situation uffzuseise, un dernoh hot er sich als fairly uffgedobbelt wie er gelacht un gelacht hot, bis es mir dod angscht waar, der Mann kennt verschpringe.

"Un des iss of course der glee Brenasel! Ha! Ha! Ha!" greischt der Dokter wie er mei disguise abgerisse hot.

Es iss net derwaut, ass ich alles in detail expleene duh, wie mir gfiehlt hen and so forth. Ich brauch yuscht saagge, ass ich un der Mawny so aardlich schnell zu der conclusion kumme sin, ass die "specialist" Bissniss e wennich zu risky waar fer uns.

Selli Nacht hen mir unser trunks un anner Gfrees aus em Wattshaus gschniekt, hen's Sach widder all an sei Bletz, un sin zerick noch der Schtadt gange. Datt hen mir fer en gansi Woch ge'planned,' wie mir revenge nemme wedde uff der Issy Zweilice. Mir hen endlich en plan gedroffe, awwer die details vun sellem plan muss ich en anneri Zeit expleene. Vun der "specialist" Bissniss will ich gaar nix meh heere, un bin yuscht about froh ass ich saagge kann des iss

ES END

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PUBLISHERS
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Editorials

Billions for Expansion

Adding to the general optimism concerning business conditions in the United States next year are the almost daily announcements from leading industries that plans for vast expansion have been made and will be carried out as quickly as possible in order to meet the growing demands for their products.

The latest such reports came during this week from the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) which announced that it will spend more than a billion dollars next year, and from the Chrysler Corporation which announced it will expand production facilities at a cost of a billion, spread over the next five years.

Both these companies have able economists on their staffs. It would appear that only after the opinion of these experts was received was decision made. That opinion must have been favorable to continuing or to increased American prosperity.

Even wider than the reports from these two big companies is the result of a recent survey by the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. which was announced on Thursday. This indicates that American industry plans to expend more than $33 billion during next year for expansion and modernization.

This will not only break all American records, if carried out, but it will be an increase of 30 per cent over the near-record expenditures during the current year.

Since industrial spending is regarded by economists to be one of the most important props under our national economy, it is good to know that this prop promises to be stout and strong during the coming year.

Foresight That Failed Badly

When the Ford Motor Co. made a proposal to its employes, the United Automobile Workers, last May that they buy stock of the company at half price and thus become participants in ownership, the union rejected the offer flatly. Instead the union pressed for, and secured, a contract which included the so-called "guaranteed annual wage" provision.

Since then something unforeseen and very startling has happened. The Ford Foundation, which owns 88 per cent of the stock of Ford Motor Company, has begun arrangements with some five hundred brokerage houses thruout the United States to sell about $600 million in stock to the general public, beginning early next year.

Response to this offer has been so large that it has amazed even the brokers and others who are accustomed to dealing in huge figures and financial transactions. So now Detroit local, No. 600, is thinking differently about the offer in May. In effect, it is saying to Ford: Do you love me as much in November as you did in May? In other words, are you willing to give the 48,000 workers another chance to buy your stock at half price while the public will be paying full price?

The union, thru its president, is pressing the point that the workers helped to build the company thru the years and therefore should have an opportunity to buy the Ford stock.

The golden opportunity that was thrown away in May now is seen to be one of the most profitable that perhaps ever has been offered to such a large mass of workers as the members of Local No. 600, United Automobile Workers, C. I. O. They got their demand for a guaranteed wage which their leaders judged would be a better bargain. Now they want to enjoy the glittering alternative proposition as well.

It is one of the oddest situations ever developed in American labor relations and it will be interesting to see what the Ford brothers — Benson, Henry and William — do about it.

Breakfast That Made History

President Eisenhower is back in Washington after seven weeks of hard fighting to regain the road to robust health and strength after a serious heart attack.

Certainly no single case of illness has attracted quite so much sustained attention for such a long period of time as the President's case. Likewise it is very likely that the President's plight became an example for good to vast numbers and that his misfortune will have turned out to be a blessing for thousands who learned important lessons on how to live.

It is suggested in a current magazine that, in years to come, a medical historian may state (and truthfully) that the course of history "was changed by a breakfast of sausage, fried eggs, bacon, toast and coffee." Then the writer of this article in the Journal of Lifetime Living, Victor Lindlahr, goes on to say:

"The President, with his admitted fondness for rich 'masculine' foods was unquestionably eating too many fatty foods for his own good. Obviously his responsibilities as well as his physical condition played their respective parts in setting the stage for his heart attack. But if one provocative cause must be singled out, the breakfast he ate on the morning of September 23, 1955, can logically be accused of being perhaps the chief culprit which set off the chain of reactions culminating in a coronary occlusion."

Today there is no doubt among physicians that fat can precipitate angina pectoris, the technical name for a heart pain attack, continues Lindlahr. Excess fat in the diet may form cholesterol, which thickens the artery walls and eventually hardens them. One day a small piece of damaged tissue may slough off the artery wall, form a clot or plug, choke up a small blood vessel in the brain or heart, and cause apoplexy or a coronary.

It has also been shown that within hours after a meal rich in fats, microscopic drops of fat called chylomicrons flood the bloodstream. Such a meal can raise the level of fat in the blood to the point where it can cause angina pectoris. There is a chance that, after the breakfast he ate, this is what happened to President Eisenhower.

The President's experience should serve as a dramatic lesson, warns Lindlahr, and urges that heart patients whose physicians have put them on low-fat diets be particularly careful not to transgress.

An Industry on the March

There are tremendous opportunities in Allentown — this great American city which in so many ways is demonstrating that it is indeed a City on the March.

This has been proven many times as new industries selected Allentown for their plants or distribution centers, as established local industries expanded, as business enterprises of all kinds provided new facilities or expanded old ones.

It was proven once again last week when L. F. Grammes and Sons Inc., for 79 years an expanding part of Allentown's industrial scene, announced a multi-million dollar expansion program which, in spite of automation, ultimately may double its present work force of 500 and considerably increase its payroll.

Here is another company that not only has demonstrated its faith in Allentown and its people — a faith based on its experiences for more than three-quarters of a century, but that, by the very nature of its operations which serve so many industries, has shown a great and abiding faith in the continued economic well-being of the nation.

For many years this community has been proud of L. F. Grammes. It is a company whose products, whether they be name plates or escutcheons or more important components of automobiles and home appliances, are found in almost every American home and in millions of homes around the world.

We are particularly proud that this industry, started in Allentown, developed here and which today has a payroll approaching $2 million, has decided not only to stay here but to expand here — to be an industry on the march within a City on the March.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

When you are ten and twelve and well
And you would like to play,
It's hard to have your mother tell:
"I've work for you today
Say to your comrades when they shout
Along their way to pass.
Football you needn't think about
Until you've cut the grass.

"I don't care what you boys have planned,
Or what the ball game means,
Today I'd have you understand
You're taking down the screens
You're going to sweep the porches, too.
So when your playmates call,
Remember you have work to do.
You heard me. That is all."

It's hard I know at work to stay
And miss the time for fun,
But that, my boy, is oft the way
When duty must be done.
And many times, when old as I,
Life will insist that you
Must let some wanted joy pass by
Because you've work to do.

(Copyright 1955)

What Does Freedom Sound Like?



GOP Unity Need Shown

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Republican professionals, like their Democratic brethren with experience in matters political, are privately talking about the lessons of this week's elections.

For the Republican party, the outstanding fact is that organization and unity were never demonstrated to be more necessary than today.

For the Democratic party the most conspicuous revelation is that the CIO is a more powerful influence in local politics and in local organization work than the leaders of the party have hitherto believed.

When the mayor of an Indiana city dared to call for the National Guard a few weeks ago to preserve law and order it created resentment among the labor bosses. They had their revenge at the polls.

Democrats May Wonder

Indiana, like Michigan, now is in the grip of the CIO political organization and, while this doesn't bode well for the Republicans, it may make a lot of Democrats wonder what's going to happen if the union labor organization takes over the party nationally.

The disclosure a few days ago that the labor-union political organizations spent more than 2 million dollars in the 1954 congressional elections is startling. This is more than a major party itself used to spend and it means that if this sum was recorded on a national basis, as provided by federal law, there must have have been even a larger sum expended when one adds up the contributions to the state committees by local unions.

How are the Republicans going to counteract this precinct-by-precinct activity by the political organizations of the national labor unions and, particularly, the large sums collected either from dues or so-called voluntary contributions of labor-union members of both parties?

Indiana wasn't the only place where union activity was evident. It emerged in many other states where industrial workers had moved into smaller towns following a shift of plants to the



country areas. This is bound to be a continuous movement because of the desire of industry to decentralize in order to meet the threat of atomic warfare against the big cities.

There are worries, on the other hand, in this week's elections for the Democrats, too. Thus, their leaders in Congress have been supporting a plan for more highway construction based on higher gasoline taxes. But in New York State the people voted down a 750 million dollar bond issue plan because of organized protests that the higher taxes wouldn't be spent only for highways. The Republican plan in Congress for financing new roads, seems, therefore, to be preferred by voters.

Looking over the national scene, the professionals see a Polish ward in a big city going Republican for the first time and this tells the Democrats that the controversy over Yalta and the sell-out of Poland isn't an insignificant issue after all. The foreign-born vote in several big cities is at stake.

What the experienced politicians of both parties will note, moreover, is that organized minorities can swing elections, especially when the unorganized majorities don't go to the polls. Thus in Ohio a well organized drive beat the amendment that would have permitted state compensation laws to be changed to aid the CIO's guaranteed annual wage plan. Ohio, in other words, voted against the union side, just as Indiana, by a mobilization of the votes, especially in all the industrial cities, sided with the unions who were on the Democratic party side.

Factional Battles

The tales of organization warfare in the Republican ranks are more numerous than among the Democrats. In Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey the scars of the last three years of battling between Republican factions were plainly visible in the results.

In Philadelphia, for example, the Republican nominee turned his back on his own organization. His indiscretion was condemned by a leading Republican newspaper. So in the end the Republican precinct workers didn't do the job that an organization is supposed to do. Victory without organization is difficult, especially in local elections.

No inference can be drawn that because Philadelphia went Democratic, Pennsylvania is in the bag for the Democrats. In 1952 the Democrats carried Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by big majorities — in fact Adlai Stevenson carried the Quaker City by a bigger margin than the Democratic nominee for Mayor did this year—but Eisenhower won the state's electoral vote.

Whatever appraisals are made, based on such comparisons, the effect of this week's elections will be to impress upon the Republican party nationally that it is up against some active organizations on the opposite side, especially the labor union bloc. It amounts almost to the same thing as if another major party had come into the arena. The elections contain a warning for the Republicans that 1956 is going to be a bitterly fought campaign.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 21:38-22:24

The chief captain was surprised at Paul's ability to speak Greek, having thought that he was one of the many opponents of Roman government on Palestinian territory—in this case an Egyptian, v.38; subversives we might call them today. The captain graciously gave him an opportunity to defend himself, speaking to the people in the Hebrew language, which the Roman captain most likely did not understand; hence Paul had spoken to him in Greek, the cultural language of the Eastern Mediterranean area. In chapter 22 Paul gives the second account before the people of his conversion on the Damascus road, as in chapter 9 we read the first one. We find a third account in chapter 26, this rather unusual repetition indicative of the great imporatnce of his call and conversion, for 19 centuries of Christian Church history testify to the fact that Paul's faithfulness to his commission has largely determined world history through these centuries. Upon mentioning the Gentiles, v.21, a great commotion arose among the pople, whereupon the Roman captain, not fully comprehending the reason for it, ordered him to be held for further examination.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Feel up to some undergraduate humor for a change?

Brace yourself!

1. Patron to waiter: "I'll have some fish, but kindly omit the Napoleon — I mean the boney part."

2. "Say, Natalie, that was a mighty cute fellow I saw you with last night. Where did he hail from?" "From a 1955 convertible."

3. "We need a girl to sell kisses at a bazaar. Had any experience?" "Sir, I'll have you know I spent four years at Vassar." "You're hired."

4. "She's a nicely reared girl, don't you think?" "Yeah. And not bad from the front, either."

5. Dominating wife: "I think sheep are even stupider than married men. Don't you, Harry?" Henpecked husband: "I certainly do, my lamb!"

6. Teacher: "Why didn't George Washington's father punish him after he admitted chopping down the cherry tree?" Pupil: "Maybe George still had the hatchet in his hand!"

(Copyright, 1955)

Horoscope

Your business should prosper in the next year. Today's child probably will have a strong character.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NET OL FER EWWA FIEL:

Fiel yeager gaina nous yawga un hen gore nix fer uf weissa won die hame kumma. Sel ow'r wor bei jupps net der fol da onner dawg, wie der Milt Knauss fon Catasauqua, un der banker Jim Schreiber gonga worra yawga.

Woh sie onna worra kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r der Milt, woh net gleicht fer rum lawfa fer ewwa fiel, hut sich 'n yawg hund kaun — ainer fon da beshda os tzu griega wor. Die sawg is, der hund het fier nauslecher—tzwae owwa un tzwae unna. Die unnershda dade er yusa won die shpoora net gons frish weara, ow'r wie er 'n frishie shpoor graich'd, dade er die tzwae ewwershda yusa, un sich bol uf der kup shtella die weil os er da shpoor noh gang'd. Der Milt klaimt, er het sei lebdawg ken so'n guter hund kot — uns wor aw der hund woh sie k'halta hut fon lare hame kumma.

Sie worra gonga fer hawsa, ow'r weara aichhawsa un fersonta net ous gadray'd won sie g'sehna hetta. Nix wor ow'r um der waig, uns hut waricklich g'sheind wie won sie lare hame kaimta. Uf ae mohl hut der Milt ow'r ebbes sehna tzovla im graws — un ferhoftich sei wons net 'n haws wor, un hut g'shossa un 'n yusht fergribb'ld on da hinnerra bae. Der haws is g'shprunga wie 'n peil fer bout 'n fartel mile, un der Milt un der Jim hen 'm hund galuck'd, un 'n uf die shpoor k'huck'd.

Noh is die g'shpass ob gonga. Der hund hut sich tzomma gatzoga, un der buckle in die hae g'shova wie 'n bretzel, un hut awfonga shnuffla mit da ewwerra nauslecher os es galoud hut wie 'n ae cylinder gasoline inshein. Un noh is der gravel awfonga fliega wie der hund 'm haws noh is. Der Jim hut sich fon wunner hee g'shteld un 'm hund noh gaguck'd. Der Milt hut die brusht nous g'shova wie 'n yungie omshel un g'sawt, "Now denk ich konsh'd mohl sehna wos 'n guter yawg hund dut."

Yar un der hund hut der Milt aw net badroga. In ra gons kartza tzeit is er tzurick kumma un hut der haws im moul kot. Der haws un der hund worra alla bait weiss shaumich fershwitzt fon shpringa, ow'r aenicha waig, sie hen der haws kot, un sel wor ol os der Milt danoh g'frok'd hut. Wons net gawest wear fer der hund wera sie lare hame kumma. 'S nagshd mohl sot der Milt, 'm haws in der kup sheesa in blotz fon der hinner wogga—noh breich'd der hund sich net halver dote shpringa fer der haws fonga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r hen da onner dawg ainer hoerra fertzaila fon ra kayosa erfohring os er mohl kotta hut wie er iwwernocht noch 'm Bindshwom wor hawsa yawga.

Da airshda dawg hut er alla shuss 'n haws grick'd, un da nagshda dawg — noch dem os 'n alter kerl 'm owets fer flinta lawf nunner gaguck'd hut kot, hut er nix may dreffa kenna.



DIE EISE BRICK

This bridge was located four miles west of Allentown and was part of the Catasauqua and Fogelsville Railroad, owned by the Thomas Iron Company.

So waar's mol in vergangne Yaahre,
Leit finne Eisemeind im Grund;
Sie hen gegraawe un gegrubbt,
Viel Meind waar do, des weist sich schunt.

Sie hen en Riggelweg gebaut
Fer selli Meind zu faahre;
Sie hen sie gfaahre mit de Geil,
Des dutt ne viel Geld schpaare.

Sie waare noh am Jordan Daal,
Datt baue sie en eisne Brick;
Sell Daal iss arrig grooss un dief,
Datt fliesst als noch die Jordan Grick.

Verdem waar nix so do im Land,
En Vaddel Meil lang waar die Brick;
Die Heech devun waar aa so grooss,
En hunnert Fuss hoch vun der Grick.

Es waar en schee Bild zu de Leit,
Fer selli Brick zu seh';
Un die Verlang' beim yunge Folk
Fer iwwer die Brick zu geh.

Sie sin graad owwe driwwer naus,
Die Gfaahr hen sie net gsehne;
Zu soiche waar's en arrig Ding,
Mer kann's gaar net expleene.

In achtzeh hunnert un sex-un-fufzich
Hen sie die Brick aagfange;
In achtzeh hunnert un siwwe-un-fufzich,
Do iss die aerscht Dreen driwwer gange.

Viel Leit waarn datt schunn frieh im Daag,
Un glaawe do in Schmatze,
Wann selli Inshein datt druff geht,
Dann dutt sie runner schtatze.

Die Inschein kummt, heer wie sie brummt,
Wie hatt dutt sie yo schaffe;
Fer kumme do bis an die Brick,
Sell dutt sie hechze mache.—
Tschuu, tschuu, tschuu, tschuu!

Sie waar nau graad datt an der Brick
Un faahrt so schloo druff fatt;
Un yeder Mensch was dadde waar,
Hot Aag un Maul uffgschpatt.

Sie faahrn noh midde uff die Brick,
Noh schrecklich hen die Peif geblose;
Der Schall hot deel gans zammegschnatt,
Un deel hot's ball verschtoosse.

Ken Inschein geht meh iwwer die Brick
Un niemand traewwelt sie nau meh;
Mir sehne sie aa nimmi datt—
Iss zugedeckt mit Dreck un Schtee.

1954 —D. GEO. KNECHT

WAS ISS IM DRAMM?

Wisst dihr was Dramm iss? Deel Leit saagge Whiskey. Es macht nix aus, was du die Brieh heesscht, es iss ebbes drin ass net zu gut iss fer eem. Es hot mich schunn oft gewunnert was im Dramm iss. Loss uns paar Kalls bedrachte, ass zu viel Dramm in sich ghatt hen.

Ball en hunnert Yaahr zerick waar en Mann ass en groosse Familye ghatt hot. Der Mann waar net faul. Er iss alle Daag seine Aerwet noch un hot gut gschafft.

Awwer er hot en wieschter Fehler ghatt. Wann er Geld im Sack ghatt hot, iss er gsoffe warre. Noh iss er heemkumme zu seine aareme Familye un hot "Hail Columbia" uffgedreht un Schtumpe neigerollt.

Er waar wiescht fechterich wann er paar in der Naas ghatt hot. Sei Fraa un Kinner hen sich noh gfarricht weegge ihm. Wann sie ihn heere hen der Paad nei schtolpere, henn sie sich meisli ruhich ghalte.

Moll ee Owed waar er wunnerbaar zannich. "Grick der Schleggel (sledge hammer), noh verschlagg ich der Disch," saagt er. Well, sie hen ihm der Schleggel grickt, awwer hen ihn arrig aaghalte, er sett doch um der lieb Himmels Wille der Disch net verschlagge. Er hot noh yuscht en Fenschterscheib nausgschlagge, un yuscht en kleenes an sellem.

En annerer Kall waar im Bux un hot aafange zu zarrefe mit seinre Fraa. Im Zann hot er die Schpautzbox genumme un hot sie wedder die Wand gschmisse. Sie iss net verbroche. Noh iss er awwer bees warre. "Ich will yuscht graad moll sehne eb ich des Luder net verschmeisse kann," hot er gsaat. Er hot sie noh wedder gschmisse ass sie in Schticker verflogge iss.

Ich hab en Kall gekennt ass oft zu viel gedrunke hot. Er hot in re Bar schtubb ghockt un hot schier gschlofe. Noh iss er uffgegraddelt un hot gsaat, "Nau reiss ich der Bar raus." Noh iss er hinnerschich umgfalle un waar fer en Schtunn dod ummechtich.

Was iss im Dramm? Ich glaub ass Boxhensching drin sin. Leit warre schtarrig unne Krefte. Noh welle sie fechte.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News.

ALLE SADDE WADDE

Ach! Was hot's doch so viel Sadde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Wadde.

In the ECK for October 15 we asked for definitions of the following little-used words. The reponses were rather meager and in a few instances the meanings remain obscure. Let us take each word in turn:

DER RIEWEWINDER — Ralph Berky, Bally, who has frequently contributed lyric poems to the ECK, in a recent letter speaks of an early November snow as **der Riewewinder.**

ES SCHNADDERLI — According to Arthur D. Graeff, writer of the well-known SCHOLLA column in the Reading Times, in Berks, this word is synonymous with **Zidderli,** or pigs-feet souse.

DER TEEGEL — Lawrence A. De Turk, Kutztown, defines this word as a tackle block, often called a block and fall. Raymond E. Kiebach, Stony Creek Mills, some years ago informed the editor that his grandfather, an itinerant butcher, spoke of the block and tackle or block and fall, used to hoist freshly killed animals as "der Block un Teegel." And Lloyd A. Moll, in one of his sketches in the series AM SCHWARZE BAER, "Die Schlacht beim Charl Lauchner" (see the ECK for Feb. 6, 1937) writes: "Der Ed schneid die Flexe uff un es Heessehols watt neigschteckt. No hen mer sie mit me Teegel nuffgezogge."

ZWATZLE — for this verb we received no definition. It is no doubt related to the reflexive verb **sich verzwatzle** to get in a state of impatience or irritability, listed in Lambert's dialect Dictionary, although the High German intransitive verb **verzwatzeln** means to despair.

DER SCHPRAECK — remains obscure. The Rev. Pierce E. Swope in his dialect column WAS SAAGT DER KASPAR HUFNAGEL (in the Lebanon News) used it as follows: "Uff de Kohldreck Baenke in de Kohl regions hen sie als kleene Kars uff Riggel laafe losse. Wann sie die Kars schtoppe hen wolle, hen sie en Schpraeck in en Rad gschmisse. En Schpraeck iss en Hewwel ebout zwee Fuus lang, gschpitzt an yederm End."

DER LUFTVOGGEL — Dr. Charles B. Reitz, Walnutport, believes it is a modern word for "airplane." It is probably an invented word for "kite." In a dialect story by Edwin Charles "Onkel Yarrick" (see Heinz Kloss' "Snyder County's Edwin Charles," in the ECK for Feb. 19, 1955) we find this sentence: "Der Ben Franklin hot en Luftvoggel fliege losse."

For the following English words we have these definitions:

SISTER-IN-LAW—Carrie V. Bitting, Quakertown, writes that they used the word **schwiegerschweschter.** Dr. Reitz, Walnutport, offers **schwoerin,** no doubt an adaptation of the High German **schwaegerin.** And Rev. Pierce E. Swope, in his above - named dialect column, seeking a definition, writes as follows: "Wann gheiert iss, noh iss de Fraa ihre Daadi eem sei Schwer-daadi. Ihre Mammi iss eem sei Schwieger-Mammi. Ihre Bruder iss eem sei Schwogger. De Fraa ihre Schwsechder iss was? Wisst dihr en Pennsylvania Deitsch Watt fer sister-in-law? Ich duh net. Es recht deitsch Watt iss Schwaegerin. Mir Pennsylvania Deitsche schwetze um die Ecke rum. Mir saagge, 'unsere Fraa ihre Schweschder, odder, imme annere Zuschtand, unserm Bruder sei Fraa.' Sell iss wennich lang gkenkt, so wie en Wagge mit re lange Langgwidd. Awwer mir wisse was es meent. Ya, es Heiere dutt uns ebmols aardlich uffmixe. Doch es iss en schee Ding, gell?"

SHELF—we have received no satisfactory definition, nor has the editor of the ECK ever heard a dialect word used. Lambert gives **sims** for cornice or shelf.

PORK CHOP — Dr. Reitz offers **Rickmeessel schnitze.** Lambert defines **rickmeessel** as backbone or chine.

ANKLE — Lawrence A. De Turk, Kutztown, writes: "I have heard ankle referred to as **es Gnechel.** Sie iss im Dreck geloffe bis an die Gnechel." And Dr. Reitz informs us that **an ankle is en Gnechel am Fuuss.**

BUTTERNUTS — Carrie V. Bitting writes "we used to call them **die Langwalniss,** and both Lawrence A. De Turk and Dr. Reitz call them **Budderniss.**

Who of our readers will define the following Pennsylvania German words and illustrate their usage in a sentence?—

die Greizwoch
der Graewwelkuche
der Fruchtscheemel
die Zeck
faase (an adjective or adverb)

Our request for information about pickling butternuts has brought from Carrie V. Bitting the following interesting recipes for pickling both butternuts and walnuts, copied from her mother's old cookbooks.

Pickled Walnuts

One hundred walnuts, salt and water. To each quart of vinegar allow two ounces of black pepper, one ounce of allspice and one ounce of bruised ginger. Procure the walnuts while young, being careful they are not woody; prick them with a fork; prepare a strong brine of salt and water, into which put the walnuts, letting them remain nine days and changing the brine every third day; drain them off, put them on a dish, place it in the sun until they become perfectly black, which will be in two or three days; have ready dry jars in which place the walnuts, but do not quite fill the jars.

Boil for ten minutes sufficient vinegar to cover them with spices in the above proportions and pour it hot over the walnuts which must be quite covered with the pickle; seal in cans and put in a dry place. They will be fit for use in a month and will keep good for years.

To pickle butternuts and walnuts

These nuts are in the best state for pickling when the outside shell can be penetrated by the head of a pin. Scald the nuts and rub off the outside skin; put them in a strong brine for six days, changing the water every other day and keeping them closely covered from the air. Then drain and wipe them, piercing each nut through in several places with a large needle. Prepare the pickle as follows: For a hundred large nuts take of black pepper and ginger root each an ounce, and of cloves, mace and nutmeg each a half ounce. Pound all the spices to powder and mix them well together, adding two large spoonfuls of mustard seed. Put the nuts into jars, strewing the powdered seasoning between every layer of nuts. Boil for five minutes a gallon of the best cider vinegar and pour it boiling hot upon the nuts. Secure the jars closely. You may begin to eat the nuts in a fortnight.

ES KOSCHT ZU VIEL

Im Krappeland, so iss die Saag,
Waar'n alder Bauersmann,
Ass Yaahr un Daag gewattschaft hot,
So wie mer weess un kann.
Vum Vadder waar die Aerbschaft haer,
Un weider noch zerick;
Vun eem zum annre, so geht's fatt,
Bleibt Lewe, Gsundheit, Glick.

Was haergeht in der weide Welt,
Waer kimmert sich dann drum:
Wann's Fuder waxt un's Vieh iss fett,
Sell iss die grooss Haaptsum.
Mer macht un schafft, mer gratzt un zwackt,
Un legt sich hie un schtaerbt;
Noh geht's die same alt Leier fatt,
Hot's mol der naegscht geaerbt.

Wer Yockel iss un Yockel bleibt,
Guckt yuscht zum Schannschtee nei;
Mer frogt net noch der groosse Welt
Un was datt drin kennt sei.
So dann un wann scheint doch die Sunn
Darch Wolke, Laab un Beem;
Un's geht em Mensch en Lichtel uff:
's gaebt meh wie Mischt un Lehm.

So waar's mit unserm Bauersmann;
Ee Daag do fallt's ihm ei,
Wann aa der Yockel Lanning hett,
Noh kennt er'n "Yuschtiss" sei!
Die Gret waar's willens efters schunn,
Hett sie an sell gedenkt;
Sie daet's net glaawe, wie's als heesst,
"Waer Lanning hot, watt ghenkt."

Noh geht er mit em Yockel ab
Un guckt sich um fer'n Mann,
Ass ebbes aus em Yockelche
Verschtennich mache kann.
Er hot en gfunne, schee un gut,
Waer sucht, wie's heesst, der finnt;
Er nemmt en uff in Schul un Koscht,
Graad wie sei eegge Kind.

Ee Ding waar noch net ausgemacht,
Des Schulgeh des koscht Geld;
Waer schafft, der schafft fer's daeglich Brot
Im Schulhaus odder'm Feld.
"Was koscht's dann?" frogt der Daadi noh,
Un reibt sich in die Hend;
"So viel," secht noh der anner druff,
"Bis ans Semeschter End."

Der Bauer waar verschrocke gans
Vum Kopp bis nei ins Haz;
"Do kennt mer'n Ox yo kaafe mit,
Wann's Friehyaahr kummt, im Maz!"—
"Sell maag so sei," secht noh der Mann,
Un beisst sich uff die Zaeh;
"Geh heem un kaaf der noch en Ox,
Noh hoschte dann graad zwee."

Eb alles waahr iss an der Saag,
Des weess ich ewwe net;
"Yuscht eens," wie als der Yohli secht,
"Wu schmutz iss, iss aa fett."
Mer heert noch efters hie un haer,
Vun graad so dumme Schtreech;
'Es koscht zu viel,' noh bleibt mer schee
Im alde Schtrang un Gleech.

April 5, 1917 —ASTOR C. WUCHTER

An unpublished poem. The original manuscript is in the Library of Muhlenberg College.

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Fight on TB Must Go On

Arrival in the mails during recent days of Christmas Seals, issued by the Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society, has informed virtually every family in this community (almost simultaneously as well) that this annual campaign is in progress. There is urge to all that it be made a complete success.

One of the highly cheering facts about this annual campaign is that our people see its favorable results. They know, for example, that many thousands of persons annually receive X-ray chest pictures in a check upon their physical condition. Most persons at some time or other within recent years have been photographed. They also know that emphasis in this phase of the campaign against tuberculosis is placed upon the age groups in which tuberculosis is most likely to manifest itself. Our people also know that, as a result of the detection and care of incipient tuberculosis, an untold number of persons have been blest in that recovery has been speedy and that it has been achieved with minimum economic loss and suffering and also that their very lives have been saved.

Thus the work of the Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society is eminently satisfactory to the public. They see and hear about much of its work every year. And the older they are and the wider their experience has been the better able they are to compare present-day favorable conditions with conditions only a few decades ago. In those years tuberculosis victims, then known as consumptives, were shunned and reduced to a state little better than outcasts. Victims were many and deaths were great in number, altho the cause of such deaths usually was glossed over by terming it a "complication of ailments."

Had a newspaper reported a death due to "consumption," the family of the victim would have considered it a slander and an insult to their name.

De:pite this great work and its highly positive results, society cannot yet let down its guard and think that the battle has been won. A great battle has been won on many fields. But skirmishes by a defeated, insidious enemy continue and society constantly must be on the defense against them.

The Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society undoubtedly would like to say: "Tuberculosis has been wiped out completely. There is no possibility of its return to plague our people. So most gladly we shall go out of business."

Unfortunately they cannot say this for tuberculosis is still a powerful enemy who will gain strength if society ceases or decreases its preventive and curative measures too greatly.

For a few years at least the fight must go on.

Maximum Penalty Sought

Altho the FBI appears to have been the principal agency in ferreting out the criminal who placed a bomb in a plane and thereby brought about the recent death of 44 persons, including the criminal's mother, the national law enforcement agency will not prosecute. This is because of loopholes in federal laws that might permit the confessed criminal, if convicted by a jury, to escape with only a few years of imprisonment.

It seems that Congress, in enacting laws concerning sabotage of planes in interstate commerce, never contemplated such a heinous crime as wholesale murder and made no provisions for the death penalty.

Public opinion thruout the nation and in the area of the accident especially has indicated very strongly that the ultimate in punishment is deserved by a person so callous as to destroy his own mother for heavy insurance and a share in her other estate, and take the lives of an additional 43 persons (all totally unknown to him).

So the FBI is turning the murderer over to Colorado in which state the crime was committed. That state has laws which will provide the maximum punishment for his crime.

Useful Christmas Clubs

Nearly three and a half million dollars have been moving thru the local mails in recent days and 32,985 persons are receiving checks from the 17 banks in Lehigh County in payment of their Christmas Club savings.

The total amount of these checks — $3,497,357 — is the largest in the local history of this thrift-encouraging plan. It even tops the 1953 figure, $3,246,376, which at the time was believed to be a figure that might not be exceeded for many years and was a figure far larger than any that had been achieved theretofore.

Indications are that the local record corresponds with a national record-breaking year for this special and unique type of savings that the banks have made so attractive and convenient. Thruout the country some 6600 banks have reported the distribution of $1,130 million to about 12,500,000 members.

Annually these large savings have provided stimulus to the millions — both those who give and those who receive. Annually, about a third of all these savings are redeposited in permanent accounts for the benefit of the individual and national economy. And of course a large part of the savings go for the payment of year - end obligations.

A Power Soon for England

From England comes word that early next spring production is expected from the first of eighteen nuclear power stations which are planned to make the British Isles less dependent upon coal and oil for industrial and domestic uses.

An odd observation that comes with report on the progress of the nuclear power plants is that the English people are so little excited about it. Only a little while ago, any talk about nuclear power immediately prompted fear of the A-bomb. About the only emotion now stirring the people in the English seaside area where the first plant is nearing completion is the hope that their bills for electricity are going to be materially reduced.

Atoms for peace has been a slogan of hope. The British expect soon that atoms for peace will be a beneficial reality.

Another Job for Political Trend Experts



The Issue in '56

By WALTER LIPPMANN

If we make two assumptions, it is possible, so it seems to me, to see what will be the crucial question in the presidential election. The first assumption is that there will be no change for the worse in the level of employment and prices. The second is that the United States will not become involved in a war, even a small one.

If these two assumptions hold, the crucial question will be which candidate is the more likely to occupy the ground on which Eisenhower has stood since the mid-term election of 1954?

What is that ground? It is the ground in the middle — the area, if one likes to put it that way, of me-tooism — where on the basic questions of war and peace, measures, human rights and government under the law, the two parties differ in degree and in detail rather than in substance and on the fundamentals.

During his first two years, Eisenhower was in serious trouble and far from being a happy and successful President. There were indeed ominous similarities with the administration of Gen. Grant. One of the most significant political facts of these times is that Eisenhower's enormous success and popularity as President began after the extremist factions of his part were defeated in the midterm elections of 1954. Only since then has Eisenhower been able to occupy that middle ground on which he is now standing.

Winning Ground

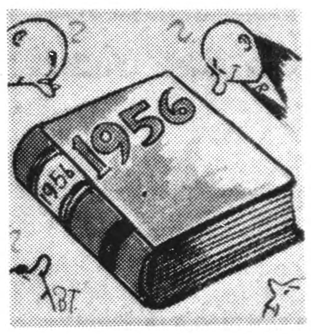
The situation could be changed by a war or a depression. But given prosperity and no war, the winning ground is this middle ground. The battle inside both parties and between the parties is for the possession of that ground. The question for the Republicans is whether they can have Eisenhower himself or a replacement who can hold the ground where Eisenhower stands. The question for the Democrats is whether they can seize that ground.

All of this is not to say that there are no important differences in the political and social philosophies of Eisenhower and Stevenson. There are. Eisenhower, for instance, is strongly disposed to let things alone, and to let what is remain what it is. Stevenson is more conscious that the world is moving and that to preserve the essential things, it is necessary to reform and improve the means and the measures of government. This difference of outlook can have great consequences in the long run. It would have great consequences in time of crisis.

But for 1956, assuming that nothing happens to arouse popular passions, the Republicans and Democrats will struggle for possession of the middle ground.

There is strong evidence in both parties to support the thesis that the middle ground is felt to be the winning ground.

If Eisenhower does not run again, Warren is by a large margin the second choice not only of his many admirers but of professional politicians who are looking for a winner. Why? Because Warren appeals to the great middle mass of the voters which includes the Eisenhower Republicans, the independents, and — outside the South — the Eisenhower Democrats. Both Eisenhower and Warren are opposed to the extremist factions. Neither has ever stooped to cutthroat politics, to the notion that politics is a dirty game which should be played by dirty means, to the notion that in the name of Americanism it is good politics to spew forth innuendos of treason.



Both Eisenhower and Warren believe, one might say, that there is such a thing as the brotherhood of man, indeed that there is such a thing as the brotherhood of Americans, and that it matters much more than who wins the next election. And that in the final analysis is the moral faith of those who stand on the middle ground.

When the Democrats took over the control of the Senate after the 1954 election, Sen. Lyndon Johnson, with sharp discernment, seized the middle ground. He set out to demonstrate to the country that the Democratic party is as well able as Eisenhower to stand on that middle ground. Sen. Johnson may even have done better than that. He may have proved that Eisenhower never had a solid stance until he supplanted Sen. Knowland as leader of the Senate.

Stevenson Man of Middle

Sen. Johnson's policy in Congress did much, it seems to me, to prepare the way for the renewal of Stevenson's political popularity. Stevenson stands naturally on the ground that the congressional Democrats chose to make their own. By temperament, by conviction, and on his record, Stevenson is a man of the middle. He is the very opposite of a factional politician who plays for the extremes, of a ripsnorting partisan who will stoop to anything to win. Like Eisenhower and Warren he cares for the community of American men and women, and he carries himself as one who believes that it is the duty of a politician to do nothing to divide that community irreparably, and that it is his duty to be a healer of the nation's discords.

It is very significant indeed, it seems to me, that the three men who have the widest popular support for President are Eisenhower, Warren and Stevenson. For what this signifies is that there is no important political, much less ideological, division among the preponderant mass of Americans, and that what they will be looking for in 1956 is a man who reflects faithfully what is common to them.

(Copyright 1955, New York Herald Tribune Inc.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Swift Creek Motor Court
20 Mile Unnich Richmond Va.
der 15d Nofember, 1955.

My Lieva Laiser: Yar bei jupps won der Pumpernickle, die Katerinah un der Studie, net widder om rum lawfa sin. Fer 'n weil huts g'sheind wie won der Studie ow'r net gae wot — allas huts g'sheind wear letz. Die minute os m'r Florida ganann'd hen, hut er mohl noch da tzwae fedderra tires gawissa, un so badirelich g'sawt, "Bill, wie mainsh'd os ich dart nunner kent, my tzwae fedderra tires sin yoh so glot nunner gaworra wie shpiegel. Un shure ganunk won er net recht wor, 'S hut ow'r gore ken lang ganumma fer selar druvel haila — tzwae neia tires, un m'r hen gamaint m'r weara ready fer die 1200 mile noch Miami fohrra unna senicher druvel.

Der Studie hut ow'r widder onnerra noshions kot. Noh hut er awfonga shnoppa noch 'm ochdem, un wie shunshd nix bodda hut wolla, hen ocht neia funktzoppa 'n gons nei lava in die kutch. Allas in arder — odder so hen m'r gamaint, hen m'r der Fegelskoshda on da 20d un Green 'm Dinshdawg morya ferlossa, un gute wie der Studie g'shprunga is darrick Reading nons hen m'r 'n net ous "overdrive" griega kenna. Unnich Oxford hen m'r ob g'shtopt omma Studie blotz, un ferwarick'd sei won net 'n drode lose wor. Drei minute tzeit, un 'n fartel dahler fer wissa wie der druvel tzu haila, un m'r worra widder uf 'm waig.

Ferwos os m'r runner sin bei waig fon Washington D.C. wissa m'r net. Ow'r m'r sin, un worra gore hesseldawnish in da trucks un mashina drin uf route ains, bis runner woh m'r now sin, grawd drei hunnerd mile fon dahame. Traffick lichter missa wolfel sei — der gons waig hank'd fol darrich alla shteddelcher im shtedt uns mocht nix wie gross odder glae der blotz. Noh hen sie aw foshta glawwa on shpeed signs — 15, 20, 25 un 30 mile die shtun is bol ow iwwer der fol. Wos kent m'r net tzeit uf mocha won m'r freier wald het fer fohrra wie m'r wot. Die grossa trucks sheinds dada fohrra wie sie wolla. Wohs so gore erlawbt is fer 55 mile die shtun fohrra, un m'r is sel om gae, gaina sie on em ferbei wie wedder laich.

Ow'r so shtarrick os g'fohrra wert, un so arrick os es in nonner nei gait, hen m'r naryads ken axident g'sehna, uns wor uns aw yusht ae mohl nagshd. Darrich Alexandria runner is aenie rous in der waig fom kurb, un os m'r net tzu ra nei sin wor allas. In Washington hen m'r uns ae mohl abissel ferfohrra, ow'r net fer long. 'N policemon hut uns uf die rechd pawd k'huck'd nagshd on Washington monument, un noh hen m'r die shtadt ferlossa. Won der Ike un die Mamie dahame gawest weara, weara m'r ferleicht awenich langer gabliva. Ebber hut ow'r g'sawt sie hetta geshter ferlossa fer Gettysbarrick, un wos wot m'r in Washington won sie net dahame sin.

M'r hen heit alla orta wedder kot shae un wish'd. Dahame hut die sun g'sheind wie m'r fert sin, noh huts garayer'd, noh wors yusht dreab, un wie m'r doh rei g'fohrra sin om Motel, is die sun unner gonga fire rote — un woh m'r hoffa bring'd morya 'n shainer dawg.

Die londschoft ol dawaig runner guck'd grawd wie dahame. Die felder sin brau, un die bish un blame so tzu sawga sarwer fon bladder. Ebbes hut die Katerinah gakitz'ld — ol die bloea fenshder shades os die leit in ihra heiser hen, in Baltimore.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Joshua 24:1-2

From the first verse of this chapter we learn that Joshua called another assembly of the people and of their leaders to meet at Shechem, in the very center of the land of Canaan. When they were thus assembled, he began to address them as follows: 'Thus saith the Lord God of Israel; your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor (Nahor), and they served other gods'. The word, flood, in this verse, and a number of times throughout this chapter does not refer to Noah's flood (Hebrew, mabbul), but to the Euphrates river (nahar, the word used here). Before Abraham crossed the Euphrates to go to Canaan, his people worshipped idols. But when Jehovah, the true God, revealed Himself to Abraham, he was asked to leave his country and its heathen environment to make a new beginning 'under God' in a new land, Canaan, which was deeded to him and to his posterity for a perpetual possession. The relation between the Jew and "the land" is still an interesting situation.

Horoscope

If you co-operate with relatives and neighbors your business should make good progress. Avoid quarrels by exercising tact and patience. Changes are not advised. Today's child may be methodical and devoted to the performance of duty.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Lesson From Rubin Committee

Dear Sir-

The Lawyers' Committee for Rubin will soon pass out of existence. We hope that such a committee will never again have to be organized in Bucks County. Now, more than ever, the need for a system on the order of the Missouri or Pennsylvania Plan for the selection of Judges is apparent.

I wish to thank you personally, and for the Committee, for your cooperation with us over the past two months. The power of the press and radio has been impressed upon all of us. We initially saw our task as one of informing the public and we are deeply grateful that the public apparently became well informed through your paper.

Sincerely, Alan D. Williams, Jr., Secretary, Lawyers' Committee for Rubin

Prayers for Russians

To the Editor-

In the United States November 24 will be Thanksgiving Day. In Soviet Russia it will be just one more meaningless day of underpaid drudgery for the workers; and, for their children, another day of reciting party slogans in the Communist schools where they are being educated for similar enslavement.

Under present conditions any such observance as our Thanksgiving Day is impossible in Russia. First, no Russians have anything to be thankful for. And, secondly, even if there were anything to be thankful for, few Russians would dare to admit that they have One to Whom to give thanks since neither God nor religion has party approval. In fact, quite the contrary is true as evidenced by the recent words of Nikita Khrushchev:

"We remain atheist and we do everything we can to liberate a certain part of the people from the opium attraction of religion that still exists."

Harsh as is this statement, it contains one cheering fact. This is the admission by the Communist party boss that the "attraction of religion still exists" in the Soviet. In the steadfast Russians who still cling to God in the face of ruthless disapproval lies great hope. Like the martyrs of an earlier era of brutality, their Godliness cannot help but favorably affect those around them, however evil, and lead eventually to changes that would provide a real reason for Thanksgiving in the Soviet Union.

I hope that everyone will include these faithful ones in Thanksgiving prayers.

Sincerely yours,
Walter E. Ditmars
President, Gray Mfg. Co.



WINDER IN KANADA

1934

Der Winder wird kalt in unserm Land,
So sin mir Deitsche wohl bekannt,
Das fimf, sechs Monat in yedem Yaahr,
Vun Wachstum iss gaar ken Gafaahr.
So bald die Aern iss in die Scheier,
Dann schtecka mir an des Winder Feier.
Der Schnee wird tief un schrecklich die Kelt,
Viel schlimmer wird es net in die Welt.
Awer wann als kommt en grooser Schtorm,
Dann halten mir uns beim Uffa warm.
Un wonn mir die Weibsleit im Weg rum sitza,
Dann machen sie uns gawaenlich Ebbel schnitza.
Die Bauwera setta im Winder net viel glaachen,
Manschmol kenna sie bis siwwa Uhr schlaafen,
Awer der Puscht-Mann un der Becka
Bleiben manschmol in die Schnee-Bank schtecka.
Die armi Kerls v'leicht sett mon sie dauwera,
Sie hen es gawiss net als wie die Bauwera.
Awer yeder G'schefft hot sei 'ups un downs,'
Da Beddel-Mann glei wie die 'Circus Clowns.'
Mir Bauwera din aa viel hart schaffa,
Wonn anere Leit yuscht in die Welt rum gaffa.
Un werhaussa die Schtroas mit ihrem groosen 'Sedan,'
Wonn mir Bleck faahra hen wella mit am Jim un die Fan.
Ya viel Sach missa mir ausbrowiera,
Fier alles zu halten vun vafriera.
Es iss net dawaert, fier die Schteddla zu saachen,
Was mir alles schaffa die kalten Daachen,
Sonscht wird mei Schtori gans zu groas
Vun eurem Nachbar an die Schtroas.

From the Canadian Ben Sauder's DER NACHBAR AN DE SCHTROAS considered elsewhere in this issue of the ECK.

Wann Der Parre Kummt

Do watt gebutzt, der Schtaab muss naus,
Mer sehnt ken Dreck im ganse Haus;
's iss Spick un Span, Schteil iss do Drump,
So geht's als wann der Parre kummt.

Schwetz do vun alles in der Kischt,
So Zeide do watt grooss gerischt;
Ya Hinkel, Schunkefleesch un Oi,
Un gangne Kuche, frische Boi.

's iss alles, alless uff em Disch,
Un alles iss so gut un frisch;
's iss gut gelebt, yuscht des die Fix—
Der naegschte Daag do hen mir nix!

1943 —D. Geo. Knecht

Wann Der Parre Kummt

Die Glieder vun der Gemee gleiche's wunnerbaar, wann der Parre ebmols kummt sie zu bsuche. Wann sie Zeitlang hen fer der Parre, brauche sie yuscht in die Kaerrich geh. Datt iss er alle Sunndaag.

Er schteht var ihne in der Kansel un verkindicht ihne des Evangelium. Sell iss schee un recht, doch macht's iewen die Leit wu regler in die Kaerrich gehne, gut fiehle, wann der Parre alsemol an ihre Haus kummt.

Heidesdaags duhn die Parre nimmi bsuche, wie sie als hen ver alders. Sie schtrecke der Kopp zu de Dier nei un saagge, "Ich bin froh eich zu sehne. Seit dihr all gsund un haerrlich?" Oft gebt's net meh wie sell. Der Parre geht noh ans naegscht Haus, graad wie en Inschurance-Mann.

So iss es als net gange ver alders. Wann der Parre en Bsuch gemacht hot, iss er net yuscht kumme un graad widder gange. Gewiss net! Er is immer Weil gebliwwe un gemeenerhand iwwers Esse.

Ebmols hen die Leit ausgfunne weller Daag ass der Parre kummt. Noh hen sie winders Feier in der Offe gemacht im parlor. Noh hen mir yung Schtoft aa in der parlor kumme darrefe. Annere Zeide waar der parlor zu gschlosse, ass wie Samschdaags Oweds, wann der Maad ihre beau kumme iss. Noh hen mir Yunge gaar net nei darrefe.

Der Parre hot uns Yunge als vermaahnt — hot uns gfrogt eb mir bede deede, un die Biewel lese, un harriche uff unsre Eldre. Sell waar net so leidlich. Ya, es hot ebbes gemeent in de alde Zeide, wann der Parre kumme iss.

Un er waar net immer imme Schuss fer fatt. Es hot mir en alder Freind gsaat, eb er gans grooss waar, iss ihre Parre mol vermiddaags kumme. Sei Daadi hot gsaat, "Schpann em Parre sei Gaul aus un fieder ihn." Der Parre iss gebliwwe iwwer Middaag. Nochmiddaags hot er un der Paepp gschwetzt mitnanner. Er hot zu Nacht gesse un endlich hot er ausgemacht, er deet iwwer Nacht bleiwe. Er hot gsaat, "Marye frieh muss ich awwer gewiss geh." Awwer er iss net fatt kumme bis er noch emoll en gut Middaag Esse ghat hot. Endlich iss er uff der Heemweg. Es muss Blessier gewest sei fer en Parre zu sei lange Yaahre zerick.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

BOOK NOTES

THE SCHOOLHOUSE NEAR THE OLD SPRING. A History of the Union School and Church Association, Dillingersville, Pennsylvania, 1735-1955, by Andrew S. Berky, Director, Schwenkfelder Library, was published by the Pennsylvania German Society as Volume 56 of its publications. The financial burden of this beautifully printed book was carried conjointly by the Dillingersville Union School and Church Association and the Pennsylvania German Society.

In his brief Introduction the Editor points out that this history "is essentially a story about people, their aspirations, ideals and struggles." The most important sources for the history are the documents of the Union School and Church Association which now rest in the Schwenkfelder Library in Pennsburg. Credit is given to the earlier brief histories written by Philip Flores (1880) and by Henry L. Snyder (1951). But in such interesting and informative chapters as "The King's Highway," "The Lutheran Congregation" and "A New Vision" we recognize especially the skilled hand of Andrew S. Berky. The Appendix contains: A. The Lutheran Church Records; B. The Building Committee of 1800; C. Past and Present Trustees; D. The By-Laws.

One wonders what other rural Pennsylvania German area can boast of a school association that has persisted through almost 200 years.

In the October number of HOLIDAY we find Conrad Richter's delightful article "Pennsylvania." The author, son of a Lutheran clergyman, spent a portion of his youth in eastern Pennsylvania. While a larger reading public knows Conrad Richter as the author of the novels **The Trees** and **A Sea of Grass** we Pennsylvania Germans will remember him for his historical novel **The Free Man**, the story of Henry Free, known better to the Palatine settlers of colonial Pennsylvania as "der Henner Frey."

Conrad Richter's beautifully illustrated article in HOLIDAY contains much of particular interest to our Pennsylvania German readers. We would agree with one of the author's concluding sentences. Having referred to the societies which sought religious freedom in Pennsylvania, he writes: "Of all Pennsylvania's tremendous wealth, this spiritual background of refuge and freedom is the greatest of its treasures and goes to the very heart of the nation."

The October number of THE FORD TIMES, published by the Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan, contains an article "The Great Allentown Fair" by Albert Gold, who also did the lively water colors that illustrate his article. Perhaps it does not matter too much that the artist is not concerned about rendering realities, although the title of one of these illustrations is "A Pennsylvania Dutch band called the Fenstermachers." The story itself is not too far removed from the facts and Lehigh Countians no doubt would agree with the author when he writes that "the Great Allentown Fair is in many ways typical of every county fair, large and small, but its traditions, the gaiety of the diverse crowd, the numerous and varied events and exhibits give to the fair a lively, old-time atmosphere which is seldom equalled anywhere."

Another and more factual article about "The Great Allentown Fair" is in the September number of THE LEHIGH VALLEY JOURNAL, published monthly by the Beverly Publishing Company at Fogelsville, Pa.

The article is by its Editor, William S. Clark, and commemorates the 100th anniversary of "America's greatest county exposition." About its early beginnings we take the liberty of quoting the following: "The first fair ever held in Allentown was a 'street fair' in 1774, just before the beginning of the Revolutionary War, two summers before the Declaration of Independence was signed. John Penn gave the people permission to have this first street fair 'with all the liberties and customs to such Fairs incident or belonging.' Street fairs were generally the custom in Allentown until they become so popular and large that it was thought they should be placed on a 'fairgrounds.' The first Great Allentown Fair was held on October 6th, 7th and 8th, 1852 and with the exception of three years has been held every year since that time . . . Since 1852 there have been 99 fairs, this year's being the 100th. No fairs were held in 1862 (because of the Civil War) and 1917 and 1918 (because of the First World War)."

"The Painted Barns of the Lehigh Valley," also by William S. Clark, appeared in the October number of THE LEHIGH VALLEY JOURNAL. It contains illustrations of Dr. Robert L. Schaeffer's barn on Route 22 just west of Fogelsville; the barn on the farm of Mr. Fred Diehl, northwest of Allentown, and that of Frank Krouse's Pleasant View Farm near Germansville.

In CHRISTIAN LIVING for August is a very entertaining and informative article "Why Is Everybody Interested in the Pennsylvania Dutch?" by John A. Hostetler. The author is Community Life Editor of CHRISTIAN LIVING, a well-edited monthly magazine that deserves to be read far beyond the confines of the homes of the Plain People. It is published by the Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa.

DER NACHBAR AN DE SCHTROAS vun Ben Sauder, copyrighted by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society of Ontario, Canada, was published for the Pennsylvania German Society, Norristown, Pa. and distributed among its members. According to G. Elmore Reaman, President of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society of Ontario, Canada, who wrote the Foreword of the booklet, this is the first time that any Pennsylvania German dialect poetry has been published in Canada. While this is not quite true, inasmuch as some Pennsylvania German poetry was published sporadically in the local papers of Ontario, it can claim to be the first collection of such poetry published in Canada.

These poems were collected and edited by Kurt Nabert, Assistant-Professor of German at Waterloo College. As a guide to orthographic correctness he used the Pennsylvania German Grammar by Buffington and Barba and J. William Frey's Grammar of Pennsylvania Dutch. The writer of these verses, Ben Sauder, was born near Hesson, Ontario, May 28, 1898, but has spent most of his life in St. Jacobs, a small village on the Conestoga River in Ontario. Perhaps it matters little that one misses in these verses the nostalgic folksiness that characterizes much of our dialect poetry here in Pennsylvania. That a descendant of the Pennsylvania German settlers who migrated from Pennsylvania to Ontario a century and a half ago, should rise up in the middle of the 20th century to express himself in the speech of his forefathers, is striking testimony to the inherent tenacity of the dialect. We quote from the introductory poem:

Die Vaerschlen g'schriwwa mit meine Hand,
Hoff ich machts eich all bekannt,
Dass mon net brauch in die Hoch-Schuul geh,
Fa des Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch vaschteh.

Awer schreiwa un die Warta in Ordnung setza,
Geht net so leicht far mich, wie schwetza.
Drum bleibt des Bichli zimmlich glee,
Awer ich denk dir kennet guut vaschteh.

Weil 'denka' muss ich yuscht beim schaffa
Doch will ich alles relma macha.
Un ich will yetzt die Leit mol weisa,
Wie mir unsere Schprooch din adverteisa.

—P.A.B.

ESEL OIER

's gebt alle Sadde Karrebse heit
Mit all dem gude Grund;
Sin deel langhelsich un en deel,
Die sin wie Balle rund.

Sin schtreefich deel un deel sin weiss,
Un deel wie Budder geel;
Un deel hen groosse Waarze draa,
Un glatt wie Ole deel.

Do hot der Heini Schneider mol
Ins Hann en Noschen grickt
Fer fancy Karrebse ziegge aa,
Un hot fer Saame gschickt.

Sie sin gewaxe, waar'n aa schee,
En Satt vun scheckich grie;
's waar ebbes dann gans aus der Aart
Zu all wu kummen hie.

So nemmt er deel fer an der Schtor,
Sie abzuweise datt,
Do drefft er aa der Jacob Klotz,
Eens vun der dumme Satt.

Un weil der Jake des Dings beguckt
Un froogt wuhie sie g'heern,
Do secht der narrisch Schneider, dass
Sie Esel Oier waer'n.

"Du nemmscht eens hoch der Hiwwel nuff
Un sitzscht druff Wocher drei,
Des briet en kleener Esel raus,
Noh bringscht en ewwe rei."

Der Jake der kaaft sich dann so'n Karrebs
Un dutt wie Heini secht:
Die Zeit waar lang, sei Esse kalt,
Wu ihm sei Dochder drecht.

Der Jake waar schteif beim elfde Daag,
Er schtellt sich uff—good-bye!
Der Hiwwel nunner rollt die Karrebs
Un zu de Hecke nei.

Der Jake iss gschwind der Karrebs noh
Un sucht bis er sie grickt;
Wie er sie finnt, do waar sie dann
Graad wie en Oi gepickt.

Uff eemol schpringt en Haas eweck,
Doch all der Jacob sehnt
Iss lange Ohre, feierich geh—
"'s Esele" hot er gemeent.

Er schpringt em Haas noh wie en Schtraahl
Un ruft bis an die Krick:
"Ich bin dei Mudder, IE-AA, Hutsch,
Mer wolle heem, kumm zrick!"

1932 — RALPH S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 70a

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Editorials

You Can Help Parking Problem

Yesterday was November 25, exactly a month until Christmas but business boomed in Allentown on a par with the busiest days in mid-December of other years.

If yesterday was an index to the volume of holiday shopping that can be expected in this city during the coming month, then there must also be a lot of thinking about the problem of parking for the cars of the many thousands of shoppers who come into our business sections every day of the week.

For hours yesterday every parking space, whether metered or in off - street areas, was snapped up the instant that another car vacated it. There was so much moving into and out of curb parking spaces that there was added delay in the movement of streams of traffic whose motorists were just driving around, looking for a spot to leave their cars. All this, added to the normal streams of traffic thru the city, produced tie-ups that compared with August days when floods closed many of our avenues of access to and exit from the central city areas and created the biggest traffic jams in our history.

It is obvious that Allentown needs even more off-street parking areas than it now enjoys thru the operations of Park & Shop, private lots and the perimeter system which the City has been building up.

It is obvious also that expansion of all these facilities could not possibly be determined upon and accomplished within a matter of a very few weeks.

Certainly the police were busy yesterday in the enforcement of parking regulations. Their activity must have resulted in swift turnover of the curb parking spaces which is the principal objective in meter parking fees and regulations. But even this was not sufficient to prevent the bumper-to-bumper condition that prevailed for hours along miles of city streets.

Can anything be done about it? Certainly the police did their level best yesterday. But that was not enough.

Perhaps it lies in the hands of a host of individuals who have pride in and concern for the welfare of their city who can give important help in this problem.

There must be many hundreds of persons, who are employed in the central business areas or have their offices there, who motor from their homes and park their cars for the day, hours before the crush of shoppers arrives and seeks parking spaces. Every all-day parker takes the space that half a dozen or more shoppers' cars could use in the course of the business day.

There are great numbers of persons who spent the entire day in offices and shops who live within easy and healthy walking distance of their places of business and who, during this season, could leave their cars at home with profit to themselves as well as to business.

It is not an unselfish thing to say to one's self: "Why do I have a car if I can't use it to take me to work? And if I save a parking space, somebody else is going to grab it anyhow before the shoppers can make use of it."

It is going to take some unselfish thinking and action on the part of a very large number of persons to improve the situation. But it can be done if a lot of people think of themselves as patriotic Allentonians and not act purely for their own comfort and convenience.

And do not let this fact be overlooked: The Northeast Extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike has opened and the flow of traffic on it has just begun. Several thousand cars have been using it each day and the number can be expected to grow rapidly as word of the convenient road into Allentown becomes noised abroad.

Traffic which will bring Christmas business to Allentown confidently can be expected to be the heaviest in history. That business will be encouraged to become a steady feeder for Allentown business in a degree equal to the satisfaction of visiting motorists. That satisfaction can be tremendously aided if parking in Allentown is made easier for out-of-town shoppers.

A lot of individuals, by individual decision and action, ought to be able to do a great deal to create such satisfaction.

Time to Pass a Tax Bill

After more than ten months of dallying and disagreements, the General Assembly and Governor Leader have as yet reached no conclusions upon the tax program which, from the beginning of the year, has been appreciated to be the most important item of business before our lawmakers.

Now there is some hope that the impasse can be resolved. However, it is already evident that it is going to take more time than Governor Leader had planned and expected when he proposed a three-per cent excise tax on goods manufactured in Pennsylvania. While the House of Representatives speedily passed this bill, the Senate has balked on putting its O.K upon a measure that, it is claimed by some, was written so hastily that it has unconstitutional features and therefore could never be put into effect.

Certain it is that when a tax measure is adopted, it should be hole-proof. Otherwise its entire purpose — the raising of funds for the operation of government — will be defeated as soon as a test case can be made. Repudiation by the Courts of a tax-levying measure could set the State back by a year or more.

A measure which is so vital to our schools, hospitals and many other public institutions cannot be rushed through the General Assembly with safety. So many months already have been spent that another week or so of deliberation cannot be denied, especially because a virtually new idea in taxation is proposed by the Governor's brand - new excise tax bill.

No taxes ever are popular. But like death, they are inevitable. It is time for House and Senate to find some common ground for agreement and by whatever name a tax measure is known to get a bill passed which will be as palatable as any tax bill that can be written.

This may be possible after public hearings which, very properly are to be held by the Senate next week.

High Praise for Our Schools

Allentonians have read reports on our schools' vocational education program by experts who have studied the system and who have pronounced it good and have compared it with the best to be found anywhere.

But somehow or other it would seem that just about the nicest compliment that has been paid to the vocational education work is that which Palmerton has given Allentown in initiating a proposal to send her vocational students to this city for their study and work.

Palmerton, as is well known, for many decades has had a splendid school system. The general standards of that community in education and culture have been of the very highest. Effort to give Palmerton children the best in educational opportunity has been well known. But Palmerton seems to be of the opinion that what Allentown can give a considerable group of her students is better than that which she has and that it may be more desirable and profitable to send her children to this city than to develop that which already has been provided for them.

A happy circumstance is that, except for a few courses, Allentown has the facilities to handle an additional group of students. Additional teachers of course would have to be employed but that is to be expected and Palmerton will pay her way fully.

It now remains for Allentown to study the proposal thoroughly. If a favorable answer be reached, invitation can be extended. At any rate, it is a pleasing compliment which a progressive school system and learned educators are paying to Allentown's vocational education program.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

SILLY

"You silly old fool!" they often say,
And I guess they're right. In my foolish way
I do many things as the days go by
That I never would do if wise were I.

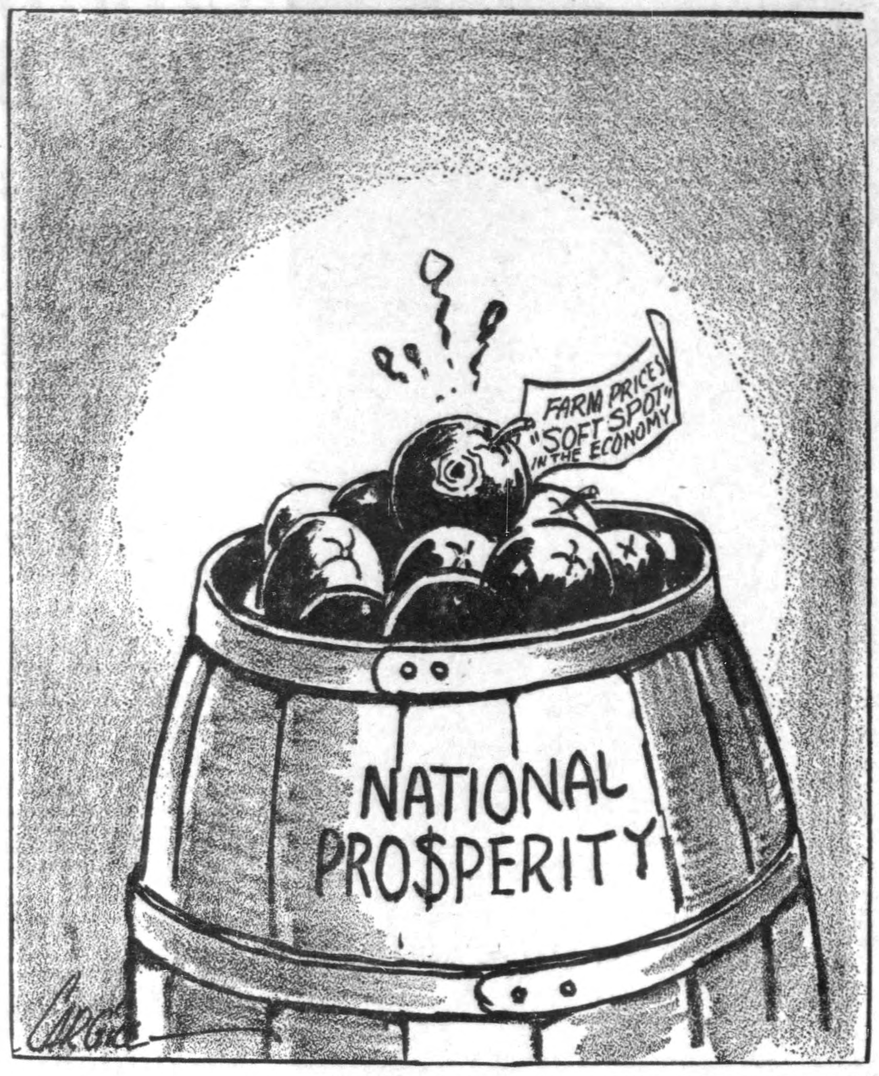
"You silly old fool!" and it must be so,
For I stay at home when I ought to go.
And there's many a toy or a sweet I buy
Which, if I knew better, I should deny.

"You silly old fool!" and their cheeks I pat
In a loving way when they call me that.
It's one of the honors I greatly prize.
I'd rather be silly than cold and wise.

Let the wise get rich and the wise be grave.
Let the wise men keep what they ought to save.
Let the wise men teach and the wise men rule.
I choose to remain just a "silly old fool!"

(Copyright 1955)

APPLE OF DISCORD



The Shortage of Education—II

By WALTER LIPPMANN

In a preceding article I argued that the White House Conference on Education, which meets next week, should make definite recommendations on whether and on how federal aid should be given to education.

There is a grave shortage, which threatens to become much worse, in the supply of class rooms and of teachers. The class rooms can be built when the money is provided: the only question is whether all the necessary money can be provided by the states separately, or whether a federal contribution is required.

The shortage of teachers calls also for more money to attract and to hold competent men and women. But money alone will not solve the problem. The arithmetic of our rapidly growing population shows that by the conventional standards enough teachers cannot conceivably be found.

The problem is set forth clearly in a pamphlet called Teachers for Tomorrow, which is published by The Fund for the Advancement of Education, a creation of the Ford Foundation. (I should say for the sake of the record that while I have had nothing to do with the preparation of the pamphlet, I am a member of the board of the fund which is responsible for the pamphlet.)

Rapid Birth Rate

Few of us, myself included, have realized until recently how enormously and how suddenly the American birth rate is increasing. During the '40s the enrollments year by year in elementary schools remained steady at about 20 million children. This year the enrollment has jumped up to 29 million. But when the babies born in the past five record-breaking years are ready for school, enrollment will be pushing 35 million. This means that for every 100 enrolled in elementary schools during the '40s there will be 170 at the beginning of the '60s. The big increase in the secondary schools will come a little later, as the children grow older. By the end of the '60s, which is only four presidential terms away, the children who have already been born will be enough to push secondary school enrollment up by more than 70 per cent of what it is today.

The burden of the colleges will be still greater, in part because of this increased birth rate and in part because a growing pro portion of the young demand a college education. College enrollment will be double the present number some time after 1966.

We come now to what we may call the impossible arithmetic of the teacher problem. Our present ratio of teachers to pupils is supposed to be one teacher for every 30 elementary pupils, one teacher for every 25 secondary



pupils, and one teacher for every 13 college pupils. To have enough teachers — if the present teaching system is to be maintained — it would be necessary to recruit by 1965 an additional half million elementary and secondary school teachers. For the colleges we shall by present standards need in the next 15 years about double the number of existing teachers.

We cannot hope to find that number of teachers. We cannot hope to do so even when — as we must—we have raised teachers' salaries. The number of teachers needed will be one-half of all college graduates of every variety. At present one-fifth of all college graduates go into teaching. It just is not possible that in the next 10 years one-half of all college graduates will go into teaching, that as many college graduates will go into teaching as go into all other professions and vocations combined.

"It will be impossible," says the Ford pamphlet, "under the present pattern of teacher recruitment and teacher utilization to secure anywhere near enough good teachers for our schools and colleges over the next 15 years."

Teach Larger Classes?

It will be necessary, therefore, to find ways of enabling teachers to teach a larger number of pupils. The arithmetic of the situation allows no escape from this conclusion.

That being the case, the obvious remedy is to supply the qualified teachers with aides who can take over the housekeeping and clerical chores, leaving the teachers more time to teach. We shall have to apply to the teaching profession the general principle which Dael Wolfle, director of the Commission on Human Resources and Advanced Training, states as follows: "A trained expert seldom works alone. A lawyer has his clerks, an engineer his draftsmen, a doctor his nurses and technicians, a research scholar his assistants. How much the expert accomplishes is partly determined by his own ability, put partly by the number and skill of his assistants and by the effectiveness with which he uses them."

Experiments along these lines are being conducted in a number of school systems and colleges. The results have been encouraging. But we are only at the beginning of what is bound to mean great changes in the system and practice of teaching.

In this field the White House conference is not called upon—as it is on the question of federal aid — to make recommendations to the government. Here the problem belongs to the schools and colleges in the states, and any recommendations that come from the conference will be addressed to them. For the federal government as such is not involved.

(1955, New York Herald Tribune Inc.)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Joshua 24:32-33

In the second last verse of Genesis, Joseph took a pledge of the children of Israel that they should not allow his body to remain in Egypt, but that they should take it along with them when the time would come for them to leave Egypt, as the Lord had promised Abraham wolud happen (see Gen. 15:14 and Hebrews 11:22). In Exodus 13:19 Moses is said to have taken the bones of Joseph with him in response to the request of Joseph many years before. In V. 32 of our lesson, the second last verse in the book of Joshua, we learn that these bones of Joseph had been carried through the forty years of wandering in the wilderness, taken into Canaan and were buried in what is referred to as his family burial plot, in the territory of Ephraim, the name of one of Joseph's children, born to him in Egypt (Gen. 41:52). I was drinking a cup of good cold water one day out of Jacob's well (John 4:5-6), when suddenly it came to me that Joseph's bones had been buried not far from where we were. I asked the guide about it, who replied that to the north-east, somewhere near the site of a white structure, his body was finally laid to rest.

Horoscope

A happy period is likely to follow a period of some little difficulty or indisposition. Notice as today's child grows, an active, enterprising and industrious personality developing.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Sign in an Edinburgh cafeteria: "In case of atomic attack, keep calm: just pay your check, and run like mad."

(Copyright, 1955.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Sorrento Wertshous,
Miami Beach, Fla.
Der 20d Nofember, 1955.

My Lieva Laiser:

Heit sin m'r gatzoga—ol dawaig fom ewwer end fon Ft. Lauderdale, Noch Miami Beach —ungfare 30 mile. Die uhrsoch os m'r omma wertshous sin—morya free om fartel bis tzaea tzaila m'r fer noch Havana Cuba fliega. Doh ome wertshous hen m'r noh 'n shtub won m'r da Dinshdawg owet so uhra tzaea tzurick kumma — un der Studie is aw gute fersarrick's uf da wertschoft parking lut.

Wos noch mainer is, des is aw 's wertshous woh der Roamer Tour shun wor fer die ledshda drei dawg, un wohs Charlie Ehlers', 's Tom Zimmermans', uns Edgar Hasslers' fon da shtadt, uns Robert Gutha fon Bedlahame, dabei sin. Yusht forda hen m'r aw 's Harold Rahna fon Palmerton g'sehna, un woh in da sama drup sin. Noh hen m'r aw der boss fom tour, der Roy Masser fon Reading aw gadroffa, un darrich ihn, sin m'r der grumbierra un tomats bauer Ray Hetherington un sei fraw Helen, un boo Glenn fon Ringtown, Schuylkill kounty, bakont werra.

'S Hetheringtons' sin fon Fildelfy runner g'floga, un kenna net sawga wie sie sich blessiert hen. 'S Rays' shwetza ken deitsch, ow'r die Helen hut g'saw't ihra Pap der William Houser, dade fiel shwetza fom Pumpernickle. 'S shure is 'n glaenie welt sella waig, mawg hee gae woh m'r wil dreft m'r bakonta leit aw—odder ewwa leit os wissa m'r m'r sin.

Heit hen 'mr tzwae socha doh hunna ei ganumma—die Orchid un Monkey jungles. Der ain't blotz hut nix wie orchids, un der onner nix wie monkeys. 'S maid'l woh uns rum ganumma hut, hut g'sawt sie hetta dousanda fon unnershittlicha orchids in ihr'm blotz—un woh fiel dafon wild woxa. Kayose wies sheina mawg, sie hen uysht ae ort os kumt fon Florida—'n gons glaenie blum, ol die onnerra kumma fon fremma lanner.

So weit os die monkeys aw gaina, sel is ebbes tzu sehna. Darta sin die menscha in da kevich, un fiel fon da monkeys shpringa frei rum. Dale nadierlich sin ei g'shpart, un woh fon da aller graishda, arya socha duhna. Ainer brumbt mit da moul leftsa — bloast luft, un wie ebber 'n ous shput, shpoutst er os die shtrawla fliega. Mier hen 'n ous g'shput, un hut uns shier gadroffa—m'r worra glicklicher os wie 'n yung weibsmensch. Die sagund os sie gablosa hut darrich die leftsa, hut er 'n g'shtrawla g'shpoutst 'n foos land, un sie gadroffa midda uf 'm kup in da hoar. "Oh my goodness," hut sie g'sawt, "and it smells just like onion."

'S mashine fohrra wor ken blessier gaea owet. 'S hut g'sheind wear allas drous uf 'm waig mit radder—'s aintsich'd os g'fail'd hut, worra die grossa trucks.

Ow'r kalt is es werra. Denk der shnae shtorm fon owwa drous is uf 'm runner waig — sis ferhoftich sei tzu keel fer drous uf da porch hucka. Shwartza wind wolka sin awfonga rei kumma so uhrra drei — denk 's worra sellie wohs so kalt gamocht hen.

Golly wos der wind bloast on da fenshterra—wons dahame so mocha dade, uns het wenich shnae, hets glei tzu gablosa.

Die Katerinah is om pocka fer noch Cuba gae, un woh woh m'r tzaila unser nagshder brief tzu schreiva.

S'PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK

DEVOTED TO THE LITERATURE, LORE AND HISTORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

PRESTON A. BARBA, EDITOR

THE MARTYRS ON THE MAHONING

November 24, 1755

In 1746 the Moravians of Bethlehem had established a mission in the wilderness at the confluence of the Mahoning Creek and the Lehigh River, to carry on their work among the Indians. The buildings consisted only of rude logs, but the Brethren had given them the name of Gnadenhuetten, the tabernacles of God's Grace. This little settlement, where Lehighton now stands, was cruelly attacked and eleven Moravian Brethren murdered on the night of November 24, 1755.

In commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the massacre Lehighton on October 9th entered upon a week of services and pageantry. A list of the events of the week, together with a short account of that fateful night, appeared in the **Sunday Call-Chronicle** for October 9, 1955.

The Editor of the ECK has in his possession a Moravian Magazine **Das Brueder-Blatt. Altes und Neues aus der Brueder-Kirche und besonders ihrem Missions-Gebiet.** This little magazine, established in 1854, was edited by Levin T. Reichel, Pastor of the Moravian Church in Salem, North Carolina, and printed by John Baer and Sons, Lancaster, Pa. The November number for 1855 contains an article "Die Maertyrer an der Mahoni" (The Martyrs on the Mahoning). It seems to us peculiarly appropriate at this time to read what was written about the Gnadenhuetten massacre at the time of the 100th anniversary in 1855. From the abovementioned German article we have translated the following and offer it to our readers as a supplement to the account published in the **Call-Chronicle:**

ABOUT a mile from Lehighton in Carbon County, Pa., there is a little old ruinous church and not farm from it a churchyard or "God's Acre." Among its many graves, both old and more recent, some with and some without markers, there is a marble memorial which attracts the attention of the wanderer. It was erected in 1788. The inscription upon it reads as follows:

"To the memory of Gottlieb Anders, his wife and daughter; Martin Nitschman and his wife; Anna Catharina Senseman; Leonhard Gattermeyer; Christian Fabricius; George Schweigert; Martin Presser and John Frederick Lesley, who lived in Gnadenhuetten unto the Lord and lost their lives in the surprize by Indian Warriors, Nov. 24, 1755.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints.—Ps. 116, 15."

One hundred years have passed since these martyrs bled as witnesses for the truth in our Lord Jesus Christ. (Our readers will please remember that this article was written in 1855, on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the massacre.—P.A.B.) It will be of interest to many of our readers to be informed of conditions and relationships now long past.

Our Moravian fathers had made it a matter of principle to concern themselves as little as possible with the political affairs of the countries whither the Lord had led them, but to live their lives quietly and with propriety as loyal subjects of the existing governments. But alas! they remained as little unmolested politically as they did in religious matters.

During the war between England and France (1744-48) they had already been accused of being in league with the French and in the state of New York laws had even been passed against them. And now upon the renewal of hostilities they were again held in suspicion. The French, to protect themselves against the advances of the English, had erected a chain of forts stretching from their northernmost possession, New France on the St. Lawrence in Canada, down to New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi. They had also attached the mighty Indian league of the Six Nations to their interests.

Since the Moravian Brethren had repeatedly sent delegates to the Great Council of the Iroquois held at Onondago in order to attain freedom of religious activity among the tribes, and since numerous delegates of Indians had been received in Bethlehem, all this had caused them to be suspected of secret political alliance. In the summer of 1752 Bishop Spangenberg felt obliged to present the true state of this situation to Mr. Hamilton, Governor of Pennsylvania Province.

The arrival of a group of 20 Shawnees and Nanticokes in Bethlehem in 1752 had aroused the suspicions of the Brethren, inasmuch as they suggested to the Christian Indians in the name of the Six Nations that they should remove from Bethlehem to Wajomick; but it was left to them to make the decision. Although the Moravian Brethren at an earlier time could have wished their Christian Indians less exposed to the whites, they were now unhappy when they heard of this invitation, since very apparently political reasons had motivated the invitation.

In 1754 the purposes of the Iroquois became more apparent. Seventy of the inhabitants of Gnadenhuetten allowed themselves to be persuaded to remove to Wajomick; and those that remained behind were threatened, if they did not follow. It was now believed wise to remove the Indian congregation to the northside of the Lehigh, although 15 of the Moravian brothers and sisters remained in the old Gemeinhaus, or place of general meeting.

In 1755 came a last sharp command from the Iroquois to the Christian Indians, that they were to come to Wajomick at once, but they disregarded this command. Those who had left for Wajomick earlier were visited from time to time (as late as July and October) by Christian Seidel and David Zeisberger. And those that remained behind in Gnadenhuetten enjoyed undisturbed quiet.

And then suddenly the French and Indian War broke forth. As early as August, while the Moravians were attending a synod in Warwick, there were all sorts of disquieting rumors. In September the Indians in Lancaster County suddenly left the region and that boded no good. On October 18 six farms near Shamokin were attacked and burned and 14 persons were murdered. The Indians now came nearer and murdered and burned in the region of the Tulpehocken and Heidelberg. Every day brought new and horrible reports and the whole countryside was terrorized. Many fled and did not know where to seek safety. The pastor's house in Bethel was soon full of refugees, but Brother Schlegel remained calmly at his post and Bishop Hehl did not desist from making his usual visits in the western rural parishes.

The calm of the Brethren in the face of constantly increasing dangers, and their cheerful trust in the Lord, was only interpreted as an indication of their secret alliance with the French, and so Bethlehem was also endangered. On November 23 some 70 men on horseback came over from the Jersey side and pretended to wish to protect the Moravians against the hostile Indians, but, as was found later on, their actual plan had been to destroy Bethlehem; but the plan was frustrated when they became convinced of the friendly behavior of the Brethren.

On November 24 there was a constant marching of men through Bethlehem, all day long, both from the Jersey side and from Pennsylvania. Some were on foot and some on horse, with drums and flags, all heading for Gnadenhuetten to seek out the hostile Indians. In Bethlehem the Moravians went about their peaceful activities. In the meanwhile David Zeisberger had been sent to Gnadenhuetten to inform the Moravian Brethren as well as the Christian Indians, that they were to remain at home. On the way Zeisberger was held up by a Company of Irishmen, who had suspected that he might betray their march against the hostile Indians. He only arrived toward evening and as he approached the mission station he heard shooting somewhere along the Mahoning.

After Zeisberger had delivered his letters to M. Mack and B. A. Grube at the Mission Station, he hurried to cross the Lehigh and get to the shelter house on the Mahoning before dark. Then he heard mournful shouts coming from the other side of the Lehigh. The Indian Brother Shebosch ran thither and returned from across the river with Brothers Senseman and Partsch with the distressing information that the hostile Indians had murdered everybody along the Mahoning. Zeisberger, who was already midway across the Lehigh was recalled at once and sent back to Bethlehem where he arrived at three o'clock the next morning. On the way back he informed the English troops of the murders that had been committed at Gnadenhuetten. They replied, "Now we believe that the Moravian Brethren are innocent."

Bishop Spangenberg announced the sad event at the morning assembly of the Moravians in Bethlehem and remarked that through this martyrdom not only the Indian community in Gnadenhuetten but Bethlehem itself had been saved. Now their neighbors would recognize that they had had nothing in common with the French.

On November 25 Brother Worbasz, one of the rescued ones, came to Bethlehem from Mahoning; G. Senseman with 30 Christian Indians and the three missionaries M. Mack, Grube and Powell (and F. Post from Danesbury) also arrived in Bethlehem.

In the afternoon of November 26 Brother Partsch and his wife, together with the lad Sturgeons, also arrived safely in Bethlehem. It was at first believed that Partsch's wife had been among the murdered ones. Sister Partsch related the following:

The brethren and sisters on the Mahoning had just finished their evening meal, when they heard some one coming. A few rose to see who it was. But when they opened the door several Indians began to fire upon them, so that Brother Nitschman fell down dead and the boy Sturgeons, who wanted to go through the door, was hit in the knee by a bullet. Now some more Indians appeared. They also fired at the Brethren. Five now lay in the room deadly wounded. The rest hurried through another room and up the stairs to the upper rooms. On the way up, Sister Susanna Nitschman, who was the last, was hit and fell backward, shouting "Ach Brueder, Brueder, helft mir!" and then was silent.

In going upstairs they quickly closed the trap door leading to the dormitory and barred it. The Indians tried to force it but did not succeed. For the next fifteen minutes the Indians kept shooting up through the floor and through the window and the roof, but hit none of those confined there. Now they found that the Indians had set fire to the building and concluded that they would have to perish. Several times Brother Anders shouted out the window for help, in the hope that someone might come to their rescue. Sister Senseman sat down on the bed and only said: "Dear Saviour," this I thought would happen." "Sister Anders was concerned only about her infant and held it wrapped in her apron.

Once, when the Indian at the gable end of the house went away, the boy Sturgeons jumped out of the window and succeeded in getting away. Sister Partsch followed and also got away, but because she had only come there with her husband a few days ago, she did not know which way to go. She went only a little way in back of the large community house, to a height behind a tree. From there she saw the Indians setting fire to one building after another, first to the barn and the stables, then the kitchen, the bake-house, the house of the single brethren, the storehouse and finally with some effort to the large general community house. From there they went to the spring house where they divided what they had robbed from the storehouse, sat down and ate, after which they also set fire to the roof of the spring house and then went away.

All this Sister Partsch witnessed and then made her way to the Lehigh where she concealed herself in a hollow until break of day when the troops arrived. Her husband who had upon the first attack leapt out of the window and with the Sturgeon boy managed to make his way to a farm along the Blue Mountains, resolved, under protection of some of the people, to return to the Mahoning. When they came back to the Lehigh they found Sister Partsch paralyzed with cold and with terror. Together they returned to the scene of the fire. When they arrived there, they found all the buildings burned and in the house where the sisters and brothers had been they found the charred remains of their bodies. Brother Fabricius lay nearby with a bullet wound, a tomahawk wound and scalped. He had no doubt followed Sister Partsch through the window, was intercepted by the murderers and then multilated.

Besides Partsch and his wife and the Sturgeons lad, Brothers Senseman and Worbasz had also escaped, the former because he had got up from the supper table to lock up the general meeting house before the actual attack took place and Worbasz, not feeling well, was not at the supper table. According to the latter's statement, there were twelve Indians, but he was not sure to which nation they belonged.

In a letter written by M. Hehl and addressed to Count Zinzendorf under date of July 26, 1756, we find the following:

"We now have supplementary news about the Indian happenings (at Gnadenhuetten) and especially about Sister Susanna Nitschman, Martin Nitschman's wife. She was not, as was first believed, buried among the ashes of the ruins, but was taken by the Indians, first to Wajomick, where Sarah (Abraham's wife) and others of our friends at once recognized her. However, because of the severity of her tyrant abductor, they could do nothing to alleviate her distress. She was later dragged to Diahogu, where she endured a martyr's existence of unbelievable suffering. Unlike some of the other captured white women, who accommodated themselves to the manner of life and to the will of their Indian captors, Sister Susanna resisted and struggled until, so far as we know, she succumbed to her sufferings about May 6, 1756.

KAERBSE PIE

Es iss mir allwann was du saagscht,
Dann annerscht denk ich net;
Der Kaerbse pie, der iss der bescht,
Ich ess meh, ass ich sett.

Sell iss der beschte aller pie,
Der bringt die Kinner heem;
Sie kumme am Thanksgiving Daag,
Ball alle Yaahr de seem.

Ich gleich en frischer Ebbel pie,
Mince iss maerkwaerdich gut;
Roseira, Kasche, Pasching,
Die gewwe Kraft un Mut.

Doch wann der Herbscht kummt un der Frosch
Uff Kaerbse glitzert weiss,
Guck ich fer geele Kaerbse pie,
Dann der bezaahlt kee Preis.

Ich weess net, was die Schtedder hen,
Wie unsern schmeckt er net;
So pie, der macht kee Backe rot,
Kee Buwe dick un fett.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
1862-1934

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Editorials

A Life Spent for Motorists

Our people of the Lehigh Valley cannot have been happy to learn that John A. Rupp, founder of the Lehigh Valley Motor Club and its president ever since its establishment, has decided to retire. The regret of the organized motorists of this entire section of country is great. But that regret likewise is felt by the larger number of unorganized motorists who have shared in the many benefits gained for motoring by the work of Mr. Rupp and the Lehigh Valley Club.

From the very inception of the organization the welfare of all motorists has been the Motor Club's objective. It was the lively imagination of Mr. Rupp and his continued study of conditions affecting motoring that shaped ideas for presentation by the Motor Club to the State and to the many municipalities in this area. These ideas determined the character of the highways that they built and all corollary factors in highway construction.

It is harking many years back to recall the days of dusty macadam streets in the cities and the dusty roads that were the main arteries of traffic. Added to this were the narrow, winding rural dirt roads. Younger motorists may receive with incredulity a statement of fact to the effect that "Good Roads" was a slogan which could make or break politicians.

It was a hard uphill fight for the organized motorists to shape public opinion to the point where government was ready to agree to higher taxes, and to borrow millions of dollars for the straightening of roads that for centuries had followed the same general course as that taken by buffaloes and Indians centuries before a white man had set foot on the Western Hemisphere.

It took many years to shape public opinion to the vision of Mr. Rupp of a county, a state and an entire vast country with a system of direct, all-weather, hard-top highways so complete as to reach every city, town and hamlet in the nation. All this appeared fantastic in Mr. Rupp's early days as president and builder of the club.

Today all his big dreams are accomplished facts and he can retire upon laurels placed upon his head by the handpicked men with whom he worked assiduously thruout all his years. They best know his work and the handicaps under which it was carried out.

The most important objective has been attained. This is the creation of a public opinion that backs highway improvement and looks upon it as perhaps the most important function of government. Appeals to public opinion no longer are necessary to get the roads and bridges that the motorists require for swifter, safer and more economic travel.

Lesser matters there are of course. These will continue to develop as a corollary to every step in the development of the highway system. Mr. Rupp always has been alert to them. He usually has had a good answer for them and was able to put in a strong oar to advance them.

Thus in the closing hours of his memorable career of service he is employing all his influence and his art, plus his experience and his knowledge of highway affairs and those who handle them, to bring about building of an interchange near Slatington for the Northeast Extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

Construction of the Extension is nearing completion in the vicinity of Slatington and now is the time to promote the idea that an outlet from and ingress to the Extension is a sound traffic idea.

Mr. Rupp has been pushing the idea with the entire force of the organized and unorganized motorists back of him. They would like to see an interchange just south of the Blue Mountains and serving traffic in Slatington, Walnutport and that entire vicinity. It will be a cap-sheaf upon his many outstanding accomplishments for motoring if such an interchange is built. Motorists can be certain he will strive in their interests to influence such a decision at the earliest possible day.

It's Do or Die

Safety engineers and the host of agencies thruout the country that have been propagandizing Safe Driving Day (Dec. 1) for several months were a down-in-the-mouth group yesterday when highway fatality figures were summed up and they were found to be greater in number than a year ago. That was the day upon which similar emphasis upon safe driving commanded national attention for weeks.

Significantly, the highway toll was reduced in the larger cities. The increases were out on the open highways and in the smaller communities.

Such big cities as New York, Chicago and Detroit had no fatalities while about half the States were able to make similar proud reports.

Thus there is evidence which prompts belief that the Safe Driving propaganda had some good effects. Because of the wide publicity which is going to be given to Thursday's results, there may be continuing good effect.

The certainty is that unless safe driving becomes general practice in this country we can expect continuing butchery upon the highways.

It is a case of do or die: drive safely or join the tens of thousands who annually lose their lives on American highways.

A-Power Long Way Off

It is going to take many years for great development of atomic power for commercial or peace uses. For many years the production will be only a small percentage of the power requirements of our nation. It well may be that for a decade or more, electrical production by coal, gas, oil and water power will not be affected by the more expensive nuclear power and will have to be expanded to meet our mounting needs.

Ten years ago the first A-bomb was dropped. Yet, with all the speed which technical genius evidences in development of new ideas, there is only one large-scale heating plant in this country today. This is the plant at Hanford, Washington, where the Atomic Energy Commission operates giant reactors for the creation of plutonium. Heat is merely a by-product.

During the war the heat was wasted. Now it is being put to use in amount sufficient, it is estimated, to heat a thousand homes.

Impressive as that figure may be, it is after all only a grain of sand compared with the energy and heat required to heat the tens of millions of homes in the United States, operate factories and light all buildings.

Heat from atomic energy will not be available to take care even of normal housing growth for many years to come. It will certainly take decades for atomic heat to displace even a small part of other types of energy and heat.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Science Researchers Needed

To the Editor:—

They are the fellows who live and work on the frontiers of the unknown and search for new knowledge — the research scientists.

The busy world of industry and business have neither time nor money to spend on the research physicists. The hurried, worried world wants the physicist to turn out things that can be made quickly and profitably. Let those who will, spend their lives seeking new knowledge.

High rewards await the "gadget makers;" while the plodding research physicists, unsung heroes, scantily paid, often on the verge of want, seeking to uncover the hitherto unknown, deeming themselves amply rewarded if they can say, like some ancient, "I thank Thee, Lord, that I can think Thy thoughts after Thee."

But recently there has been an awakening. The press records that the "terrible Russians," who until quite recently, as history goes, were illiterate serfs, have suddenly become a world power and are even as of today, outstripping America in scientific progress and are training scientists of every sort, and particularly research scientists, at a faster rate than in the United States.

Dr. Thomas H. Grainger, of Lehigh University, ably discusses the subject in the Lehigh Alumni Bulletin:

"Basic research is concerned with understanding the laws of nature. It is not concerned with practical objectives. Basic research, sometimes called 'fundamental research or pure research,' is our most critical need in America today. Our very survival and our progress as a nation, in this age of science, will depend on it."

Russia, our greatest world competitor, is striving desperately to outstrip the United States in many fields; but most of all in the many fields of scientific endeavor. The National Science Foundation says:

"Between 1928 and 1954, the Soviets graduated about 682,000

Continued on Page 21, Column 1

Ho-Ho-Ho!



Secret Information

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Three functions of government are under attack:

1. The admission of aliens to this country under the McCarran-Walter Act:

2. The deportation of aliens who entered illegally or who behaved themselves improperly after legal entrance;

3. The issuance of passports.

The conflict on the first function will be settled in the halls of Congress. It is generally agreed that nothing will be done about it during the next session of Congress, but like the Taft-Hartley Act, the McCarran-Walter Act is an excellent means for the politicians to project themselves before the public. Whenever the population consists of first or second generation Americans, it is possible to stir considerable emotionalism against the quota system which benefits some immigrants while restraining others. Although several suggestions have been made to improve this law, no one has yet come up with a workable suggestion. Someday someone will and perhaps immigration will be taken out of politics where it should not be.

The reason nobody comes up with a workable suggestion is that the quota system was evolved to restrict immigration methodically. Those who oppose it really favor unrestricted immigration which, under present conditions, is impossible, although there has been a loosening of the system during the Eisenhower administration. It is easier to get in and to stay in.

2 Functions Being Fought

The other two functions are being fought out in the courts. The passport administration, in particular, is being battered in the courts which are reducing that office is a mere agency of issuance without any restraints as to whom a passport may be issued. The federal courts, particularly in accordance with a recent decision of Judge Luther W. Youngdahl, in effect make the passport office an adjunct of the judicial process instead of an administrative function of the executive.

This is a vexed constitutional problem which will have to be settled by the Supreme Court. At issue is the information upon which the passport office bases its decisions for withholding a passport from an American citizen. The courts want the information; the administration cannot disclose the sources of its information or it will have no sources. In a word, what the Supreme Court will have to decide is whether the executive may devise its own means to



discover spies, saboteurs, subversives or whether it may employ no methods at all.

District Court Judge James W. Morris last July, in an immigration case, stated the problem as follows:

"To say that these plaintiffs . . . should be deported, which also means in effect the deportation of such American children (because their parents will be deported), upon the basis of 'confidential information' which may be no more than anonymous hearsay rumors, or even by unexplained membership in some organizations listed by the attorney general as subversive, is to deny that the government is competent to function in such fashion as to give everyone with which the government deals the right to know upon what basis such action is taken."

In cases involving espionage, sabotage or subversion, it is impossible to get leads for investigation except from persons who had, in some manner, been close to those engaged in these activities. The motives of the informants are many and sometimes are not honorable. Unless the lead comes from such persons, there is not likely to be a lead except accidentally. This is a practical application of police practices. Neither Judge Morris nor Judge Youngdahl can develop a system for gathering such data as is necessary unless they employ informants, tipsters and even gossip. It takes an able evaluator of such data to distinguish the probable from the improbable. Sometimes the leads must be followed only to eliminate them, but without leads investigators cannot work.

So what these decisions amount to is that investigation is to be eliminated. Immigration agents or the passport office would have no information to go on. They would have to issue a passport to Ethel and Julius Rosenberg if they were alive. Presently most of the cases involve Communists or spies and the courts imply that they have as many rights as anybody. Congress could say, no. The Supreme Court can say, no. And the sooner this question is settled, the better it will be for all concerned.

The notion that a government is not, as a function of administration, to determine who is entitled to a passport, is not tenable. But that is what the courts tend to hold.

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Isaiah 9:6-7

"I quote another 'Christmas verse' as Isaiah gives it to us: 'For unto us a child is born (His humanity); unto us a Son is given (His deity); and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.' In Micah 5:2 we read more about Him: But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me That is to be ruler in Israel (His humanity), Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting (His deity). So in Galatians 4:4, 'when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son (His deity), made of a woman (His humanity). Jesus is the only key to the understanding of the Messianic passages quoted above.

Try & Stop Me

BENNETT CERF

A safety razor manufacturer offered Groucho Marx a fortune to endorse his product. "Besides," he promised, "I'll plaster your picture on billboards in every subway and railroad station in America."

"I am not the man for that at all," Groucho assured him, "I already have a mustache."

Horoscope

Business should prosper exceedingly, but do not become involved in quarrels and avoid needless risks. Today's child should be a popular and fortunate individual.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Coronet Motel
Nahunta, Ga.
der 26d Nofember, 1955.

My Lieva Laiser: Da morya wor harlichkate in Orlando — 's hut garayer'd fers airsht mohl in bol tzwae mohnet. Ow'r 's hut net long awk'halta — bis m'r unser free shtick gessa hen kot, un worra uf 'm waig iwwer route 50 noch Titusville, wor die sun hous un der rays feriwwer. Shun fer etlicha dawg worra m'r im lond fon oranges un shpritzboomeronsa (grapefruit) un hen heit uf galawda wie immer unser gabrouch won m'r doh runner kumma. Dessa mohl sin m'r ow'r niver noch Edgewater noch da Loveland bingert on Indian River, fers obsht kaufa.

'S obsht is des yohr drei wocha hinnerhandich, ow'r 's sheind wie wons 'n gute yohr gaibt. Fiel bletz sin sie gore mechdich uf gariehrt — leit wolla heia hameta howwa, un liever wie gae un lond uf glorra woh noch wild is, kaufa die bau-leit die obsht bingert, reissa die bame rous, un baua hameta darta onna. Die wos es lond ferkaufa mocha gawainlich gute ous, ow'r onnerra woh ihra lava mocha mit 'm obsht, gleicha die socha gore net. Wie aenie g'sawt hut in ra heits Orlando tzeiting, fer alla baum os garubb'd dada werra in Florida, dade ainer gablonst werra in Texas, un die bisnis gang'd dart niver.

M'r gen heit ob g'shtopt on da poshtoffis, "Christmas, Florida," ow'r darta huts badirelich ous g'sehna. Someshdawg farmie dawgs is die poshtoffis tzu, un der alt mon iwwer 'm waig driwwa woh 'n glainer shtore hut mit alla orta so donklements waisa un korta, is yusht hame kumma fom hospital, un guck'd drauerich ous. Noch ma pickter nemma fon da poshtoffis, un aw fom Grishdbaum wohs yohr rum gadeckorate is, sin m'r unser waig fert noch Edgewater.

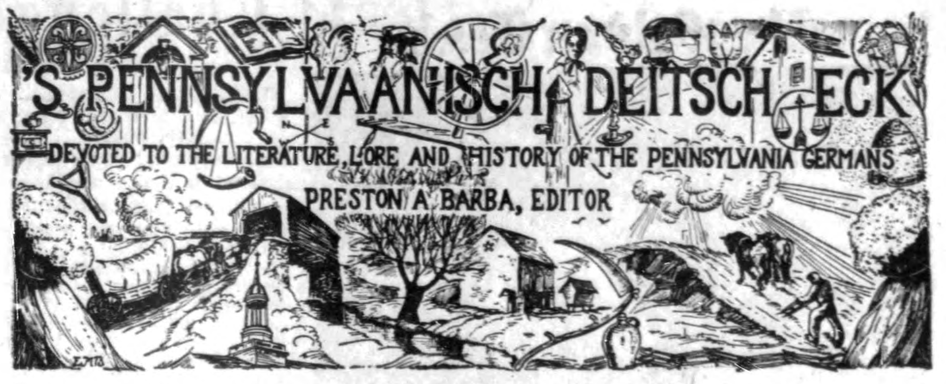
Tzeit wor woh m'r 's obsht fer mit hame nemma, kauft hen on da shtander navich da waiga — ow'r nimmy so now. M'r hen galarnt os es batzawlt fer noch ma recht shoffenda bunger gae, un woh sie net mainer froga fer ihra obsht os wie aw sellie onnerra froga far ihrras — un woh nine mohl ous da tzaea, obsht is os die bingert net ferkaufa wotta weil ebbes draw letz is.

Unnich Jacksonville hen m'r ob g'shtopt om "Sea Zoo," un mainer galarnt in ra shtuns tzeit fon Alligators, shlonga, un onnerra orta wosser gadierra os m'r dafor gawist hen. Sis hen darta ae gadier — 'n paar fon na, "sea cows" is der nahma, un wiega paar hunnerd pund 's shtick. Des is es gadierts woh da airshda shifferleit 'n maining gewwa hut 's het "mermaids" odder ewwa gadierra halver fish, un halver weib. 'S sin warm bluticha, un dranka ihra yunga wie 'n mutter ihra bavy. Dadarrich hen die shiffer leit 'n maining grick'd 's wear 'n menschlich gadierts. Die tzeit wor, wohs 'n lot fon denna "sea cows," kotta hut um Florida rum, ow'r 's flaish is gute, uns sin yusht may paar hunnerd rum. Die Insha sin arrick fernotter'd iwwer 's flaish. Sis now ferbutta bei law fer "sea cows" dote mocha.

M'r gaina home bei waig fon route 301 fon Callahan ob ruf. Bis darta hee fon Titusville ruf, worra m'r uf route ains. Grawd so wieshd os route 17 wor, so shae is route 301, so weit os m'r gonga sin.

'S ding'd em kayose fer da morya rum lawfa mit mit ous ma ruck un hemmer grawwa uf, un danovet — paar hunnert mile weck, leit sehna rum lawfa mit iwwerreck. Dis leit fon Florida hoerra shwetza fon da widdering owwa drous, dade m'r denka allas dade in shnae un ice shtecka os die leit yusht so tzu note tzu da garret fenshterra nous 'sehna kenta. Un so keel os es drous is, kon ich eich sawga os hitz in unserra motel shtub gute fiel'd — 'n aryie shaenie shtub, on $6 die nocht. So wie m'r fershtaine, sin ol die shtubba woh m'r so weit kotta hen, nocha mol so hoch — un haicher, noch 'm 15d Detzember.

Geshter worra m'r ferhudd'ld in da beltz kop — alla mohl woh m'r Jacksonville nanna, hen m'r St. Petersburg gamaint. Wos 'n mensch net dut in da shwochhate — 's wor hoch tzeit fer uf die hame pawd gae.



S. ROESEN, "The Williamsport Painter"

by Maurice A. Mook

NO ONE knows when or where he was born, why he came to America, how long he lived in Pennsylvania, what his first name was, or when or where he died. That he was of German descent, that he was a prolific "delineator of still-life in oils," and that he painted numerous fruit and flower pieces in central Pennsylvania from c. 1860 to c. 1870, can be firmly established. He has only recently been discovered as a figure to be recognized in the history of still-life painting in the United States.

One Severin Roesen, a Cologne porcelain painter, is listed as having exhibited a flower painting in an art exhibition in that city in 1847. This one-show local artist then disappears from the European art world. He continues to be listed, however, in European art dictionaries and lexicons as a mid-19th century Cologne porcelain and enamel painter. Thus a French publication of 1924 identifies him as "Peintre sur porcelaine et sur email, specialiste de la fleure, Cologne, vers 1847," and the monumental Thieme-Becker **Lexikon** briefly reports Severin Roesen as a "Porzellan-und Schmelzmaler in Koeln, 1847. Blumenmalereien" (vol. 28, 1934, p. 499). No European art publication mentions the residence or work of this artist in America.

Roesen apparently came to the United States soon after the Cologne exhibition. A Williamsport newspaper article of 1895, based upon stories gathered from local residents who remembered the painter, states that he was "born in Germany early in the century and there received instruction in drawing and painting. He came to this country with his wife and family and lived for some time in New York City . . . His wife and family . . . about 1850 . . . went back to Germany, and Roesen, after wandering from place to place, finally landed in Muncy. . . Thinking that Williamsport would prove a better market for his work, he came here about 1858" (**Williamsport Sun and Banner,** June 27, 1895). Just a few months ago a still-life of flowers signed "S. Roesen, 1849" was reported in a privately owned collection of paintings in New York City. (**Antiques,** April, 1955, p. 325). This is apparently the approximate date of the artist's arrival in the United States.

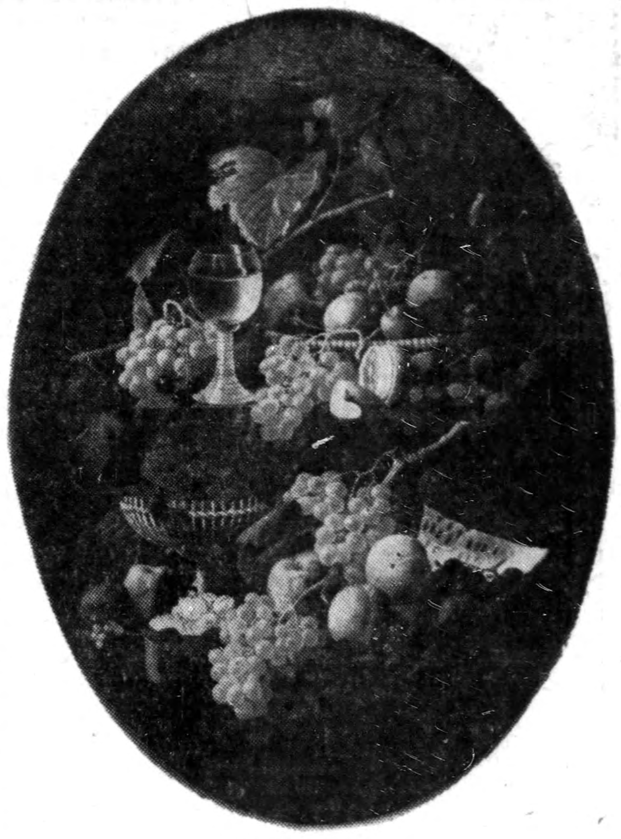
He then disappears from sight until he reappears in Williamsport "about 1858." Present Lycoming County residents, basing their knowledge on tradition orally transmitted through succeeding generations in their own families, report that he was actively engaged in painting in Williamsport during the decade 1860-1870. Although over 100 of his paintings have been identified, only four of these are dated — the recently reported New York City flower piece of 1849, and three paintings in Williamsport which are dated 1863, 1865, and 1870. His whereabouts from 1849 to c. 1860 is unknown. The fact that a few of his paintings are now found in Philadelphia, Lancaster and Harrisburg, may indicate his residences during this period. He may have gone from New York City to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Harrisburg via Lancaster, and from Harrisburg up the Susquehanna River valley to Lycoming County. He seems to have left Williamsport in 1870 or 1871, and he is said to have died in an almshouse in Philadelphia in 1871.

A catalogue of 84 of his paintings compiled by Richard B. Stone, was published in 1951 (**Lycoming Historical Society, Paper No. 9**). Of these, 61 were found in Williamsport and Lycoming County, 8 were located elsewhere in central and southeastern Pennsylvania, and the remaining 15 were found in New York state, Maryland, Virginia, and Oregon. Some of the latter were dispersed by dealers, a few of whom have been active in "Roesens" lately, and others were taken out of the state by relatives of earlier Williamsport residents. Of the 84 paintings, 11 are unsigned, 39 are signed "Roesen," 29 are signed "S. Roesen," 3 are signed "S. R.," and one carries the (artist's?) signature "Rosen, Artist."

So little is known of Roesen that even his first name is in doubt. We can not be sure that it is Severin, for the identity of the Pennsylvania painter with the Cologne artist has not been established with certainty. That his first name began with S is evident from his numerous signatures. However, the above cited newspaper article of 1895 is entitled "**August** Roesen, Artist: An Interesting Williamsport Genius Recalled by His Works." The Williamsport City Directory for 1866-67 lists "**A.** Rosen, artist," residing at the U. S. Hotel, then located at 17-19 West Third Street. The same city's Directory for 1869-70 lists "S. Roessen, **pedler,** 55 W. Fourth" Street, and the Directory for 1871-72 lists "S. Rosen, Artist, 3 W. 3rd St." The inaccurate and variant spelling of surnames is not uncommon in city directories, and the occupation of "pedler" may merely mean that he peddled his paintings for his room and board, as local information suggests he did.

Although we can not be sure that the Williamsport painter is to be identified with the Cologne "blumenmaler" of 1847, there can be little doubt that Roesen was of German descent. His name is German, Williamsport tradition has him deriving from Germany, his best friends and patrons in Williamsport were members of German families, and it can also be claimed that his art shows evidence of German derivation. A recent history of **Still-Life Painting in America** (by Wolfgang Born, New York, 1947) states that "A German artist, Severin Roesen, appeared on the American scene some time after the middle of the (19th) century . . . (He) made his way from New York to Pennsylvania, evidently attracted by the presence of many of his countrymen there . . . (His) fruit and flower . . . paintings . . . definitely betray his European training. The tradition of the late Baroque flower painters shows through. . . (and his) tendency toward a 'calligraphic' style links Roesen with the romanticists of his homeland," i.e. Germany. Other critics have likewise commented upon his European stylistic connection.

In spite of the fact that only four lines of printed matter concerning Roesen are known to have appeared during his lifetime (the Cologne catalogue of 1850, and the three Williamsport City Directory entries), we are not entirely uninformed concerning his personality and his way of life. Apparently estranged and certainly separated from his family, if he had one, he was an itinerant painter who wandered from place to place among the German-speaking people of Pennsylvania. His longest recorded residence was the Williamsport decade, where from 1860 to 1870 he lived in rented rooms which served as both bedroom and studio. He took his irregular meals at small hotels and restaurants and frequently entertained his patrons and friends in the informal and to him comfortable disorder of his workshop-living room. Twenty-five years after his departure from Williamsport a local newspaper published an unsigned article, apparently written by an experienced reporter, who secured his facts from "a large number of our older inhabitants" who well-remembered this colorful character. He is described in this article as a "genial, well-read and generous companion," pipe-smoking and beer-drinking — "he was seldom without this beverage." His visitors, "many of our well-known citizens, would listen for hours to his stories and watch him paint. . .His name is still kept green by those who knew him and all speak of him with words of affection."



FRUIT PIECE

Courtesy, Lycoming Hotel
Williamsport, Pa.

The same source carries an interesting description of the artist's studio: "(He) occupied a large, long room in the third story of the building at the southwest corner of Market and Third Streets. The room is described as a typical Bohemian den in the middle of which stood a large stove, set in a square box with ashes which formed a large cuspidore. His bed was an old lounge, and pegs on the wall formed his wardrobe. There were about a hundred pictures, mostly half finished and covered with dust, standing about the room, and half a dozen easels holding canvases and a few modern chairs completed his furnishings. He took his meals, rather irregularly, at the old United States Hotel, now the First National Bank building," on West Third Street in Williamsport.

This 60 years old newspaper article, which is our nearest-contemporary account of the artist, also mentions his pictures and his manner of painting: "His paintings were chiefly flower and fruit subjects, and he excelled in the former. His truly wonderful grouping of flowers, their coloring and the admirable technique of the artist excites the admiration. Many of his canvases are large and all in this city are in an excellent state of preservation. He was wont to walk about the city streets and country lanes gazing at gardens of flowers of every description, and on his return he would quickly transfer them to canvas, not even making a sketch of them. He would in this manner build up a most effective combination of different flowers of different colors." The article then adds a perhaps apocryphal bit of folk imagination. "In one corner of the finished painting would always appear the faint outline of a beer glass, and when a customer objected to its presence he would say, 'Why, do you not like beer?' and then take it out!"

The remainder of our knowledge of Roesen must be derived from his paintings. As has been mentioned, they have only recently come within the purview of art critics and historians. Although early references refer only to his flower paintings, the catalogue of his now known canvases reveals that he painted many more fruit compositions than flower pieces. In the list of 84 paintings previously mentioned all but two are fruit and-or flower pieces. Of these 82, 39 are fruit paintings, 14 show flowers only, and 9 are canvases showing a combination of fruits and flowers. Grapes predominate and are painted most successfully in his fruit pieces. In his other pictures several kinds of flowers usually compose a large bouquet. Whether flowers or fruits, they are grouped closely together and occupy the very center of the canvas. Foregrounds are table corners or marble slabs, the edge of which often affords the surface for the artist's signature. Although Roesen was an indoor painter, his compositions are never related to the room in which they occur. Backgrounds are plain and in solid color, inviting enclosure by the large frames which were the custom of his time.

Though obviously intended as living-room and dining-room compositions, the big bouquets and piles of fruit would now seem more appropriate as shop-window show pieces. A recent critic has commented upon the quantitative emphasis of Roesen's paintings. His displays of fruits and flowers, this critic contends, are suggestive of the would-be successful salesmanship of the florist and grocer. His pictures "look as if they were show windows full of glamorous samples" and the artist, a man usually in reduced circumstances, "looked at the 'good earth's' tantalizing display through the glass pane of a show case."

The abundance displayed in the paintings may have appealed to the taste of contemporary Americans. The citizens of a prosperous lumbering town of now nearly a century ago liked bountiful bouquets and their fruits piled high. A prosperous community elicited an abundant art from a generous though impoverished artist. He painted objectively, realistically, materialistically, and with little imagination. In the history of American painting he must be considered a minor craftsman. He peddled his paintings to pay his rent and to meet his board and bar bills. Unprotestingly he painted a product which pleased his patrons. And equally unprotestingly, if local legend can be relied upon, he wandered away to die a pauper in a Pennsylvania poorhouse.

His "Fruit Piece," herewith reproduced, hangs in the lobby of the Lycoming Hotel in Williamsport. It is characteristic of Roesen's work in its meticulous attention to detail and in its translucent coloration of leaves and fruit. It was included in the Centennial Exhibition of Pennsylvania Painters, shown this fall on the campus of The Pennsylvania State University in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the University. This exhibition led to the present essay. Another article will soon appear in the Eck calling attention to other Pennsylvania Painters of German derivation shown in this exhibition. These artists represent an ethnic contribution to the art history of the state which is well worthy of recognition.

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 70h

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Editorials

Schools Feel the Pinch

With the sales tax dead in Pennsylvania for the past two months and with no corresponding revenue-producing measure enacted as yet in Harrisburg, the State is falling behind daily in the collecting of needed income. Daily the need for early action in the Legislature becomes more and more evident.

It is not only the State which is suffering thru lack of income and no immediate prospects of getting it, but just about every political subdivision is being inconvenienced because State appropriations that they have anticipated and have been budgeted are not arriving.

What is happening in Lehigh County must be happening in all but a very few places of the commonwealth. Our Lehigh districts alone anticipated and budgeted close to two million dollars which they expected the State would pay them. Allentown's expectations from the State alone amount to $670,000. Other districts have carried out programs for which subsidies are paid but have not received the money guaranteed them under the law.

The result is that School Districts all over the State are going to the banks to borrow money to tide them over until Pennsylvania can pay them what is due and owing to them. But this involves payment of interest upon loans which were not anticipated when budgets were made up. The expense of borrowing will be hurtful to many a district.

Fortunately, Allentown has been able to borrow from itself, or rather from funds that have not been working and are available in such an emergency. Our School District has not been seriously inconvenienced but there must be many districts whose members are wringing their hands over financial worries.

From all over the State there must be urgent calls for action necessary for the raising of funds and distribution to school districts and other municipalities.

Lower Draft Figures

Young men who are to be drafted for service in February will number only about 6,000. This is an index to the reduction of men in the armed forces for reasons of economy and because of some new concepts about military forces.

This will be the lowest monthly figure since the Korean War and there is favorable prospect that the draft during many months of 1956 will be close to that of February.

The maintaining of a huge standing army and of large military forces of all types always has been disliked by the American people. American thinking has disliked the idea of taking men out of productive life and away from their communities, their families and friends, and train them in military duties. American thrift has disliked the use of money for war or preparation for war when so many humanitarian projects could be constructed and maintained with the money spent on instruments of destruction.

But, much against American will, a state of preparedness must be continued. Much against American will unwilling men are drafted for military service. Americans would like to have an end to war and all the needs for fearing it and preparing adequately to fend it in the case of attack.

Under present condictions the best that can be hoped for is that the drain upon our resources of manpower and wealth will not be ruinous and that the drain may be reduced, compatible with national safety. This, it would appear, will be done thru decreased number of men in the armed services.

Need for Basic Research

While much is said about scientific research in the development of all sorts of new articles and improvement of old ones the term research almost invariably means the employment of knowledge long since gained. It does not include the search for new knowledge. In other words, there is study for the application of knowledge, not the discovery of hitherto hidden secrets.

It is one of the complaints of the scientists that basic research is being neglected; that the notebooks of the scientists in fields of original research years ago have been emptied of ideas and knowledge and that new notebooks are not being written because our scientists are not working along original lines except in very few instances.

The explanation of course is comparatively simple. Industry, which is hiring the scientists, is interested in swift and profitable results. To justify the costs of development research to stockholders and boards of directors results must be shown quickly in better products and higher profits.

A clarion call to industry and scientists not to overlook and neglect the important fact of original research has been sounded by Dr. Vannevar Bush in his final report to the Carnegie Institution in Washington.

Dr. Bush noted that the earth is being depleted of minerals and fuels; that population and people's demands are increasing at great rate and that ways must be found to feed the multiplying mouths and fill the other wants of man whose standards of living are steadily reaching a higher plane.

He has spoken out for wide return to the concept of fundamental science, the search for facts of nature without regard for their immediate application.

Not only have we been using up our forests and wasting our land, depleting our coal and oil supplies and removing minerals from the earth in prodigal fashion but we have been exhausting the funds of scientific knowledge. Immediate returns have been demanded. They cannot be expected and must not be demanded from those who pursue basic science simply in a search for knowledge hitherto unknown to and unguessed by man.

Public Opinion

The Morning Call welcomes opinions of its readers. Letters to the editor should be brief. They must be signed and include the writer's address. Signatures need not be published. The right to condense is reserved by the publishers.

Doe License System 'Unfair'

Dear Sir—

In order that hunters of this area may know the unfairness of the system for obtaining permits to hunt antlerless deer, I am asking you to publish this letter.

After discharge from the service at the end of World War II, I bought my grandfather's farm, consisting almost entirely of woodland and unsuitable for farming. This property is located in the Lower Poconos in Carbon County.

Three years ago, due to changing methods of farming, it became necessary for me to take a job in industry. Also for reasons of transportation expense, my family and I moved into the city and I rented the farm land on a share - cropping basis.

I was much displeased when I learned two years ago that I would not be permitted to hunt does upon my own property. Neither could I get a license because the allotment had been sold out.

This year I again applied for a special license or permit and did so immediately after I learned that they had become available. Again I was denied it and for the same reason: Sold out.

The law says I cannot hunt upon my own property because I no longer reside upon it.

I am quite unhappy about the entire situation and what I consider an injustice to a property owner. I feel this deeply because I love to hunt as a native of the Poconos is likely to feel.

My property has been in the ownership of my kin for generations. I have paid over a thousand dollars in taxes on it during the past ten years. To the best of my knowledge no one ever has been forbidden to hunt on it. Hundreds of deer, as well as much small game, have been taken on it by hunters from everywhere. We have always shared these hunting grounds unselfishly. Yet the state has issued doe permits to thousands of hunters, giving them the right to take does upon my property, but denies such right to me, its owner. I think it is unjust. And I also think it unjust for I have reason to believe that permits were issued as political favors after my application had been turned down.

LeRoy A. Smith
East Lawn,
Nazareth, Pa.

Better Than Godfrey





The Words of Schary

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

As much as Dore Schary, the movie man, I object to all forms of censorship but I reserve my inalienable right to stay at home, to avoid seeing pictures that I do not wish to see, and the right to tell all and sundry why I prefer my home to a movie-house on a particular occasion.

Schary's quarrel is with the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church who list as objectionable certain motion pictures. Of this, Dore Schary said:

"Certainly the Catholic bishops have a perfect right to criticize and to go on a crusade against what they believe to be morally objectionable. We can hope, however, that they will respect our rights to make movies as we see fit."

Of course, Dore Schary has "the right" to make whatever movies he sees fit to make, as long as they do not conflict with the laws of the states where they are shown. If he wishes to engage in that kind of business, it is his inalienable right. But I also have the right to keep my dollar in my pocket and not give it to Schary or anyone else if I disapprove of the picture, its theme, its producers, its actors, or any phase of it. Just as no one can prevent Schary from producing what he chooses to produce because this is a free country, so nobody can force me to permit my children to pay



my money to see what I do not believe is good for them.

In the current mammalian contest which characterizes this motion picture industry, cows, it would seem to me, would be more fitting actresses than humans. For what the producers seem to wish to exhibit are superior bovine characteristics. If it is necessary for a man to make money by such exhibitions, why not glorify the State Fair?

Too many of those who are always talking about their own civil rights forget that others also possess civil rights. Too often the civil rights shouters call up the law to restrain others from exercising their civil rights. Too often the entire subject is associated with dollar profits. And the motion picture and radio-television industries are unduly vulnerable because they earn so much of their profits from children — customers, teen-agers, as they now call themselves, but children, nonetheless, who are generally protected by a law against the impairment of morals of minors. Legally, each parent is a responsible and an accountable guardian for each child, and sex education need not come from the screen any more than out of the gutter.

Moral Obligation

Therefore, if Catholic bishops or Protestants or Jews or anybody thinks that a picture can do evil to the young, they are obligated by every moral consideration to say so and to keep children away from such a picture. The civil liberties are on this side as much as on the side of licentiousness for profits. And there is nothing that Schary or anyone can do about it, because the guidance of the parent, the teacher and the minister will prevail over bovine press agentry, particularly, if the price of admission is to come from the parent.

Schary also is reported by the New York Times, to have said:

"Catholic standards in regard to divorce are very rigid and I believe that accounts for the increase in B classified films."

Does Schary deny the right of any church to take a position on the moral subject of divorce which has caused such social dislocations in our era?

True, other faiths do not take as rigid an attitude. A function of any church is to determine its stand on moral issues. Islam and Buddhism, for instance, accept plural marriage, in some form, as moral; a Mohammedan may have four wives and a Buddhist may have as many as his finances permit; the Jews used to practice polygamy but the decision of the rabbis has been that the law of the land is to be followed. In the Catholic churches, and here I use the plural, for it has been so with the Angelican as with the Roman, divorce has been frowned upon as immoral and the rule has been adhered to.

Would Schary shift the responsibility for moral law from the church to the business office of a motion picture company?

(Copyright, 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 49:10

A few weeks ago we referred to Genesis 3:15 as the first Golden Text of the Bible, since it gave the promise that the 'seed of the woman' would bruise the head of the serpent, which in time happened at the place called 'Skull' (the meaning of the names, Calvary and Golgotha). This promise of a Savior and Redeemer was gradually narrowed down in the course of the centuries, for the next promise was given to Abraham, saying that all nations (the Gentiles) were to be blessed through him and 'his seed' (see the very important verse at Gal. 3:14). The promise then narrows down still further to the tribe of Judah, the second Golden Text of the Bible, Gen. 49:10, where we read that the sceptre was not to depart from Judah until Shiloh should come (read the whole verse). Now the Hebrew scholars and rabbis have from early times interpreted the word Shiloh as one of the many names of the Messiah, and it is not interesting to read in the early chapters of the Gospels, Matthew and Luke, that Judah was the one tribe in existence when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea!

Edgar A. Guest

TORTURE OF CHILDHOOD

Time was when I was very small
They stuck me up against a wall
And said, that clearer speech might come:
"Now from your mouth remove your thumb
And speak that piece for Aunty Jane
About the boat and counterpane!"
By that—although my years were eight—
All company I'd grown to hate.

I had an elder sister who
From visifors in terror flew.
When company arrived she tried
Her best to find a place to hide
Because she knew ere very long
She'd have to sing a little song.
She hated, as she told me then,
"Nice ladies and fine gentlemen."

Now when some youngster small I hear
Stammering about Paul Revere,
And up to him his mother comes
Out of his mouth to take his thumbs,
I wonder in my easy chair
As I behold him suffering there,
If he hates me as, way back then,
I hated all fine gentlemen.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A nun, hurrying back to the convent, dropped her bag in the slush at a busy crossing. The town good-for-nothing splashed across the street to rescue it for her.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll never let anybody say again that you're not an upstanding, honest fellow."

"At least, Sister," he grinned, "I'm honest to goodness."

Horoscope

Appreciable success is likely for you. Born today a child may be very strong-willed and independent.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ROTTA LODGE: Die welt is fol lodges fon alla orta — un now wohrhoft so wie m'r hoerra, gebts noch 'n "Rotta Lodge" on Ledder Eck Poshda. Der aintsich'd druvel is, sie wissa net wos fer 'n uhrsoch tzu gewwa fer die lodge howwa. Die rotta hen sie — un des so gore bei da hilly un filly im Franc Roth seim hinkel un si shtol, so wohl os wie aw in da shire.

Die socha sin da onner owet in der gong kumma wie 'm Franc sei shwover Ira Stump fon Alburtis, kumma wor fer 'm Franc un da Gertie ihra lavendicher shtock sehna. Der Franc hut 'n nous in die shire ganumma, un sie hen 'n lot mainer g'sehna os gatzailt wor so sie sehna dade. Sei lebdawg hut der Ira nix g'sehna wies g'shprunga is mit rotta. Er hut mohl grawd awfonga die hussa bae tzu wickla, un der ruckzipper tzu tziega — un der Franc hut yusht galoch. Wos noch mainer is, die rotta sheinda weara der Franc so gute bakont os er drei handrun g'fonga un dote g'shloga hut mit da hand, un die onnerra sin 'm linx un reehts unnich da fees rum g'shprunga os er noch 'n lot may dote draida het kenna mit seina nummer sivatzae'd'r, won er gawolt het.

Der Franc hut ow'r shun gabroviert fer die rotta lose werra — hut falla shtae, un sella owet aw aenie g'fonga. Der Ira is ow'r net shrue eb die rot fon selwar in die fol gadarig'ld is, odder be der Franc sie aw g'fonga hut, un hut sie nei garent. Aenicha waig sie wor fosht, un der Franc hut sellie aw dote g'shloga uns worra fierra wenicher.

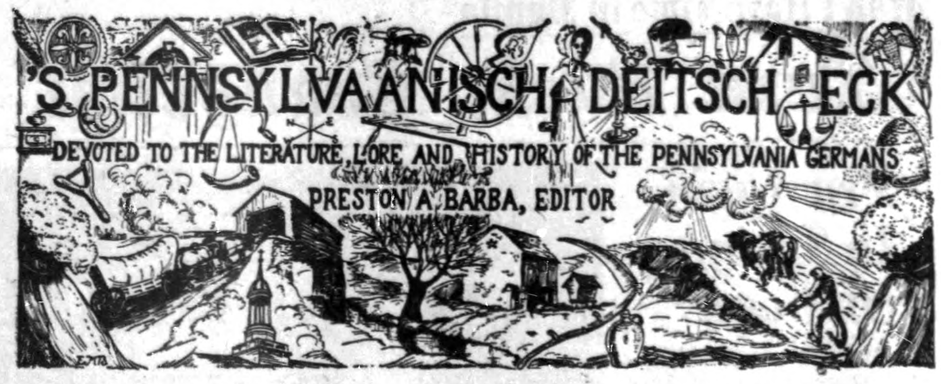
'M Franc sei Gertie hut shun weil gaglawk'd die hinkle wotta net laiga, un die kee gaibta so wenich milich. Now is sie uf ra maining die rotta, dada die oyer fressa, un die kee ous soufa — sel wear die uhrsoch os sie so kartz wear mit huckshter gelt. Die Gertie hut ols gutie bisnis kot oyer un milich un budder ferkaufa, ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg. Die tzeit wor, woh sie mohl ganunk gelt tzomma g'shport hut kot fer noch Florida gae — ow'r net des yohr.

Die aintsich'd uhrsoch os der Franc so weit sehna het kenna fer 'n rotta lodge shtarta, wear, fer hilf griega fer owest helfa rotta fonga. Won die breeder noh ow'r wears wie der Ira Stump wor — fershrucka os er bol fon sich kumma is, noh dade 'n lodge aw net fiel bodda. Wos noch mainer is, 'm Franc sei Gertie hut 'n maining, won aw 'n dudsend odder so 'n lodge in der gong graichda, wotta sie immer tzomma kumma driwwa in da barshtub om wertshous, uns dada anyhow ken rotta g'fonga werra.

Uf die fohrsarrick hee, won aenich ebber is os iwwerricha rotta folla hut, odder wase wie rotta lose tzu werra, sein so gute un lossa der Franc Roth fon Ledder Eck Poshda wissa — sei poshtoffis is, Orefield R. 1, Pa., USA. Won net bol ebbes gaduh wert shalifa die rotta der Franc fert, odder fressa 'n lavendich — un Ledder Eck Poshda wear sie lebdawg nimmy wos es is heit tzu dawg, won der Franc nimmy darta wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Uf darra ledshda trip noch Florida hen m'r ebbes gaduh os m'r dafor net gaduh hen — m'r worra yusht tzu tzwei, un hen die gons hinnershd sitz dahame galust, un ol der blotz kot os m'r gabriech'd hen fer socha lawda.



JOHN GRUBER AND HIS ALMANAC

By DIETER CUNZ

TALK to a man who grew up in Maryland, central Pennsylvania, upstate New York, or West Virginia and mention the city of Hagerstown, and he will probably say: "That's the place where the almanac comes from, isn't it?" Ask about John Gruber, and he will have an expression of embarrassed ignorance on his face: "I never heard of him. What did he do?" The famous **Hagerstown Almanack** has survived John Gruber by almost a century, but the memory of its founder has faded more and more. It was different a hundred years ago. In an obituary of John Gruber we read: "The Almanack has rendered the name of John Gruber a household word."

John Gruber came to Western Maryland in the wake of the first wave of German immigration that was channeled into the Middle Atlantic section during the 18th century. Unlike most other German immigrants, the Grubers were a family of some distinction, and they can be traced back to the time of the Reformation. The line of male descent of the Grubers, as far as their names and birth dates are known to us were:

1. Andreas Gruber, 1549
2. Ludovicus Gruber, 1574
3. Johannes Gruber, March 10, 1607
4. Philipp Hermann Gruber, at Marburg, April 6, 1635.
5. Eberhard Ludwig Gruber, at Stuttgart, June 12, 1666.

(A good deal of genealogical information was gathered from the 100th anniversary issue of the **Hagerstown Almanack**, 1897, and from an article by Cyrus H. Eshelman, "John Gruber and the Hagerstown Almanac," published in the ECK for December 3, 1938).

The son of the above last-mentioned, John Adam Gruber, the grandfather of the Hagerstown printer, was the immigrant ancestor. John Adam Gruber emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1726 and settled in Germantown. At the same time two other Grubers (Henry and Christian) entered the colony, yet there is no evidence that they were brothers or relatives of John Adam. John Adam Gruber (August 6, 1693-May 5, 1763) married Anne Elizabeth Stiefel. Their only son was John Eberhard Gruber who was born in Germantown, February 20, 1736. A physician and for some time Justice of the Peace, he spent the greater part of his life in Strasburg, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In his declining years he moved to his son's home in Hagerstown where he died on August 11, 1814. His marriage to Anna Christina Pein (1738-1824) was blessed with eight children. Their eldest son was John Gruber, the printer.

John Gruber was born in Strasburg, Pa., on October 31, 1768. At the age of 15 he started his apprenticeship in the shop of a well-known Philadelphia printer, Charles Cist. Since he was in feeble health during his youth he went to the West Indies and at the age of 21 (1789) was engaged as a compositor of a French newspaper in Santo Domingo. However, the benefits of the salubrious insular climate were more than offset by the terror of the notorious uprisings which shook the island during these years. Thus, within a year Gruber returned home and for some time lived in Reading, Pa., where in 1793-94 he was co-editor of a German newspaper, the **Neue Unpartheyische Readinger Zeitung und Anzeigs-Nachrichten.** Here he came into contact with General Daniel Hiester, who until 1796 lived in Berks County. General Hiester urged him to move to Hagerstown and establish there a German newspaper. In June, 1795, the German settlers of Western Maryland were presented with the first issue of **Die Westliche Correspondenz und Haegerstauner Wochenschrift**, a weekly which from then on was published regularly for at least thirty years. Politically speaking, John Gruber, like most other Germans, was in the Republican camp and he began immediately to beat the drum for Thomas Jefferson. General Samuel Ringgold, who was very active in Maryland politics at that time, prevailed on him to add an English companion to his German weekly, again for the main purpose of rallying votes behind the Jeffersonian banner. Thus, Gruber (as we know from indirect sources) started his **Sentinel of Liberty** which however soon turned out to be a failure and had to be discontinued because a competitor in Hagerstown was already publishing a similar paper for the Republican cause. Like most other newspaper publishers, Gruber operated a job printing business and in his print shop trained a good number of young printers. Their names may be found in the histories of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania — Ambrose Henkel, Jacob Dietrich, Adam Glossbrenner, and Laurentz Wartmann. In 1811 Gruber took his son-in-law, Daniel May (married to his daughter Rebecca) into his business; from 1814 to 1829 the company sailed under the flag of Gruber & May. Aside from the newspaper a considerable number of book publications came from the Gruber press. We have a list of 38 titles of German books which in Gruber's lifetime were published by the firm, between the years 1796 and 1831. Most of his German books have a religious flavor: the Heidelberg catechism, Luther's catechism, hymn books, minutes of a Lutheran conference in Virginia, of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, the constitution of the Theological Seminary of Gettysburg, a few sermons and addresses. There are a few collections of Christian stories and a primer for children. In 1799 he published a German version of the Constitution of the United States. We do not know how many English books and pamphlets he may have printed, but we may safely assume that he was as firmly established in English as in German printing. In fact, in the course of his life he had to shift more and more from German to English. The original German settlers of Western Maryland who had immigrated between 1730 and 1775 retained their German identity rather strongly for the first and second generations. Then, between 1820 and 1840, many indications point to the fact that their Americanization made rapid progress. The history of the Gruber publications bears this out. We have no German book publication from his print shop after 1831. Beginning in 1822 he added an English edition to his German almanac and around 1830 he must have discontinued publication of his German weekly **Die Westliche Correspondenz.**

John Gruber's fame rests not on his book publications nor on his weekly papers. His great reputation inside and outside of Maryland was established through his yearly alamanac which was first published in 1797 and has since appeared in an unbroken series down to the present day. It began as a German calendar called **Der neue nord - americanische Stadt - und Land-Calender auf das Jahr 1797;** in 1815 the name was changed to **Volksfreund und Haegerstauner Calender.** Under this title the German edition was published continuously until 1917. For the year 1822 Gruber published his almanac in a German and an English version, the English under the title **The Hagerstown Town and Country Almanack** which outlasted its older German brother and is still alive today. It is the second oldest almanac in the country still published -- second only to the **Old Farmer's Almanac** (Boston, 1792).

The principal item of the alamanac was the calendar table for the various months. To this were added some standing features such as a multiplication table from two times two up to 25 times 25; figures on the size, distance, revolutions, etc. of the earth, moon and sun; mileage from Hagerstown to all major cities roughly within the triangle Boston-Pittsburg-Charleston; court calendars from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia; astronomical data and weather forecasts.

All this was interspersed with brief articles which must have had a broad educational effect on a rural population that was not exposed yet to the modern avalanche of dailies, magazine, radio and television. These bits of prose gave to the **Hagerstown Almanack** its characteristic and unmistakable profile and they reflect undoubtedly also the character of its founder and editor. In his later years John Gruber liked to recall the fact that in his youth he attended the funeral of Benjamin Franklin, "the brother printer." Gruber's obituary, published in the 1850 edition, mentions that his almanac "bears a striking analogy . . . to that published by Doctor Franklin, . . . which embalmed so much of the proverbial wisdom of that distinguished patriot and philosopher." Indeed, anyone who reads these simple reflections, essays and exhortations of the **Hagerstown Almanack** will immediately be reminded of the sage of Philadelphia. John Gruber was for the German farmer of the Potomac region what Benjamin Franklin was for the country at large.

Gruber offered to his readers a simple, practical, homespun wisdom. "Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism can enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once grace and government to the genius." The maxims of the **Almanack** did by no means always grow in Gruber's own garden. Very often he lifted them from other publications without indicating their origin. For the above mentioned item on education we were able to establish the source: Joseph Addison's **Spectator** of November 6, 1711. — "Cooking is an art. It is a big job. It takes more loftiness of character to do it well than it does to conduct a government or convert the heathen — which is probably the reason so many women prefer to engage in the last two occupations." — "You know how a fine-looking horse or cow appears with one of its eyes missing? Well, that's just about the way a farmyard looks without a flowerbed." — On every page we find good and useful advice: "Never work the garden when the soil is wet." — "The manure pile is the farmer's bank." — "The hand is the best hoe for weeding onions." — "Keep the poultry house clean and neat, and your efforts will be amply rewarded by the egg basket and by kind words from your friends." In almost every issue there are headings such as "The Poultry Yard," "The Busy Bee," "Household Recipes," "For the Housewife," "Farm and Garden," "Making Farming Profitable," "What should be planted this month." Constantly recurring are also medical and veterinarian advice, exhortations to hygiene, cleanliness, frequent changes of clothing, sleeping without bed curtains, plenty of fresh air, etc. He tries to explain to his readers some basic facts of biology and natural science: "The Inward Parts of the Human Body," followed soon by the "External Parts of the Human Body." There are a few sketches on botany, zoology and geography. These geographical excursions were often coordinated with current political events; thus in 1847 and 1851 we find articles on "The Oregon Territory," in 1848 on "Mexico," and in 1847 on "California." We know it will cause grief to modern Californians if we tell them that Gruber at the first mentioning of the word California decided to add a helpful (though erroneous) footnote: "California, a Peninsula of North America, in the Pacific Ocean, separated from the west coast of North America by the Vermilion sea, or the gulf of California."

One of Gruber's pet ideas seems to have been the promotion of wine-making. He advocated raising of grapes not only because it would add a new color to the agricultural palette of his region but also because he hoped that an innocuous drink like wine would replace the harmful whisky. Editorials against drunkenness occurring again and again are symptomatic of Gruber's temperate attitude, yet they also indicate that alcoholic leanings were not completely unknown among the sturdy and God-fearing German farmers of Western Maryland. One of the earliest issues, the almanac of 1807, carried an "Ermahnung zum Weinbau" in which he advocated growth of the "herrliche Wein, welcher die Menschen gesund, stark, froehlich und fleissig haelt; dahingegen der stinkige Whisky den Koerper und die Seele schwaecht." (the magnificent wine which keeps men healthy, strong, happy and industrious, whereas the stinking whisky weakens body and soul). He explained that the best European wine countries were situated between the 35th and 50th degrees, which seemed to him a good reason to expect a drinkable wine from the hills along the Potomac and the Shenandoah. After 1822 he extolled the blessings of wine-growing in both languages: "By cultivating the vine you will promote your own interest, promote temperance, and banish the whisky still and brandy bottle, for who would drink either, if a good, wholesome and cheap wine was to be had. . .Cultivate the grape and promote temperance — or distill whisky and make drunkards (1839).

These tirades against heavy drinking show that Gruber was concerned not only with the beehive, poultry yard and manure pile of his farmers but also with their morals and manners. A few headlines of his editorials may illustrate this: "Honoring Parents," "Suggestions to the Young," "Chapter on Quarreling," "Pay your Debts," and many other pieces in this vein. A little essay, "The Wife," praises the blessings of a "prudent and industrious wife," a timeless bit of prose, today as good as it was in June, 1848. A little sermon of 1854 classifies people into three ascending groups of moral value: "Live—Let Live—Help," and gives the palm to the last category as the "truly benevolent men." Gruber had very strong religious convictions, but he wanted to see practical results of religion. "Religion that does not make a man honest, is good for nothing." The wonders of nature showed to him more vividly than anything else the power of the Lord. The little article on the functionings of the human body closed with an admonition to be thankful to the Almighty. Gruber was in complete harmony with God, with nature, with the world at large and with his immediate surroundings. "Everything in nature tends to the good of mankind . . . Thousands of objects unite to nourish, clothe and furnish thee with innumerable comforts and conveniences . . . Thou canst not be too grateful to thy Creator for the manifold benefits allotted to thee." (1846).

To Be Concluded

DIE ALTE ZEITE

Herrjeh! was war d'r Schnee so dief,
In selle alte Zeite,
Un owe druf 'n harte Kruscht—
Jah, hart genunk, so das m'r juscht
Hot kenne driwer reite;
Mit Schlitte hot m'r kenne jage,
Uiwer Feld un Fens un Schtake.

Es hot als g'schneed, un g'schneed, un g'schneed,
Bis Weg un Lane war zu;
Nord hot mei Schtimm als nimme g'schallt,
Fon Haus un Scheuer un Keschte-wald;
Was hen m'r nord gedhu?
Mit Schaufle hen m'rs ufgemacht,
Un noch'n schuck d'zu gelacht.

Wie kummt's das ken so Schnee meh gebt,
Wie in de alte Zeite?
Was sin die Maed so din un weis,
So schtief un kalt wie Schnee un Eis,
Sie friere sich in Seite;
Wu sin die dicke fette Maed,
Mit warme Herz in Wolle Kleed?

From H. L. Fischer's 'S ALT MARIKHAUS MITTES IN D'R SCHTADT UN DIE ALTE ZEITE. York, Pa. 1879.

The poet writes in nostalgic vein about the deep snows of the yesteryears. Why does each succeeding generation believe that the preceding generations saw more snow in winter? —Ed.

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BRANCH OFFICES
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone UN 7-9711
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Editorials

Victory for Free Press

One of the most outrageous acts in the short but harmful career of Juan Peron as dictator of Argentina was the suppression of the newspapers of the country, the seizure of their plants and the exiling of their spirited editors.

The reprehensible act against freedom of the press attracted especial attention thruout the world inasmuch as La Prensa of Buenos Aires and its highly cultured and intelligent editor, Dr. Paz had become known thruout world newspaperdom. Lesser known were other papers. Their fate did not receive as much attention and sympathy and arouse the indignation that seizure of La Prensa brought about.

It is promising for the new government of Argentina that the government, as one of its first steps, restored La Prensa to its owners and recalled its exiled editor from New York.

In somewhat similar pattern, the lesser known El Intransigente, published in Salta, in northern Argentina, has been returned to the owners and its outstanding editor David M. Torino again is back at the helm of his family's great, free newspaper.

So much did newspaperdom think of this aged man that in 1953 the Inter-American Press Association declared him a "hero in the cause of press freedom" and struck a gold medal in his memory. It was well. Torino had battled Peron from the outset of his tyranny, had seen his newspaper plant shut down and had been thrown into prison vile from which he was released after three years and only after his health had been so broken that death was thought near at hand.

Thus today, two Argentinians — Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz of La Prensa and David Michel Torino of El Intransigente — stand out as the examplars of what a free press should be and what it can accomplish in the eternal fight that man must make to retain his precious liberties.

Oil for Emergencies

Decision by one of the big oil companies to purchase four more slate quarries in the Bangor-Wind Gap area and develop them as storage areas for petroleum products indicates satisfaction with the earliest experiments along this line.

A year ago a quarry at Wind Gap was developed and in the course of that development a lot of things must have been learned about the practicality of such open-air storage. Theories were put to the test and found to work out satisfactorily.

Now the storage facilities of Esso will be vastly increased if and when the four recently purchased quarries are filled up by products piped to the slate region from Rahway, N. J.

The advantages of huge storage facilities are realized not only in time of war but also in peace. Demand for petroleum products can change by the day. Interruption to refining facilities may make it desirable to draw upon reserves. Especially in this latitude is it desirable to build up supplies of fuel oil during the warmer seasons of the year in preparation for the huge demand during cold weather. And of course there is always the specter of war that hovers over the business of the nation. In the event of such an emergency, it would be expected that severe blows would be struck by an enemy at our ocean-borne commerce. Especially sought out by enemy submarines would be the huge tankers that bring oil from Venezuela and Gulf ports of Texas, together with Arabian oil, to the refineries on our Atlantic Coast.

There cannot be too much preparation for the contingencies of war. The protection of oil supplies is one of the vital national necessities.

Fair's Loss Public's Gain

A great deal was made of the loss of $3000 to the Allentown Fair by reason of the ban upon Bingo, or Skilo, or whatever camouflage title the operators of the game choose to adopt for a gambling venture, pure and simple.

The Fair had expected to receive $10,000 from the operators of the World of Mirth Shows and the Bingo games. Because Bingo was banned the rental paid was only for the other exhibitions and that amounted to $7,000.

True it was that the Fair could have made good use of that $3,000. But vast numbers of people could and probably did make good use of the many times $3000 which they saved, or could have saved by reason of the game's absence. Of course if they spent their money on other games of chance — and it was said that there was not a clean, unmanipulated game on the grounds during Fair Week — then there was no saving. Perhaps they lost even more heavily on the "rigged" wheels than they would have had they been seated at the narrow counters with boards and kernels of corn.

The $3000 which the Fair would have received would have been but a small fraction of the amount of money earned at the Bingo tables for their operators. That $3000, let us make no mistake, would have come right out of the public's pocketbooks.

Sears as Propaganda

A good deal of propaganda for the West and unfavorable to the East has found its way to the iron curtain countries upon the wings of the wind, being carried by balloons on the prevailing air currents.

New ideas as to what to send by balloons come to mind from time to time and now comes another from business men who have had occasion to learn the intense interest of Europeans in the great variety and vast plenty of consumers goods in the U.S.

Travellers in Europe generally note that the Europeans find it hard to believe the income of American workers is so much greater than their own for similar effort. In a recent travel story in this paper, Spanish workmen asked and were told the wages of certain types of labor in the United States. They were delighted to think that if only they could get to America they would be earning fabulous wages. Then the traveller discovered that the figures he had given for one week's wages had been understood by the Spaniards to be pay for a month. They just could not believe it and left their informant in no doubt that they believed him to be a braggart.

The American businessmen, who have just returned from Europe, recall their experience with Europeans who liked nothing quite so much as to pore over the mail-order catalogues issued by our great American companies like Sears, Montgomery Ward and many others.

It might be well to dispatch great numbers of balloons carrying such catalogues to people behind the iron curtain. The pictures would tell the important story to all. Generally translators could be found to interpret the prices of these articles in terms of local currencies. Comparisons unfavorable to local goods and their price inevitably would be developed. It would serve to tell a lot of people that conditions in their own country are not nearly so fine as the Communists would have them believe and that conditions in the United States are far, far from being as bad as they continuously tell their people.

To See and Feel in December

By HAYDN S. PEARSON

If a popularity poll of months were taken, it might well be that December would be at the bottom of the list. There are many who dread year's last segment; the few hours of daylight and the quick-falling dusks may have a depressing effect on those who are not in tune with the basic time rhythms of the turning year. But to him who feels the moods of each major cycle and who accepts the rhythms that have been coming and going in nature's plan for millions of years, December is not a time of sadness. It brings a sense of tranquility, a feeling of completeness, a realization that all life is governed by never-ceasing, never-failing cycles.

There are days when pelting rain and cold sleet lash gray-brown fields; there are times when swirling snow showers powder the landscape. There are dawns that flame in scarlet hues and occasional sunsets when bare trees on the ridges are poignantly silhouetted against a red sky. There are nights when the sky is sequined with the distant street lights of outer astral space and spectacular northern lights flame high toward he zenth.

Now a feeling of quiet, brooding expectancy hovers over fields and woodlands. Earth is waiting—waiting patiently for the Northland King to come with his cloud legions and drop the white blanket that means safe protection for billions of roots and seeds. Sounds of December only accentuate the quietness; a fox barks from the upland ridge at dusk and an owl hoots mournfully from the woodland. When a man comes in from evening chores with lantern and milk pail on his arm, he stands a few minutes in the farmyard and feels the spirit of December. The cold edge of the wind is sharp-honed; the lights in the village at the head of the valley twinkle to the stars above, and the notes of the village clock float by. But even as the bell tolls of time passing into eternity, the heart knows that all is going according to a Master Plan.

Shopping For Ike's Present



Hoping for a Decline

By SYLVIA PORTER

"Of course, I don't expect anybody connected with the automobile industry to like it — so don't quote me! — but the rest of us would be highly relieved if auto sales on their own would go down 10 to 20 per cent next year. . .

"That drop by itself would solve a lot of problems."

With this seemingly heartless comment, one of Washington's top economic policy - makers would up our conversation on the near-term economic outlook the other day.

Being a friend of the official, I certainly will not volunteer his identity.

Because, if he gets his wish in 1956, not only the auto tycoons and the workers directly employed in the car plants will feel the chilly economic draft; hundreds of thousands of others in industries and trades dependent on Detroit's activities will feel it too. The whole pace of the economy will slacken. And his scarcely would then be a popular name in lots of cities and towns throughout the land.

Nevertheless, a slackening in the pace of the economy is just what this official hopes will occur.

And here's why:

We're bumping against the ceiling — straining at our capacity to produce in some of the most vital areas of our economy today.

Right now, our land is turning out goods and services at a rate which is galloping toward 400 billion dollars. Right now, the demand for steel, cement, copper, a growing number of other fundamental materials is reported so acute that both the sellers and the buyers are howling "murder." Right now, important price hikes are being announced or prepared on a broadening list of basic raw materials.

It is against this background of strategic shortages and price rises that authoritative sources are forecasting industry plans to boost its 1956 spending on new plants and equipment a full 13 per cent above this year's level.

Where will all the stuff essential to build these plants and



this equipment come from? "Dollars" can't put up factories or turn out tools! Only materials and men can.

It is against this background that government authorities are predicting military spending next year will total around 35 billion dollars. And they are insisting that Russia's latest cold war tactics make it imperative that we do not risk any weakening in our preparedness.

Where will all the stuff essential to build the planes and missiles come from? "Dollars" won't create them. Materials and men must.

It is against this background that government housing officilas are making moves to loosen the screws on home building to encourage building of at least 1,200,000 houses next year — in addition to record totals of construction in such other fields as schools, highways.

Where will all the stuff essential to build the houses and schools and roads come from? Just easier credit won't do the job. Materials and men must do it.

"Something has to give to relieve the developing squeeze," said the official and then he nominated his candidate — the auto industry.

Three Alternatives

For unless there is a cutback somewhere — and if not in autos, then somewhere else — Washington officials fear the administration faces three deeply distasteful alternatives:

(1) Reimposing controls (priorities and allocations) over scarce materials to be sure the materials go where they are most needed—a move the GOP would really detest;

(2) Fighting inflation with even stronger controls over credit — controls which would pinch a lot of innocent Americans;

(3) Opposing tax cuts as dangerously inflationary under the circumstances—a position which would antagonize a lot of precious voters.

I can guess how the auto men will react to this report. But you can see why my informant has selected a decline in the automobile industry as the least distasteful of the alternatives.

(Copyright 1955)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

John 12:49-50

We cite two other passages in which Jesus insists that He came into the world 'on His Father's business,' and therefore, whatever He did and said was according to His Father's orders. In John 12:49-50 He says: 'For I have not spoken of Myself; but the Father, Who sent Me, He gave me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak. And I know that His commandment is life everlasting. Whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto Me, so I speak.' And in John 14:10 He says: 'Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in Me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself, but the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works.' There is, of course, a great mystery in all this — the relation of the three Persons of the Trinity in the unity of the Godhead. We read in Mark 1:35 'And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. In Luke 6:12 we read that He continued all night in prayer to God. Could these and other similar passages mean that His Father thus 'briefed' Him, His Son, at night for each day's work?

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A famous reverend in New Zealand was Norman MacLeod who led a pioneering group of 600 Scotsmen to the new land a hundred years ago. He was 70 himself at the time, but possessed of all his vigor and strength. No man for frivolity, he threw any bagpipes on board into the sea the moment he found them. A few were smuggled in despite him.

At the age of 88, Reverend MacLeod caught an unfortunate member of his congregation napping during his sermon. "If ye cannot hear the worrds of the Lorrd," roared, "then ye shall feel them," and he threw the Bible unerringly at the sinner's head.

James Michener has just received a valuable suggestion from an enthusiast who came upon "Tales of the South Pacific" in northern-most Canada. "Your characters," he wrote Michener, "are extraordinarily vivid. Have you ever thought of putting them into a play?"

Horoscope

Business should prosper and make good progress in the months ahead. Be alert, however. Today's child will probably be ambitious.

Edgar A. Guest

EXPONENTS

I have no quarrel with the man
Howe'er from his my thoughts may vary,
If he lives out as best he can
And shapes his actions to the plan
That stamps him stubborn and contrary.

Give me an honest foeman here
Who squares his life to what he teaches.
From him I have much less to fear
Than from the fellow insincere
Who does the thing 'gainst which he preaches.

Man's flattery honor never needs
To prove its worth its works are ample.
Truth is defended by its deeds;
The best exponents of our creeds
Are men who set a high example.

(Copyright, 1955)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HARD GAROASH'D UN NET FERBENT: Won moh! ebber wissa wil wie huls tzu darra so os es besser brent im offa, brouchs yusht shwetza mit da Stella Musselman fon Crackersport — die Stella so wie Fegelcher gapifa hen, hut doh kartzlich 'n aryie erfohring kot.

Summers is sie shwear in da blumma bisnis — rais'd gladiolus bei da hilly un filly. Sellie ort blumma hen 'n tzwivel woh ken kelt gleicha, un missa alla shpote yohr rous gagrawwa, un weck gapock'd sei woh die ken kelta nase griega. Fiel leit halta ihra gladiolus tzwivla im kaller, ow'r net die Stella. Der kaller secht sie wear tzu feicht, un die tzwivla dada garn groatsa, un halt ihrie drous imma alta lara hinkle hous — aenicha waig so hen die Fegelcher gapifa.

Hinkle heiser sin net tzu warm, un noh fer die recht hitz halta so os die tzwivla die nase net ferfriehrra wons kalt wert wies doh shun weil wor, hut sie 'n huls uffa im gabei, un woh sie immer fire drin hut. Dawgs is es ol recht, doh kon sies fire ol recht om gae halta, der hoolus. is nochts won sie garn shlofa dade. Da barichda noh, shtaid sie net yusht alla shtun in da nocht uf un gait nous ins hinkle hous fer huls ufs fire duh, ow'r halt aw immer dale huls im bock offa fom kicha offa fers shae ous drickla, so os ra 's fire fershura net ous gait im hinkle hous. Gawainlich alla mohl os sie nous gait nembt sie 'n ohr'm fol gadrick'ld huls mit nous, un widder 'n ohr'm fol gadrick'ld huls mit nous, un widder 'n ohr'm fol noss huls mit nei uf 'm tzurick waig.

Wel aenicha waig, so wie m'r fershtaina, sol die Stella sich doh net long tzurick nochts fershlofa howwa — hut so gore gadrahmt 's fire wear ous gonga, un die tzwivla weara ol tzu dreck ferfrohrra. Un shure ganunk wie sie wocker werra is hut sie tzwae gonsa shtunna g'shlofa kot, un is ob nous noch 'm hinkle hous so shtarrick os sie gae hut kenna. In da angshda ihra tzwivla hetta kalt grick'd, hut sie fergessa der gawainlich ohr'm fol huls mit nous nemma ous 'm kicha offa, un hut aw net draw gadenk'd fer onner huls mit nei nemma. Wos noch mainer is 's fire wor aw ous un hut frishes awmocha missa eb sie tzurick ins bed is.

Moryets wie sie uf g'shtonna is, hut sie der kicha offa uf gatzoga wie gawainlich, un glei hut die gons kich garocha noch huls. 'S airsht hut sie net denka kenna woh der garuch bei kaimt, ow'r huts glei ous g'funna wie sie die bock offa dier uf gamocht hut. Darta wor der gons bockoffa g'shtopta fol huls, keshda brau garoash'd, un yusht bout ready fer in flom gae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Dewey Lentz fon Newhards klaimt, er wear so nagshd om Nord Pole gawest fer harsh yawga os er der Belsnickle sehna het sei harsha fuhr shtrigla—hets hartz net kot noch sel'm 'n harsh sheesa weil er bong wor 's maich'd ainer fom Belsnickle seina darrich gonga sei.

Hoping for a Decline

By SYLVIA PORTER

"Of course, I don't expect anybody connected with the automobile industry to like it — so don't quote me! — but the rest of us would be highly relieved if auto sales on their own would go down 10 to 20 per cent next year. . .

"That drop by itself would solve a lot of problems."

With this seemingly heartless comment, one of Washington's top economic policy - makers would up our conversation on the near-term economic outlook the other day.

Being a friend of the official, I certainly will not volunteer his identity.

Because, if he gets his wish in 1956, not only the auto tycoons and the workers directly employed in the car plants will feel the chilly economic draft; hundreds of thousands of others in industries and trades dependent on Detroit's activities will feel it too. The whole pace of the economy will slacken. And his scarcely would then be a popular name in lots of cities and towns throughout the land.

Nevertheless, a slackening in the pace of the economy is just what this official hopes will occur.

And here's why:

We're bumping against the ceiling — straining at our capacity to produce in some of the most vital areas of our economy today.

Right now, our land is turning out goods and services at a rate which is galloping toward 400 billion dollars. Right now, the demand for steel, cement, copper, a growing number of other fundamental materials is reported so acute that both the sellers and the buyers are howling "murder." Right now, important price hikes are being announced or prepared on a broadening list of basic raw materials.

It is against this background of strategic shortages and price rises that authoritative sources are forecasting industry plans to boost its 1956 spending on new plants and equipment a full 13 per cent above this year's level.

Where will all the stuff essential to build these plants and

this equipment come from? "Dollars" can't put up factories or turn out tools! Only materials and men can.

It is against this background that government authorities are predicting military spending next year will total around 35 billion dollars. And they are insisting that Russia's latest cold war tactics make it imperative that we do not risk any weakening in our preparedness.

Where will all the stuff essential to build the planes and missiles come from? "Dollars" won't create them. Materials and men must.

It is against this background that government housing officilas are making moves to loosen the screws on home building to encourage building of at least 1,200,000 houses next year — in addition to record totals of construction in such other fields as schools, highways.

Where will all the stuff essential to build the houses and schools and roads come from? Just easier credit won't do the job. Materials and men must do it.

"Something has to give to relieve the developing squeeze," said the official and then he nominated his candidate — the auto industry.

Three Alternatives

For unless there is a cutback somewhere — and if not in autos, then somewhere else — Washington officials fear the administration faces three deeply distasteful alternatives:

(1) Reimposing controls (priorities and allocations) over scarce materials to be sure the materials go where they are most needed—a move the GOP would really detest;

(2) Fighting inflation with even stronger controls over credit — controls which would pinch a lot of innocent Americans;

(3) Opposing tax cuts as dangerously inflationary under the circumstances—a position which would antagonize a lot of precious voters.

I can guess how the auto men will react to this report. But you can see why my informant has selected a decline in the automobile industry as the least distasteful of the alternatives.

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Edgar A. Guest

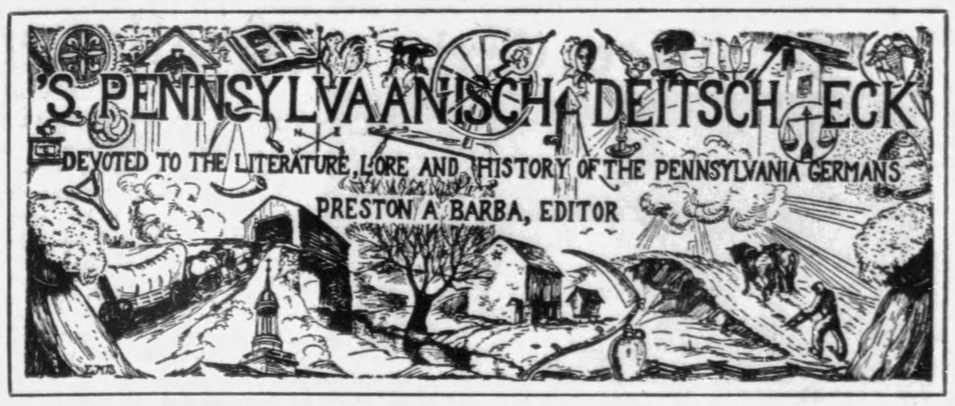
EXPONENTS

I have no quarrel with the man
Howe'er from his my thoughts may vary,
If he lives out as best he can
And shapes his actions to the plan
That stamps him stubborn and contrary.

Give me an honest foeman here
Who squares his life to what he teaches.
From him I have much less to fear
Than from the fellow insincere
Who does the thing 'gainst which he preaches.

Man's flattery honor never needs
To prove its worth its works are ample.
Truth is defended by its deeds;
The best exponents of our creeds
Are men who set a high example.

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JOHN GRUBER AND HIS ALMANAC

By DIETER CUNZ

Conclusion

The **Hagerstown Almanack** reflecting so clearly the mentality of its founder and editor is interesting not only for what it contains but also for what is missing in its columns. Conspicuous is the complete lack of interest in Germany. After 1850 the German Americans, even in the second and third generation, were deeply aroused by political events in the German Reich. John Gruber's almanac does not reveal a trace of sentimental attachment to the country from which his grandfather had emigrated. Once the calendar published a little article on a German village in Ohio, Zoar, founded by German sectarians. Germany itself never appeared in the columns of the alamanac. There was nothing like divided or double loyalty in Gruber's heart. At almost regular intervals the almanac contained patriotic anecdotes from the American Revolution, about George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. In the calendar of 1826, after having spoken of the development and progress of the United States, Gruber concluded:

"If one calmly meditates on the greatness, wealth and strength our country has reached within the short time of some forty years and reflects what freedom we enjoy in civic affairs and matters of the conscience, in contrast to all other nations on the face of the globe, and how undisturbed everyone, like members of a large family, can attend to his religious duties according to his own choice under the protection of a government chosen by the people, one cannot help being amazed and must cry from the depth of a deeply touched and grateful heart: Truly, that is the work of the Lord."

An editorial "The Debt of England" (1838) is symptomatic of his political sentiment: "It should cause the bosom of every American to swell with pride at the contrast between England and the United States. While the former is burdened with an enormous debt, the latter has a surplus revenue of $40,000,000 in the public treasury." Other editorials repeatedly praised the blessings of the American democratic system. In domestic politics he was (as the obituary said) "a disciple of the Jefferson school of republicanism."

The literary quality of the stories and narratives in the columns of the almanac is rather low. Most of them have a strong moralizing and religious tendency. Modern slang would probably label them as "sob-stories." To say that there were no great names of German or English literature in the fiction section of the calendar, would be beside the point, for there were no names at all. Gruber had no qualms about putting into his almanac whatever he pleased without giving credit to the author. Only once we discovered a piece well known in German literature: "Der Wilde" by J. G. Seume (1763-1810). (The poet wanted to contrast in this poem the degeneracy of the civilized with the nobility of the savage American Indian).

The one feature which more than anything else accounts for the fame of the almanac was its weather forecasts. Through a century and a half the rural subscribers of the almanac have stubbornly insisted on the assertion that the weather forecasts were dependable and correct, although a simple checkup on its predictions should make the most loyal follower doubtful. The weather calculations of the almanac must be compiled as much as eighteen months ahead of time. Meteorologists have for a long time questioned the scientific soundness of such weather forecasts. More than fifty years ago, Oliver L. Fassig had the following to say on the problem:

"The weather conjectures of the Hagerstown Almanack are apparently based upon a supposed influence of the moon. That the moon has a direct influence in bringing about weather changes is so firmly implanted in the popular mind, and to a large extent also in the scientific mind, that it will probably never be completely eradicated. How this influence is brought about has never been stated to the satisfaction of the man of science."

Since we were curious to find out how present day meteorology looked upon the subject we communicated with the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Commerce. We quote from the reply which we received:

"In regard to the influence of the moon, no significant effect on the weather has been demonstrated. As evidence of this fact, the vast majority of countries in the world now have a national weather service and none of them takes the moon into consideration on making predictions . . . In 1797 . . . there were very few weather records in the United States. In fact, no systematic records were begun at a network of observing posts in this country until 1819. Until these records began to accumulate, the principal source of information on climate and the reasonal changes in the weather was one or more of the almanacs published at this time . . . No national meteorological service in the world today attempts to predict in any detail the weather day by day for more than two or three days ahead. The Weather Bureau makes predictions . . . for periods of five days ahead but even in these predictions the day-by-day details are seldom indicated beyond the third day . . . The general character of the weather as an average (not in day-by-day detail) is given in an outlook for 30 days ahead but not for a year in advance."

Should we add to this that the forecasts were often formulated in a flexible way which would not preclude claiming credit, no matter what the weather would be? Quite often the prediction said, "Variable," "Changeable," "Moderate," "Unsettled," which left many possibilities open. The most spectacular story about the accuracy of the almanac's weather predictions is based on inaccurate premises, namely the somewhat startling forecast of snow for the Fourth of July. However, we do not want to quibble about minor details. The authority of the **Almanack** has not been shaken by the scepticism of our days. "In Baltimore the court of highest appeal on weather issues is the **Hagerstown Almanack,**" said Francis Beirne recently with a twinkle in his eyes. Since repeated waves of rationalistic criticism could not shake the convictions of loyal followers in town and country we do not expect that the doubtful wrinkling of our foreheads will bring about a change. Not only the farmers swore by the Hagerstown weather predictions. William T. Hamilton, a native of Hagerstown who was Governor of Maryland from 1880 to 1884, supposedly consulted the almanac of his home town before settling the date of a public hanging, lest the popular event be marred by rain. Who still asks whether or not the rope some times did not get wet after all? The staunch belief in the Hagerstown weather predictions cannot be approached with analytical criticism. It belongs in the lofty realm of legend and faith, and to argue about it in Western Maryland is just as dangerous as to doubt the authenticity of the Barbara Fritchie story.

In 1836 the almanac added to its columns an artistic touch which it retained to the present time: the woodcuts. The pictures reflect the agricultural pursuits of the readers. The woodcut of the month shows the chores which the farmer has to perform in this particular season of the year: flailing grain in January; chopping wood in February; building fences in March; plowing in April; shearing sheep in May; cutting grass in June; mowing wheat in July; hauling out manure in August; sowing grain in September; making cider in October; husking corn in November; building a trough in December. A few of these pictures changed in the course of time (December in later editions shows a family gathered around the fire place), but most of them have survived a century and still show the slightly crude, naive and touching directness of the original cuts.

We may well assume that during Gruber's lifetime the greater part of the text for the almanac was written by the founder and publisher himself. However, he had a few helpers. For twelve years Dr. Christian Boerstler, a well-known German physician in Washington County, contributed to the calendar. Born in the Palatinate, Boerstler had emigrated to Maryland in 1784 and settled in Funkstown, a few miles south of Hagerstown—"a gentleman of liberal education and high standing in county and state," said the local historian. Boerstler's indefatigable efforts, his work as a physician and veterinarian has never been adequately described. His diaries, never translated into English, contain a great deal of material on the social conditions among the farmers in the Maryland back counties.

Around 1855 old age compelled Gruber to withdraw gradually from business, although he still had his hand in the preparation of the 1858 almanac which was published after his death. In his last years he appointed William Stewart of Indianapolis to take care of his business transactions in the Midwestern states, and Thomas R. Robertson in the Atlantic states. He died on December 29, 1857, and was buried in the old Zion Reformed cemetery in Hagerstown.

Obituaries should be taken with a grain of salt. Still, we do not hesitate to quote from the necrology which we found in the 1859 edition of the almanac. What was said there only confirms the impression gained from a perusal of the sixty volumes of the calendar which in every sense of the word bear Gruber's imprint. "Through a long life, far more than the ordinary allotment, Mr. Gruber was distinguished by most marked and uniform quietude and equanimity of temper. Industrious and attentive to his business and concerns, he was strictly careful never to meddle with the business or character of others. He was never known to speak ill of any human being. He had a heart and a hand for every one in affliction and distress, that came within the range of his charity; but so quiet and unostentatious were his deeds of benevolence that none but the relieved and his God knew them. Wealth and worldly show had no charms for him. . . No one ever doubted the sincerity and integrity of John Gruber. His word was as good as his bond. . . To him age listened with respect and admiration, and youth rose up and called him blessed." There is no doubt that a hundred years ago John Gruber was one of the most respected and most beloved citizens in the Western part of the state.

If Gruber had a son he must have died early, since we know nothing of any male descendants. We do know, however, the names and birthdays of his six daughters, recorded in the churchbook of the German Reformed Church of Hagerstown. . .

John Gruber died, but his almanac lived on. For several decades it was in the hands of the descendants of Daniel May; for some time it was published by the **Hagerstown Herald-Mail;** after 1920 it was owned by the Hagerstown Bookbinding and Printing Company, and in 1935 it came into the possession of the Gruber Almanack Company, under the management of Mr. Frank S. Leiter. Thus the venerable old almanac has stubbornly survived all changes in ownership and operation. According to its editor, the present circulation is near 200,000. It has subscribers all over the United States and Canada; however, it is mostly read within a 100 miles radius around Hagerstown. The sales agencies, given on the cover of the 1952 issue, are probably indicative of its heaviest distribution: Hagerstown, Fredrick, Baltimore, Cumberland, in Maryland; Philadelphia, Uniontown, Pittsburgh, Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania; Culpeper, Winchester, Harrisonburg, Staunton, Richmond, in Virginia; Washington, D. C.

Every year in December piles of the thin white booklet with the colored binding strip appear in the drugstores in the towns and cities of the Shenandoah-Potomac-Susquehanna region. Gone are the bits of homespun wisdom and the comforting little sermons of the founder. Yet, thousands of people still look up the weather predictions of the almanac before they take a trip or plant their gardens. And thousands of others may just buy it because it belongs to the household and because their father and grandfather had bought it. On the cover which deliberately clings to its nineteenth century ornaments we still see a serene looking woman, a symbol of Liberty, surrounded by various paraphernalia of agriculture and commerce. On top, a grim old-fashioned American eagle spreads its wings, carrying a band with the traditional inscription "By Industry We Thrive." At the bottom of the title page we still read (and in our affection for the almanac we do not mind that this has not been correct now for almost one hundred years): "Printed by John Gruber."

This article is reprinted from the Maryland Historical Magazine for June 2, 1952, with the kind permission of the author. Dieter Cunz, Professor of German at the University of Maryland, is the author of the definitive work, THE MARYLAND GERMANS: A History, Princeton University Press, 1948.

DER ALT ALMANAC

Ich hab en alder almanac,
Der leit do uff em shelf;
Un uff dem Deckel, gans verwischt,
Schteht "achtzeh hunnert elf!"
Ich geb den alde almanac
Net haer fer eenich Geld.
Der Paepp hot mir ihn g'schenkt, eb er
Fatt iss aus daere Welt.
Er iss en alt Familyeschtick
Vum alde Vadderland.
Meim Paepp sei Naame schteht aa druff
Inf ziddericher Hand;
Un guck, do uff der aerschte page
's iss kaum zu lese ball—
Sin unsre Naame uffgezaehlt,
Die Brieder, Schweschtre all.
Nau leit mei Paepp schunn zwansich Yaahr
Datt drauss im kalde Graab,
Un der alt almanac iss all,
Ass ich noch vun em hab;
Un drum geb ich des alde Buch
Net haer fer eenich Geld;
's iss yo mei Schatz vum Vadderland,
Der eensich uff der Welt.

Anonymous

See "The Volksfreund Poet" by Reina Kloss in the ECK for June 7, 1952.

REESLEIN VUM HIMMEL

En Schockel Lied fer des Grischtkindel
Weis: "Have Thine Own Way, Lord."

Reeslein vum Himmel
Menschlich bekleed!
Du, Gottes Liebchen,
Ach, was en Freed!
Sanft wie der Maerye,
Kumm doch un blieh!
Englin umringt, bischt
Siesser wie sie!

Reeslein, uff Aerde
Finnt mer nix so.
Suchscht Du en Gaarde,
Nemm mei Haerz do!
Dunkel die Nacht — doch
Lieb iss dei Licht;
Hell wie die Sunn—
nur Gottes Gesicht!

Reeslein, Lieb, kumm doch —
Schtutz nimmi meh —
Driebsal un Druwwel
So soll vergeh!
Hass do un Griegsach,
Sindschand zugleich—
Dod hot ken Schtachel
In deim siess Reich!

DIE BUSCH AMSCHEL

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Editorials

Begin Polio Fight Early

Based upon figures in other years when vaccination against polio was as yet unknown, it is now estimated that the protection afforded to several million children during the past year saved between 1200 and 1300 little people from paralysis brought about by this scourge. There was even larger decrease in the number of children who were hospitalized for all types of polio.

Very few of those who had been included in the vaccination program became ill. There was a reduction of 52 per cent for the eight - year-olds and 40 per cent for the seven-year group. These were the two groups upon which emphasis was placed by the program, inasmuch as there was not enough serum to include all school children and those of pre-school age.

There is confidence among the scientists, both those of the U.S. Public Health Service, and those of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, that much if not all of the decline was due to the vaccination program. This opinion receives support from the fact that in the higher age groups, the polio rate in 1955 was very close to that of 1954.

It can be expected from the success of the Salk vaccine that next year's program will be even more extensive if the National Foundation can carry out an even more ambitious work than that performed during this year.

It is not one day too early for parents of children to be thinking about 1956 and the 1956 season for polio which will begin as surely as night follows day in the early months of the year. It now appears likely that the discouraging shortage of vaccine during the recent season will not be repeated this year. The pharmaceutical houses are over the hurdles in the manufacture of the vaccine. Production can meet just about all demands.

But it is one thing to have abundance of vaccine. It is another thing to administer it. There is where much organization is required if the great masses of children, from infancy to late teens, are to be treated. Where clinics are set up, large numbers can be treated with a minimum of time and effort.

The danger will lie with the parents of children who must make private arrangements with their family physicians for inoculation. The danger as Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation has pointed out, is that there will be delay with these until the polio season is well upon us; that jams will develop and that a complete job will not be possible; that there will be paralytic victims who might have been saved if inoculations had been given to them.

There were a lot of delays last year and there were some errors that reduced public confidence for a time in the vaccine. There has been eradication of the errors and the improvement of standards of manufacture.

Now let there be no delays in carrying out the program. It is not a day too early to be thinking about and planning for the inoculation of children against this dreaded disease.

Return to the Feared Rod

Modern educational methods and their effects upon the discipline of children lest their personalities be warped and harmed have been disturbing teachers and even many others. All are beginning to look to lack of restraint and proper discipline for children as a cause of much juvenile delinquency.

While there continues to be acceptance and general practice of the philosophy that love is more potent than force, there is also considerable return to the ancient philosophy that to spare the rod is to spoil the child.

The New Jersey State Bar Association at a recent meeting repudiated the "hands off" policy which has been forced upon teachers by much public opinion, plus actions at law against both male and female teachers who saw fit to whack disobedient and insolent pupils. The lawyers think they see encouragement to juvenile delinquency in the knowledge of a lot of oversmart kids that, do what they will, they will not be punished physically. And, if they are, Mom and Pop will descend upon the principal, the superintendent and the School Board and make it hot for the teacher, or drag him into court for assault and battery and monetary damages as well.

While the home all too often is blamed unfairly for the misdeeds of its young people, blame fairly can be laid upon parents who think that junior can do no wrong, who take sides without question or thought against the teacher who is the best judge of his schoolroom conduct and who thereby aid and abet his belligerency and misbehavior.

The worm may be turning. A lot of teachers are reaching quite satisfactory agreement with parents who are ready to admit they have little or no control over a generally obstreperous youngster. Such parents will be glad if steps, even forceful ones, be taken to bring him to time. They will want him to gain a realization of his responsibilities and come to learn that he is not yet boss of the universe but must respect the rights of others and give evidence of some fairly decent conformity with society in which he should be an asset, not a pest and a potential danger.

Campaign vs. Drunk Driving

Announcement by Mayor-elect Hock and his chief of police, James L. Christine that next year there will be more men for foot patrol work, operation of cruiser cars by a single officer and the arming of the police with effective "persuaders," (nightsticks, they have been called), has given an indication of the determination of the two men to carry out their promise to the people — creation of the finest police force to be found anywhere.

Now comes their announcement that determined fight is going to be made upon the problem of the drunken driver. Henceforth there is to be no absolute reliance upon the testimony of those who have witnessed the vagaries, misdemeanors and even crimes of drivers who evidently have been drinking.

Early in the New Year a "drunk-o-meter" is going to be secured by the police department. All policemen who may have occasion to deal with alleged drunken drivers will be trained in the correct use of this scientific device whose evidence has proven acceptable as testimony in the courts of a number of states.

The driver charged with drunken driving who appears in court, sober as a judge and the very acme of integrity, will not deceive Court and jury when the record of alcoholic content of blood, taken at the time of or shortly after arrest, is presented.

General knowledge that this scientific evidence is going to be gotten from a drunken driver, regardless of his ability to walk a chalk line or favorable reactions to blows upon the patella, can be expected to deter drinkers from taking the wheel. That is what the police will most desire. But where drinkers take to the wheel and are caught, they will know that the best thing to do will be to take their medicine and plead guilty.

There has been much farcical performance in times past in the handling of drunken drivers. The "drunk-o-meter" promises to take a lot of the guesswork out of this phase of traffic court. It will do its best job if it deters drinkers and keeps them, when potential killers, off the highways. Otherwise it must drive them off the roads.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Hebrews 7.

In Psalm 110:4 Jehovah, speaking to His Son, Jesus, says: 'Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek,' thus superseding the priesthood of Aaron. To Melchizedek, the priest-king, (Genesis 14:18-20) Abraham paid tithes, thus acknowledging that Melchizedek was greater than Abraham and those, like Aaron, who were descended from him, vs. 5-11. Therefore the 110th Psalm declares Jesus, Who was descended from Abraham (Matthew 1:1) to be a priest, not after the order of Aaron, but of Melchizedek, v.11.

The Old Testament priest had to make reconciliation for his own sins first, and then for those of the people (Heb. 5:2-3), but not so Jesus, for He was sinless. Then, the Old Testament priest could not continue in office, since he was subject to death, but Jesus has a priesthood which does not pass from one to another (see the reference column at v.24), for He is a priest 'for ever,' making intercession for us. Thus He alone is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, v.25. This is the kind of a priest we need, v.26, affording the Christian a 'better hope,' v.19.

Handy Road Map



Peace on Earth

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

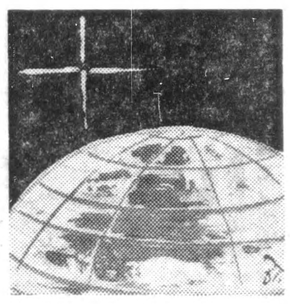
And so the day came, and will come again, when among the people arose a prophet whose voice spoke of love and peace. It was not peace and prosperity that moved the hearts of the multitude, but love and peace. And it was not the peace that is the antithesis of war, but the peace that is the orderliness of living for the individual in the sight of God and in the bosom of his family.

The symbolism of Christmas rejects pomp and circumstance. Joseph and Mary are the simplest of persons. Had they been admitted into the tavern that rejected them, it was not a palace or a grand house or a lordly mansion. It was a poor place which served inconsequential meat and ordinary wine. But even that was not for them; they were put up in a stable, among the beasts of the field as their only companions. The Child was in the stable born, on straw and hay, in the manger, the lowliest of lowly places and postures.

He had no followers among the great; not until Paul ceased to be Saul did a learned man of His people accept the new doctrine. The first Christians were among the lowliest Jews upon whom the burden of life, under the Roman conquest, lay heaviest. They worshipped in synagogues as other Jews did but separately and differently, for whereas other Jews were still seeking the Messiah, they believed that He had already come.

Religion Advances

As the new religion spread from Jew to Syrian, to Greek, its receptivity was greatest among the lower classes. It was only when Christ's religion reached Rome under Paul and Peter that it made progress among great families and powerful men who were tired of war, of wealth, of decadence, of power, of personal emptiness. Many of them were really seeking the virtues of the old ways, the grandeur of Roman orderliness, of Roman law, including the



moral law which had sustained a Republic and decayed in an Empire.

And what they sought, they found in the catacombs in the utterly fearless religion of God, out of Moses and Isaiah and the psalms and prophets — a religion which they could understand in what to them became the reality of Jesus.

And so westward and northward moved this religion of God until it became the synonym for western civilization although it came from the east, from Nazareth, a poor region in the north of Palestine where today men hate and war because they dream of power and not of God.

It is this that is Christmas and if it is not this, what other meaning can Christmas have. Jesus never asked for power? He did not even ask for place. He made no plea to be elected to anything. He did not make it easy for man.

To Fulfill Law

He said:

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, 'Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.' Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven. . ."

And also He said:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.' But I say unto you, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'. . ."

He offered no great earthly reward. Those who believed would not become rich and powerful. He said:

"Come unto me, all yet that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

(Copyright, 1955)

Edgar A. Guest

FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

Not to men of pomp and power,
Nor unto them of worldly fame,
Upon that holy midnight hour
The heavenly herald angels came.
But to the shepherds far away,
Who watched their little flocks afield
As dawned the first glad Christmas Day,
The star of Bethlehem was revealed.

Was it by chance or by design
That men of simple faith should be
Selected by the will divine,
The first to hear, the first to see?
Within that inn where Christ was born
Wise leaders slept the whole night through,
Nor did they know upon the morn
What Mary and the shepherds knew.

Night and the stars and silent hills
And the broad spaces where they plod,
And the long hours reflection fills,
Draw shepherds very near to God.
So unto them the angel came
Upon that wondrous Christmas Eve
Because, unspoiled by wealth or fame,
In miracles they could believe.

(Copyright 1955)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A lot of people ask me, "where do you find the time and place to write out all the stories you use in 'Try and Stop Me'?" Well I get stuck occasionally on committees, where the windiest old bore in the group invariably is chosen chairman and, while he is droning on (my only job is to say "aye" every once in a while), I write stories under the table.

Reminds me of the day Judge Jeremiah Mahoney caught me reading "The Grapes of Wrath" while serving as Juror No. 7 in the case of Mullins vs The Third Avenue Railway System. His Honor spotted me just as the Joads were pulling into Needles, and gave me such a dressing down I still tremble at mention of Steinbeck's name.

(Copyright 1955)

Horoscope

A very eventful year seems to lie ahead. Financial prosperity is indicated. Today's child may be restless and ambitious, also clever.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N GEISHDAWGS GADICHT:

Unser dichter freind, Herman Wright doh fon da shtadt wor widder on da arwet — hut gadicht g'schriva os gait wie des:

GRISHDAWG

Yohr fer yohr on ra gawainlicha tzeit,
Is 'n ooving unnich unserra leit.
Fer wocha long wert garish'd un gablawn'd,
Un darrich die tzeit wert niemond g'shawn'd.

Yaders is imma huddle, shrping'd hee un doh,
Die Mam un der Pap, yar die kinner aw;
Fiel fon uns sin narafich, onnerra sin base,
Dova un housa fer yusht 'n lot g'frase.

Des is net notewenich, des is net recht,
M'r wissa besser wos Gottas wert secht.
Tzu uns ohrma sinder die in da welt,
Hut Gott uns fershank'd, un aw net mit gelt.

Die shofeheeder wor'n drous un hen aw gawocht,
Dos die shofe fersarrick'd weara darrich die nocht;
Des wald wor ruich, nix hut sich fermuck'd,
'N helling is kumma, wos hen sie gaguck'd.

Drowwa im himmel, 'n shtarn hen sie g'sehna,
Gross un ufgaleich'd, wos kent des maina;
Sie wor'n fergelshter'd, des kon m'r fershtae,
Don hen sie 'n shtim k'hoert, "Seid net bong mae."

'N kind yar, is kumma, dart drunna im shtol,
Ohr'm un hilflosc, ow'r des is net ol;
Dart bei dem fee is Yasus gabora,
Gott hut 'n g'shick'd, odder wearn m'r ferlorra.

Des kind Yasus wor gawiss ohrm,
Sei shuckle 'n keedroke, gawiss net tzu warm;
Er wor net bawilkum'd grawd wies is heit,
Un doch is er kumma fer ol fon uns leit.

Freeda tzu yader'm iwwer die gons welt,
Die sart os m'r net kaufa kon mit gold odder gelt;
Un gooda willa unnich ol fon da leit,
Hen die Engel g'sunga in ihrra harlichkeit.

Drei guta mon fon weit bei sin kumma,
Fer bei dem kind sei darrich die shtunna;
Sie hen ihn bashank'd mit da direshda socha,
Sin kumma fer ihn ihra koenich tzu mocha.

Ferwos sot m'r don dova, narafich sei odder base,
Fer nonner fershanka mit yusht 'n lot g'frase?
Des is net Grishdawg, so'n dawg is net Sei,
Des ohr'm Yasus kind boss'd net doh nei.

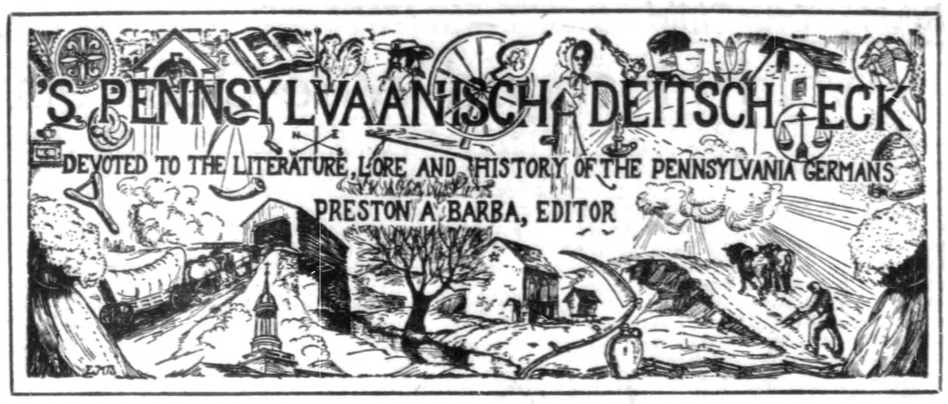
M'r sotta worda, un aw bissel denka.
Ihn sotta m'r ehrra shtadts nonner fershanka:
Grishdawg is net fer duh wie m'r wolla,
Gute ganunk wissa m'r wos duh solla.

Donkbore un harlich, des sotta m'r sei,
Die erfohring is alt, un doch is sie nei:
Donk Gott fer Grishdawg, sis uns net ferlaid,
Don wolla m'r Ihn fershanka mit lobe un gabaid.

—Bindhivel Pete, odder ewwa der Herman Wright, 1955.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Unser aller beshda winsh gain nous tzu ol unserra friend un laiser, fer die aller beshd un harlichda Grishdawg howwa, os 'n yaders noch kotta hut.



DER TRAMP ARTIST

En Hallicher Grischtdaag

Wie en Tramp die Meyerdaal Bauerei gseeft hot, un wie die Jane en schmaerder Mann grickt hot.

Beim JIM BRENASEL

We present another exciting story by Jim Brenasel, pen-name for the once popular writer of Pennsylvania German fiction, John Wesley von Nieda (1853-1939). This story was written expressly for the Schuylkill Haven Call, where it appeared in the issue for Dec. 14, 1900.—ED.

"Was! dir mei Dochder gewwe fer en Fraa! Denkscht du, ich deet mei eensichscht Meedel gewwe zumme tramp? Naus mit dir — un wann ich dich eensichi Zeit widder uff meim Hof odder in der Jane ihre Kumpni verwische duh, dann wascht du fer schur vergrippelt!"

Des waare die very Wadde, wu der Sam Meyerdaal fairly gegrische hot zumme yunge Mann mol ee scheener Owed im September, about zwansich Yaahr zerick. Der Sam iss excitedly in der Schtubb uff un ab geloffe, un sei Gsicht waar schneeweiss fer lauder Zann.

En scheener, feigebauder yunger Mann hot am Eck vun der piano gschtanne, un hot sich easily uffs inschtrument gelehnt, wie er der Meyerdaal gewatscht hot un hot geduldich gewaart bis er faddich waar schwetze. Newich dem yunge Mann hot en wunnerbaar schee yung Meedel gschtanne un waar am Heile, ass wann ihre Haz am Verbreche waer. Des waar die Jane — em Sam sei Dochder un sei eensichscht Kind.

"Mr. Meyerdaal," saagt der yung Mann wie er sich graad uffgschtellt hot un hot der Sam beguckt mit ere dignified expression, "du hoscht en perfect Recht fer mich en tramp zu heesse. Ich bin net meh vumme tramp ass wie du bischt. Der eensichscht difference gschwische uns iss, ass du en Bauer bischt mit ere scheene, groosse Bauerei, un en wunderbaar schee, braaf un schmaert Meedel hoscht. Ich bin en artist un mineralogist, so aarem ass wie en Kaerrichemaus, awwer ehrlich, uffrichtig un mit brains genunk fer dei Dochder schee zu erhalde als mei Fraa. Ich kann—."

"Es iss gaar net dewaut, ass du widder schwetze duscht uff den subject; du kannscht die Jane net hawwe, un an de Grischtdaag heiert sie en Mann mit blendi Geld, so ass sie ken risk ranne brauch weeich verhungere. Un sell seddelt's nau fer immer un ewich gschwisch- mir un dir!" greischt der Sam.

Der yung Mann hot der Jane goodbye gewwe, un iss ab mit e me schwere Haz. Der Sam hot of course net gnotist, ass die zwee yunge Leit mit ihre Aagge agriet hen fer nanner seller Owed noch emoll zu miede.

"Nau, Jane," saagt der Sam, wie der yung artist aus em Weeg waar, "will ich dir exbleene fer was ass ich sellem yunge artist sei request refused hab un fer was ass ich gaern hett, ass du der alt George Eintzet heiere deetscht."

"Wei, Paepp, der alt Eintzet iss viele elder ass wie du — alt genunk fer mei Groossdaadi zu sei— un ich hab dir schunn meh ass en dutzend Mol gsaat, ass ich so en alder Mann net heiere will," saagt die Jane mit Dreene in ihre Aagge.

"Ya, awwer sell iss yuscht so en dummi notion, Jane," saagt der Sam. "Der Eintzet iss alt, awwer er iss farrichterlich reich. Er hot ken neechi Freindschaft un am lengschte lebt er yuscht en paar Yaahr, un dnoh grickscht all sei Geld. Denk yuscht mol draa!

Awwer do iss noch ebbes schunscht, Jane. Du hoscht's verleicht net so genotist, awwer die Zeit ass die Memm gschtarrewe iss, dann iss somehow alles hinnersich gange mit mir, un ich bin heit actually ken Daaler waut. Der alt Eintzet hebt en mortgage geegge mich fer's voll Waut vun der Bauerei. Ich kann die Indresse even nimmi uffhalde, un muss glei alles verliere, was ich in daere Welt hab. Nau, Jane, du kannscht mich seefe, wann du dei Gflicht duscht als en Dochder. Der alt Eintzet iss willich fer sei mortgage zu verbrenne un mich schuldefrei zu heesse, wann du ihn heierscht eb Nei Yaahr! Un du musscht des duh, Jane! Ich kann mei Bauerei net verliere, un verkaaft watt sie fer schur an de Nei Yaahr, wann du mir net zu Hilf kummscht!"

Die aarem Jane iss schier ummechtich warre, wie sie ihrem Paepp abgharricht hot, un mer kann gans iesi tschotsche, wie sie gfiehlt hot.

"Paepp, ich muss Zeit hawwe fer iwwer des Ding zu schtoddiye; ich geh nau owwe nuff," saagt die Jane, wie sie en Licht genumme hot un iss nuff in ihre Schlofschtubb gange.

About en halb Schtunn nooch sellem, wie ihre Paepp sound am Schlofe waar, iss die Jane hinne iwwers Kichedach nunner gegraddelt, un waar glei beim yunge artist. Sie sin an die Grick geloffe, un datt, amme scheene Blatz, wu niemand sie sehne hot kenne, hot der yung artist die Jane in sei Aarem genumme un hot ihre fer's dausend Mol gsaat, wie er sie liewe deet un ass er sie positively heiere deet— Paepp odder ken Paepp.

Un was hot er die Jane drum gebosst un so teit ghowe!

Die Jane hot ihm dnoh alles verzeehlt, was ihre Paepp gsaat hot, un der yung artist hot graad proposed, ass sie selli Nacht noch mit nanner fatt gehne un warre gheiert.

Des hot die Jane net duh welle, un sie hen dnoh en annerer Plaan gschtoddiert fer der Jane ihre Paepp un in partickler der alt Eintzet zu biede. Was der Plaan waar, watt sich schunn weise.

Der Emil Hartzein, der yung artist un mineralogist, wu seller Summer in selli Nochberschaft kumme waar un hot glei der Jane Meyerdaal ihre Lieb gewunne ghatt, iss uff eemol disappeared, un die Leit hen gewunnert, wu er hiekumme iss. Der yung artist hot viel Freind gemacht ghatt in der Nochberschaft un er waar en favorite bei Yunge un Alde — except der Sam Meyerdaal un der alt George Eintzet. Die zwee waare froh, ass der artist endlich aus em Weeg waar.

Der alt Eintzet hot die Hend geriwwe un hot sich graad en nei-i set falsche Zaeh mache losse, wie der Sam ihm gsaat hot, ass die Jane so gut ass verschproche hot fer reddi zu sei fer zu heiere an de Grischtdaag.

Die Jane hot ihrem Paepp so ebbes verschproche ghatt, awwer sie hot net der alt Eintzet gemeent. Sie hot yuscht gsaat, "Ich kann reddi sei fer zu heiere an de Grischtdaag." Un des hot der Sam gut gsuut.

Awwer wu waar der yung artist? Zu sellere Zeit waar noch blendi government Land in der Schteet, wu des ghaeppent iss, un die farrichterliche hoche Barriye, wu graad hinnich em Sam seim Land in die Heeh gange sin, hen zum government gheert. Niemand hot awwer die Barriye hawwe welle.

Der yung artist hot viel Zeit uff denne Barriye gschpent — net am Pickters peente, awwer mit ebbes schupscht ass ihn evidently uscht so gut gepliest hot. Mit Pick un Schaufel iss er darrich diefe chasms, caverns un annere Bletz gange un hot "specimens in der mineral line gsucht," wie er de Leit gsaat hot.

Un do iss wu der yung artist hiegange iss nooch seim "interview" mit der Jane ihrem Paepp. Er hot en section vum Barrigland uffgenumme un hot sich en cabin graad vanne wedder die entrance vumme groosse cave gebaut, amme Blatz wu gans wennich Leit der Schponk ghatt hedde fer hie zu geh.

Niemand except die Jane hot awwer gewisst, ass der occupant vun sellem cabin really der yung artist waar. Er hot sich so gut disguised ghatt, ass die paar Leit, wu ihn by chance zu sehne grickt hen ewwe schur waare, ass er en gans alder Mann waar. Un niemand except die Jane hot gewisst, was der yung artist in seim disguise datt uff sellem Barrig gschafft hot.

Die seem Zeit waar die Jane hallich un uffgelebt, un ihre Paepp hot wunners gemeent, wie sie gepliest waer iwwer der prospect ass sie nau eb lang zum alde. Eintzet gheiert watt.

Der "alt Mann'" uff em Barrig hot alle gebott trips genumme noch der Schtadt, un er un die Jane waare oft bei nanner in seim cabin un hen wunnerbaari importanti Sache zu schwetze ghatt, wann er als zerickkumme iss vun denne trips.

About drei Woche ver de Grischtdaag iss der alt Eintzet mol ee Owed am Sam sei Haus kumme un die zwee Menner hen die arrangements gemacht fer die Hochzich. Die Zeit waar gsetzt fer exactly siwwe Uhr der Owed ver Grischtdaag.

Die Jane hot net viel zu saagge ghatt zu de arrangements; awwer sie hot doch druff insist, ass sie en 'certainer' Breddicher vun der Schtadt hawwe wett.

Der alt Eintzet hot schunn sei nei-i Hochzich suit reddi ghatt, un hot der Jane en fortygraph gewwe, ass er sich drin nemme hot losse.

Sell seem fortygraph iss seller seem Owed noch nuff ans cabin uff em Barrig kumme, un iss datt arrig closely examined un gschtudiert warre.

TO BE CONCLUDED

AUS'M EVANGELIUM VUM MATTHEUS

MIT Yesus Grischtus seinre Geburt waar des nau so: Sei Mutter Maria waar mit 'm Joseph verschproche. Un eb sie heiere hen kenne, hot die Maria 'n Kind darrich der Heilich Geischt gedraage. Der Joseph, wu'n rechtschaffticher Mann waar, hot net gewollt, as die Leit iwwer sie schwetze sette, un hot sei Mind uffgemacht, er deet sich heemlicherweis vun re scheede losse. Awwer wie er noch am Konsiddere waar, do is 'm Har sei Engel im Draam zu em kumme un hot em gsaat: Joseph, du Soh vum David, du brauchscht dich net ze farrichte fer die Maria ze heiere. Es Kind, as sie draagt, is vum Heiliche Geischt. Sie soll en Buh gebeere un du sollscht em der Naame Yesus gewwe. Des is, weil er sei Volk vun seine Sinde frei mache soll. Sell is alles gschehne, fer 'm Har sei Watt in Erfilling bringe, as er darrich die Erofeete hot verkinde losse, nemmlich: 'n Yungfraa soll 'n Kind unnich 'm Harz draage un soll 'n Buh in die Welt bringe. Un sie sollen em der Naame Immanuel gewwe. Sell heest in Deitsch: Gott mit uns. Un wie Joseph wacker warre is, hot er geduh, was 'm Har sei Engel en gheesse hot. Un er hot die Maria genumme un hot net mit re gelebt, bis sie ihre Soh in die Welt gebrocht hot. Un er hot em der Naame Yesus gewwe.

The above is an excerpt from a translation into our Pennsylvania German dialect of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. It was translated from the original Greek by Professor Ralph C. Wood, Muhlenberg College, and published by the same in Stuttgart, Germany.

DER GRISCHTDAAGSBAAM

Wie mir noch Kinner waar'n deheem,
Drauss uff der Bauerei,
Wie Grischtdaag Zeit iss rumgerollt,
Noh muss en Hemlock bei.

Die Geil waar'n in der Schlidde gschpannt,
Die Belle uff sie gschnallt;
Der Schnee waar dief, die Baa (n) waar gut,
Die Luft waar schauf un kalt.

Datt drauss am Busch tschumpt yeders ab,
Gebaade darrich der Schnee:
Mer watt net kalt, ken nasse Fiess,
Mit Schtiwwel an de Bee.

Des waar als nau en Zeit gewest,
Bis waar der Baam gepickt;
Iss rumgeloffe un viel geguckt
Fer mer als eener grickt.

Der Heemweeg waar doch gans zu lang,
Mer kann net waarte meh,
Bis sehnt mer 'n in der "setting Schtubb"
Im Kohle-ee.ner schteh.

Un noh fer'n fixe, sell waar Gschpass,
Do waar die ganse set,
Bis uff die Kleene, ya gewiss,
Die misse noch em Bett.

Rote Balle vum Kreizweeg Schtor,
Oier ausgeblose,
Un rot mit Zwiwwele Schaale gfarrebt,
Deel babierne Rose.

Eppel un Orange fascht am Schtamm,
Eigfeddelt Popcorn aa;
Inschlich Lichter uff de Nescht,
Deel Ginger Kuche draa.

Baxe un Karreb vun rot Babier,
Korelle un so was;
Deel Pickters mit so Tinsel drum—
Was waar des doch so'n Gschpass.

So schteht der Baam dann, braaf un schee,
Un mir—noh'm Bett gewitscht-
Finnt der Belsnickel uns datt rum,
Noh warr'n mir noch gut gschwitscht.

Un Grischtdaag Marye—hol's die Grenk!
Do schtehn die Kinner uff
En langi Zeit vor Paepp un Memm,
Un datt verloss dich druff.

Do schtehn die Deller in en Rol,
Mer sucht net arrig weit—
En Orange, Candy un deel Niss—
Ach, hallich Grischtdaag Zeit!

En Sackmesser fer der Bruder Hen,
En Buch fer Schweschter Jane;
Kletz ass der John sei Zeit verdreibt,
Zum Bill en eisni Train.

En Lumpebobb fer's klenscht vun uns,
Un fer der Paepp en Hemm;
Noh all rum Hensching heemgeschtrickt,
En Frack vleicht fer die Memm.

En Schlidde aa fer eens vun uns,
Un aa en kleeni Drumm;
Maularyel un en bleche Hann—
Des hot gemacht datt rum!

Un noh — noh kummt der Paepp dann rum
Un schteckt die Lichter aa;
Die scheinen doch net neegscht so schee
Wie Gsichter newe draa.

Ball iss der Grischtdaag dann verbei
In unser yunge Zeit;
Ich wett 's waar meh Vergniechen datt
Wie bei de Yunge heit.

1933 —RALPH S. FUNK

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TELEPHONE HE 3-4241

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

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Editorials

Volunteers to the Rescue

It will appear ironical to citizens of Allentown that, with a flood of resignations from the Police Department (effective this weekend), and resultant under-policing of the city, appeal to provide satisfactory police protection tonight has had to go out to volunteer organizations.

The City was left in the lurch. Men who might have been expected to take pride in their work and to express concern for the public welfare indicated no intention of doing anything about it altho they knew full well what was going on.

Fortunately Chief Christine, who is taking over ahead of his appointed time, knew exactly where to go for help, help that he was sure would not be denied. He went to the dedicated volunteers of the Civil Defense and Auxiliary Police groups who expect nothing and get nothing for their services all the year around.

If invidious comparisons be made by a lot of our citizens, the police have only themselves to blame. All too often the spirit of service to the community has been subordinated to self-interest. The great selfless objective has been lost sight of in the determination to achieve the smaller and selfish end.

Women Guards for School Tots

Early in the New Year recruiting of women to act as guards for children at intersections near their schools will get under way. After the successful applicants for the part-time work have been accepted and trained, they will be able to relieve the police department's men for work along other lines.

Certainly the male policemen loved this job. The children of the schools loved them. It can be said that the current generation has been brought up to respect and admire and not to fear the uniformed policeman. They have known him in no other role but that of friend.

Something will pass from the lives of a lot of the little people who enjoyed the thought of having big, handsome policemen as their kindly and helpful protectors.

But Allentown needs so much other policing and it will be so short of men, especially during the early part of the year, that the use of women will aid in the solution of the difficult problem.

This problem of course long has been tantalizing the Police Department. For this reason the outgoing Council laid the plans and in the annual budget provided the funds — $30,000 — to establish a woman's corps of traffic officers.

Mayor-elect Hock has taken the steps to carry out the idea by which the children will receive adequate care. The Police Department will be able to avail itself of all the time of its men in other work. Hitherto it has taken about four hours a day per policeman to guard the 28 crossings which are in the system.

Use of women for this kind of protection has proven eminently satisfactory in many places. New York City has upwards of two thousand women on duty on every school day and constantly is adding to its force. On smaller scale is similar work in a number of our nearby boros where high approval has been earned by the diligence and effectiveness of the women.

Volkswagen's Success

The American people within recent days have gasped, first at the unprecedented gift of half a billion dollars by the Ford Foundation to hospitals and colleges, and then by revelation of the assets and earning powers of the Ford Motor Car Co.

In similar fashion the German people have just learned that the famous Volkswagen — Hitler's rosy promise to Germany — has been earning fabulous (for Europeans) sums and should achieve still greater heights if an era of peace can be continued.

For the first time in years the state - controlled company has released the story of its accounts. These show that phenomenal (for Europe) sales were made during the past year and that it is likely the little rear-engine car will run away from all European competition when it slashes prices. That step it could take immediately were it not for a lot of lawsuits that are on its hands.

Manufacture of the car was begun under the auspices of the Nazi Labor Front before World War II. Only a few hundred handmade models had been made when the war was begun and these had been grabbed by the top dogs of the Nazi party. Great numbers of Germans, who had dreamed of owning a car, had made down payments for them. Their dreams were shattered when the war put an end to production. Now they would like the revived company to give them cars and they have sued to get them.

If the suits be resolved favorably to the company, which apparently has no legal owner and which apparently did not benefit from the hopeful Germans, expectation is that the already cheap little car will be reduced greatly in price.

At any rate, the company produced its millionth car a few months ago, had gross profits of almost $95 millions in 1954, expects to build 400,000 cars and trucks next year and is the outstanding example of West Germany's sensational business recovery.

As further illustration of this industrial and general business recovery is the fact that, while unemployment figures — Italy in particular — Germany has completed terms with neighbors to bring 100,000 Italian laborers into the country, plus many thousands of French, and about 18,000 Belgians. All this is in spite of the fact that West Germany in the past ten years has received upwards of 12,000,000 refugees from Eastern European countries and monthly is taking in about 25,000 persons who manage to escape across the border from iron curtain countries.

New Year on Threshold

A year ends today and a new one thereafter will be entered into with all the joy and celebration that usually attend this particular period of time.

Always there is the thought that the Old Year might have been and should have been better. Always there is hope that the New Year will mark improvement and advancement for the individual and the society of which he is a member.

Thus this period of the year is one of reminiscences of the past and dreams of the future. Like so many dreams, those of the New Year generally are roseate. Always there is the hope for a changed and with it a larger and happier new life. So it has been that thruout civilizations covering thousands of years of man's life upon this planet there has been a sense of the ending of a period in man's life and entrance upon a new one. Not since the most primitive days has man probably ever regarded the beginning of a new year, or a new period, with indifference. It is his opportunity for a new chance, an opportunity to use the experience of the past to advantage in the future.

While every day is a fresh beginning for each and every one, this sense of a fresh beginning is most universal upon the advent of the New Year. As the poet said the New Year is:

"A Flower unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: A House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates."

You're So Anxious for '56



Prediction on Unpredictables

By DAVID LAWRENCE

This is the season of prediction on things unpredictable.

The paradox arises because the economic situation of America is interwoven with economic factors throughout the world, where the arbitrary action of governments rather than the initiative of individuals can mould the course of trade.

Today the United States is bolstering the economy of the entire world with billions of dollars, variously described as "military aid" or "economic aid" but adding up to the same thing — a support which if suddenly withdrawn can shatter the world's equilibrium as quickly as the Austrian bank failure did in 1929.

The American government is better prepared today to help the nation to withstand shock—better able to help by timely intervention because the factors of direct aid by loan or grant are better manipulated. But the uncertainty is by no means removed.

Good Year Predicted

The prophets in the economic field say a good year lies ahead. What they mean is that if current trends continue, all will be well. But who says they will continue? What could suddenly interrupt them?

The year 1956 is a year of political struggle. It is the objective of the Democrats to depreciate and disparage what the Republicans have done. The Republicans, on the other hand, must boast of their achievements — of "peace and prosperity."

Who says that both peace and prosperity will continue? The Russian and Red Chinese imperialists can abruptly decide to have a flare-up over Formosa that could mean a third world war. Each side would profess not to be in favor of such a conflict but sometimes local wars grow into big wars before they can be stopped.

Who says American prosperity can continue if a war breaks out and controls are imposed on the national economy? War "prosperity" — better called "inflation" — comes in due time but not at the beginning, and it is in the interval that there would be danger for the party in office if war came in 1956.

So far as the domestic economy is concerned, even in the absence of war, the chances of recession are related to overproduction, overbuying and overestimates of the buying capacity of the people. Already automobiles are not moving as rapidly on the sales side as the manufacturers would like to see. But this does not necessarily mean a negative trend. It could mean a highly profitable year for the motor industry without approaching the record of 1955.

Everything is relative when peak figures are not equalled. In America, unless each year beats the preceding year, it's supposed to be bad news. Early in 1955 they were saying the year would be the second best in history and Adlai Stevenson said that wasn't good enough—he didn't like "second best."

It turns out that 1955 is about the best yet in many lines of business and the nation would be in very good shape, indeed, if every year in the next decade came close to the 1955 figures.

Unquestionably at any given time there is a momentum which carries beyond a current period. The fast-moving pace of 1955, of course, will continue well into 1956. The cautious prophets, however, are up to their old cautions — they say flatly things will be good for the first half of 1956, but, as for the second half, well, maybe not so good.

Last January the predictions also were that business conditions would be favorable only for the first half of the year 1955. It began to be apparent in the early summer that the second half would be very good, too, and the same prophets joined in the optimism.

It all adds up to the fact that in a huge economy, with so many complex and interrelated factors, forecasting for even as short a period as a year is a dubious adventure. The curves on the chart can go up or down without much advance warning.

Confidence is important, and so is demand. Purchasing power is vital. If wages and incomes generally continue to rise, the demand for goods will be insatiable. Today purchasing power is phenomenally large, and so is demand.

But American prosperity today is based largely on an unusually strong confidence among businessmen. They feel they can plan with assurance — if the present administration is continued. Maybe they can under a Democratic administration, too, but for a while they'll adopt a "wait and see" attitude.

If by midsummer the political outlook has changed, a sharp halt to expansion plans in business, especially on the capital-goods side, can be expected. The contrary is also true — if it looks as though the present administration will remain in power in 1957, the second half of 1956 will break records and good business conditions will prevail. Guess right on the political trend in 1956, and you'll know the business trend, too.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

I John 2:17

Having arrived at the end of another year, we are reminded of the old Latin proverb, Tempus fugit, that is, Time flies. It is strange how the years creep up on one. The 90th Psalm is ascribed to Moses, and, although he lived to be 120 years old, he says in the tenth verse that the days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. James in his Epistle, 4:14, asks: 'What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' Job, in 7:6, says that his days are swifter then a weaver's shuttle. Again, in Psalm 90, at verses 4 to 6, we read that life is like a watch in the night; as a sleep; growing up like grass in the morning, but by evening is cut down and withers. But the Bible has a better note for those who are in the world but not of it, for in 1 John 2:17 we read that the world passes away, but they that do the will of God abide forever.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Ralph E. Johnston, of Greeley, Colo., is one of the country's most inquenchable optimists. There are today, he points out, enough automobiles and trucks in the United States to make a parade, if they were lined up end to end, 200,000 miles long. Yet the people killed in auto accidents last year, also laid end to end, would make a line only 30 miles long. Mr. Johnston therefore concludes, "Sure, people take idiotic chances when they get at the wheel of a car, but these statistics prove there's hope for us yet. We're still 199,970 miles ahead!"

Horoscope

Tolerance and understanding will not only go a long way toward improving family and social relationships now, but will also aid in promising a greater sense of peace and happiness.

There is promise of great activity in the evening hours, with emphasis on large social gatherings, music and gaiety. Be careful in crowds.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS: SHUN WIDDER! Sis aryads ebbes letz, onnishder kons net sei. Ol iwwer woh m'r hee kumt shwetza sie fom Neia Yohr, die luft is fol, so aw die tzeiting. M'r kenna 's net fershtae. M'r hen gamaint m'r hetta yusht Neiyohr kot, un now wohrhoft sawga sie uns 'n gons funkle Neiyohr fon 1956 dade fer da dier shtae — wear ready tzwelf uhr die kummend nocht rei draida, un 'm alta Fodder Tzeit sei blotz nemma gakent ols 1955.

Tzu yunga leit is 'n yohr 'n longie tzeit, ow'r so wie der mensch elter wert, un die brau, shwartz un hoar fon alla orta farva draya sich tzu groe un weiss, werra die yohrra kartzer. Wons net wear fer der kalanner uf unser'm desk — un woh m'r bol lummerich gabladder'd hen fer sehna os yoh naryads ken mohnet ferseim'd is gonga — un so os m'r fershure unser fol mose fon 12 mohnet kotta hen tzitter die ledshda Neiyohr, dada m'r ferhoftich sei net glawwa os die Neiyohr shun widder doh weara. Ow'r der kalanner leig'd net — 365 dawg — 52 wocha — 12 gonsa mohnet, odder wos m'r die tzeit haisa wil tzitter die ledshda Neiyohr, sis 'n gons funkle Neiyohr widder om kumma.

Ken yohr is ol sunnashein un blessier tzu ol da leit — 's shanshd wedder wear net nadierlich won net alsa mohl raya falla dade, un so aw in ra yohrs tzeit fon 12 mohnet. Fer dale gait die tzeit fert dawg fer dawg mit nix wie sunnashein un blessier, un tzu onnerra widder sheinds, hetta die wolka ken budda. Fiel os bei uns worra 'n yohr tzurick sin nimmy doh, un in ihra bletz sin onnerra kumma wie aw die ferlossna mohl kumma worra in freera tzeita. Ken mensch is sei lava kumma darrich sei aigner willa, un die gross mehrtzahe ferlust da sama waig. 'S menscha lava, so wie aw die tzeit is 'n kayosie soch — niemond hut uns noch fertzailt wohs Neiyohr bei kumt, odder 's alt yohr onna gait.

Tzu monicha leit is es Neiyohr der awfong fon ma neia lava — sie wolla des nimmy duh un sel aw net. Sie gucka fohrraw tzu 12 mohnet in ra neia welt — 'n welt so frem os sie sich selwar net kenna won die tzeit mohl doh is. Sie wolla nimmy shmoke, nimmy soufa, nimmy flucha, des net duh un sel net — kent waricklich denka sie wotta angel werra langshd fer ihra tzeit. Ow'r wie sie ols sawga fon da freea morya summer raya, un da alta weiver dons—kennie halta long aw—uns same halt gawainlich ous mit fiel leit ihra Neiyohrs fershprachinga — gute wie sie sei maiga. Ebs Neiyohr die grafta kalm hut fer shtae uf seina aigna bae, sin sie widder tzurick in da alta gamoda, uns lava gait fert os wie dafor.

Un so eb der mensch alt odder yung is, un die tzeit shtarrick odder longweilich gait, winscha m'r yader'm allas os tzu winscha is on darra tzeit, fraelich keit, harlichkeit, glick, un an longas lava mit allas shunshd os es nembt fer fol mose griega, ous da tzeit, os der lieva Herr em shank'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won die nocht, aenich aryads Neiyohrs winscher rum kumma, dada m'r gleicha tzu hoerra dafon — so aw fon da erfohringa os die winscher kotta hen helfa 's yohr fon 1956 bagreesa.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE OLD YEAR

He will not live the night through. The old year lies on
his death bed, pale and tired
and worn.
He will not wake to greet us
with the morn.
Upon the stroke of twelve there
will appear
Another who will take his station here
To bear the self-same burdens
he has borne,
Welcomed as he was once with
bell and horn,
And in twelve months, like him,
to disappear.
Nothing will change unless mankind shall change.
The same four seasons, winter-
atime and spring,
The summer flowers and autumn's harvesting.
Will grace the world. No love, no
passion strange
Shall jolt us from the habits that
we know —
Unless men world-wide over will
it so.

'S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK

DEVOTED TO THE LITERATURE, LORE AND HISTORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

PRESTON A. BARBA, EDITOR

DER TRAMP ARTIST

En Hallicher Grischtdaag

Wie en Tramp die Meyerdaal Bauerei gseeft hot, un wie die Jane en schmaerder Mann grickt hot.

Beim JIM BRENASEL

CONCLUSION

Es waar so about halwer Zwee nammidaags der Daag ver Grischtdaag, wie der alt Eintzet in seim Schockelschtuhl ghockt hot un hot driwwer gedenkt, ass er nau in e paar Schtunn es schenscht yung Meedel in sellere Nochberschaft in sei Aerrem nemme kann un kann sie Fraa heesse. Er waar yuscht am Schtoddiye, wie er's duh wett, fer sie es aerscht Mol recht schee zu bosse, dann hot eber an der Dier geglobbt. Er iss naus, un en fremmer Mann hot ihm en telegram gewwe ass yuscht die paar Wadde druff waare:

"Lawson investment in danger. Come next train.—Biggs & Biggs."

"Du liewer Friede — dreissich dausen Daaler in Gfaahr!" greischt der Eintzet, wie er sei watch rausgerisse hot. "Des kann ich net afforde zu verliere, wann ich em Sam sei mortgage verbrenne duh, un ich muss graad ab noch der Schtadt."

Der Eintzet hot yuscht die train in Zeit gemacht, un am drei Uhr iss er vun der train gschteppt in der Schtadt. Sei calculation waar, ass er sei Bissniss mit Biggs & Biggs, sei lawyers, in about en Schtunn duh kennt un kennt dnoh gans iesi in Zeit am Sam seim Haus sei fer die Hochzich. Er iss yuscht vun der train weg gschteppt, dann kummt en cab driver un frogt:

"Bischt du der Mr. Eintzet?"

"Ich bin," saagt der alt Mann.

"Well, do iss en Brief fer dich."

Der Eintzet hot der Brief uffgerisse un lest:

"Coachman will convey you to my suburban residence.—C.B. of Biggs & Biggs."

Der Eintzet iss in en cab gschteppt, un der driver iss langsam abgschtaert — so langsam in fact, ass der alt man viele schtarriyer laafe hett kenne. Wie sie about en halb Schtunn uff em Weeg waare un bei daere Zeit in de outskirts vun der Schtadt, dann iss der Eintzet arrig excited warre un hot em driver Adders gewwe, ass er schwifter faahre misst. Awwer der Gaul waar alt un hot ewwe net viel headway mache kenne.

Un was hot der alt Eintzet drum so wiescht gflucht un ghaust in sellere cab, wie's dnoh vier uhr un dnoh halwer fimfe waar. In fact, er iss so bees warre, ass er aus der cab geschtumpt iss un hot declared, ass er die trip finische deet zu Fuss.

"Well, graad datt driwwe iss es Haus, un graad uff der annere Seit vum Haus iss en station, wu du an der sex Uhr rum en train nemme kannscht fer zerick noch der Schtadt," saagt der driver. "Du kannscht graad zu iwwer die Felder geh, un ich faahr ausse rum."

Der Eintzet iss graad ab un so iss der cab driver. Der alt Gaul iss gange wie en Schtraahl, graad zerrum."

Der Eintzet iss graad ab un so Felder geh, un ich faahr ausse ick noch der Schtadt!

Es Haus, wu der Eintzet hiekumme iss, waar leer, un wie der ticket agent ihm gsaat hot, ass die lawyers net in sellere Nochberschaft wuhne, dann iss es ihm fer's aerscht Mol eikumme, ass ebber en trick uff ihn gschpielt hot.

Die train iss endlich kumme, un der Eintzet iss excitedly druffgeraddelt. Die seem train waar due an seinere station deheem am siwwe Uhr. Bis er sei nei-i suit aahett un waer am Sam sei Haus, dann waer's so about halwer achte, "yuscht about die correct Zeit im Owed fer zu heiere," saagt der Eintzet zu sich selwer. Er hot em conductor awwer doch fimfunzwansich Daaler gebodde fer alle fimf Minudde, ass er geene kennt iwwer die schedule Zeit gschwische der Schtadt un seinere station. Un was iss selli train drum gflogge!

Un nau misse mer sehne was agoing waar am Sam Meyerdaal selm Haus seller seem Owed.

So an der sex Uhr rum iss die Jane nuff in ihre Schtubb gange fer sich reddi griegge fer die ceremony, wu bschtellt waar fer siwwe Uhr. Sie hot gut gfiehlt un hot gsunge wie en Larrich.

Der Sam hot schunn lang sei beschte Gleeder aa ghatt, un waar bissi der fremm Breddicher vun der Schtadt un die viele Nochbere un Freind zu 'entertain'e, wu eigelaade waare zu der Hochzich.

Endlich hot em Sam sei groossi Uhr siwwe gschlagge, un die Leit hen gewisst, ass die ceremony nau glei abgeht.

Die Meda Zweibach hot en scheener wedding march aafange zu schpiele uff der piano yuscht wie die Jane un ihre future Mann newich nanner in der grooss parlor zu martsche sin kumme.

Die Leit waare all surprised wie sie gsehne hen, wie schmaert un gracefully ass der alt Mann new- ich der Jane haergschteppt iss, un der Sam hot yuscht about umleid- ich gfiehlt, wie er zu sich selwer gepischpert hot: "Der alt Biffel kennt am End noch fufzeh odder zwansich Yaahr lewe!"

Die Meda hot seller march en paar Mol iwwer schpiele misse fer der alt Mann, un dnoh hot die bridal party sich fer der Breddicher gschtellt.

Uff ee Mol hot ebber farrichterlich gepiffe outside im Hof un der Breddicher hot die ceremony aagfange. Yuscht wie er dnoh die letschte Wadde pronounced hot, ass die Jane un der alt Mann fer ihre Leweszeit Mann un Fraa gemacht hen, dann waar uff ee Mol en farrichterlich excitement am annere End vum parlor.

"Hold on! Was zum Schinner geht aa do?"

Un was waare die Leit drum erschtaunt, wie en alder Mann in ere neie Hochzich suit — der alt Eintzet — sich darrich die crowd gforst hot un hot ver der Jane un ihrem Mann gschtanne.

Die guests hen genotist, ass der Jane ihre alder Mann un der excited alt Mann ver ihne so naegscht gleich waare in appearance ass wie zwee Arrebse, un sie waare nau yuscht about geposselt.

"Ich will wisse, was des meent!" greischt der alt Mann, wu's letscht kumme iss.

"Wei, des meent ass der George Eintzet un mei Dochder yuscht die Minutt gheiert hen," saagt der Sam. "Bischt du verleicht em George sei Zwillingbruder?"

"Nee, ich bin der George Eintzet selwer!" greischt der alt Mann imme farrichterliche Zann. "Ich sehn ass ich der victim bin vumme miene, contemptible conspiracy! Un nau iss mei turn, Samuel Meyerdaal! Ich demand spot cash payment vun dir fer alle cent, ass du mir schuldich bischt! Du weesscht was des mortgage meent!"

Der alt Mann hot en Babbier aus em Sack gerisse un hot's in die Heeh ghowe.

"Wie viel iss der exact amount, ass du dem Mann shuldich bischt, Mr. Meyerdaal?" frogt der Jane ihre Mann.

"Sechzeh dausend, fimf hunnert un dreiundreisich Daaler!" saagt der Sam, wie er aafange hot zu heile.

"Huh! sell iss gans iesi!" greischt der Jane ihre alder Mann.

Un was waare selli guests drum so erchtaunt, wie em Sam sei alder Dochdermann en grooss Backebuch rausgrickt hot un hot der exact amount vum mortage raus uff der Disch gezeehlt in scheene neie Node!

"Do iss dei Geld; nau haer mit sellem mortgage!" greischt der Jane ihre Mann.

Der Eintzet waar wie en Mann, ass yuscht darrich en cyclone gange iss, wie er sell gegraebbt hot un hot's mortgage uff der Disch gschmisse. Sei Maul hot uffgschtanne wie en Gwaartmoos un sei Aagge waare fairly aus em Kopp gedriwwe wie er gegrische hot: "Wer bischt du, ennihau?"

"Deel Leit hen mich en tramp, Rumleefer un annere pet Naame gheesse, awwer mei rechter Naame iss Emil Hartzein, artist un mineralogist," saagt der Jane ihre Mann, wie er sei falsche, weisse Haar vum Kopp, en groosser falscher weisser Baart un Brille abgerisse hot, un hot dnoh en lot gepeente Runsle aus em Gsicht geriwwe mit em mortgage un hot's mortgage in der Offe gschteckt.

"Well, I'll be darned! greischt der Sam wie er seim Dochdermann die Hand schier abgerisse hot un iss dnoh in der Schtubb rumgedanst mit ihm.

Un was hot des drum gemacht! Die guests hen geyohlt un geyohlt, bis viel vun de Menner sich flat uff der Bodde leegge hen misse fer lauder Schwachheet. Un do hot niemand arriyer geyohlt ass wie em Emil sei beschder Freind — der fremm Breddicher vun der Schtadt. Die Weibsleit hen gheilt un gelacht fer Freede, un hen die Jane verbosst un verdrickt ass ewwe farrichterlich waar.

Im excitement iss der alt Eintzet nausgschlippt, un hot die Nochberschaft en paar Daag nooch sellem gans verlosse.

Der Emil un die Jane duhne ihre Kinner regler alle Grischtdaag Owed die Schtori verzeehle wie ihre Paepp un Mem so en nieter trick gschpielt hen uff der Gremmpaepp un en certain annerer alder Mann beim Naame Eintzet. Was die Kinner es bescht pliese dutt. iss sell Deel vun der Schtori, wu ihre Paepp imme cabin gewuhnt hot un hot iwwer en hunnert dausend Daaler waut Gold rausgegraawe imme cave graad hinnich em cabin. Em Emil sei Freind in der Schtadt, wu ihm helfe hen der alt Eintzet noch der Schtadt fuhle uff en certain trip lange Yaahre zerick, kumme aa als hie an de Grischtdaag, un eens vun ihne in partickler gleicht alle Mol zu verzeehle, wie er mol cab driver geaeckt hot un wie er so en beeser alder Mann ghatt hot fer en passenger. Dnoh misse sie all lache, un der alt Sam, de Kinner ihre Gremmpaepp, schiddelt sei Kopp un saagt, "Well, I'll be dar-!" yuscht wie die Jane ihre Hand gently iwwer sei Maul dutt un gebt ihm dnoh en Boss.

NEIYAAHRS WINSCH

'S iss gut zu saagge zu de Leit—
Ich winsch eich all en gudi Zeit
Im neie Yaahr, wu heit erschteht,
Un hoff 's watt niemand so verleed,
Dass es vergesst zu danke Gott
Fer des, was Er uns gewwe hot;
Fer Gsundheit, Weisheit un Verschtand,
Fer all die Frichte vun dem Land;
Fer Regge, Sunneschein un Hitz,
Uns net gedroffe mit dem Blitz;
So viel gesegnet mit Gesundheit,
Un uns behiedet geegge Schtreit,
Mer danke all dem Gott recht schee,
Un winsche, 's mecht uns immer so geh.

Mer danke aa de reiche Leit,
Es hot sehr viel zu daere Zeit,
Die ihre Hend alsmol uffmache
Un gewwe aarme Leit viel Sache
Zu esse, drinke, un aa Kleeder,
Un Hols un Kohle fer kalt Wedder;
Un dass sie denke, dass en yeder
Immer hot so en guder Petter.

Ich winsch, dass gude Leit lang lewe,
Un dass sie immer reichlich gewwe
Zu denne, die es wohl aawende,
Un es net unneedich verschwende
Zum Lewe gheert aa Schpaarsamkeit,
Sowohl als wie Wohltaetichkeit.

Ich winsch de Buwe un de Meed
Viel Glick un aa all recht viel Freed;
Un dass sie schaffe un recht schpaare,
Dann kenne sie aa alsmol faahre,
Dabei sich rischde fer zu heire
Un net alleenich immer leire.
Deel wisse oft net, was sie wolle—
So Dummkepp soll der Beddel hole,
Wu schaffe hatt un schpaare Geld,
Un ken Familye in der Welt.

De Drucker, denne winsch ich all
Viel Bissniss, un in allem Fall
Esse un Drinke, des basst zum Darscht,
Un aa en Schtick Balooni Warscht,
So oft dass sie es needich brauche,
Un aa en Peif Duwack zu rauche;
Dass sie ihr Weiwer net vergesse,
Un kaafe ihne scheene Dresse;
Des bringt viel Haerrlichkeit ins Haus,
Un halt die fremme Menner drauss.

Des hab ich eich nau all gewinscht,
Un hoff ihr hett all viel Verdienscht,
Un dass ihr schafft mit neiem Mut,
Dass es eich all recht free-e duht,
Dass mir des neie Yaahr aadrede,
Un dass mer all duhn danke un bede
Fer des, was mir darch's Yaahr geniesse,
Un dass mir Gott niemols verdriesse.

—DR. FRANK R. BRUNNER

DER WINTER

Der Winter isch en rauher Mann,
Un macht en langer Dauer;
Er greift die Hand wie Eise aa
Un ebmols noch viel rauher.

Schtark isch er — so waar kenner noch—
Un waar noch nie net schwach;
Un wann mer hinner'm Offe hockt,
Dann hockt er uff em Dach.

Er ziegt sei weisse Hosse aa,
Die sin ihm vellich waarm;
Er schpott yuscht iwwer Fluss im Zaah
Un iwwer Schmertz im Darm.

Er losst die Blumme Blumme sel,
Un Veggei maag er net;
Er schtellt sich nie am Offe hie
Un wann's Eiszappe gebt.

Wann er der Fuchs recht belle heert,
Wann's Hols im Offe kracht;
Wann Knecht un Herr im Feier schteert
Un 's Eis viel Bricke macht;

Wann Schtee un Bee wie Glaas verbrecht,
Un's Wasser schtockschtill schteht,
So lacht er em yuscht aus, noch recht,
Un wann's ihm iwwel geht.

Sei Schloss vun Eis schteht grimmig draus
Beim Nordpol, datt am Schtrand;
Doch hot er aa en Summerhaus
Im scheene Schweizerland.

Ball isch er do, ball isch er datt,
Un treibt sei Gschefte hoch;
Froh wann er kummt un froh wann fatt—
Ich heil em nie net nooch.

Doch wie ich yung waar—schtark un gsund—
Der Winter waar mer liewer;
Wann's Feier am Heerdli hot gebrummt
Un Himmel trieb alliwwer.

Un wann der Schnee am diefschte waar,
Un 's Wetter noch viel wieschter,
Dann waar der Klang vun der Guitar
Un 's Liedli noch viel siesser.

Mei Schetzli hot's Guitar geschpielt,
Un ich hab's Liedli gsunge;
Was hen mer doch so herrlich gfiehlt—
Was hot 's so schee geklunge!

Bei uns waar dooch aa nix verlumpt—
So fleissig waar mer immer;
Wann Wind im Schornschtee hot gebrummt,
Hot's Wollraad in der Zimmer.

Ach, wann ich widder yung kennt sei,
Wie lieb waer mir der Winter!
Wie freehlich waer ich widder bei
Der liewe Fraa un Kinner!

From H. L. Fischer's KURZWELL un ZEITVERTREIB, York, Pa., 1896.

(The first eight stanzas of the above were adapted from the Allemanic dialect poet Feiner.)