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Editorials

Stronger Curbs on Traffic

Acting with dispatch upon recommendations of the Police Department, City Council yesterday took another advanced step in seeking to keep the unruly, giant problem of parking under control in ths city.

The gigantic proportions of the problem is evident to any and all who note the constant increase in volume of motor traffic and its especial concentration in the midtown business area. Its unruliness is evident to any and all who observe flagrant double-parking and all sorts of violations both of regulations and of commonsense in the handling and parking of cars. It is further indicated in the mischief which a lot of motorists have practiced, (some accidentally but more with calm deliberation), in wrecking the operation of parking meters. This has been done by jamming the meter with coins, whereupon the entire purpose of the meter has been nullified. Thus the advantage for business is completely destroyed and nothing stands in the way of all-day parking. It is a situation in which the meter is virtually non-existent.

As a result of intolerable conditions produced by double-parking and illegal and overtime parking Council now has decided to make a nickel instead of a cent the minimum meter charge. The metered parking district also is to be enlarged by fifteen blocks.

Perhaps most interesting and provocative is the decision to ease up on the fines for meter violations. At this time a fine of $1 is imposed for minor offenses. Under the new regulations, a sporting chance is offered to the violator who has lost track of time or has overstayed his metered time, perhaps by only a few minutes and has gotten "hopping mad" at seeing a tag on his car. If he makes settlement at police headquarters within an hour the fine will be but a half a dollar, while a $1 fine will continue to be the penalty where report and payment are made within 24 hours. To do something about the motorists who have flaunted the 24-hour rule for report and seemed to think that their offense might be overlooked or be forgotten, a $5 fine is to be imposed upon the tardy, indifferent and defiant offenders.

In determination to stop double-parking and its strangling effects upon the movement of traffic, Council has decided that a $5 fine shall be imposed. Threat of that size will certainly reduce the offense to a minimum. Every motorist except the one who offends, is tagged and has to shell out a "fin," will to be happy if the double-parking problem be eliminated. Furthermore, the police department is expected to permit no finagling on the part of double-parkers who seek to avoid the penalty.

The most striking element of the new plans for improved movement of traffic is the unique "skip parking" idea which is to be tried on Linden Street whose south curb thruout the central business section presently is banned to all parking theoretically but not actually.

It is this phase of the new regulations whose operation will be watched with the keenest interest. This will be strictly an Allentown experiment. It has no parallels so there is no knowledge of its practical working effects.

Theoretically it appears a good answer to the hazards and the delays that occur to moving traffic from cars that either back into or pull out of curb parking spaces. Frequently a motor car which is backing into a vacant space halts both lanes of west-bound traffic on Linden St. while the motorist who pulls out of a space with little more thought than that of avoiding collision with the car directly ahead either collides with or halts the oncoming line of traffic.

The "skip parking" plan should put an end both to the hazards and to the delay for the two west-bound streams of traffic. Under the system there will be two parking spaces, followed by a single space which is barred to parking. Thus every legally parked car has a full car space either behind or directly in front for easy maneuverability into the line of traffic or for driving into an empty parking space.

Perhaps there will be some who will complain that a lot of this program is "strong medicine." But there must be agreement on all hands that the problem is a big one. It is a growing problem. And as its size increases the need for sharper reining of the unruly and powerful steed calls for extraordinary measures and strong determination to carry out those measures.

The welfare of this community is dependent very largely upon the success with which the motor traffic problem is handled. The welfare of the community transcends the interests of any single motorist or any group of motorists.

That which is the best for the City must take precedence over any and all other petty interests.

And always let it be fully understood that all regulations of motor traffic are in the community interest. Never has the matter of raising revenue from meters entered into any of the plans. Revenue has been a mere side issue to the matter of control of our limited parking space so that it is shared by the largest possible number of motorists in the course of a day and is not "hogged" by all-day parkers.

'Once Upon a Time' Etc.

Like a fairy tale and its introduction of "once upon a time there was a beautiful princess" and its sequel — the arrival upon the scene of a Prince Charming — is the current, stirringly interesting story of the engagement of that lovely princess of the American screen — Grace Kelly of Philadelphia, — and Prince Rainier III of Monaco, the tiny principality on the border of Southern France which is most famous for its casino in Monte Carlo.

The prince is the real stuff, aristocratically speaking. He has a real domain and there is nothing on his status that resembles that of the many pretenders to thrones that passed away years and years ago and are unlikely ever to be restored. In fact his is a royal line that has ruled the tiny principality for almost seven hundred years and has something of a guarantee of continuance as long as the family maintains a male line.

His would seem to be a happy people for they pay no taxes. All their governmental costs are paid by the rich returns from the gambling casino. Since there are only about 23,000 contented Monacans and the principality has an area of only 377 acres (only about seven times the area of our Fair Grounds) the job of the young prince since his accession to the throne in 1949 has not been a too difficult one.

But Rainier (pronounced Raynya and with accent on the second syllable) has all the qualifications and historical background of royalty. Since he is but 32, and has been regarded as "the world's most eligible bachelor," there will be disposition in this country to regard the marriage with our own princess — a princess certainly by right of beauty, talents and achievements — with high satisfaction. This was not the case in the many years of fortune - hunting Europeans bearing titles as shoddy as their characters who carried many of our American heiresses away.

So it appears that sometime about the Easter season the handsome prince will marry the beautiful princess and all will live happily ever thereafter.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Revelation 2:1-7

The seven churches mentioned in 1:11 were in Asia, a small province in Asia Minor. Ephesus was a very important city there, the others practically its suburbs. It may be that the first of the seven letters was addressed to the church in Ephesus because of its central location. Paul's letter to the Ephesians was addressed to this same church. Jesus, speaking through John to this Ephesian church commends it for its orthodoxy, its readiness to contend for the truth, and having no time for those who sought to pervert it. But He has this against them, that they had left their first love, which they had had for Him. The word 'somewhat' in italics in v.4 in the King James text should be omitted, for it is not in the Greek. To have left their first love for Him was not merely 'somewhat;' it was everything. Work without love is of little value in the eyes of Him, Who moved by His love for His Father and for us, went to the cross that He might purchase our redemption.

'55 Review; Peeking in '56

By SYLVIA PORTER

By this time, everybody who reads a newspaper knows that 1955 was a record-smashing business year — the year of the greatest industrial boom of all our history.

And about the only major outsider-looking-in was the American farmer.

By this time, nearly everybody who reads a newspaper also must know that the over-whelming forecast for 1956 is for more of the same — and that the majority expectation is that during at least the first half of this year, new records will be set in overall industrial production, wages, incomes, spending, etc.

And again about the only major outsider-looking-in will be the American farmer.

But the millions of words of generalities about 1955 and 1956 are still only generalities. They don't provide a "feeling" about the years. The vast amounts of statistics being printed are only statistics. In most cases, the figures are so huge they defy comprehension anyway.

What sort of year was it really in 1955?

Astounds Optimists

It was a year in which American business not only astounded the pessimists. Business also astounded the optimists — no mean feat.

The year started at a trot, ended in a gallop.

Before it was much older than the present infant, 1956, it was apparent that the 1953-54 recession was just a dim memory. The question from the beginning was not the direction of the industrial economy; that was up. The question was only the speed at which the economy would head up.

So fast did the economy climb that the biggest business news of the year was the effort of Washington's monetary authorities to curb the speed, "spread out" the good times. The top business news event of 1955 just selected by the chief executives of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane — the world's largest brokerage house — for instance, was: "The Federal Reserve's repeated and vigorous efforts to tighten credit and the resultant sharp rise in the cost of money."

So furious was the pace of the rise that one of the greatest restraints on the boom at the year end was the plain fact that the economy was straining at the ceiling of materials and manpower. A force for moderation this year will be the extent of the upsurge last year; the "room" simply does not exist for a similar advance.

So fabulous was the recovery from the 1953-54 recession that the power of the upswing even "hardened" such chronically soft spots as the coal and textile industries. Coal's comeback was among the outstanding developments of 1955.

So flamboyant was last year's boom that its very brilliance focused a spotlight on the plight of the farmer. A farm recession in a sagging or stagnant economy? Yes, that could be understood. But a farm slump in the midst of an unparalleled industrial boom? That was a contrast that became increasingly painful as 1955 progressed. And it compelled serious questioning about the fundamental soundness of a boom which could bypass so large and vital a part of the population.

How did it happen?

It happened first because we — the consumers of America — made it happen by our free spending. We started on a buying spree in early 1955 and we stayed on it until the last night-club closed its doors New Year's morning. In almost unbelievable volume, we gobbled up everything from autos to ashtrays, from TV sets to toys, from houses to hairpins.

We not only bought with cash. We also bought on the cuff and we loaded ourselves with an all-time record high of debts of all kinds.

It happened, second, because business made it happen by its free spending. From almost the



start of the year too, business went on a spending splurge to expand and modernize its plants, and it's still on the splurge. This spending simultaneously reflected the boom and helped make the boom.

It happened, third, because government made it happen by its free spending. Government spending on defense leveled off in 1955 — but it leveled off at a mark so high that in any other era but this our defense spending would be considered an outright war budget.

The forces merged to make the glistening picture. The boom in business gave organized labor the perfect background against which to demand and get sensational pay hikes. The higher incomes of workers in turn added to the boom in business. The rise in the stock market to the highest average levels in history created an ideal background for record dividend payments. The record dividend payments in turn added steam to the stock market rise. And so it went.

And now what about 1956?

By any standard, 1956 is starting out as a year of boom — but this boom should be one of less bounce and more bumps.

The long-anticipated slowdown in auto production and sales is here — and the most respected authorities in the automobile industry are openly admitting they expect that fewer cars will be turned out and sold in 1956 than in 1955. A slackening in Detroit is bound to fan out through the land.

The long-anticipated slowdown in housing construction and sales is here — and the most respected authorities in the housing field are openly forecasting fewer houses will be built and sold in 1956 than in 1955. A slackening here also is bound to be felt throughout the economy.

And the income of farmers is still on the way down. Small business is facing an increasing cost squeeze. There are weak spots in the deterioration of many installment loans.

But the slowdowns foreseen are viewed as "healthy" in Washington because, as one informed source put it, "We'd be taking off for the inflationary stratosphere if we didn't have these slowdowns. The slackening in automobiles and housing will help release materials and manpower the nation needs to keep inflation under control."

1956, in short, should be a year of rolling adjustment within the broad framework of a basic boom.

If that's the way it does turn out, we will have achieved it again — 11 years after the end of World War II, we will have shown the world that we still have side-stepped both depression and runaway inflation.

And we will then have more grounds for the claim that we are learning how to control the boom - bust cycle which has cursed man - made economies through the centuries.

Now having achieved my own minor victory in writing a lengthy annual review and forecast without using one statistic, here, for the edification of the statistically - minded are some percentage predictions for 1956 upon which most agree. The projections are by Prentice-Hall and estimate the changes in 1956 averages from 1955 averages in:

Total national product — up 4 to 6 per cent; industrial production — up 3 to 5 per cent; total private spending for goods and services — up 3 to 6; total public spending for goods and services — up 3 to 6; defense spending — up 3 to 5; new construction — up 4 to 7; business spending for plant and equipment — up 12 to 17; consumer spendable income — up 4 to 6; total retail sales — up 2 to 5; soft goods up 5 to 7; hard goods — minus 4 to plus 1 per cent; new corporate profits — up 3 to 8; corporate dividends — up 6 to 13; wholesale price average — up 1 to 2; cost of living index — no change to up 2 per cent.

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Messages to Congress

By DAVID LAWRENCE

For more than 112 years — from the presidency of John Adams to the presidency of Woodrow Wilson — no President ever read any message in person to Congress.

President Jefferson abandoned the personal-delivery idea of Washington and Adams, declaring it to be too much like the "speech from the throne" in England.

So President Eisenhower's enforced vacation compelled a return to what had for decades been the usual custom of the Executive in having messages presented to Congress by reading clerks.

There are many advantages in a personal appearance — advantages which have to do with greater emphasis on the points of the messages before a bigger audience than might read all of the text in the press. Mr. Eisenhower wisely decided to make a summary before the TV and newsreel cameras which gave the nighttime audiences a personal delivery of about the same amount of words as are usually selected from the long addresses. In fact, it may be questioned whether enough people have the time during the day anyway to watch TV or listen to the radio when there is a message read by a President. Certainly more citizens hear the extracts given in the evening over radio and TV.

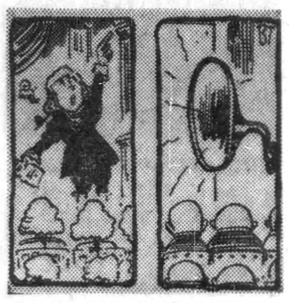
What Mr. Eisenhower said in his message, of course, had world-wide significance, when he dealt with such questions as foreign policy and economic and military aid to allies. There will be reassurance abroad, because the President asks Congress for a long-range program of financial measures which can help stabilize the relations between the United States and its allies.

The words of caution uttered by the President with reference to trusting Soviet policies will be noted around the world. While not relaxing any effort to promote peace by sound methods, the President made it clear he isn't being fooled by Soviet smiles or aggravated by Communist invectives.

There was throughout the message a note of moderation which will make a favorable impression abroad, because it shows that, despite the discouraging behavior of the Soviet leaders and spokesmen, the United States is not abandoning its crusade for peace.

On domestic policies, the message is a masterful presentation of a lot of delicate points that are bound to be the basis of debate in this campaign year. Mr. Eisenhower, like other Presidents, has had the benefit of lengthy memoranda from Cabinet officers and other advisers and, as usual, the State of the Union message is a collaboration of many minds. Running through it, however, is the Eisenhower philosophy of "dynamic conservatism" and progressive thought in the realm of economics as well as social welfare.

Perhaps the outstanding declaration — which will be further amplified when the April tax receipts are counted — relates to tax policy. The President and his Cabinet are well aware of the strategy of the Democrats in proclaiming for many months



now a promise of tax reduction. It took courage, therfore, for the President to say that he would not favor tax reduction unless and until the budget is balanced.

But nobody knows at the moment what the budget situation will be by next June, when a new tax law might be up for consideration by Congress. Much will depend on the trend of the current tax receipts. Heretofore the treasury, under all recent administrations, has underestimated receipts and overestimated expenditures. Maybe that's a good mistake to make in the preliminary appraisals.

But it does seem that the revenues derived from a year like 1955, which broke many records in business expansion, may surprise the treasury not only on total taxes collected from corporations but from individuals as well.

The President has said that he believes a "modest" amount should be applied to reducing the national debt. Even the use of a half-billion for this purpose would not be insignificant so far as improving the position and prestige of the American dollar throughout the world. If the rest of a 3-billion-dollar surplus, for example, were used for tax reduction, the country would accord the Eisenhower administration full credit for a remarkable achievement after a series of almost continuous annual deficits during this and preceding administrations.

The political strategists, especially on the Democratic side, will attempt to beat the President to it by offering tax-reduction measures right away, but the country will know that, if an unexpected increase in tax collections occurs, it will be because of an unprecedented prosperity achieved under the Eisenhower regime.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N NEIER SHTYLE: Is es now net wunnerbore wos die weibsleit heit tzu dawg duhna fer der hochmuth. Now nem doh 'm John Beitler fon da Jefferson shtross sei fraw Ruth tzum bei shpiel. Der John uf kours is lecturer fon da Trexlershteddler grange nagshd on Wescosville, un is immer om rum gucka fer neia socha, neia gamoda fer seina grange glaeder bringa in da grange. Woh in da welt ow'r os die Ruth wind grick'd hut os es stylish wear fer die shtadt nei gaemit tzwae sarta shoe, wase ken saelicher mensch—un die Ruth beebs'd ken wert—nix mainer os wie sie g'sawt hut sie dade numma net hoffa os der Pumpernickle wind dafon graich'd.

Wel, aenicha waig, alla Fridawg nommy dawg gaina 's Johns' noch da shtorra, ei Kaufa fer die woch wie ewwa der gabrouch is unnich londsleit. 'S Johns' wohna wol in da shtadt, ow'r ihra hartzer sin ols noch drous im lond, odder sie weara ken so guta Grangers os wie sie sin. Doh 'm onnerra Fridawg nommy dawg wie die alt sawg ols wor, hut die Ruth shun uf 'm budder foss k'huck'd worta fer der John hame kumma fer nous gae ei kaufa. Sie wor fix un fartich aw gaduh wie der John hame kumma is, hut der koat aw kot, der hute uf 'm kup, un sie sin nous un hen die rounds gamocht.

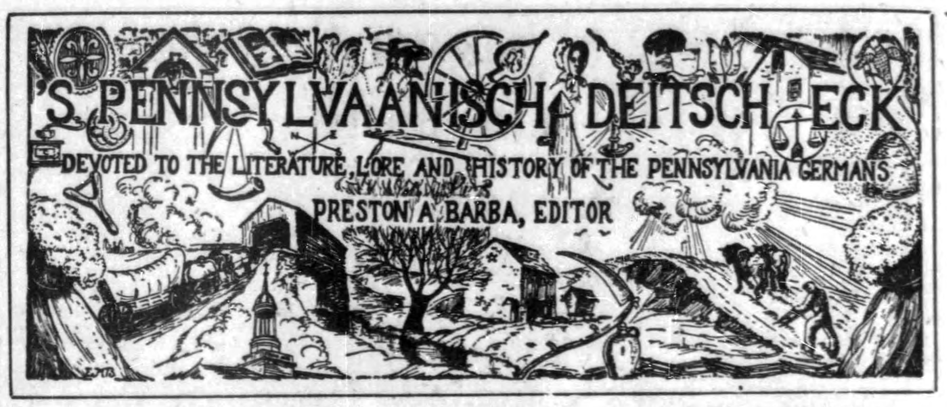
Allas wor ol recht bis sie hame kumma sin, un die Ruth hut sich uf die fees gaguck'd. Noh miner sivatzae won sie net ae schwartz, un ae brauner shoe aw kotta hut — uns shlimsh'd fon ol wor, ae shoe hut uffna tzaea kot, un der onner wer tzu. Oy duh welt wos hut die Ruth sich net aw g'shick'd wie won sies hossa dade, ow'r fiel fon ihra friend hen so'n halvie maining, sie hets ferparbas gaduh — het mohl 'n neier shtyle ous brovierra wolla fer tzwae orta shoe aw duh fer die shtadt nei gae.

Shtyle is 'n kayosie soch. Won ebber net in shtyle is locha die leit iwwer em, un won m'r die socha tzu hard iwwer dreibt is es grawd so shlim. 'N mensch oft tzeita wase shier net wie aw tzu gae fer leit halta fon shwetza — so huts uns shun gawunnert wos leit g'sawt hetta dreisich fartsich yohr tzurick wie nix wie shwartza mashina rum worra, won ebber die shtross g'fohrra wear mit ra mashina aw g'shtricha wie 'n raya boga—un wie heit tzu dawg fiel mashina em gamohna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'M shpoteyohr worra m'r noch Havana Cuba, un der kummend Yunie nemma m'r wohrhoft 'n drup noch Mexico — wolla mohl sehna eb m'r aenicha Pennsylfawnish Deitscha finna kenna dart drunna — in Cuba hen m'r net ainer g'funna.

Horoscope

You may expect a year of fairly good fortune, and a good deal of success is prognosticated for the child born today.



Why Is Everybody Interested IN THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH?

by JOHN A. HOSTETLER

NEVER IN THE HISTORY of this country has there been such a genuine public curiosity about the Pennsylvania Dutch. Minority groups such as the Amish and the Mennonites who three or four centuries ago were condemned as heretics, apostates, blasphemers, and stubborn nonconformists, are now looked upon as carriers of a culture worthy of admiration. This widespread interest is evident not only in decorative art and in literature, but also in everyday affairs, in food, festivals, travel, gift shops, national advertising and drama. Why this surge of public interest? Why are the Amish who want no publicity at all — not even favorable comment — foremost in publicity among all the Pennsylvania Dutch groups?

I

For the past several years the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Festival held at Kutztown, Pennsylvania, has attracted forty to sixty thousand people. The annual four-day celebrations attempt to show how the Dutch lived in pioneer days and how well they have kept alive their culture. The background, scope, and contribution of the Pennsylvania Dutch to America are discussed by various specialists. There are demonstrations of crafts — pottery making, wheelmaking, and basketmaking. The costumes of the "Plain People" are put on display, carefully explained and demonstrated by sympathetic outsiders. The average jaywalker attending the festival can, if he wants, learn the distinction between Amish and "Black Bumper" bonnets; he can learn to distinguish an Amish bishop's hat from other styles of Amish hats. He can go as deep as he wants into "spook" stories and legends and into the finest detail of culture complexity.

Another Pennsylvania Dutch attraction, held annually for the seventh time this year, is the Hershey, Pennsylvania, festival. Last year Hershey attracted an estimated 135,000 people. The three days of festivity offered a blend of Pennsylvania Dutch agriculture, crafts, funmaking, storytelling, and featured the appointment of a state **Lotwaerrick** (apple butter) queen, a Dutch **Fendue** (auction), worship services in the dialect, square dancing, Dutch skits, musical entertainment, cigar making, glass blowing, candle dipping, weaving, and favorite Dutch dishes. Seven and one-half tons of chicken, three-quarter ton of cabbage, three-quarter ton of beans, five hundred pounds of butter, and ninety gallons of vinegar were consumed by this crowd. A mile of paper tablecloth was used to cover the tables, where twelve lines, each capable of sering 100 persons every 15 minutes, served the interested multitude.

The Ohio Swiss Cheese Festival at Sugarcreek, Ohio, right in the heart of the largest Amish settlement in the nation, seems to have exceeded even the Hershey crowd last year. From every corner of the state and from many other states, people poured into Sugarcreek until the town was packed. An estimated 200,000 persons were present to listen to Polka Harmoniers, Pop Farver's orchestra, to witness alpenhorn blowing, Swiss flag throwing, and the yodling Swiss cheese makers. Photographers swarmed everywhere recording the colorful ceremonies. Radio, television, and reporters were present to secure adequate coverage. The crowd consumed about a ton of hamburger, huge quantities of pies, cakes, soft drinks, and milk products. The Swiss cheese makers sold 13,400 pounds of cheese and a ton of Trail Bologna.

Pennsylvania's people are more tradition conscious, certainly more "Dutch" conscious, than those of other states. Lancaster County is the center for most of the Dutch fanfare. There are a number of commercial agencies and some professional societies who promote the Dutch trade. Hotel Brunswick serves Dutch dishes and has arranged regular weekend Lancaster County tours for the thousands of tourists who want to see the Dutch country. Alfred Shoemaker of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Franklin and Marshall College, has spearheaded publications, folk festivals, tours, dialect broadcasting, and the systematic collection of folk tales. The American Society of Travel Agents met in Lancaster for their annual meeting and were told how Lancaster could become the tourist mecca of the nation. Representatives of the Swedish-American Steamship Lines recently visited Lancaster to pick up a few tips on Dutch food, especially shoo-fly pie.

A number of professional people, authors, artists, and public citizens, such as Arthur Graeff, Albert Buffington, William Frey, Don Yoder, Melvin Gingerich, Guy Reinert, Preston A. Barba, J. M. J. Klein, Frances Lichten, Donald Shelley, Harry Reichard, Thomas Brendle, William Troxell, G. M. Ludwig, Russel W. Gilbert, Walter Boyer and others, have written and lectured on some phase of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Their contributions with many others in such publications as the **Pennsylvania German Society** and the **Pennsylvania German Folklore Society** and in other respectable volumes is a tremendous body of literature. Joseph W. Yoder of Huntington, Pennsylvania, and author of **Rosanna of the Amish** has lectured for many years on various Amish topics. Maurice A. Mook, Professor of Anthropology of the Pennsylvania State University, in recent years has had demands for dozens of speaking engagements for his lecture on the Amish.

Mrs. Harriet Foltz Hull of Pittsburgh has been lecturing on Pennsylvania Dutch subjects for eight years. Her informal talks on the arts, crafts, and folklore of the "Plain People" include displays from her typically Dutch "tote box."

There is also a tendency for some persons to trace their ancestry directly back to the Pennsylvania Dutch, acquire a few legends, and by sincerity, and a dash of wit become an "authority" in the field.

II

The stage too has shared in the Pennsylvania Dutch "revival." "Out of This Wilderness" was an outdoor drama of the Pennsylvania Dutch played last year at Selinsgrove. In it the life story of the German people who fled from religious and political oppression is presented with mingled emotions. Portrayed are Conrad Weiser, Chief Shikellamy, Count Zinzendorf, Chief Seneca George, George Gabriel, and other Pennsylvania heroes.

"Papa Is All," a stage performance of an eccentric domineering father of a (Reformed) Mennonite setting, is still appearing at open-country summer theatricals.

"By Hex," was staged in Lancaster County last summer. Among other scenes it has in it the role of an Amish bishop who leads his group in the way he feels is right. To get the feel of being Amish two of the members of the cast dressed in Amish garb , false beard, and straw hat and visited Lancaster and nearby villages. In meeting Amish people on the street nods were exchanged, but this was about as close as the imitators could get.

The most sensational of all the plays on the Pennsylvania Dutch is "Plain and Fancy." It has been playing on Broadway since February and seems to have promise of popularity for a long time to come. This musical has been publicized widely through newspapers, television, and radio, and reviews of it have appeared in leading magazines. The play is based upon Lancaster County Amish. Broadway's formula is not necessarily to present people as they are, but its interest seems to deal with showmanship and lust without giving too much offence. Photographs show that the costuming is not at all genuinely Amish, and the music is jarring, brassy, and worldly for the most part. But the play does leave the impression that the Amish are admirable people, if one can overlook the hexing, shunning, and drunkenness which is what Broadway wants from the Amish. The most admirable part is a song "Plain We Live" sung by a chorus of farmers as a declaration of Amish principles. It is the best statement of Amish credo coming from a secular source.

Brooks Atkinson, the seasoned **New York Times** critic, gives an admirable word for the Amish, but as regards the play he states that "the subject of the Amish is one that Broadway has not really mastered in Plain and Fancy."

The Amish theme as a result of the play has invaded the fashion world. A fashion editor recently advised that any girl who wants to be different should try an Amish hairdo, or that the girl whose permanent is wearing out might be "very fashionable indeed" with an Amish hair style.

TO BE CONCLUDED

MERRY ARE THE BELLS

Nau heer mol die Belle,
wie haerrlich sie ringe!
Was bin ich so freehlich,
so seelich am Singe;
O, ding-a-ling dong,
so freehlich un frei,
Beim freehliche Singe
so glicklich zu sei.
So wacklich der Schritt
un so bucklich der Gang,
Dir wackelt der Kopp
un dei Naas iss zu lang;
O, ding-a-ling dong,
so freehlich un frei,
Beim freehliche Singe
so glicklich zu sei.

Un hen mer enanner
so freehlich gedroffe,
Mer kumme mol widder
so zamme geloffe;
O, ding-a-ling dong,
so freehlich un frei,
Beim freehliche Singe
so glicklich zu sei.

Jeannie, come tie my tie

Nau Jennie, kumm binn mer,
Nau Jennie, kumm binn mer,
Nau Jennie, kumm binn mer
mei Schlupe!

Browier ich's vun hinne,
Browier ich's vun vanne,
Nau guck emoll do wie
ich guck!

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim Mammi Gans Buch

ERINNERUNG

Erinnerung, ich leb in dir
Mei Daagge widder iwwer;
Du bringscht sie all zerick zu mir,
Fer mich zu denke driwwer.
Wie bidder sin doch viel devun,
Vergesse meecht ich sie;
Doch bringscht du mir en manchi Schtunn —
O, wie vergniecht iss die.
Du bischt mei Droscht, verloss mich net,
Iss mei Gebeed zu dir.
Wann ich die Lieb un Freindschaft hett,
Was du zerick bringscht mir,
Deet Hass un Feindschaft mir net weh,
Am Haz waer'n sie ken Zwung.
Ich bitt, vernicht du mir die zwee
In der Erinnerung!

LLOYD A. MOLL (1879-1944)

Der Kaschbar Verzeehlt

Abschieds Breddich

Wisst dihr, mei liewe Leit, was en Abschieds Breddich iss? Ich bin bang, viel vun eich duhne net. In Englisch deet mer saagge, "Farewell Sermon." Ya, sell iss was en Abschieds Breddich iss.

Wann hot der Parre en Abschieds Breddich gebreddicht? Wei, sell waar en letschti Breddich, noh iss er in en annerl Gemee gange. Die Ludderische un die Refemmierte Parre hen als die Abschieds Breddiche gewwe. Ihre Leit hen sie neigschtimmt ghatt un oft hen sie aa die Kalls nausgedrickt.

Des hot die Parre als wennich uffgeriehrt un sie sin eewe kumme mit de Gemee wann sie ihre Abschieds Breddich gewwe hen. Die Kaerriche waare als gschtoppte voll. Leit sin alle Weg beikumme. Noh hot der Parre in seinre Breddich aafange Schtoft rumschmeisse. Es waare Backeschtee!

En aldi Gschicht ass ich als gheert hab, wie ich en Kind waar, iss oft iwwerholt warre. Des hen sie als gsaat iss vorgfalle in Center Kaunty. Am End vun der Breddich hot der Parre laut gsaat, "Un nau, mei liewe Leit, farrewell. Als Kelwer hawwich eich aagenumme, un als Oxe will ich eich verlosse. Geld regiert die Welt un Dummheit die Brush Valley." Sell waar Farrewell gewwe!

En annerer Parre hot gsaat in seinre Abschieds Breddich, "Nau will ich geh. Dihr seid hadde Leit fer zu diene. Dihr hett mir sei Lewe nix gewwe newebei ass wie warremiche Ebbel un faule Pasching. Un die Biewel saagt, "An ihre Fruechten sollt ihr sie erkennen."

Noh iss er zum Schluss kumme. "Dihr seit hatthaziche Mensche. Dihr gleicht nanner net. Fer sell hawwich ken Hochziche ghatt. Un der lieb Gott gleicht eich net, schunscht hett er deel vun eich heemgenumme. Un fer sell hawwich ken Leichte ghatt. Nau gehn ich un mach en Blatz reddi fer eich, so dass dihr sei kennt, wu ich bin. Ich hab en Tschabb grickt als chaplain in re penitentiary.

Wu Kumm Ich Haer?

Es waar mol en yungi Mammi un die hot en Bu ghatt, ass ebaut acht Yaahr alt waar. Der Kall iss in die Schul gange. Er hot en lot gelannt aus de Bicher, awwer viel meh vun de Yunge, wu mit ihm in die Schul gange sin.

Die yung Mammi hot zu der Woman's Club geheert. Datt iss viel gschwetzt warre, wie mer die Yunge uffziegge sett. Die alde Meed un die gheierte Weibsleit, wu ken Kinner ghatt hen, waare gans schur wie mer Kinner uffziegge sett.

Die yunge Mammis hen ausgemacht ee Ding waer hatt zu duh. Sell waer, die recht Andwatt gewwe wann die Kinner eem ebbes froogge. Sie waare schur ass die Kinner, eb sie zu grooss waere, deede ebbes wie des froogge, "Wu kumm ich haer?" Well, die Mammis sin draa un hen uffgelese uff "Sex Education." Sie hen graad gewisst was farriche Andwatt zu gewwe.

Dem acht-yaehriche Bu sel Mammi hot gsaat zu sich selwer, "Ich hoff es geht noch edliche Yaahr, bis mei kleener Bu mich frogt, wu er haer kummt. Awwer, wann er mich frogt, muss ich ihm die Waahrheit saagge."

Wie sie ins Haus kumme iss, waar ihre kleener Bu deheem vun de Schul. Er hot sei Mammi ins Gsicht aageguckt un hot gsaat, "Mammi, wu kumm ich haer?"

Du liewer Yammer! Nau muss sie ihm alles ausleegge. Wie kann sie des duh? Awwer sie hot sich fescht vorgenumme ass sie ihm die Waahrheit saagt.

Sie hot aafange schwetze vun de Blumme un wu sie haerkumme. Sell waar net so hatt. Der Yung hot sich gans ruhich ghalde un gharricht. Noh hot sie gschwetzt vun de Ieme. Sell waar aa net so hatt.

Noh iss sie ans Schwetze vun de Veggel wu aus de Oier kumme. Nooch sellem iss es nimmi so gut gange. Awwer sie hot aagfange vun de Schof un wu die Schipplin haerkumme. Un endlich hot sie ausgelegt 's bescht ass sie gekennt hot, wu die Leit haerkumme.

Der Yung hot sie vun Wunner aageguckt. "Ferwas witt du wisse, wu du haerkummscht?" hot sie der Bu gfrogt. "Maemm," hot er gsaat, "Ich weess net wu ich haerkumm. Geschter hot en kleener Bu aafange in die Schul geh. Ich hab ihn gfrogt wu er haerkummt, un er hot gsaat, er kaemt vun Chattanooga, Tennessee. Maemm, wu kumm ich haer?"

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Floods Must Be Checked

Citizens of the Lehigh Valley, ably and earnestly abetted by State Secretary of Forests and Waters Dr. Maurice E. Goddard and by Congressman Walter of the Monroe - Northampton-Pike congressional district, have taken the urgent matter of flood control to the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers in the course of a momentous meeting in Stroudsburg yesterday.

There, in the heart of the area that was devastated in August, it was possible to bring into sharpest focus the pressing need for the protection that the people of the Lehigh Valley have asked during more than a score of years but have not been accorded.

Almost annually and sometimes oftener in the course of a year, floods have raced down the great heavily eroded valleys of the Lehigh and the Delaware rivers and sought out their original flood plains with consequent destruction to property throughout their course.

Untold millions of dollars have been lost in these valleys in recent years. Spring floods have been rivalled in quite a number of years by midsummer rampages of the main rivers and-or their tributaries. The problem has been recognized nationally for quite a number of years but nothing has been done to alleviate it.

The unprecedented floods in August last brought the issue to the widest possible attention. Tragic loss of life during the floods of last summer made a story that evoked the sympathy of the people of the United States from President Eisenhower on down to the humblest man. Funds for relief were poured into the affected areas but with an inadequacy that all must realize.

Prevention of floods rather than relief for sufferers after they are all over is now recognized to be the sound, intelligent, foresighted way of meeting the problem.

There is general agreement that the problem is one that can be solved only by extensive and costly engineering projects. But just as other great rivers of the country are being harnessed and kept within bounds by great systems of dams and other water control measures, so it should be possible to control the Delaware and the Lehigh rivers. Here is a problem that should be "peanuts" for the engineers when compared with the problem of the Missouri River and the system of controls which is being built to curb its ravages.

For twenty and more years it has been realized that the problem should be attacked. The floods during last August have brought the issue to a crux.

There can be no one in Washington, or in Harrisburg or in any city or town in the Lehigh Valley who can be disposed to trifle with and delay the matter any longer.

Telephone Service Rise

Announcement by the Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania that it has filed a new rate schedule with the Public Utility Commission and that, if approved, service will cost from a fourth to a third more, approximately, will be received with little surprise by their customers who are aware that, despite increased costs of just about everything else, phone service has cost the same during the past four years.

Of course this is a matter of pure business. Decision will be based upon pure business considerations and not upon the mere wishes or the opinions of any individuals or groups who may oppose the increase.

Under our Public Utility Commission laws, it is recognized that this and other public utility services are entitled to a fair yield upon their investment. It is an astonishingly low yield within which these companies are held in the public interest. By comparison, many private business operations produce yields many times larger percentage-wise.

The books of the utilities are open ones. The State constantly has access to them. Only as a utility can show its need for greater income for service rendered is it permitted to establish higher rates.

The Bell Telephone Co. has asked for increases. It expects to show that it has had a succession of wage increases during the past five years and that the increase has consumed even more of income than the amount gained when increased rates went into effect four years ago.

It likewise is promised that continuous expansion of plants and services will be engaged in if the company can get the money with which to provide them. For example, the company locally has been planning huge expansion of its plant at Linden and Hall Sts.

There also will be such improvement in service as the addition of Slatington to the local zone within which calls can be dialed without the intervention of an operator and without a toll charge.

But the entire issue will be resolved upon a business basis. Individuals and communities have the right and the opportunity to protest if they so see fit and if they follow the usual reaction to increase in the price of anything whether it be goods or services. The Public Utility Commission will hear all evidence that can be presented, pro or con, in the issue.

The decision will be made without emotion. It will be decided simply on the question: Does the Bell Telephone Co. need greater income to pay the increased salaries of its people, to maintain expanded and improved service and to provide the buildings and equipment necessary to meet the increased demands upon telephone service by this rapidly growing community and by other communities of the state? The decision will be governed by principles of justice and right under the laws of Pennsylvania which sharply limit the profits of public utilities but in return for such curbs prevents costly and destructive competition in their respective fields.

Destruction of Mankind

Protests against the continuing program of tests with atomic bombs have come from various parts of the world but in light of the continuing rivalry between West and East in the conduct of the cold war there is no disposition to quit lest one side gain an advantage while the other is inactive.

So there will be interest in the announcement from the atomic Energy Commission that a series of tests will be made during the Spring in the far-off Pacific. There will be some comfort in the added announcement that the tests will be substantially less powerful than the mighty hydrogen blast two years ago at Bikini.

What some scientists fear is not merely the destruction of the human race and perhaps even our planet in the course of an all-out atomic war but the rapid disintegration of the human race by the peace-time discharge of considerable numbers of these bombs even in mere tests.

Already there is extensive knowledge about the possible effects of these nuclear explosions upon the heredity of all living things. What the scientists fear, and what the Pope may have been thinking of really in his latest appeal for cessation of these tests, is that mankind will produce a multitude of seriously defective children, morons and monsters because of the effects of radiation upon the genes. Thus the race could be destroyed without a war and without the attempts of one nation or group of nations to destroy another nation or group of nations by dropping the new instruments of destruction upon them.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

PURPOSE

I have no wish to play the saint,
Untarnished and unstrained,
To be enshrined in stone and paint
In churches window-paned.

I'd rather, when I leave this earth
And all my toil is through,
Be known as one who shared men's mirth
And all their sorrows, too.

To play the man, to play the friend,
To keep the faith with hall,
To do my best unto the end
In all tasks; great or small.

To fashion something as a whole
That symbolizes me,
And at the last to have a soul
That's fit for God to see.

Here is the fame I'd leave on earth,
The only praise I'd gain:
That I had understood men's mirth
And understood their pain.

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How's Everything In the Near East?



Thoughts on Re-running

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What do members of the Cabinet think about the chances of an announcement being made by President Eisenhower that he will accept nomination for a second term?

Most of them who talk about it all do so privately to their friends and associates, and the preponderant opinion is that the President will take what is often called in military terms a "calculated risk" and will be willing to serve if the people wish him to do so.

Since the transcript of the President's conference with the press last Sunday at Key West was published, it develops that there are really two main groups in Washington, irrespective of party, who comment on it.

The first assumes that a personal decision is to be made, and many individuals, whether Republican or Democratic, say the same thing — that in their own cases and faced with the same circumstances, they wouldn't risk a second term or any other heavy duties in business or the professions.

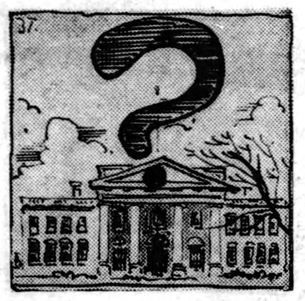
The second assumes that, while there is a personal risk, a soldier is inclined to look at the national interst above self-interest and that, when all the facts and arguments are marshalled, Mr. Eisenhower, impelled by a sense of duty, will decide to serve on if re-elected.

But it is surprising that those who commented overlook one aspect of what could be involved in the President's reference to the "unexpected." He said in his press conference:

"It is a very critical thing to change governments in this country at a time that it is unexpected — we accustom ourselves and so do foreign governments to changing our government every four years but always something happens that is untoward when a government is changed at other times. It is a rather startling thing."

But, it may be asked, just what is going to happen in this country and in the world if the President announces that he isn't going to run? Whenever he says he doesn't intend to run again, the news will come as a shock to the people not only of this country but of the other countries of the free world.

The "unexpected" will then develop with intensity. American leadership will suddenly become



uncertain and perhaps frustrated. If the President announces a negative decision at the end of February, for example, a period of uncertainty lasting through several months will inevitably follow.

The other governments of the free world, knowing that Mr. Eisenhower will not be at the helm after next January, will not feel inclined to initiate new policies with Mr. Dulles, for he, too, would not assuredly be secretary of state after the present administration came to an end.

As for the Communist governments, they might feel this period of uncertainty gave them a chance to do the "unexpected," too, and a flare-up in Formosan waters might be the result, with grave risks of war.

It has not been the custom of the American people to "change horses in midstream." There was for example, considerable opposition to the third-term idea prior to May 10, 1940, when Hitler made it a "total war" by invading Holland and Belgium and driving toward France. The moment the international situation changed, sentiment inside America changed, and Mr. Roosevelt made up his mind to ignore the third-term tradition.

Same Situation in '44

The same situation prevailed in November 1944, when the American people, at the height of World War II, chose not to upset the continuity of administration and not to allow a critical period of uncertainty in leadership to develop.

All the precedents argue in favor of continuity of party or administration in the White House when an international crisis occurs. It could have an important bearing on Mr. Eisenhower's decision, too.

What Mr. Eisenhower doubtless had in mind when he talked to the reporters about the "unexpected" was the possibility that a president with a heart ailment might die unexpectedly and at a critical time. But, while indeed such a turn of fate would be a shock to the country and to the world, the period of uncertainty is short-lived. The vice president takes the oath of office immediately. This was true when Presidents Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were shot and in recent times, when Presidents Harding and Franklin Roosevelt died in office. When the next in line takes office, the incumbent administration usually continues on with the same Cabinet and the same policies.

Comparing the consequences of sudden change due to death of a President in office and the confusion and uncertainty which would ensue in the United States if Mr. Eisenhower should in February or March announce that he will not run, there seems little doubt that the latter type of change would produce far more damage to world affairs in general and to the economic situation in the United States. National policies toward business, which are of prime importance, would be left uncertain till a new President took office 10 or 11 months later. This crisis would, in any event, last at least eight months — from March to November — even if the Republican candidate were successful in the election itself.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Revelation 4:1-14

The seven periods of Church history represented by the letters sent to the Churches in Asia (Minor), following the discouraging description of the Church in Laodicea, have ended. No longer on earth, those who, as believers in the Lord, had died, and the living believers at His coming, have been taken out of the earth and now surround the throne. They represent the true Church, and have experienced the Rapture, of which Paul speaks in 1 Thess.4:14-17. John is summoned by a voice as it were of a trumpet to come up through a door opened in heaven to behold the throne, surrounded by 24 elders, who throughout the book of Revelation represent the Church, clothed in white raiment, as they were. The particular reason why he was thus summoned was that he might receive information concerning things which were to be hereafter, as verse 1 says, things which are related to the final judgment when Satan shall be cast out and the Kingdom of this world shall become the Kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

How did Barnum and his lesser-known partner, Bailey, first meet? Well, one of many stories has it that Bailey found a great drawing card for his 1880 tour when one of his elephants, named Hebe, became a mother. Advertising the baby elephant as "the first pachyderm ever born in captivity," Bailey attracted such business that Barnum offered a hundred thousand dollars for the two animals. Bailey not only said "nothing doing" but reproduced Barnum's offer on huge posters in every town on his itinerary.

"That's a man I want on my side," declared the appreciative Barnum — and in 1881, Barnum and Bailey's first combined Greatest Show on Earth" made its tour.

"A bargain today," observes Elder Statemen Bernard Baruch, "is anything you can buy at yesterday's prices."

Horoscope

If you are cautious in all your affairs, there is no reason why your year should not be at least moderately successful. Today's child may be clever and artistic.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

AELAND IM HSICHDA GRAWD: Sei lebdawg fergess'd der Charlie Rehrig fon Ashfield net won ers ledshd mohl in Sullivan kounty wor harsh yawga. Un noh noch tzu denka wie er allas farna nous gablawn'd hut kot — hut 'm kumbos mit ganumma, un so aw 'n watch. Der Charlie hut shun oft k'hoert kot woh hunder ferlorra sin gonga weil sie nimmy gawist hen wie tzu gae, un sich aw ferseim'd hen drous in da bish, uns sis dunkle werra un hen ihra waig hame nimmy finna kenna.

Der Norman Steigerwalt wor mit 'm Charlie yawga — uns worra aw noch dale onnerra dabei, ow'r kenna nimmy grawd erinnerra war sie ol worra. Wel aenicha waig, der Charlie un der Norman sin ousa — nonner kumma, un der Norman wor ol recht, er hut gawist wie tzu gae, un wor owets glei tzurick om kamp.

'S aeland beim Charlie hut g'shtart wie er tzurick noch 'm kamp gae hut wolla, un hut ken waig un ken shtaig gawist. Wie long os er im gringle rum galoffa is wase er net, un aw net wie 'n grosser umgrase rum os er ganumma hut. Sis ow'r kayose sella waig won ebber ferlorra is drous imma bush odder feld, er lawft immer da sama waig rum, un kumt immer tzurick on der blotz woh er kartz dafor ferlossa hut kot.

Iwwel odder wohl is es 'm Charlie bei g'falla os er 'n kumbos im sock het, un hut 'n rous gatzoga fer sehna woh os er wear. Ow'r liever lebdawg un alla aeland nocha mohl, noh hut der tzoyer ruich g'shtonna, un hut yusht hee gawissa wie er der kumbos gadray'd hut. Wie er die g'shicht mohl recht unersuch'd hut wor der tzoyer fosht garush'd, uns wor gore ken wunner is die g'shicht net g'shoft hut.

Ow'r 'im Charlie sei druvel wor noch weit fon iwwer — wie er gucka hut wolla wos tzeit os es wear hut die watch g'shtopt kot, un sel wor sel. Darta wor der Charlie noh mit seinra larning, uns nagshd os wor is es awfonga dunkle werra. Fer 'n weil hut er net onnishder gadenk'd os wie er mist ei shluppa in 'n holer baum bei paar g'shwarl odder eila, ow'r hut noh nocha mohl frish nei awfonga lawfa. Die sawg is, er het shrit ganumma fensa rigel lang long, un hut sich miner sivatzae ous 'm bush g'shoft yusht wies dunkle werra is.

Fon seina hunder kummerrawda hen noh ous gamocht sie wotta 'm Belsnickle schreiva, er sot 'm Charlie 'n neier kumbos un 'n neiie watch bringa on da Grishdawg, eb sie hen kenna m'r aw net sawga. Yaders ow'r hoff'd, won der Belsnickle 'n fergessa sot howwa, os der Charlie datzu sehnt os er 'n neier kumbos un watch hut, bis die nagshd harsh hunderrei widder rum kumt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Soicha os ihra 1956 Grundsow Lodge tzettle fer Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw noch net uf ganumma hen besser halta sich on da heck — morya is der 15d Yanner.

WAS ICH SEHN

Was ich sehn in deine Aagge,
Brauchscht du mir yo gaar net saagge.
Sin sie draurich un so leer,
Ach, des macht mei Haz so schwer!
Schtehne Dreene in de Ecke,
Sin in meine aa so Flecke;
Sin sie glaar ass wie die Schtanne,
Was en Freed fer des zu lanne!
Sin sie grooss un duhn wie lache,
Friede in meim Haz zu mache—
Was ich sehn in deine Aagge,
Kannscht du mir yo gaar net saagge.
Wadde kalt un oft verkehrt,
Missverschtanne, unergleert,
Kenne mir net so viel saagge,
Wie en Blick aus deine Aagge.

—LLOYD A. MOLL
(1879 - 1944)

ZU SCHTARRICK

Sie raase do, sie raase datt,
Im ganse Land erum;
's iss alles narrisch un vernarrt,
's iss alles daab un schtumm.

Mer weess net wu mer laafe soll,
Dann wu mer geht un schteht,
Sie fliegge um die Ecke rum
Fascht eh mer sich verseht.

's iss niemand sicher uff der Welt,
Im Wasser, Luft un Land;
Die Welt iss narrisch, gans un gaar
Verflogge der Verschtand.

Sie butschere alles rechts un links,
Die Mensche un aa Vieh;
Kee Krieg un Krankheit, Schtrom un Flut
Kann maerde so wie sie.

Kaaf yuscht deim Bu en schee Maschien,
Zum Deiwel dutt er faahre,
Un nemmt e gans lot annere mit,
Die Yunge gehn bei Schaare.

DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Schur Mache

Der alt Peter Schmitt waar meim Groossdaadi sei Groossdaadi. Dihr wisst nau ass ich den alde Eiwohner sei Lewe net gsehne hab. Er waar dod un in seim Graab Yaahre lang eb ich uff der Aerd waar.

En alder Mann hot mir die Schtori verzeehlt vum alde Peter. Er hot moll en lewendicher Haas gfange in re Haasefall. Er hot dem Haas en Bendel an der Hals begunne un hot's anner End vum Bendel an en Fenseschtaake gebunne.

Er iss noh weit weck mit seinre Kuggele-flint un hot gezielt uff der Haas. Noh hot er zu sich selwer gsaat, "Dreff ich dich, so hawwich dich. Verfehl ich dich, so hawwich dich doch." Noh hot er gschosse un hot der Bendel abgschosse un der Haas iss ihm weckkumme.

Sie saagge in daere Welt iss nix schur, ass wie der Dod un die Taxe. En anneri Schtori beweist des. Loss mich sie verzeehle.

En Mann waar's Lewe so schrecklich leedich. Er hot aus gemacht, er deet sich dod mache. "Un," hot er gsaat, "wann ich's browier, mach ich's schur." Endlich hot er Schpank uffgfasst un hot alles gebrowiert zu mache, ass es ihn schur dod mache deet.

Es waar en dief Wasserloch. Uffem Ufer, graad newe am Wasser, hot en Baam gschtanne, un naus iwwers Wasser gelaahnt. Er iss uff der Baam gegraddelt, hot en Schtrick an sei Hals gebunne un fescht an en Nascht. Noh hot er en lot Gift eigenumme. Dann hot er die Pischtol rausgezogge un sich gschosse. Er waar schur, ass eens vun denne Sache ihn dod mache deet.

Wie er gschosse hot, waar er en bissel zittrich. Der Schuss hot ihm net viel geduh. Er iss noh in der Schtrick gfalle. Sell hot der Nascht abgerisse. Er iss in die Krick gfalle un hot sei Maagge voll Wasser gsoffe, un's Gift raus gekotzt. En Mann iss der Weg kumme un hot ihn aus em Wasser gezogge un er hot noch gelebt! — Ya, mer kann sich's net zu schur mache.

Draa Gemaahne

Mer muss acht gewwe was mer saagt. Schunscht gemaahnt mer Leit ebmols an ebbes, ass net leidlich iss. Do sin paar Beischpiele.

En achtzeh-yaehricher Bu iss in en Schtor kumme. Es waar middes im Winder un er hot vergesse die Dier zumache. Die Faulenser hinnich em Offe hen aafange friere. Dann greischt eener, "Yunger, ferwas hoscht die Dier uffgelosst? Bischt du in re Scheier uffgewaxe?" Der Yung hot farrichterlich aafange brille. Er hot gaar nimmi gschtoppt. Des hot em Faulenser leed geduh un er hot gsaat, "Nau, nau, brill nimmi. Ich hab nix gemeent debei." Noh hot der Yung geandwatt, "Ich bin in re Scheirer uffgewaxe, un allemol ass ich en Esel sehn gemaahnt's mich draa."

En Parre hot gebreddicht in re fremme Kaerrich. En Fraa hot wunnerbaar geheilt. Nooch der Kaerrich hot der Parre gsaat zu ihre, "Fraa, ferwas hoscht du so gheilt? Sie hot gsaat, "Mei alder Esel iss kazlich verreckt un es hot mir's Haz verbroche. Dei Schproch hot mich gemaahnt an seine. Fer sell hawwich so gheilt." Ei, ei, ei!

Es waare zwee Schlingel, die hedde gut besser sei kenne. Der eent hot mol en Watsch gschtohle. Der anner hot lang devor en Kuh gschtohle ghatt. Er hot gemeent, es deet niemand des meh wisse.

Bei me groosse Drupp Leit hot der zwett gsaat zum aerschte, "Was Zeit iss es, Watschie?" die Leit hen all gelacht. Der aerscht hot noh gsaat, "Zeit fer selli Kuh zu melke." Nooch sellem iss nix meh gschwetzt warre.

Viel Yaahre nooch em Rebel Krieg hen zwee alde Soldaade nanner aa-gedroffe. Im Krieg waar eener en chaplain, der anner yuscht en kammener Soldaat.

Well, wie sie nanner aagedroffe hen Yaahre dernooch hot der chaplain gsaat, "Weesscht noch wie du selli Hinkel gschtohle hoscht im Krieg?" — "Ya," saagt der kammen Soldaat, "sell gemaahnt mich an ebbes. Seller Daag hen mir en Kamerraad vergraawe. Du waarscht ordlich voll Dramm. Weesscht noch? Du bischt hinnerschich ins Graab gfalle un hoscht dei Greiz schier verbroche.

Why Is Everybody Interested IN THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH?

by JOHN A. HOSTETLER

Conclusion

III

Another aspect of the public interest in the Pennsylvania Dutch is the trinket and gift-shop trade, the commercialization of especially the Amish. There are not only a range of pamphlets on the Dutch from bundling to hex signs, but a whole configuration of crafts, handwork, ironwork, etc., in roadside Dutch gift shops.

What can one find by visiting several shops in and around Lancaster? First of all there are those traits of culture which belong to the "good old days," and they are not peculiar only to the Amish. Here are some of them: Wheelbarrow, potbellied stove, frying pan, hand iron, trivets, coal bucket, rocking chair, footstool, corner cupboard, grandfather clock, well house and hoist with draw bucket, pitcher, horseshoe ash tray, chest coffee pot, coffee grinder, wall telephone, wooden sink, and others. Anything which becomes out of date, or is taken out of usage in our society, becomes valuable as a trinket.

Also in these shops are traits of culture which are contemporary Amish: cast-iron Amish boys sitting on a bench, Amish dolls, Amish subjects on a swing, standing, sitting, carrying a pig, carrying a goose, carrying a bag, in a buggy, on a seesaw, milking a cow, smoking, and Amish figures used as cup and saucer, as designs on other dishes, flower holders, and in numerous other ways. Tulips, birds, hex signs, and other Dutch themes repeat themselves in various ways on many of these trinkets.

On many of these gadgets are choice phrases from Pennsylvania Dutch colloquialisms: "Ach Vell, chust help yourself; Look the window out and see who's comin' the gate in; Your secret is shut up in me like it was dead once; When you come up, come over; Ach don't be so dumb like; Save the desk once (on an ash tray); Life chust makes so fast; To school we must go yet."

For $3.95 one can purchase a forged horseshoe coat and hat rack "made exclusively for our customers by a local blacksmith from two pony shoes and one horseshoe such as the Amish use." An Amish 3-D jigsaw puzzle is made by a local craftsman and sells for $1.25. An Amish doll family with Papa and Mamma and Amos and Katie costs about $8.00. There are a host of other things advertised as "Amish Stuff" — Dutch talk tea towel, wall plaques, aprons, shoo-fly pie baked and shipped anywhere in the world, Amish candy, etc., etc.

What are people interested in? Some are interested in differences, in oddities, freaks, relics, ruins, and residuals, while others are interested in wonder phenomena, magic and mysterious acts. Some are honestly inquisitive, and those weary of life seek diversion in mass gatherings where their troubles disappear for a time.

Most people who think they are interested in the Pennsylvania Dutch are not interested in the Pennsylvania Dutch at all, but in a segment of the Dutch. Technically speaking there are no Pennsylvania Dutch people, for they may or may not belong to Pennsylvania and they are not Dutch at all. The Pennsylvania Dutch, as they are popularly known, are a group of people (of Swiss, Alsatian, and Palatine origin) who earlier shared (and still share to a certain extent) a common variant of a High German Rhinelander dialect, who settled in Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century and later.

The Pennsylvania Dutch are in reality a very heterogeneous group of people. Some of them have almost nothing in common except that they live in the state of Pennsylvania. Religiously there are three general types of Pennsylvania Dutch: "Church People," so called because the adherents belonged to established state churches (Lutheran and Reformed) when they immigrated; the Moravians, and the Plain People (also called Sects). Each has formed a cultural pattern of its own and differs radically from the others.

Among the Plain People (so called for their plainness in dress) are the Mennonites, Amish, Dunkards (or Brethren), and the River Brethren. The Mennonites and the Brethren have lost most of their plain dress. Probably because of their persistency in keeping older dress and unworldly ways the Amish have gotten more attention than any of the Pennsylvania Dutch or Plain People's groups. They are currently photographed and popularized so much that most people think all Pennsylvania Dutchmen are plain. Naturally the public is more intrigued by beards, barn-door britches, and half-moon pies than by an obsolete Pennsylvania Dutch culture which is submerged in the broader American society. That explains why the Amish have gotten the most publicity.

IV

What is the effect of the public interest in the Plain People themselves? The public is demanding information and asking more questions than ever before, but most of the Plain groups have ignored such inquiries or passed them off lightly. The plainer the group, the more apathetic it is to any demands from the public. The Amish publish nothing about themselves for the outsider, in fact regard such activity as nonessential, and it is therefore left to the discretion of others.

Some complimentary things have been said about the Plain People. Here are just a few statements taken from feature articles: "Sturdy, apple-cheeked, severely dressed in black." They "did not know that their laborious conservation of barnyard manure and their century-old method of rotating crops was scientific until the schools of agriculture and the Farm Bureau came to tell them so." There is "admiration for their perseverance and hard work, (they) never speak about their religion, never moralize to others about theirs, and are very good helpers and neighbors." "These black-frocked, peace-loving people . . . are as picturesque as any in America." "There are no finer farmers in all the world than the Amish." "Behind their severity there is a solid culture that produces happiness as well as abundance." "Their religion keeps most of them firm in habits that anyone can regard with sincere respect."

Values such as these account for serious but detached interest in the Dutch. These qualities are what most people want, and many therefore respect the Plain groups conscious of their mission in the world. It gives them a sense of importance and distinction and helps to thoroughly convince them that they must maintain their Plain and separate culture. On the other hand, favorable statements from outsiders occasionally make some sectarian members proud and self-righteous about their way of life, and they thus contribute to the spiritual decline of their own group.

Some sociologists think that whenever the traits of a small group culture come to have a curiosity value within the larger society, it is an indication that the small group culture is disintegrating. A careful comparison of "Dutch" traits in gift shops and those in the "Dutch" society would probably show which of the culture traits are on the way out.

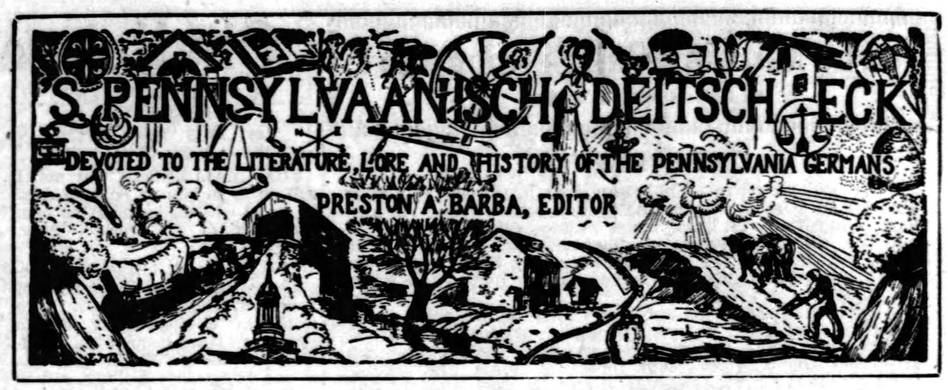
There are numerous illustrations from other cultural groups that can be given as examples. Cases in point are the Western Cowboy and the American Indian vestigials dramatized and reappearing in juvenile and leisure activity. Another example is rural life as a whole in this country. Rural traits of culture common fifty or a hundred years ago today have a curiosity value. The horse, the domesticated ox, open well, water wheel, wagons, sleighs, kerosene lantern, sod or log houses, scythe, blacksmithing, rural costume, the country school, the country swimming hole, the old country store, and earlier farmer implements — all reappear in modern themes in commercial gift shops, and in hundreds of other ways as reminiscent of bygone days. Though these traits have not completely disappeared, they are sufficiently scarce to become valuable as interesting curiosities by the larger society.

We conclude from this that the public's interest in the Pennsylvania Dutch is partly accounted for by the sociological disintegration of the Dutch groups. While disintegration may not be a direct cause of the public interst, there does seem to be an association between the two.

Twentieth-century man is culturally insecure and spiritually confused. Frustrated and basically rootless he retreats into the primitive and seeks new idols to take the place of the ones that seem to have failed him. He is in search of something he cannot seem to find. Modern man may be retreating from moral responsibility in the struggle for freedom from enslavement to himself. The American countryside, once a community of neighbors and friends who shared common social and survival problems, has now been translated into an individualistic and urban-like existence. Modern man has no roots in a community, and as David Riesman has pointed out, he lives with a crowd but is more lonely and more insecure than ever before.

We as Pennsylvania Dutch groups are probably inclined to overlook the basic and most important need of people who inquire of us. We are in great danger of smiling wryly at people's curiosity about our bonnets, beards, and cultural trappings, forgetting that their underlying need and frequently their desire is for knowledge of a spiritual life that leads to the eternal treasures of heaven.

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Editorials

Healthy Population Growth

Population growth — an important element in all national matters, including the nation's economy — is proceeding satisfactorily and as of January 1, according to the U. S. Census Bureau, there were 164,280,000 people in these United States. Members of the armed forces who are overseas number about 2½ million souls.

The figures show that the increase in 1955 was only second in numbers to the increase in growth in 1954, which was the record year in American history.

Despite the fact that there was almost three million increase during the year and about 13½ million since the 1950 Census, six states lost population. Arkansas topped this growth with a loss of 121,000, followed by Mississippi, Oklahoma and Alabama. Maine lost 9,000 while West Virginia all but held its own with an estimated loss of 4,000.

That giant of the West, California, made the biggest increase since the Census with growth of 2,446,000 while New York added 1,294,000 and Ohio rose by 1,019,000.

Economically this increase means more mouths to feed, more bodies to clothe, more dwellings for shelter, more cars for transportation and more articles of every sort that people require for their activities or desire in order to increase their pleasures and widen their lives.

The happy fact is that this nation possesses the land for abundant production of food and virtually all vital human needs; that it has the capital to expand the facilities for meeting human needs and that it has the vision and technical knowledge in all lines to bring about growth in productive facilities and advance the nation and its wellbeing in all necessary ways.

Tough Policy on Traffic

The post-card reminder to traffic violators, which had been a part of the local police procedure, will go down the drain, along with a number of other traffic regulations when the meters become consumers of nickels only next month.

While fines for parking illegally or overtime will continue to be accepted within 72 hours after the ticket has been placed upon the offending car, there will be no reminder that time is running out. Instead, after three days, if any of these little matters remain unsettled with the police, they will be turned over to aldermen. Warrants then will be served by constables and a whole string of costs will develop and will be added to the increased fines for various classes of infractions.

In a word, the police department expects to get compliance with traffic regulations by the threat of severity. It expects and it honestly hopes that the mere threat of severe treatment and heavy cost is going to bring about the greatest care and punctilious observance of well-known traffic regulations. Every motorist who has taken and passed tests for a driver's license does not have to be reminded that double-parking and parking in restricted areas that are clearly marked are entirely out of order and that overtime parking in metered or posted areas is subject to penalty.

The Police Department does not expect to gain increased revenue from its program of severity. Just as the raising of revenue from meters is merely in the interest of keeping traffic moving, so the imposition of heavier fines for violations is in the interest of aiding traffic and restraining any elements of it from choking legitimate business.

The multitude of motor cars upon every street in every community and upon every highroad of the country has developed a formidable problem with which government has to cope successfully or be smothered. Central business areas will stagnate unless traffic can be kept moving. Entire communities already are suffering seriously because traffic has gotten out of control, particularly by reason of its growing volume.

Allentown's Police Department, which is responsible for solving the problem, has decided that to get tough is the only answer for the comparatively few who insist upon violating regulations, and who have not been curbed by mild regulations and the nominal penalties that have been imposed.

Pension Plans Increase

An important economic cushion for the rapidly growing numbers of people retired from business and industry is the pension plan, some form of which now covers about one - third of the entire employed civilian work force in the United States. In addition, the great majority of these workers are also covered by Social Security.

According to the Institute of Life Insurance, about 22,000,000 workers are now enrolled under pension plans, almost a fifth of them under plans of life insurance companies.

Private pension plans of all types account for over 60 per cent of the total number of these persons; state, county, municipal or Federal civil service plans for 20 per cent; the balance being railroad employes or persons under profit - sharing plans with some retirement feature.

The greatest rate of growth has been in the private pension plans, those covered by such plans having more than doubled in the past ten years and now numbering five times the number reported in 1935.

"The years since the bottom of the depression of the 1930s have seen a tremendous growth in retirement - consciousness and financial planning for retirement," the Institute said.

"Public pension plans, covering Federal, state and local government employes had an earlier development, but fewer than 1,500,000 such workers were covered by pension plans in 1935, according to the best estimates available. It is estimated that by 1945, public pension plans covered 4,500,000 workers, due to the rapid expansion in government employes by then. It is estimated that there are still 4,500,000 public employes covered by pension plans, as the Federal rolls have declined while the state and local have increased."

Firmly underlying all this benefit from pension systems is Social Security which now covers about 90 per cent of all paid jobs in the country. More than six million persons, 65 years of age and over, are already receiving benefits while about a million and a half persons are eligible but have not availed themselves of the system's benefits.

That Important Other Party

That success in safe driving involves not merely the driver with good resolutions, skill and a mechanically safe car but also second and third parties — the motorists who are encountered upon the highways — is strikingly emphasized in the story from Miami of the death of a motorist renowned for his safety record.

Only half a year ago William Drennon, after having driven 350,000 miles without an accident, received a cash award for his 15-year-record.

On Wednesday as the same William Drennon was driving along a Miami street, his light truck was struck in the rear by a pleasure car and tipped over. Drennon was found crushed to death beneath the wreck. All his skill and caution were of no avail against a driver whose immediate presence he may not even have been aware of; a driver who may have been incompetent or careless or possessed of a defective vehicle.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 91

Let us read one of my favorite Psalms this morning, the 91st. The name of Bezaleel, whom the Lord chose to construct the Tabernacle, means 'in the shadow of God,' that is, under His protection. The name of Besodeiah (Nehemiah 3:6), who helped to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem after the return of the Jews from their Babylonian captivity, means 'in the secret of Jehovah.' The meaning of both of these names seems to be included in the confession of faith on the part of a father, shall we say, speaking to his son who is about to leave the shelter of his father's house, in the familiar words of verse 1. 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide (lodge) under the shadow of the Almighty.' We may consider the second verse to be the reply of the son: Father, 'I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust' also. How happy the father is to hear his son confessing his God; therefore he proceeds to overwhelm his son with wonderful promises, vs. 3-13 (which read). Begnning at v.14, God confirms the father's promises to his son, telling what He will do for him. Read the 'I wills' of vs.14-16.

The Two Biggest Issues!



Only Times Change

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

They tell me that when one has had a coronary, one should rest body and mind and everything. That may be a good rule, but an impossible one because a man is not a vegetable and the mind does work. Even if nothing has registered in the mind, if there are no little tabs that poke out to jog the memory, the mind nevertheless does work on.

It can, of course, be deadened by narcotics, but the mind and memory of man will find a way through the most deadening poisons to express a thought, or what one imagines is a thought. For that is the difference between a man and a vegetable: Man must think, even the least and dumbest of men must think. It is possible so to narcotize the mind that one is groggy nearly all the time and it is now possible to brain-wash the mind, so that everything is taken out of it and somethinng new put in it. I wonder! I lie here and wonder how much has really been washed out of the mind of Cardinal Mindszenty. It would be important to know.

It is an experience to lie here, not too far removed from



death itself. It is all right now, I am told. The worst may be over. They are very cagey, these doctors. They do not say that the worst is over; it may be over. They cannot tell. Naturally no one can tell, and does it really matter. Carlyle, whom I am trying to read in this heavily sedated atmosphere, says this in his Essay on Burns:

"For will not our own age, one day, be an ancient one; and have as quaint a costume as the rest;. . ."

Egotism Is Silliness

There is so much humility in this wisdom, and if the fault of our period is to be discovered, it will be that humility has flown from us as a thing unwanted. What we call democracy has turned out to be a terrific struggle, among sometimes the least worthy, to discover who is the big shot. Men project themselves for high office who, were they at all affected by their consciences, would, in humility, regard even the mention of their names in such a connection as ridicule of them. When one comes close to death, the exaggerations of self seem too silly. So, everybody knows you. So, everybody recognizes you. So, when you go into a restaurant, you get a table. You might even get credit in a bank. But what of credit with God?

That awful moment when it is a sort of yes or no, what is the answer? And how helpless can you be — utterly, completely helpless. And the strange men come and put you on a stretcher and you are captive. From then on, you are captive. What you eat, what you do, even when you wash yourself, is decided by someone else. You ask for something you like and it exceeds the calories allowed. You are a machine out of order, being repaired because you did not altogether collapse. And will the repair last and only give you a respite?

God Still Rules

Naturally, when I ask questions about myself, I am also asking about Ike and this I can say with a sense of thorough truthfulness: such matters as life and death, as strong heart or weak heart, as coronaries that blow like fuses are in the hands of God. The research on the heart has gone quite a distance and that is so, I can attest by the lines which I pen in a hospital bed in longhand, although I may not move unassisted. I can do this little each day as Ike can paint each day. But no man, no doctor knows for sure why these things happen and if happening once, they will ever occur again. To make a fetish of a coronary is like refusing to use an automobile because a tire has had a blow-out. There may never be another blow-out. Also, one might get better tires — that is live a less irritating life.

Politics in our age must be irritating because it is not pretty. The men are small. The ways are vulgar. Honor, respect, probity seem to have disappeared. But there have been other eras like this and they are corrected as men regain humility and turn again to God and God's law. So we must walk through the mud until we reach the hard gravel that leads up the mountain — to its top where the light is clear and small things are small and greatness is great.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Book-trade journals often ask publishers to supply summaries of forthcoming novels in "35 words or less." Julien Dedman, of Scribner's, says that had this practice been in vogue in the golden age of Athens, a prevue of "The Odyssey" probably would have read something like this: "Strange goings - on in murky waters off the coast of Greece. Several wanton murders by a character named Ulysses. When he finally returns home, he rubs out the suitor of his wife who was planning to divorce him for desertion."

The laziest man Larry Doyle ever met moved to Venice, Italy. It's the only place in the world, he claims, where he can sit drinking in a saloon and fish out of the window at the same time.

John Charles Daly defines a co-signer as "a dope with a fountain pen."

Mike Halbouty, Houston geologist, has a neighbor who spent all his business life drilling and only struck oil once. "It's not such a bad record," adds Mike. "He's a dentist."

Allan Green, who writes mystery stories and advertising copy with equal facility, tells about three salesmen who had dined sumptously at a Chinese chop-suey emporium, and were now studying the "tell-your-fortune" slips of paper that are wrapped in a certain kind of crisp little Chinese cookie. The paper in the first man's cookie read: "You are about to embark upon a business venture that will net you millions." The second man's read: "You will soon meet a tempestuous red-head whom you will take on a long journey." Then the third man opened his little slip. This one read: "Help! I'm trapped in a Chinese bakery!"

When Willie Sutton, elusive criminal, was asked by a prison psychologist, "Why did you ever begin robbing banks?" Sutton answered with some surprise, "Because that's where the money is."

(Copyright, 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

PURPOSE

Boys are often reckless when
they start to run.
Boys are full of mischief; boys
are fond of fun.
Boys at times are noisy. That we
all agree.
But tomorrow's craftsmen shortly they will be.

See that healthy rascal playing
second base?
Some old priest or parson maybe he'll replace.
That grinning, impish youngster
eating chocolate fudge
May become a lawyer and later
on a judge.

Look beyond a little. When their
games are played
Out of small boys only men to
serve are made.
Somewhere now among them,
could we clearly see,
There are skillful doctors;
merchants soon to be.

All they need is guidance and a
little aid,
Friendly men to help them when
they seem afraid,
Men who understand them and
are glad to show
They themselves were youngsters not so long ago.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

A year of steady progress is indicated for you. Today's child may be persistent, determined and reliable.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER HORACE WOR GABUTTA: Won ebber doh die onner woch wies so glot wor, g'shpass uf 'm ice kotta hut, don wors der Horace Schmoyer fon Fogelsville. Der. Horace hut doh dale yohr tzurick der becker Heilman ous kauft, un gait ols noch drous im lond rum har da leit kucha un brode brings.

Bei shae wedder is sel drous rum kessla 'n lot g'shpass — 'n mensch fin'd net yusht 'n lot ous os aw gait in da nochberschoft, ow'r sis aw 'n grossie blessier neiichkate fon blotz tzu blotz nemma. Won die widdering sich ow'r anner'd wie sie doh die onner woch hut wies so glot werra is — sel is die tzeit woh 'n becker ken tzeit hut fer on neiichkata denka — wase g'shweia alsa mohl net woh 'n der fershtond shtaid — arbadich so, won der becker truck awfong'd rutcha uf 'm ice.

Tzwae mohl sella dawg wor der Horace in grava garutch'd os er shier net gawist hut wie sich rous tzu shoffa, un ae mohl is der truck 'm im gringle rum garitch'd 'n hivel nunner wie 'n gakepter hawna. Der Horace hut weiters net fiel gadenk'd fon sella socha — becker fuhr fohrra wase er shun fer 'n longie tzeit is net ol blessier, un er hut gawertschoft da beshda waig os er gakent hut.

Der graish'd druvel fon ol wor, wie er beim Pitter Haas magshd on Chapmans nei gawolt hut mit ma gross karrab brode un kucha. Sei lebdawg hut der Horace ken glotter ice g'sehna os wie wos es Haasa kotta hen in ihr'm hofe. 'S wor grawd wie 'n shpiegel, un der Horace hut grawd gadenk'd der Pitter kaimt net rous bei so wedder — un won er socha ferkaufa wot, don mist ers nei ins hous nemma.

Der Horace hut sei grosser becker karrab noh g'fill'd mit brode, kucha un veck, un is ob der hofe nei. 'S hut ow'r gore ken lang ganumma bis der karrab aina waig nous gawolt hut, un der Horace 'n onnerer. Darta worra sie noh, un der Horace un der karrab sin mit nonner im hofe rum shier wie won sie der shtatterup donsa wotta. 'S nagshd os wor, is der karrab gonga fer der budda, un der Horace dahinner drei shier wie won der becker karrab now sei maishder wear.

'S wor yusht 'n umiglichkeit fer denka fer uf shtae, un arbadich noch so, fer denka fer uf shtae un der barrab mit in die hae nemma. Noh wos hut der Horace gaduh, os wie is uf hand un fees der hofe nei gagrodd'ld noch da kicha dier tzu, un hut der karrab farna har g'shova. Der Pitter drin in da kich hut galocht os er bol fershprunga is, un sie Mam hut g'sawt, so'n lebdawg het sie in ol ihr'm lava net g'sehna — os der becker gagrodd'ld kaimt uf hand un fees.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Tzum ledshda wissa die kinner wie wos os die ard sich gleich guck'd won allas weiss badeck'd is mit shnae — wos uns wunnert is, woh sellie sin os shun gamaint hen m'r graichda ken shnae may.



FARRICHT DICH NET

Als Bu waar ich mol welt vun Haus—
Hab mich verweilt zu lang;
Muss dabber heem — 's watt dunkel nau;
Ach nee, vun Schpucks net bang!

Ich hab mich schnell noch heem gemacht,
Noh hawwich gschtoppt, graad kaz;
Es schteht datt middes in dem Weg
En groosses Ding gans schwaz.

's hot Hanner druff, ich seh en Schwans,
So halb in der dunkle Nacht.
Kann des, verleicht der Deiwel sei?
Bin ich zum End gebracht?

Ich kann net bei — dauf net zerick—
Wu soll ich anne — wu?
Hab datt gezittert, schier gebrillt—
Weess gaar net was zu duh.

En wennich naecher hawwich gschluppt—
Bin ich en karyoser Bu!
Sell Ding datt middes in dem Weg,
's iss yuscht en aldi Kuh.

Wann ebmols scheint drei Druwwel grooss
Un zimmlich schlecht dezu,
So farricht dich net — er's yuseht verleicht
Datt in deim Weg wie selli alt Kuh.

—EDGAR M. ESHLEMAN

Der Kaschbar Verzeehlt

Es iss zu Deitsch!

Es iss arrig wie Englisch ass deel gude Deitsche browiere zu sei. Do rum hen die menschte Leit deitsch Blut in ihre Odere. Mer kann's sehne in ihre gladde, runde Gsichter. Mer kann's heere, wann sie ihre Maul uffmache zu schwetze. Es geht ihne wie sellem Parre. Er hot geguckt wie en Parre so lang ass er sei Maul zu-ghalte hot. Wann er aafange hot schwetze, hot er nimmi gsiemt en Parre zu sei.

Well, dee Leit welle bei Leiwe net Deitsch sei. Sell iss dumm. Awwer deel browiere sich zu verschtelle, so dass mer meent sie waere net Deitsch.

En alder Deitscher hot en schee Meedel uffgezogge. Endlich hot sie en Mann aagedroffe ass aa Deitsch waar. Sei Naame waar Kalb. Wie sie gheiert waare, hen sie ihre Naame zu Calf gedreht. Sell waar meh Englisch. Sell hot em Meedel sei Daadi siedich verzannt. "So verflammte Narrheite," hot er gsaat, "sich Calf heesse anschtatts Kalb. Ich waer yuscht so lieb en deitsch Kalb, ass wie en englisches."

Mei eender Naame iss Hufnagel. Ich hab gheert vun Leit ass seller Naame ghatt hen. Awwer er waar ihne zu Deitsch. Noh hen sie sich Hoofnail gheesse. Sell iss awwer zimberlich, un Hufnagel meent net Hoofnail; es meent horse-shoe nail.

So hen sie es aa gemacht mit de Naame vun Schteddlin. In unserm Kaunty saagt mer Kleinfeltersville, in Adams Kaunty iss es Littletown. In Barricks Kaunty saagge sie Birdsboro, awwer in Lechaa Kaunty saagge sie Fogelsville.

Wie ich in de coal regions gewohnt hab, waar en Mann iwwerm Riggelweg, den sie John Gluck gheesse hen. Sei Naame im alde Land waar Glueck (Glick). Noh hot er's zu **Gluck** gedreht. Die Englische hen hawwe welle, er sott sich John Happy heesse. "Sell," hot er gsaat, "gingt mir zu weit. Sell duhn ich beim Henker net." Ich hett aa net. Weesscht, Glueck meent **luck** un net **happy.** So dumm deede deel deitsche Leit sich aaschicke, ass annere Leit meene deede sie waere Englisch. "Loss uns Deitsche was mir sin."

Der Bull an der Walmers Kaerrich

Ich will browiere eich en Schtori zu verzeehle, ass ich en mannich Mol gheert hab, wie ich noch en yunger Bu waar. Des iss die Schtori vum Bull an der Walmers Kaerrich. Ich bin bang des iss yuscht en Schtori, ebbes ass net vorgfalle iss.

Dihr wisst, wu die Walmers Kaerrich iss, gell? Sie iss uff der Inschingtown Military Reservation. Wie der Bull so gschprunge iss, hot ken Mensch denke kenne, ass moll so viel Soldaade datt hie kumme deede. Sellemolls waar nix datt, ass wie Barrigland un Bauland.

Es hot en Bauer en Knecht ghatt, ass net so flink waar owwich de Ohre. Er waar bissel kinnisch. Der Bauer hot aa en wieschder Bull im Schtall ghatt. Der Bull waar en gfaehrliches Gedier. Er hot der Kopp nunner un hot gebrowiert Leit odder Vieh die Darrem rausreisse.

Ee Sunndaag Marriye im friehe Summer hot der Bauer ausgemacht, er gingt in die Kaerrich. Er hot noh der Knecht gewannt, er sett bei Leiwe der Bull net aus em Schtall losse. Wann er nix gsaat hett, dann hett der Knecht an nix gedenkt.

Well, der Bauer waar in de Kaerrich. Der Parre hot yuscht gsaat ghatt, "Der Herr ist in seinem heiligen Tempel," un hot es aerscht Lied ausgewwe ghatt. Dann heert der Bauer ebbes.

Der Bull iss uff me zweezwansich Schpied iwwers Feld riwwer kumme mit nee biechne Kiwwel am Schwans henke. Er iss frei iwwer ee Fens nooch der annere getschumpt. Die Geil an der Kaerrich sin schier losgerisse, wie der Bull an ihne darrich iss wie en Wind-warrewel.

Der Bauer iss graad heem. Hot er awwer den Knecht verscholde! Der Knecht hot ihn net aa-gharricht. Wie der Bauer nimmi schelde hot kenne, waar der Knecht aa ruhich fer en Weil. Noh hot er aafange lache un hot gsaat, "Greiz in die Hecke nei, iss awwer seller Bull nau gschprunge!"

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

Alle Sadde Wadde

Ach, was hot's doch so viel Sadde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Wadde!

The Editor of the ECK seeks information about the following words and phrases. Please offer definitions and illustrate the same in Pennsylvania German sentences.

Wisse-hoi
g'haufdevoll (also **g'heifdevoll**)
brooche (used in agriculture)
beim Gleene (phrase)
belse (verb)
verklexe (verb)

In the ECK for last Nov. 12 we offered the following unusual words: **die Greizwoch; der Graewwelkuche; der Fruchtscheemel; die Zeck; faase** (adjective or adverb):

die Greizwoch — Mrs. Lilian Kilpatrick (Allentown) writes: "I believe it is the week between Palm Sunday and Easter." — Wilbur S. Schultz (Powder Valley) also says it designates Holy Week and illustrates: "Oschder Mundaag iss der aerscht Mundaag nooch der Greizwoch." — Mrs. Ottilie Koether (Allentown) considers **die Greizwoch** synonymous with the German **Charwoche** (Holy Week), of which the first component **char** is still used in our dialect in **Charfreidaag** (Good Friday), **char** meaning originally **sorrow, grief, care.** — Raymond E. Hollenbach (Royersford) a frequent contributor to the ECK and a pains-taking student of our dialect and lore, writes: "In looking into Lambert's Dictionary I find that he lists the word, but his definition is confusing. He sayd **die Greizwoch** is the week of the Elevation of the Holy Cross, Sept., 14, Rogation week. These are two entirely different weeks. In the old almanacs September 14th is called **Kreuz-Erhoehung,** but I can find no reference anywhere that mentions the preceding weeks as having any special name or any special significance. **Rogation Week** is something entirely different and is the second week preceding Whit Sunday, or, in other words, the week in which Ascension Day occurs. The three days immediately preceding Ascension Day are called Rogation Days. Rogation week, in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary is also called Cross-week. In the German dictionaries Rogation week is usually called Bet-woche. It seems therefore that the Pennsylvania German **Greizwoch,** German Bet-Woche, and English Rogation week or Cross-week are all one and the same.

"In olden times special observance was made of Rogation week, or more especially of the Rogation days. The clergy, accompanied by the church officials and a goodly number of the congregation, walked through various parts of the parish, offering prayers for the good of the harvest and the confusion of the devil. I have found no mention that Rogation week had any special observance among the Pennsylvania Germans."

The situation would seem to remain rather obscure. It is likely that to the Pennsylvania German of a later day **die Greizwoch** means Holy Week, but it is also possible that in an earlier day **die Greizwoch** was observed as **Rogation week.**

Fogel in his "Pennsylvania German Superstitions" enters as Nr. 960 the following: "In der Greizwoch saet mer ken Weeze" and interprets: "No wheat should be sowed during the week of the Elevation of the Holy Cross (September 14)." But could not this also be applied to the sowing of summer wheat in Rogation Week? To complicate matters we must not overlook the fact that there are two Holy Cross days (in England as well; see Webster), one is the so-called invention of the cross on May 3 (in German **Kreuzauffindung**) referring to the festival of the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, in 326 A.D. and still entered in Baer's Almanac (Lancaster) on May 3 as the **Invention of the Cross;** and the **Elevation of the Cross** on September 14, called in England Holy-cross Day, in Germany as **Kreuzerhoehung** and in Baer's Almanac **Exaltation of the Holy Cross.**

The Editor is inclined to associate **die Greizwoch** with Rogation Week, since it is an ancient custom, both in England and on the continent to ask God's blessing on the fruits of the earth, certainly a more timely supplication in spring than in September. **Rogate** is the fifth Sunday after Easter, and the Rogation Days are the three days before Ascension Day. Although the date of **Rogate** is moveable it frequently comes near to the Holy-Rood Day of May 3. The word Rogate, from the Latin verb **rogare,** means **pray, supplicate,** according to Saint John, 16, 24: Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. These Rogation Days, or days of prayer were instituted by Mamertus, bishop of Vienne in Gaul in the 5th century, on the occasion of some local calamity.

Der Graewwelkuche — Ottilie Koether associates this word with the German **Straeuselkuchen,** a yeast-raised coffee cake. "En mechtig guter Kaffeekuchen — die Minnie hot sich die ganze Nacht gewalzt — hot zu viel gesse." The first part of the word is of course the English word **gravel** and refers to the crumbs stewn on the top of this cake. Wilbur A. Schultz (Powder Valley) writes: "Sie sin gut, ich gleich sie; es iss en Kuche mitaus Gruscht, uffgeriehrt mit mehl, backsoda, oier, salz, tzugger, etc. Sie hen gleene feine rivvela un e bissel nutmeg druff gezottelt wie es darrich es reibeise gerivva wart." While authorities might differ as to the leavening, whether with yeast, soda or baking powder, it remains clear that **Graewwel** refers to the crumbs characteristic of this popular coffee cake.

Der Fruchtscheemel — Wilbur S. Schultz writes: Fruchtscheemel iss odder sin die Scheemel (bolsters), wu mer uff die Wegge dutt, wann mer es body runner nemmt fer die Frucht odder die Hoileeder uff der Wagge duh.— "Buwe, duhne die Fruchtscheemel uff der Lanne-wagge (retaining pins instead of nuts to keep wheels in), no wolle mer Hoi rei hole." Lambert also defines this word as a piece of land plowed by making either all right turns or all left turns. On the other hand Fogel gives a somewhat different meaning to the word when he enters an omen of death, Nr. 536, in his 'Pennsylvania German Superstitions:" "Wammer vergesst en Fruchtscheemel zu sae-e schtaerbt mer sell Yaahr (if, while sowing grain, you miss a strip, you will die within a year)."

die Zeck — Wilbur K. Schultz defines the word in its original sense as a "tick, and illustrates: "Die Zecke biede der Deihenker heit. Sie beissen wie der Hollox (Old Nick)." — Mrs. Kilpatrick uses the word in its secondary sense as denoting a tenacious, "pesty" person: "Er henkt aa wie en alde Zeck." — So also Miss Ida I. Hollenbach, who uses the word to describe an annoying hanger-on, hard to shake off: "Er iss en rechte Zeck."

faase — no satisfactory definition was offered. It is not **fasse,** to seize, take hold of, but **faase,** long **a,** pronounced as English **aw.** The only use known to the Editor is in the phrase **faasenackich,** stark naked. Perhaps some of our readers have also heard it used in other phrases.

Please address your definitions to: Editor of the ECK, MORNING CALL, Allentown, Pa.

DIE MARY UN IHR SCHOF

Die Mary hot en Schofbock ghatt,
Er waar so schwarz wie Nacht;
Der hot, graad wu die Mary waar,
Sich aa deheem gemacht.

Er geht mol mit re noch de Schul
Un macht en gross Geschrei;
Des waar waahrhafdich gee-ich die Ruhl,
Far 'n Schofbock rum zu sel.

Der Gottlieb hot ihn nausgeyaagt,
Des hot nix ausgemacht;
Er schdellt sich yuscht ums Schulhaus Eck,
Die Welt un Dier bedracht.

Der Gottlieb hot gemeent der Bock
Vum Schulhaus waer schunn weit:
Der Bock watscht awwer zimmlich scharf,
Gewerdich waart sei Zeit.

Mir wissen noch ass Yaahre zrick
Waar'n Kohle net benitzt;
En aldi eisni Holsbax, ya,
Die hot des Schulhaus ghitzt.

Mir wissen aa vum Holsblatz dart
Am Schulhaus newe drauss;
Am "Recess" muss als Hols gholt sei,
So geht der Gottlieb naus.

Un wie er sich dann nunnerbiegt,
Iss der Schofbock gschosse,
Un drefft der Gottlieb — weii, du weesscht—
Graad hinne in die Hosse.

Er hot ihn krefdich aagepackt,
Iss der Mann net gflogge?
Die Kinner hen gelacht un glacht—
Waar'n gans krumm geboogge.

Hot hesselbaarisch ausgeguckt,
'Siss of course zu wisse;
Sei Naas verschunne, Kopp gebumpt,
Un Kleeder all verrisse.

Der Gottlieb iss zum Schulhaus nei,
Die Kinner gschwind heemgschickt;
Nadierlich maag ken Schul meh sei,
Bis er die Hosse flickt.

Dezeit guckt er mol wennich rum,
Geht er Hols zu hole;
Un hofft es Schulraad mit der Zeit
'S Schulhaus hitzt mit Kohle.

15 Auguscht 1930 — RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Russia Talks Peace, China War

Into the White House on Tuesday strode Ambasssador Georgi Zaroubin with a personal letter for President Eisenhower from Premier Bulganin of Russia. While the contents were and have not yet been revealed even by the know-it-alls of the Communist press thruout the world and the Red radio stations, the hints given were that Russia again is talking "peace" and that some friendship treaty is being proposed.

At just about that same time, Chinese Communist batteries of artillery were firing upon the off-shore island, Matsu. Thereby it was suggested that an effort is to be made to wrest this island from the Nationalist forces which are entrenched there as an outpost of defense for Formosa.

There is something very menacing about this juxtaposition of events in distant parts of the world. It recalls the picture of two top-hatted Japanese diplomats calling upon President Roosevelt in the White House on December 7, 1941. They brought oily protestations of peace from the Mikado. At the moment Japanese planes and submarines were sinking American battleships in Pearl Harbor to make a day that "will live long in infamy."

The two events of this week may be more closely related than any one may think. The entire Communist world is tied together and little or nothing is done by the Russian hand that is not known to the Chinese hand, and vice versa.

The Spirit of Geneva soon was a dead pigeon. The dove of peace that was supposed to be flitting over the Geneva Conference last year turned out to be a vampire bat. Since that conference China has consistently refused to enter into any agreement to eschew force in the settlement of the Formosa question. Since Geneva they have appeared to be holding back in the fear of arousing the United States to action since the 7th Fleet still is in operation in those parts and the Formosa Straits have been taken under its protection.

This is a good time then for Bulganin to kick up a lot of dust with peace talks to hide the fact that the Chinese are trying to get in their dirty work.

Bulganin, if he wishes, can silence every battery on the mainland of China. He knows as well as anybody, perhaps better in fact, that attack upon the Nationalists (especially those upon Formosa) will be a deliberate attack upon the United States.

The Japanese, Nomura and Kurusu, were just as polite and smooth back there on that Sunday morning in Washington when they called upon President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull as Bulganin was at Geneva, and as he probably seems to be in his latest letter. The Chinese Communists may be just as extensively prepared and determined to make war upon Formosa as the Japanese military power was on that day of infamy when the sneak attack was made upon Pearl Harbor.

Bulganin well may seek peace — peace that shall be the opportunity for the Communists to grab another large portion of the earth's surface and its eight million people.

Reds Out to Win Olympics

With the opening of winter sports in Italy's Cortina D'Ampezzo, the 1956 Olympic Games have been begun and thruout the months until the athletes of field and track have completed their competition in Australia this quadrennial sports event will hold worldwide interest.

The original games were conducted in the warmth of the generally sunny clime of Greece. Inasmuch as the Greeks do not seem to have brought winter sports to the high standards of competition that prevailed in what we now call field and track sports, boxing, wrestling, swimming and the like, they did not include the former in their annual games.

When there was revival of the sports in 1896 in the hope of promoting international amity thru friendly competition, there was no winter phase in the program.

Since 1924, however, the skaters, bob-sledders, and skiers have been providing much of the color and excitement that go to make up this great international event. The representatives of some thirty nations that especially enjoy these winter sports now are providing the first thrills of the year. And those thrills come close to being a Roman holiday in that casualties have occurred to many of the entrants before the games even were begun.

Unfortunately perhaps for the games, the unofficial scoring of points by nations long since came into practice. While Olympic competitions are strictly personal and recognition and award of the traditional laurels go only to individuals, there has been national pride in total results. Thus in the early days of the revival, Britons, French, Australians and Italians strove especially to amass more points than the United States of America which generally could be counted on to be represented by the largest number of winners in field and track. Germany made a tremendous stab at the national honors in Hitler's day but lost largely thru the exploits of the colored flash, Jess Owens, who promptly was snubbed by Der Fuehrer.

This year Russia promises to loom large in the international picture, as they did at Helsinki four years ago. The Communists seem to be determined to prove their universal superiority. The nation that produced all the great inventions (according to their encyclopedias), the greatest men in world history and have shaped the greatest political system must also be out in front in all sports. The Russian athletes will just have to kill themselves to prove all these things. They must fear the same kind of treatment that Hitler gave Max Schmelling after he lost the world heavyweight championship to Joe Louis because he had, by losing, betrayed the "master race."

The Red athletes have been trained to razor edge keenness. But just as important will be their fanatical determination to win and receive the great honors that will be accorded them back home if they return as conquering heroes.

True, of course, it is that just about all the other athletes will be imbued with the same kind of spirit. But there is a very serious question about the Reds' willingness to abide by the rules of the game if ways can be seen to avoid them and get away with it in the eyes of the officials.

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.

Pro and Con on Morning Call Editorial Concerning Emmaus Post Office Issue

To the Editorial Staff,
Morning Call
Gentlemen —

We wish to thank you for that splendid timely editorial in the Morning Call a few days ago relating to the merger of the Allentown — Emmaus Post Office. I want to assure you that the sentiments expressed are not only the viewpoints of your paper and staff, but were even more strongly expressed to me personally by some of your professional and business men in Allentown the last few days. It seems un-American for any individual, or group of strangers, to molest and disturb the practices, habits and attitude of devout citizens in peaceful communities.

Yours very truly,
Robert J. S. Butz
Secretary
The Chamber of Commerce of Emmaus, Penna.

To the Editor —

Your comments on A. W. Schreck in a recent issue were well taken.

You know it was this gentleman's actions which brought about the removal of Mr. Frank E. Neumeyer, our (Macungie) postmaster when he had only to serve until April, 1956, to become eligible for full pension.

Mr. Schreck too will hold up the appointment of Mr. Daubert, the (acting) postmaster of Allentown. He has made application for the position and on account of army service holds the edge.

Sincerely,
J. Walter Singmaster
Macungie, Pa.

To the Editor,
Dear Sir —

Your editorial entitled "Kill This Idea, and Quickly," which appeared in The Morning Call January 24, 1956, is certainly a disgrace to what I had always considered a fine paper. This editorial displayed extremely poor taste in that it condemned A. W. Schreck, postal inspector, personally, rather than the policy or situation.

A newspaper owes it to its readers to review, discuss, and criticize policies and situations. That is why readers want editorials. However, this revolting article dealt primarily with the "small townish," cheap, dirty, tabloid type article, discussing Mr. Schreck personally. To print

Continued on Page 18, Column 5

Throwing Stones



Unsalted Food

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

No hospital diet is expected to be something out of "Pavillon" or "Twenty One" or any of the emporiums of gustatory excellence. But food never need be quite as poorly or unimaginatively cooked as my unsalted, unsugared, uncreamed diet. I think they did a better job for Ike out in Denver. Here imagination is taboo because hospitals in big cities have a tough time with their staffs and the probability is that if anybody criticized the cook, he would rejoin the Army.

There is no use kicking because I am now told that mental distress causes more heart damage than physical exertion. Maybe, it is propaganda to keep me from kicking or maybe it is true. I am to have no frustrations, no anxieties, no worries. I am just to lie here and vegetate —hibernate, I think is the word the doctor uses. Then the heart will mend more quickly.

About the Broken Heart

So, it is true what the poet said of the broken heart. And when one says that so-and-so died of a broken heart, it makes some sense. But how much? And why for some and not for others? Some fellows are constantly being frustrated and nothing ever happens to them. Maybe, they carry what some of my colleagues call a "torch" but that is just another way of self-advertisement. He tells everybody his troubles about the torch. The fellow who can talk about it so freely does not really have a broken heart. He will probably live to sing the praises of two or three more unrequited loves.

Personally, I do not mind a diet without salt. I never add any when food is brought to the table. There is enough sodium in most things to satisfy my tastes, but hospital food has a dullness all its own. It is designed to keep a patient from ever wanting to go to a hospital again. All he will need to do is think of the hospital meal and he will immediately get well or drop dead.

Of course, there must be hospitals which serve food that I would not be ashamed to give to my Keeshond, Joe, but if such there be, I have not come across them. Go mark them well and ask the Ford Foundation to preserve them!

Another hospital problem is help. They try to manage a three-shift operation with two



shifts to conform to the 40-hour week. This applies to all sorts of technicians from the fat lady who brings in the tray and dusts the furniture to those skilled needlestickers and cardiogram-takers. They all work 40 hours a week, come what may. Nurses and doctors can work themselves to a frazzle around the clock but not the technicians. They are superior help and always in a hurry.

Although I am not supposed to talk much, the habit is strong with me and I try to ask each technician as many questions as possible. Usually there are no replies because technicians are very serious-minded folk who must look serious as a badge of distinction.

I am supposed to be in absolute repose, so when I want to talk I get another pill to knock me out of repose. What doctors do not understand is that a fellow who has discussed about everything hither and yon for 60 years, more or less, does not readily take to silence without an internal revolution. Of course, sometimes a fellow talks a lot not to hear what others say. It is defensive mechanism. This silence, I must admit is getting me down. They permit no visitors, so there is no one to dispute with, even about the merits of unsalted, horribly cooked food. They do permit me to read newspapers and occasionally one sees a good argument in one of them, like Roscoe Drummond rooting to make Milton Eisenhower President. As I read Drummond's argument, Milton is a better man than Ike and if you don't want Milton, why in heaven would you want Ike?

I never thought of that before and as I have nothing to do but gaze at beige walls and dull skies and nobody to talk to, I shall devote myself a little to Drummond's argument to see whether the logic is with him. I fear the Republicans will not like Drummond's thesis because if Ike should decide to run, would it then not be smart for the Democrats to nominate the superior man, Milton Eisenhower? The logic would seem to be in that proposition — still and all, I shall give it further consideration.

I am advised by many to discontinue this scribbling during my tenancy in a hospital bed. My doctors permit it only as a compromise with evil habits. For 40 years now, I have daily scribbled something in longhand. The habit is as much muscular as intellectual. It has been my own form of regular exercise. They are taking a chance with it, possibly to keep me from writing on the bed sheets and the nurses' uniforms. They say that if it shows bad results, they will knock me out with a hypodermic. Trotzky once knocked me out with a revolution. Who knows what one can survive?

(Copyright, 1956)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 83:5

The purpose of Israel's enemies to destroy them (referring to yesterday's paragraph) was essentially an attack against God's plan of redemption for mankind, for the Savior was to come through the Jews. So in v. 5 we hear them praying: 'For they have consulted with one consent (the Hebrew says, with one heart) they are confederate against Thee'. This sounds like Psalm 2:2, 'The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against His Anointed (Messiah)'. So in the case of Saul (Paul) in Acts 9:4, as he was on his way to arrest and put Christians to death, the Lord Jesus, speaking to him from heaven, asks him: 'Saul, Saul, Why persecutest thou Me?' What he was doing against Christians, was being done against Jesus Himself. What was God's answer to Israel, as they asked Him not to hold His peace? We read it in the opening verses of Isaiah 62, where He says: 'For Zion's sake will I not hold My peace'. There is a wonderfully glorious picture following this promise, yet to be fulfilled, after Israel shall acknowledge her Messiah, for He will not rest till He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth, v. 7.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Peter Lorre approached a pretty miss at a charity bazaar and offered her $10 for a kiss. She paled visibly and recoiled. 'Come now," said Lorre, a bit nettled, "it isn't going to be that terrible!"

"I wasn't worried about your kiss, Mr. Lorre," the miss assured him. "I was just thinking of the fortune I gave away for free last night."

"I can believe," a newlywed husband assured his bride, "that you baked these biscuits, but — who in tophet helped you lift them into the stove?"

(Copyright, 1955.)

Horoscope

A happy and mostly successful anniversary is suggested for today. Today's child should be of a happy, care-free disposition.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE STELLA HUT FEES DRUVEL: Wos in da welt is shier shlimmer os wie won die fees wae duhna — un sel wase niemond besser alla weil, os wie 'm Stanley Reinert fon Egypt sei fraw die Stella. Die tzeit wor, wie m'r uns noch so halver erinnerra, wie sie noch da hoch shule gonga is in Ironton, un hut gore ken fees druvel kotta. Darta is sie ols bei g'fees'ld kumma wie won sie uf rollers wear — unna die shtross ruf fom trolley kar os ihra rota hoar bol kartza grawd hinna nous g'shtonna hen.

Tzeit gait ow'r so fert, un noch da shule dawga kumt die elt bei — bei dale leit longsome un sochda so os wie bei da Stella. Doch is es leicht tzu fershtae os die fees woh der mensch 'n gonsie lavens tzeit rum nemma, awfonga noh gewwa. Uns sin aw net immer die graeauga os der shawda duhna.

Yusht da onnerdawg wor die Stella tzu ihra dochter Althea Rutman uf p'such — grawd nagshd dier, un hut so arrick shmartza kot in da fees os sie shier net gawist hut tzu lawfa. Wie die Stella weil k'huck'd hut kot glawga waeich ihra fees, un sie worra fartich blauderra hut sie g'sawt sie mist niver tzu da Steward Reppert'n gae Ladies Aid dues hola — ow'r hut g'sawt mit ma diefa seiftser, sie dade wotta sie wear shun dahame. In der barya hut sie g'sawt sie wist gore net wos letz wear mit ihrra fees — so shmartza het sie noch net kot in ol ihr'm lava.

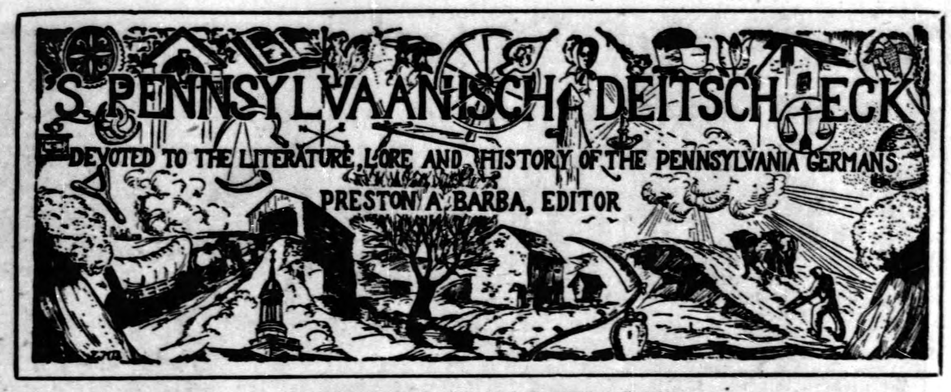
Driwwa ons Reppert's hut sie sich widder bagraim'd, un gore net fershtae kenna ferwos sie so shmartza het. Die Reppert'n hut gamaint 's gabit ferleicht onner wedder, un die Stella hut g'sawt sie wot ow'r numma net hoffa os es widder glot ice gaibt so os ihra Stanley woh waigmaishder is, nous uf die shtross mist mit da esha fuhr. Mit ihra bisnis fersehna, hut die Stella ferlossa fer hame, uns wor net bis sie die drebba farna om hous nunner is, un hut sich uf die fees gaguck'd, os ra der mood g'falla is.

Die Stella hut ihra auga 's airsht shier net glawwa kenna, ow'r wohrhoft 's wor ol tzu wohr, ihra fees worra alla bait gons un gore ous mushdèr. Un noh hen sie noch ferarnsht awfonga wae duh—wons net gawest wear fer ihra grase un elt, het sie heila missa. Dahame hut sie ous gamocht fer die fees mohl weil in gute hais English sols wosser shtecka — sel maich'd ra die shmartza nemma.

Ow'r liever lebdawg un alleraeland noch mohl, wie sie die shoe ous duh hut wolla, hut sie ous g'funna ferwos ihra fees so ous mushder worra. Sie hut der rechts shoe om linxa foos kot, un der link om rechtsa. Ihra fees sin die barichda, hetta galocht wie g'shmutzta sees kucha wie sie die shoe ous het, un ihra shmartza worra glei feriwwer.

Die Stella sheabt allas ufs ice wedder woh m'r kotta hen on selra tzeit. Der Stanley hut free morys rous gamist, nous uf die shtrossa esh tzottla, un die Stella hut uf shtae miss afer 'm sei freeshtick rishda. Sie hut net mainer lichter awgadray'd os notewenich, un ihra shoe aw, so tzu sawga im dunkla. Sies leicht tzu fershtae wie sie die shoe ferhudd'ld hut, un aw os shoe on da letza fees em sonderbore petza kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Geshtrovet huts widder gore mechdich gawiv'ld mit Grundsi on Mitten Hall, Temple University, Fildelfy, ow'r die alt Grundsow selwar is ols noch in ihr'm loch, un kumt net rous bis da nagshda Dunnershdawg farmie dawg.



GEORGE K. HOFFMAN

Columnist, Antiquarian, Chronicler of Olden Days

By HEINZ KLOSS
STUTTGART

IN THE WINTER of 1930-31 Wm. S. Troxell with untiring oblingingness took me along in his car to sundry Pennsylvania German authors whom it otherwise might have taken me years to find out about. I shall always be grateful to him. Among the men to whom he introduced me was George Kohler Hoffman, a retired teacher, among whose pupils at one time Troxell, known far and wide as Pumpernickle Bill, had been, and who besides was one of his predecessors as a dialect contributor to the Allentown Morning Call.

George K. Hoffman was born at Neffs, Lehigh County, October 30, 1872. From 1890 to 1930 he taught in the public schools of North Whitehall, Lowhill, Heidelberg and Washington Townships in Lehigh County. Thereafter he retired and has been living ever since at Neffs, the place of his birth.

His Pennsylvania German letters to The Morning Call in which he used the pen-name "Yukel Dryfuse" appeared in the early years of this century. Among a number of undated clippings in my possession there is one which on the back carries a notice regarding an auction to be held in 1913. His dialect letters sparkle with local gossip and comments on the foibles of his neighbors. We offer the following specimen:

Brief vum Yukel Dryfuse

De onner vuch war ich in Allentown un we ich fum station nuff bin hovich de old Lucinda Schnopshankel uff am pavement owe g'droffa. De Lucinda un era mon sin om arshda Abrill noch dar schtod g'zoya, un mer sand awe shun us see schtolzer ward un may uff zu dar schnitz. De Lucinda is shun hoch in dar ochzich yore, our sell mochd all nix ous un gade nimmond nix owe, our was mich schwetza mochd fun era is des, os see shun so old is un is noch es pavement nunner g'fora mit roller skates un hut sich awe by gosh zimlich gute on dar keck kolda.

De Bevy Blumsock hut en lawn party kot om lechda Somshdog ovet. De Nudletowner Schnood Band hut de music g'mochd. Dar Iky Schneller hut es nooshorn g'piffa, dar Efrom Heckaboom hut es ringbone g'schpield, dar Yunie Yeppelfield hut de drum g'blosa. We dar Gaveral Zitterwackel es boss horn g'blosa hot, hut's eva gor net schtimma vulla un no hut are es mole ous nonner g'mochd, un no wor's don by jimpses ken vunner us es net g'schtimt hut, de rotta hen en neshd drin kot. Siver grosa rotta sin rous g'schprunga. De rotta hen hinkel federa, glay schprow un welshcorn grutza in's harn g'droga kot. We de rotta ob g'stard sin, hut's our en g'grish geva by dar maid. See sin all uff g'boga, un venicher us ken zite warn see all uff dar schteel un hen all g'mochd us won see hobble skirts hetten. So'n rotta g'schichd hut don en arick war wase g'mochd. We de Bevy de refreshments g'served hut, ware see noch bissel zitterich un fashitt de knovloch sup uff am Efrom Schneller sy wida hussa us es eam in de schlippers g'luffa is. Eye, eye; sech'd de Bevy, we see es g'sana hut. Dar Efrom hut net grood gewist was letz war un hut g'mand see vut eam an buss geva, so hut are sich fore g'boga un es moul in folda g'lakd. De Bevy hut g'schwind ear soch he g'stelled un is g'schprunga far dar obwesh lumba un we see kumd, hut see don by golly an windel. On denne party hen see aw stories far zald. Dar Iky hut g'sood es ware mole an shiff ivers say kumma un unner wakes ware an groser fish ons shiff kumma un het so arick g'schwenzeld us es shiff shere um g'folla ware, un so hetten see mole an orange ins say g'schmissa far den fish schtill zu mocha, our are het de orange gons 'gschluked, no hen see an box mit oranges nous g'schmissa, our dar fish hut see gons g'schluked. An vunerlicha olda fraw hut sich zu wide ivers shiff nous g'boga far alles zu sana un falled don ins wasser un dar groos mulley schlukd awe de old fraw. No hen see our era zarra g'stupped un hen onera g'danka grikd. See hen den grosa fish g'shussa mit ra huller flint un hen den fish uff g'schnitta. We see den fish uff g'schnitta hen kot, was denkd ear leava lide us kappened war mit dara olda frow, eye, see hut uff am schtule kukd un hut de oranges far kofd, zwa far finfa.

Dar Gaveral Zitterwackel is an graduate fun dar Uxa Schule un is bissel mupsich un no hen see ean awe g'frooked far'n schtory. Dar Gaveral hut so schlow ous g'stard un sechd are het an mon owe g'druffa de onner vuch us ken arm kot het un het an gross sine uff dar brushd mit grosa bush doga, "It is not money that I want." No froaked don de Bevy so harzofdich: "Was hut are don g'vulled?" Dar Gaveral huts moul bissel g'schlecked un de douma pore mole rum g'drade un sechd, "Zwa arm far sy oldie dricka."

Yukel Dryfuse

Here is another example, a report from the fabulous Middle West:

Brief fum Yukel Dryfuse

Mr. Morning Call:

My uncle fun dar West war de onner vuch ons Biffel's reunion. Are hut g'mand de lite in unserm welt dale daten sich don arick placera un de wibeslite waren arick g'schickd far guta socha zu bocka.

Are hut g'soad de wibeslite in dar West kenten ushd hoffa-kase un zvivela-brie mocha. Es brode vu se bocka ware so zomma g'knogedar bumbanickle us za g'nunk ware far spare blocks on an fere giles vogar. De schnitz boy wara so solid g'pockd us mer druff donsa kent. De millich so belsich we an gumma klutz. Dar uncle hut our de reunion gute ey g'numma un hut mit g'mochd us won are alles ouswennich wist. Are war in dar peanut race un in dar bag race. We are in dar sock jumpa hut vulla, hut are g'mand dar sock ware so hefdich far drade. Iver dem jumped an kotz rous un schprinkd by impses dem alda mon iver si g'glesuredar kup. Es hut an arick excitement geva, our de kotz hut sich on dar narfa kova us see net ob g'schlipped is. Es hut am by geo g'mand us won an wild kotz ivern ice barick nuff schprinkd. So gates eva denna orma drep mit dar bludda kep.

Dar uncle hut g'soad de crops wara sha un gute in dar West, our are sechd es soch date gons onershda voxa we do. Es welshkon ware so hoch us yader schduck an schdickel hova mist us es net ob brecha date. Yader schduck gabed siver kolver un won es net free rifa gabed, date's noch an shaner kolver on dar schdickel geva. De karapsa voxa uff der bame we ebbel, un unich yadem bome mus an sign si, "Beware of the pumpkin," udder dry vucha un siva dog in de jail. Dar hover hut de rishpela im grund un de grumbara voxa uff dar hecka ve hucklebara. De keshdar ekela warn g'used for am hund an neshd mocha, us are net so solid schlofd. Are hut g'soad es ware on dale pletz so barich us de lite schpara un dar kee hova misten, us see sich holda kenda. Do kend mer aw sawyar we dar Ike Schdelgorn, we are si'm schwar de galassa farissa hut, "Look out for de bridging."

YUKEL DRYFUSE

There are certain parallels between the activities of the subject of this sketch and those of Harry Hower, alias Hans Brannhulce. Both wrote occasional dialect poetry even though Hower seems to have been far more prolific a dialect poet than Hoffman. Both, in addition, wrote profusely in English. Both prepared dialect dictionaries which so far have remained in manuscript. Both cherished the dream of writing and of course publishing some day a volume of Pennsylvania German prose. With Hower it was to be a volume of fiction. Hoffman, on the other hand, whose bent is that of an antiquarian rather than of an artist, dreamed of a number of sketches depicting times and tools, manners and things as they were long ago. The overall title was to be "Wee's Farolders War."

But while, to my knowledge, no trace has been found of Hower's planned-for Pennsylvania German tales, Hoffman has made a real beginning. He was good enough to hand me two sketches which he thought might become the opening section of his book. I was interested in them partly for the subject-matter they contained, partly also because they once more showed at work a Dutchman desirous of bettering the status of his mother-tongue, this time by means of using it for non-fictional prose.

Here are the two sketches given me a quarter of a century ago:

WEE'S FAROLDERS WAR
I

Farolders hen de lide net g'labed we now, un doch hen see an farkneechd lava g'feerd. De kinner hen see imma Chrishdlichar wake uff g'zoyar. Im plotz fun feel candy kaufa far see sees mocha hen see ena zucker uffs brode un hen ena zucker brode geva. De hobshda sarta candy warn zucker-stangel un blackjack. De kinner hen net feel shpeelsoch kot while net feel zu kaufa war, so hen see sich bahulfa dar beshda wage us see g'kenned hen we dar old fodder Bumberschwangel won sy fees alls uff g'luffa warn un hut sy olda rins laderna shtivel net ous zeyar kenna, won are alls ins bed is, no hut are alls sich ins bed g'laked un de fees in dar schtivel zum bed nous kenkd. Dale fun dar kinner hen alls g'schpeeled see warn an butcher un hen sy ous bobbier g'schnidda un hen see g'butchered. Onera kinner hen an pore olda schtievel eye g'shpond un hen see farn schtule g'stelled woo see g'used hen farn woga woo see druff kukked hen mitra grosa shwing in dar hond woo see alls g'used hen far dar schtivel fierich in de ribba flatcha. Dale kinner hen sich an monicher ovet farwiled won ara daddy see kova hut far aram daddy dar bogger board schtrala un schtricha. Garmayner hond hut yader mon won are mole kired hut kot so'n longer bogger board g'raised us are g'kend hut. De groos mudder hut awe an wake kotta far de kinner blessera un des war "Ridy, Ridy, Gile," woo see de bay iver nonner g'laked hut un hut an kind uff dar foos kokd, on dar hand kova un see rida mocher mit ous ma soddle. Dale kinner hen de kotza g'knoched us de kotza farshtruveled g'gucked hen us won mer an oldy bree kluck es hinershd feddershd darich de klopp board fence g'zoyar het. De kinner wora mit kotza hore we de Sallie Knibbelbeg won see alls fun dar shire is kumma fum biffel melga.

Dar Groosfodder
II

Farolders hut shere yader familia an koo kot, won sie eischt an schtick lond kot hen so groos we'n grooser debbich. Sell zite huts ken creamery konna kot un awe ken milich separaters. De milich is darich an sy duch ksied wara far dar schmutz un dreck rous sippa. No is de milich in heffa g'doo wara bis dar roam sich over druff g'shoffed hut far obromer. Dar roam is imma budderfoss zommer g'drayed wara. An budderfoss is an foss we an onner foss, our es hut fligel inside instods outside we an older honer far dar budder zomma flotcher. Oft moles hut dar knecht udder de maud dar budder zommer drayer missa. Dar daudy hut awe also mole budder g'drayed our also mole hut are es net schdanda kenna a bardich wons arick g'schtobed un g'neveled hut. De mommy hut awe also mole budder g'drayed our see hut also mole so bissel fle stanglish g'fluched won de kee old melkich warn udder dar roam so din war im zettel us dar budder net zomma ga hut wolla.

Es war an g'wissie familia denna era kee warn so din os see shere ken shodda may mocha hen kenna won see in dar sun g'schtonna hen, un de milich war so mot un din us mer'n fishel sana het kenna im buttom fum amer, no hen de lide g'mand de kee wara farhexed. Des ding is alls aryer wara we dar alda maid era runsela. Endlich sin see zum hexa ductor. We dar ductor kummer is, hut are de socha unersucht, de milich g'examined, uns budderfoss ous g'schweveled. Don sechd dar ductor now ware noch a ding us are sana mist un des ware dar kee schtol. We are in dar kee schtol kumma is hut are alla ecka ous k'suchd far schwova un schpeck mice our hut kenni k'funna. No hut are mole in de hay g'guk'd no hut are don by hedas fum kee schtol nuff in de farshd fum doch g'sana wile es fuder all war un de kee nix zu fressa hen kot. Dar ductor hut no k'sot see sutta now pore load hoy kaufa un dar top fum kee schtol gute ba decka mit un dar kee plenty zu fressa geva da fun, sell ware dar ansichd wake far de hexa ous driva.

De Egyptians hen an onera wake far budder mocha. See nemma an gase hout, filla see holver full mit milich. De gase hout hanka see on an bome un schwanka see hinnersich un farsich bis es budder is.

Dar Groosfodder

(George K. Hoffman's own original orthography was retained in the above dialect selection—Ed.)

For Alfred L. Shoemaker's brief article "Yukel Dryfuse" see The Pennsylvania Duichman, Vol. IV, No. 15, 1953—Ed.

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Editorials

Our Inquiring Visitors

As in the story of the man who made the best mousetrap, and found the world beating a path to his door, so a path has already been well beaten to Allentown by representatives of many communities which are suffering from the characteristic American ailment — the traffic problem.

This was brought to mind again yesterday by the unheralded visit of a representative group of citizens and governmental leaders of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Mount Vernon (pop. 71,899 in 1950) has been losing much business in the movement to shopping centers established in suburban areas. The press of traffic just about everywhere in its highway system has produced continuous and increasing problems. The City Fathers and other leaders want to stem the tide of outflowing business and relieve the headaches that traffic congestion brings about.

They thought Allentown might have some answers for them. They had heard that some highly original ideas were being employed or were being given better opportunity for development here than in other communities. So they spent yesterday in this city looking over the local situation.

That they were pleased was indicated by their remarks. Whether the ideas that they were able to gain here can be applied to their home city is another matter of course but there was indication that they will wish to adapt some of the local ideas to their community and its problems.

There is probably no immediate local problem to which so much thought is being given as the daily struggle of thousands of our motorists and their passengers to thread their way thru central city traffic and find parking space for their cars for the duration of their stay in midtown. Comparisons which are made with what many other cities have done or have not done and with what Allentown's government and private enterprise have done are very favorable to the Allentown picture.

That is why Allentown has had so many inquiring visitors in the past. That is why the Mount Vernon group was here yesterday. It is the reason for a steady procession in the future by those who have heard that a really effective program has been developed and continues to be developed in Allentown. We must solve the universal American problem — the motor car, how to keep it moving speedily when drivers wish to proceed and how to provide it with parking space when drivers and their passengers wish to halt and remain away from their cars for a considerable time.

A Bloodier Year Ahead?

Figures on fatal accidents in the United States during 1955 now have been compiled with fair approach to exactness. They reveal the startling facts not alone about loss of human life but also about the more than a million persons who suffered severe injuries and the losses that all parties concerned incurred thru destruction of property, medical care and loss of income during incapacitation.

If local conditions be a criterion as to what is going to happen nationwide during the present year, then 1956 promises to be even bloodier and more costly than any year in our history.

In this Lehigh Valley area, wherein 13 were killed upon the highways in January of 1955, there were 23 deaths last month and if we count one of the deaths due to accident on the Northeast Extension of the Turnpike but which followed in a hospital a few days later then the total is 24.

It is all very shocking and disturbing. Day after day new chapters are added, often bloodier and more costly than those which preceded.

Perhaps the most arresting thought about all this is that fully half the victims contributed in no wise to the fatal accidents except for the fact that they happened to be in the vicinity of a car that was being driven carelessly or recklessly. Any thought that "it can't happen to me" because "I drive carefully and only in a car that is perfect, mechanically" is jolted by just about all the stories of collisions and fatalities. Rarely is it possible to charge guilt and responsibility equally to the drivers of cars involved in accidents. More often it is one driver, or one car that alone has caused all the trouble.

The Moloch of modern American highways is the high-powered, swift and heavy motor car. When it collides it creates wrecks, not alone of itself but of the human beings who have been in it.

Increase of Home Owners

One of the happiest facts in the rising economy of the people of the United States during the past 35 years has been the increase in the number of home owners.

Family pride, stability, strengthening of family life and a host of intangible virtues spring from home ownership. Their values accrue largely to the owners, although society also gains greatly as well.

According to the U. S. Bureau of the Census the number of home owners increased from 10.9 million to 27 million in 1955, or 150 per cent. During this period of 35 years, population increased by only about 50 per cent.

This increase of 150 per cent in home ownership in the period, is a substantially greater rate of growth than for the total number of homes, owner-occupied and rented combined. The figures show that all occupied dwelling units increased from 23.8 million in 1920 to an estimated 48 million in 1955, a rise of 100 per cent.

The proportion of homes that are owner-occupied has also risen substantially, and represented a new high of 56 per cent of all occupied dwelling units in 1955 as compared with 45.6 per cent in 1920. The most pronounced gains in home ownership have occurred in the period since the end of World War II, reflecting a combination of factors including housing shortages, rapid population gain, and a big rise in income.

The changing financial aspects in the growth of home ownership in recent years is brought out by the Federal Housing Administration in an analysis of transactions under its own mortgage insurance program for the period from 1949 through 1954.

These figures show that the before-tax income of the typical home buyer who acquired an FHA-insured dwelling during the period more than kept pace, percentage-wise, with the rising prices of dwellings, bigger mortgage debts, and higher home running costs. In the case of new one-family homes for instance, the income of the average buyer increased twice as fast as housing expense for the period.

Such a trend gives a favorable impression with respect to the ability of the buyer to meet the costs of home ownership and the committments that are involved.

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.

New Parking Meter Rates Criticized

To the Editor—

The reason advanced by Allentown, and many other cities for installing parking meters is "to create more parking space for more motorists, to help business, and to stop the all day parkers in the center of the city."

Therefore, on June 4-47 Allentown adopted Bill No. 5646, an Ordinance cited as "The Parking Meter Ordinance." It was amended Oct. 13-48, March 31-49, April 28-40; July 25-50 and Dec. 20-51 extending the meters to many more streets, and lengthening the time of parking privileges.

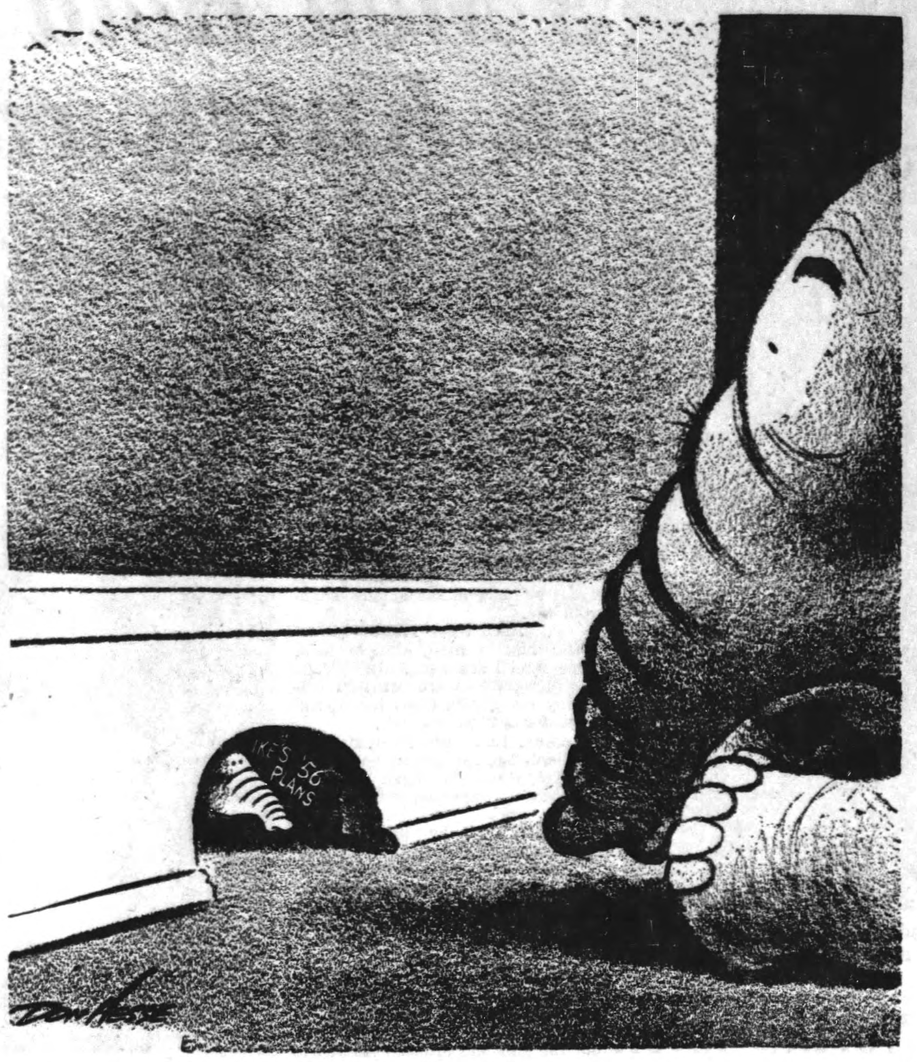
As these amendments were adopted, and the time lengthened, the parking problem became progressively worse. Many parked on the street all day at much less cost than that charged by the Park & Shop lots. Now they are extending the time to three hours on many meters. This will permit the all-day parker to fill the meter three times, and park all day for 45 cents. Salesmen, now denied the privilege of penny parking on all meters, must now pay five times as much for parking privileges for short stops . . . provided they can find an empty space.

The adoption of the five cent minimum is defeating the reason for parking meters in the first place. There will be less parking spaces available at all times in the future. In my opinion the city has stooped to a new low. It now confiscates the city streets. It sells parking space to a privileged few (those who get there first). It hurts business, and penalizes the motorist an additional sum for coming to Allentown to shop.

The blind cannot lead the blind. It takes someone with foresight to lead the city fathers . . . Lead Thou me on to other cities to shop.

Harry M. Hetrick
1874 Lincoln St.

Cat and Mouse at the White House



Reason for Decision's Delay

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

WASHINGTON — Nobody—not even President Eisenhower — knows positively as yet whether he will be a candidate for a second term. Mr. Eisenhower wants more time in which to appraise the whole situation, and his doctors feel he should have that opportunity.

This, in a nutshell, is the authoritative news of the moment about the plans of the President.

None of the callers or advisers inside the government has any clue to the future, because the President himself hasn't any.

The reason that Mr. Eisenhower isn't closing the door to a second term is that he honestly doesn't know whether he will be physically able to serve, and he wants to take all the time needed to make that decision.

The first inkling of this came at the Jan. 25 press conference, when Mr. Eisenhower said:

"We are not talking now about a man who has been ill and who has had, let's say, a full year to decide what he can do in the next four years. I have been—I think yesterday it was four months since I had this illness that started all this type of questioning."

Now comes Maj. Gen. Howard McC. Snyder, the President's own physician, to say that the President should have "all the time" he needs to decide about a second term and adds:

"No man who is just four and one-half months past a heart attack is in a position yet to determine his own physical fitness."

The President didn't start back on a full schedule till he returned to Washington around the first of the year. That's a period of only a few weeks. During that interval he has been testing himself. If he finds that he can stand the strain of the job without feeling any ill effects, he will guess that he is able to do so indefinitely. But, if he feels the strain, he will say so frankly and not endeavor to run again.

In the Jan. 25 press conference, Mr. Eisenhower said he hopes he "will not dillydally too long about it"—that is, in making a decision. But, if his doctors tell him to take longer, he will find it necessary to comply. Meanwhile, the President isn't interfering with the candidacy of anybody else who wants to go into the primaries to seek the nomination or to carry on a campaign otherwise.

So there's no logical reason why Mr. Eisenhower shouldn't take a look at his physical condition as late as April or May and then make up his mind whether he thinks he could go through with a second term if elected. Harold Stassen, one of the President's advisers, was quoted recently as saying that the President could wait almost till convention time and that



the Republican party would wait till then if there was a chance of the President's saying "yes."

The question naturally arises as to whether a "part-time president," as one Democratic senator called it, would be a handicap to the country. The answer is that, if Mr. Eisenhower feels he will be a "part-time President," he will not run. He has emphasized that he will be thinking not of himself but of the duty he owes to the presidency.

It might also be asked whether the President's health will be a factor in the campaign if he accepts renomination. Looking ahead to Election Day in November next, more than a year will have elapsed since the heart attack in September 1955, and the American people will have had ample opportunity to decide whether in the interval Mr. Eisenhower has performed the full duties of his office in a satisfactory manner.

Sniping of a personal nature is resented by the American voter. Already the Democratic senator who charged a few days ago that the Republicans would try to keep Eisenhower alive by the use of "drugs" wishes he hadn't said it. For that kind of thing can boomerang.

The Republicans were most considerate in the case of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt who, due to an attack of infantile paralysis, couldn't walk without being supported.

As for lightening the burdens of the presidency, this has been exaggerated. Executive power is already delegated by Congress to Cabinet officers. Another Cabinet post or two can be created to co-ordinate the so-called independent agencies and to do other routine tasks that need to be done. No constitutional amendment is necessary.

But it will be said that maybe Mr. Eisenhower might have a second attack which could be fatal. That's why the founding fathers in their wisdom provided a constitutional system whereby two men—a President and a vice president—are elected. This hazard is one that faces any President, irrespective of his age or health at the time of his election.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 2:34-35

Simeon continues to prophesy by the Holy Spirit concerning this 'Wonder Child,' as he speaks to His mother: 'Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising (omit 'again') of many in Israel. Those who reject Jesus find Him to be a stumbling-block; those who accept Him, find Him to be a stepping-stone! He is then called a 'sign' by Simeon which shall be spoken against. 'What think ye of Jesus?' is a tremendously important question. In His time there were those who called Him 'that deceiver' and 'demon-possessed,' and thus 'the thoughts of many hearts were revealed,' v. 35. The statement in this verse, when Simeon said to Mary, 'Yea, a sword shall pierce thine own soul also' may refer to the fact that these unkind expressions concerning her Son hurt her feelings, but, as these wicked expressions finally culminated in His crucifixion, his statement may refer to the time when the Roman soldier's spear pierced Jesus' heart, for surely then a sword, as it were, pierced the heart of His mother. This scene at the cross gave rise to the Latin hymn, 'Stabat mater, dolorosa, Juxta crucem, lacrimosa, dum pendebat Filius.' (The translation tomorrow).

Horoscope

Your outlook is of the best. Be guided by your own intuitions. Today's child may be brilliantly clever.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WIDDER FERIWWER: So wieshd os die widdering wor, un so dief 's wosser fer da Community Centre dier in Northampton, sin die grundsi fon weit un briad 'm Dunnershdawg owet bei gagrodd'ld kumma fer die 20d fersommling ei nemma fon Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw. Die widdering wor net tzu ferheeda, ow'r sel wosser het ferheed sei kenna — un het aw ferheed sei solla.

Die grundsow wor hous, un die weil so sie ihrra shodda net g'sehna hut — 'm alta glawwa noh is sie hous gabliva, un woh 'n free free yohr badeit. Habtmanner fon unnershittlicha onnerra grundsi lodges — un m'r hen now 9a in ol, hen die grundsow baricha gabrocht fo ihrra gagenda, un woh der Julius Lentz fon Laurys uf gabunna hut im paar werta, da lodge ihra wedder barichda gewwa.

Sis allas gonga wie g'shmiert — der Luther Young, barya maishder fon Northampton hut so gore besser Pennsylfawnish Deitsch g'shwetzt wie farm yohr, uns wor des yohr aw ken glawk waeich da esserrei. Ol woh m'r wissa hen ganunk grick'd, un allas wor iwwerrous gute — unser hute is ob tzu 's Fred Klina wohs essa widder garish'd hen.

Darrich die lodge g'shefta sin ol die alta Ombtsleit uns Rawd nei g'shtim'd werra fer weiter diehna. Koch 'm protocol fohr laisa beim Schreiver is die shprech ordnung kumma. 'S aller airsht hen die sex iwwerricha shpaich fom airshda Rawd — der Julius Lentz, der Porra Tom Brendle, der Elmer Fehnel, der Milt Herber, der Sam Brader un mier, 'n kartz bild gabrocht fon da 20d fersommlinga os m'r kotta hen. Noh darrich die fohrsarrickfeldichkate fom Russell Snyder fon Nazareth, 'n glead fom rawd, wors miglich fer shtimma bringa ous da fergongenheit. Der Russell hut tape reckordings gamocht in 1949 un 1950, un woh m'r 'm Sam Haas, 'm Patsy Balliet, Henry Detweiler, un Irwin Frantz, ihra shtimma griega hen kenna. Der Stirling Frantz hut die shtimma fom Russell seina reckordings ganumma, un sel wor sos m'r tzurick g'shpielt hen.

Der Leroy Heffentrager fon Pennsbarrick wor 'n neier shwetzer so weit os unser lodge aw gonga is, un hut iwwerrous gute gaduh — er huts doch shier nous ganumma, "'S Bucklich Mannlie" singa. Un die "Finf Boova Ous 'm Gravel," woh sexa worra bis allas fartich wor, hen gute gaduh. 'S wor der Stirling Zimmerman, der Ralph Bittner, der Royden Dotterer, Charlie Kistler, Rob Laudenslager, un der Forrest Feterolph woh kumma sin wie shwartza, fers gabei butza noch da fersommling.

Un der habt shwetzer, wel sel wor der Porra Clarence Rahn un woh yusht ae ding tzu sawga is — sis yusht ae Porra Rahn, un er hut net yusht 'n lot g'shpass gabrocht, ow'r aw fiel diefa gadonka mit seinra "Shtae Fens" rade. Noh hen m'r aw 'n aryie gutie band kot, "Die Bloebaryer," mit 'm Claude Miller ols fohraganger. Un die singerrei — liever lebdawg, m'r glawwa net os die lodge sie lebdawg besser g'sunga hut wie des yohr mit 'm Franklin Lichtenwalter ols fohrsinger.

Fers 20d fesht un fersommling hut die lodge des yohr 'n awdenka gewwa, 'n biegel eisa shtand mit ra grundsow druf. Shun fer yohrra hut die lodge g'shport fer sel tzu duh — is ebbes os net alla yohr gaduh kon werra. Die iwwerricha shtander worra glei ol ferkauft, un 'n lot may hen howwa wolla. Sawga da Rawds gleader wie fiel os n'r wolla, uns werra nocha mohl gamocht fer die woh kennie grick'd hen. Soicha so wol la, kenna aw uns, odder 'm Habtmon Oplinger schreiva, un m'r duhna 'n arder nei in ra woch odder so.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r worra arrick froh drei fon da Union Foundry, Boyertown sehna on da fersommling — der John Z. Harner, der Charlie Heffner, un der Wayne Frey — drei wohs miglich gamocht hen fer die grundsow shtander gamocht griega.

S'PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK
DEVOTED TO THE LITERATURE, LORE AND HISTORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS
PRESTON A. BARBA, EDITOR

DIE GROOSSVADDERS UHR

Do schteh ich hie bei Daag un Nacht, Vun mir nemm Beischpiel un nemm Acht;
Wie ich dich dien, so dien aa du Deim liewe Gott bis in die Ruh.

Ich bin schunn alt, mei Gsicht weist's gans,
'S iss abgebleecht in Farreb un Glans;
Fer'n hunnert Yaahr, un deel dezu,
Halt ich die Zeit, frog net fer Luh.

Ich schteh im Eck un kumm net weit,
Doch bin am Geh, geb dir die Zeit;
So wie mei Gsicht dir weist die Schtunn,
So duh du gleich wie Zeit geht rum;
Un sei gedrei, wie ich do waar
Im lange Laaf — ee hunnert Yaahr!

1944 —D. GEO. KNECHT

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

Mr. Lloyd Espenschied, Kew Gardens, New York, long a devoted reader of the ECK, in a letter dated 26 November, 1955, writes:

"An article in Life (Nov. 29, 1955) mentions the driver of the Conestoga wagon being mounted on the left rear horse, passing other wagons on the left, "which has made the U. S. a nation of left-seat drivers."

"Can you tell me how this practice of mounting on the left, rather than the right horse, got started? If the Conestoga wagon evolved from English wagons, as is often inferred, one would think the driver would have been positioned on the right-hand side to facilitate passing other wagons to the left as is done in England. Or did our practice of passing to the right come from the Continent, rather than England, and did the Conestoga wagon derive more especially from the Continent? I have seen pictures of Continental scenes of the 1600's showing similar wagons. Can you enlighten me?"—

Alas, the Editor of the ECK couldn't. He believes that the Conestoga wagon developed from the covered wagon one still sees in the Rhine Valley.

Another letter from Mr. Espenschied dated 22 January brings the following to our notice:

"The following items were picked up incidentally while looking up some early electrical history reported in The Gentleman's Magazine of London. Doubtless that medium, which had a broad news coverage in the 1700's, contains many more notices concerned with British involvements in German migration to North America;

'Philadelphia, Dec. 11. Last week arrived here Capt. Haselwood from Holland, which makes 14 ships from thence this year, on board of which have been brought 4317 Germans; there have arrived also 1,000 passengers and servants from England and Ireland; but many of the Irish land at Newcastle, so that we give no exact account of them (From The Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XXI, 1751, Jan., p.41),

Also this item:

'About the middle of this month four pair of ventilators were fixed, by order of the Lds of Trade and Plantations, by Mr. Yeoman of Northampton, after Dr. Dale's method, in 4 transports at Rotterdam, bound for Nova Scotia, with about 1000 German protestants. (From The Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XXI, 1751, May, p. 235).'

Mr. Espenschied wonders where these German migrants settled, possibly at Lunenberg, where today there are many of German extraction.

Can editors ever reckon with their reading public? Some weeks ago we published in the ECK (December 3, 1955) an article about "S. Roesen—The Williamsport Painter" by Maurice A. Mook, Professor of Anthropology at Pennsylvania State University. It was a well-written article and yet we feared our readers would receive it with indifference. We were not a little astonished on having a letter from Professor Mook, in which he writes in part:"

"I am almost avalanched by mail about the "Roesen" article. I sent out a few reprints of the ECK and I have had literally dozens of requests for more. There seems to be a Roesen cult almost — most unexpectedly to me. Owners of Roesen paintings write each other, it appears, and now they are writing me. Not only owners, but also museums and the like. I have requests from the Frick Art Reference Library in New York; the Whitney Museum, New York; the Philadelphia Art Museum; the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; and even from the art critic of the San Francisco Chronicle!" Who would have thought that our ECK could be such an active little intermediary and in such scattered places?

P.A.B.

VUM FISCH SCHTEEBACH
Seine Schtoris

Der Fisch iss en rechter Eileschpiggel, er kann die arrickschte Liegge verzeehle, graad wie der Till als hot. Do iss eeni vun re Zeit wie er mol an me groosse Esse waar: "Ee Dausend waare an dem Disch, denken mol datt draa. Ich hab ken Mensch gekennt, ass wie der wu uff meinre rechte Hand gsotze hot. Nadierlich hen mir en Gschpreech ghalde iwwer'm Esse, awwer allemol wann mir faddich waare schwetze un hen widder esse wolle, waar mei Deller so leer ass wann en Katz en ausgschleckt hett ghatt. Des hawwich net verschteh kenne, bis ich mol den Kall uff meinre lingse Hand bedracht hab. Der waar so verdeihenkert schepp-eeggich, dass er die gans Zeit vun meim Deller gesse hot."

Er waar beim Zaeh Dokter

En Zaah wu er schunn lang fille hot losse, hot der Fisch mechtich gschackeniert. "Nau bin ich die Gschicht graad leedich, den reisscht mir raus," hawwich zum Dokter gsaat. "Nee, den duhn mir ausbohre un widder zuschtoppe mit Gold, noh hoscht Ruh," saagt der Dokter un iss ans Bohre. Allemol dass er der Bohrer aus meim Maul genumme hot, waar vun dem alde Gold draa. Diefer un diefer hot er die Drill mir zum Rache neigschowe, bis es letscht ken Gold meh draa ghanke hot. Wie er mol widder 's Loch voll gschtoppt ghatt hot, bin ich uff der Heemweg.

Uff em Heemweg hawwich gemeent mei Halsgraagge wott mir net drunne im Gnick bleiwe. Un was denken ihr, waar die Ursach? Der verdeiwelt Dokter hot gebohrt un gebohrt, bis er darrich der Zaah waar, noh waar er net zufridde mit sellem Gold, er hot mer noch der Gnopp am Halsgraagge rausgebohrt," hot der Fisch verzeehlt.

Die Schtori Vum Rumleefer

"Der annere Daag hawwich awwer beidemmt so en Rumleefer gedauert," saagt der Fisch. "Ferwas?" hawwich gfrogt. "Du weesscht, wie's gereggert hot, noh waar's noch kalt in de Baerrye. Well, selle Daag sehn ich en Kall die Schtross kumme, der waar weschepuddel nass. Ich hab 'm gerufe, er sott rei kumme sich mol drickle am Offe. Es hot ihn net lang genumme fer die Eilaading zu nemme. Der Offe waar rot gliedich un wie er vanne draa gschtanne hot, sehn ich dass der Kall als glenner watt. Die Hitz hot ihm sei Bee so verzogge, dass er so grummbeenich warre iss, en Ewwer vun 400 Pund hett ihm graad gschwische darrich schpringe kenne."

Ken Zuverdraue

"Der Parre Krammlich hot mir gsaat, er deet sei Kaerrichschtell uffschmeisse." — "Was iss dann do letz?" hawwich 'n gfrogt. "Ei, Fisch, des willich dir verzeehle un ich glaab, dass du mir Recht gebscht. Die Gemee iss gross, awwer die Kolleckte warre als glenner. Du weesscht, dass ich grick was fallt, Well, es glingelt gut genunk, awwer mei Brocke watt alle Yaahr glenner. So hawwich em Kaerriche-raad gsaat, ich dien eich nimmi bis ihr eeaermiche Vorschteher un Eldeschder erweehle. In denne, wu ihr hen mit zwee Aerrem, hawwich ken Zuverdraue meh."

Hot gemeent er hett gewunne

Wann der Parre Krammlich gebreddicht hot un er hot gsehne, dass vun seine Gemeensglieder gschlofe hen, hot's ihn gaar mechtich veraeryert. Der annere Sunndaag hot er bissel en langi Breddich ghatt un der Bensch Sassamann iss eigschlofe. Wie der Parre 's Lied ausgewwe hot nooch der Breddich grickt er der Bensch yuscht so in die Aagge. Datt hot er ghockt, der Kopp drunne uff seinre Bruscht, dod zu der Welt. "Wir singen Nummer," noh greischt der Parre "572," graad so laut dass er greische hot kenne, fer der Bensch zu wecke. Der Bensch iss recht zamme gfaahre un greischt "Bingo!"

Der Parre waar zu schpot

Der Sol Hoffmann iss gschtarrewe. Der Sol waar in gude Umschtende, wie er die Welt verlosse hot un hot seinre Wittfraa en scheener Haufe hinnerlosse. Der Parre wu em Sol sei Leicht Breddich geduh hot, waar niemols gheiert, waar aa schunn bei Yaahre un immer bissel kaz in Geld. Die Wittfraa waar net iwwel aazugucke un wie der Parre am Breddiche waar kumme ihm so die Gedanke ei: Was kennte ich un die Wittfraa Hoffmann so'n schee Lewe hawwe minanner. Sie breicht net hatt schaffe un mit ihrem Geld hett ich ken Saerye meh. Wann ich geh nooch der Leicht fer sie dreeschte will ich mol so bissel druffhie schwetze. Nooch der Leicht iss der Parre mit zerick ans Haus fer die Wittfraa zu dreeschte. "Well, der Dod kummt ewwe zu uns all, mer muss ewwe's Bescht devun mache, niemand kann's verennere un's iss mir ken Zweiwel, dass der owwich uns net gut Achting gebt uff dich. Yuscht, Mary, ich hab gedenkt, du bischt nau so elleenich do in der Welt, graad wie ich aa. Kennte mir's net schee un vergniecht hawwe, wann mir eenich waere fer minanner darrich's iwwerich vun unserm Lewe geh?" hot der Parre gsaat. "Ya, gewiss, es reid mich nau sonderbaar, awwer du bischt zu schpot, der Laademacher hot mich schunn am Graab gfrogt," andwatt die Wittfraa.

Er hot's Bede vergesse

's waare mol zwee Menner in me gleene Boot uff me groosse Wasser. Sie waare so weit drauss, dass sie ken Land meh gsehne hen, wie en Schtarrem uffkumme iss. Zu dem Unglick hot's Boot noch en Loch in der Boddem grickt, so dass eens vun de Kalls die gans Zeit Wasser raus scheppe hot misse, schunscht waere sie versoffe.

Mit all sein Scheppe hen sie's Wasser net drauss halde kenne. Die Gschicht iss als schlimmer warre. "John, ich denk mir sin am End vun unserm Schtrick. Deetscht besser mol aafange bede," saagt der Jim. "Harriyeses! Des hawwich gans un gaar vergesse, hab schunn 40 Yaahr nimmi gebet," andwatt der John. "Well, browier mol un vergess net mich ins Gebed zu fiehre. Ich will 's Boot rudere dieweil," hot der Jim gsaat. Der John hot sich ins Boot gegniet un mol gekunsiddert, awwer wie lenger dass er gekunsiddert hot, wie schlechter sin ihm die Wadde in der Sinn kumme. Fer'n langi Zeit iss nix gschwetzt warre, noh frogt der Jim "Hoscht gebet?" — "Noch net," andwatt der John. Iwwer eweil frogt er widder, "Well, John, hoscht noch net gebet?" — "Nee, ich kann yuscht die rechie Wadde net finne," saagt der John. "Well, dann badder dich nimmi, ich meen ich deet Land sehne," hot der Jim gsaat.

As told by
LLOYD A. MOLL
(1879-1944)

UNSER BAUEREMEED

Nau die Baueremeed hen scheene Aagge—
Lecherich un kenne viel saagge;
So sanft un mild — mer hot nix zu glaagge—
Ich hab sie oft bedracht.
Nau die Baueremeed sin hibsch un froh,
Ihr Gleeder pleen, net viel fer schoo.
Zu rechder Zeit griegge sie en beau—
So hawwich ausgemacht!

Nau die Baueremeed sin gaar net schei,
Hen blendi Schpunk un Mut debei;
Sie gleiche 's uff der Bauerei,
Un do iss nix zu lache.
Nau die Baueremeed sin gut un schtarrick,
So fleissich alsfatt an ihr'm Warrick;
Mer sehnt sie oftmols uffem Marrick
Mit scheene Gaardesache.

Nau die Baueremeed gleiche aa ihr fun,
Un karessiere dann un wann;
En gudi match fer eenicher Mann—
Do kannscht dich druff verlosse.
Nau die Baueremeed sin siess un schee,
Wisse recht zu saagge "Ya" un "Nee"
So wunnerbaar — was will mer meh?
Ich deet sie aa gaun bosse.

Nau die Baueremeed sin gude Koch—
Backe Brot un Kuche alle Woch,
Un was gheert uff der Disch, aa noch—
Un des iss aa viel waut.
Nau die Baueremeed bringe aa Gewinne—
Sin 's allerbescht — duh ich mich bsinne,
In Pennsylvaani kannscht sie finne—
So glicklich un so schmaut.

Nau die Baueremeed sin flink un schnell,
So luschdich an der Aerwet—well,
Du brauchscht net weider suche —gell?
Sie gewwe uns so viel Freed!
Nau die Baueremeed hen guder Verschtand,
Gedrei un lieblich Haz un Hand;
Die beschte Weibsleit im ganse Land;
Unser scheene Baueremeed!

1941 —EDGAR M. ESHELMAN

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Editorials

What's Good for Mack—

Mack Trucks, Inc., upon whose welfare many persons in this community rely, had its best year in history during 1955. And it did not have to depend upon war orders because the nation was enjoying a year of peace.

Men and management are equally glad. Labor was kept steadily employed thruout the year at good wages. Labor relations were highly cordial. The company made money and the stockholders of the corporation are pleased that their investments are in a sound and profitable concern.

Encouraging too in the reports on income and earnings for the year 1955 is the fact that at the beginning of business on January 1 the company had a backlog of orders to the amount of almost $60 million — or $42 larger than the back-log of orders at the beginning of 1955. Moreover the company anticipates large orders within a matter of weeks and there is roseate prospect for its business during the present year.

This is the kind of news that cheers the community because what is good for Mack and for Mack's men is good for Allentown and all the surrounding territory.

Propaganda the Real Target

Many nations of the world, whose business activities and interests are affected by weather, have banded together for organized study of weather phenomena, with especial emphasis every so often upon studies in what they term an International Geophysical Year. The next one, the third since the idea was agreed upon, will be observed next year.

During that year, scientists will be active at meteorological observatories in many parts of the world. They will record temperatures, air pressure, wind velocity, cosmic radiation, recession of glaciers and a host of other matters. Whatever information is gained by any one group of scientists is to be made available to all scientists everywhere.

On the eve of this concerted scientific study, difficulties have arisen in Eastern Europe. There the Communists have complained about the use of balloons by the United States for meteorological study. Apparently some of the balloons, which rose to high altitudes, followed the general eastwardly winds and soared over Russia or her satellites. Some of them either fell or their scientific equipment for the recording of various types of data was parachuted to the ground and was picked up and taken to the police.

Always ready to pick upon any excuse for protests against anything American, the Russians speedily demanded cessation of the practice of releasing balloons.

Secretary Dulles, in a conciliatory mood, replied at once that the release of the weather balloons would be discontinued. But he accepted no responsibility for propaganda balloons. It is not denied that they are being released in Western Europe with the hope that they will land their propaganda material east of the iron curtain. It is hoped they will fall into the hands of dissenting people and ultimately cause uprisings against the established governments.

The weather balloons are scientific and their information would be available to all, including the Reds. The propaganda balloons are privately financed and released.

The probability is that the Reds are stung by the effects of the propaganda. Not wishing to admit it, they have complained about the scientific balloons saying that they have constituted a menace to air navigation and to persons on the earth who have found them and tampered with them.

Science thus will probably be the loser in this international argument. The real target at which the Reds were shooting — the propaganda balloons — will not be affected but will keep on getting under the Reds' skins.

Diogenes, Here's Your Man

In an era when there is so little readiness to accept responsibility and especially to assume blame there is cheer in the story of the Parkland School District's bus driver who did the almost unheard of thing after an accident—offered to pay for damages.

If you have ever had occasion to see or be in the vicinity of a collision of motor cars, you have probably had occasion to smile at the vehemence with which the drivers have accused one another of being the cause of the accident. Often it is the disposition of the drivers to shout each other down and seemingly to shape public opinion concerning the accident.

But the Parkland case is the happy opposite of just about every motor car accident you ever heard of or are likely to hear about in the future.

This particular bus driver was driving along an ice-covered dirt road. The bus skidded into a parked car. The bus alone was damaged.

On Thursday night the board received a check of $100 from the driver who allowed he would feel better about the accident if the Board were to accept the check. No alibis were offered, no excuses were made. Nobody and nothing were accorded the blame by this honest, straightforward man.

Diogenes had a long and hopeless quest in his classical search for an honest man. If he were living today, the Parkland School Board could direct him to the home of Samuel Geiger — a paragon among motor car drivers, a man ready to shoulder blame and accept responsibility.

Tears in His Eyes

Much of this nation will observe the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln tomorrow — an observance that will be clouded this year by disgraceful happenings this week on the campus of the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa.

There an ambitious Negro girl had just enrolled for graduate studies. There mobs of white men engaged in demonstrations against the college authorities and the young woman, committed various acts of violence and threatened even wider and more serious trouble directed against just about the entire Negro population of Tuscaloosa.

The governor of the State and the local authorities did nothing to curb the mob spirit which still is raging in the university town.

Ninety-three years after the Emancipation Proclamation and 91 years after adoption of the XIIIth Amendment to the Constitution feeling has mounted in this one area of Alabama to the heights that brought about the Civil War. It may be that the embers which have been kindled by mobs in Tuscaloosa will spread their heat throughout the entire area in which segregation of students in schools and colleges has been ordered ended and in which the Supreme Court's edict has been resented or hated and may even now be resisted in the most violent fashion.

If Lincoln, almost a century after his assassination in the great cause of freedom for all mankind, is looking upon the American scene today, it must be with tears in his eyes and sorrow in his heart.

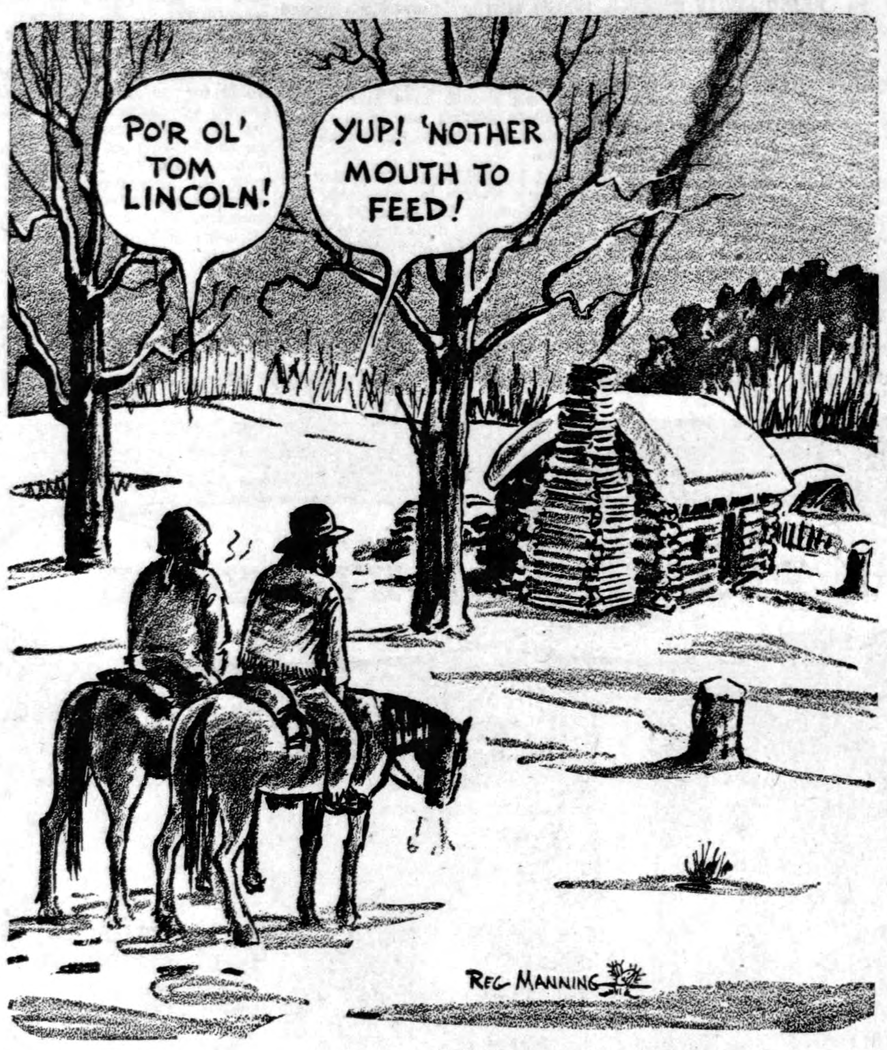
Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:17-24

This is the 'Gimel' section of this long Psalm, each verse in the Hebrew text beginning with the letter 'G'. I shall select Verse 10 out of this section, which reads: 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wonrous things out of Thy Law.' Based on this prayer is the familiar Gospel hymn: 'Open mine eyes that I may see,' etc., another stanza beginning thus: 'Open mine ears that I may hear,' etc., a hymn frequently announced to be sung before I begin a Bible study at a Bible conference. The eyes in this prayer naturally refer to the eyes of the mind, or of the soul, which if not blind to things spiritual (as Jeremiah says in 5:21, 'Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not'), can indeed behold wondrous things out of God's Holy Law. In Luke 24:31, on the Emmaus road on the day Jesus arose from the dead, as He was walking and talking, and then eating with two friends, their eyes were opened, and they knew Him. And what wonderful things there are to be seen in the Bible. No wonder William Lyon Phelps, great teacher of English, said: 'Better a knowledge of the Bible without a college education than a college education without a knowledge of the Bible.'

Hardin County, Ky., 1809



'I'll Trust My Own Feelings'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — The nation might as well prepare for the news that President Eisenhower will say he doesn't feel equal to running again. It has been expected that such news would prove a "shock" to business, to the stock market and to the politicians in the Republican party who have been hopeful that he would run again. But it's the kind of "shock" that may prove ephemeral and in a few days might readily be taken in stride by all concerned.

The President has plainly been trying to soften the impact of a declination to run. Here are his own words on that subject as given to his latest press conference:

"Well, of course, I don't know why the stock market fell when I got sick. As a matter of fact, I don't know — I think I brought it up (at a press conference) because of the fact I didn't know it until several weeks later.

"I have, ever since this occurrence, tried to say that I have honestly got to be convinced that I think I can carry this job efficiently.

"Now, I have never said anything that was more hopeful than any doctor said. I have, on the contrary, tried to be a little bit on the let's say, cautionary side rather than on the optimistic, in the hope that if the time came when I had to say, in all justice, that I don't believe I should try to do this, there would not be the kind of shock — as I say, I don't know why, but there would not be that kind of a shock — if it were possible to avoid it."

This sounds naive to most newspapermen. They imagine a President of the United States is familiar with the crosscurrents of American politics and that it is well known that any change in the presidency causes business to hesitate till it finds out who is going to be the successor and what his policies toward business will be like. Business men want to know whether the new policies are going to be on the radical or conservative side.

Party Strong Enough

But it might also be that the President meant merely that his own party would be strong enough to win the next election and continue his policies of "dynamic conservatism." His comments could be construed to mean that the nation shouldn't be perturbed if it turns out that he can't run because of physical inability.

Naturally there is speculation as to what the impact of the news would be if Mr. Eisenhower says he cannot run again. The Democrats for the most part will be very happy. They are convinced that Eisenhower is the only Republican who could win. Many of the Republicans, too, who have been pinning their hopes on one man are fearful that nobody but Ike could win. So it will not be surprising to see Republican hopes drop as Democratic party hopes rise. This may last a little while, perhaps until the Republicans get back their confidence and remind themselves that the American voter has never turned out of power a party under which there was prosperity — not even in 1948, when Truman was recorded in the public-opinion polls as one of the most unpopular Presidents of recent decades.

As for the Republican nominees, it is plain that Mr. Eisenhower isn't going to ask Chief Justice Warren to run and that



he hasn't said a favorable word about anybody else except Vice President Nixon. Nixon is unpopular with the Democrats and with a minority of the Republicans who have been listening so long to the Democratic tirades against the vice president that they believe them.

There are many more Republicans, however, who, while they would have preferred Ike, would accept Nixon. They would do so on the theory that, while he may have some of the defects that his critics ascribe to him, "he never could be as bad as Truman," as one Republican smilingly remarked the other day.

But why has there been a shift lately by many people here who all along have thought Ike would run? The answer is the way the President has been discussing the subject at his press conferences. He has repeatedly given the impression that the country must be prepared for a negative decision. Perhaps the most telltale of all quotations occurred in the press conference this week when he said:

"I have tried—as I said from the beginning—I have told you I have tried to be very honest about this. Now, a doctor's sole care is with his patient. He doesn't have to think about the things I do in trying to solve this problem. But I now should have some inkling of what the job demands, and its strains, its emotional strains, its periods of intense concentration, and I should know, therefore, from my own feeling, as much as anything else, and I think I will probably trust my own feelings more than I will the doctor's reports, so I am just trying to be honest in saying I will give an answer as quickly as I possibly can."

The doctors can tell him only two things. They can say he is physically able to run and that the President must make up his own mind. Or they can say he is not physically able to run. In that latter case, would the President trust his own feelings more than a doctor's report? Obviously he would not.

So what it amounts to is that the President is saying that, although the doctors may tell him he is able to run, he himself may then decide that he cannot take the risks for the country's sake. It will be his own decision completely, and, as one Cabinet officer put it to this correspondent, even in the face of all the quotations cited above: "I wouldn't bet a nickel either way."

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT HARSHA FLAISH GEWWA: Ich wase net recht wie die socha in der gong kumma sin, ow'r der Bob Cook doh fon da shtadt un der Harolf Moyer fon Macungie, hen doh weil tzurick lushda grick'd fer harsha flaish. Ferleicht wors os 'm Bob sei Anna un 'm Harold sei Laura sie 'n gonsie tzeit om tzarra worra weil sie 'm shpote yohr yusht ken glock kotta hen wie sie fert worra harsh yawga. Der Harold wor noch Juniata Kounty un der Bob noch Sullivan, un sin alla bait hame kumma mit ous harsh.

Wel aenicha waig, doh die onner woch hen sie ous gamocht fer 'n harsh kaufa fon da Trexler Game Preserve — hen k'hoert sie hetta paar mainer harsh darta so sie howwa wotta. Uns hut aw gore ken lang ganumma fer 'n barya mocha wie wie sie ous g'funna hen os aenich ebber alla weil harsh kaufa kon on $35 's shtick. 'S sin tzu fiel harsh in da ben fers fuder os darta is, un sie missa dale lose werra so os die iwwerricha besser lava kenna.

Der Bob un der Harold hen die socha ow'r aina waig odder da onner letz fershtonna. Ihra maining wor, sie breichda yusht nuf tzum Warren Wertman gae on da harsh ben unnich Schnecksville, un er het die g'shlochta harsh grawd ready uf hanka, un allas tzu duh wear fer sie lawda un hame gae. Ow'r liever lebdawg, sel wor seit fon wos sie g'funna hen wie sie nuf noch da harsha ben kumma sin. 'S airsht os der Warren wissa hut wolla wor, welar os der shitz wear, un woh sie ihrra flint hetta.

Die boova worra nuf mit ous ma g'ware, un endlich hut der Wertman ferwillich'd sie maichda sei flint yusa, ow'r mista mit nous gae un ihra aigner harsh sheesa. Un sel wor woh die g'shpass aw g'fonga hut. Sie hen glei 'n harsh rous g'such'd kot os sie howwa hen wolla, un woh der Wertman nava nous gayawk'd hut so os ken onnerra harsh in g'fohrra weara won sie sheesa dada. Uns wor aw gute os er sel gaduh hut — so'n lebdawg wor shun long net dart drowwa bis sie ihrra harsh g'shossa hen kot.

Won sie 'n noch paar mainer shuss ferfail'd hetta, het der Wertman waricklich hame gae missa fer may kugla. In gons'm hen sie ebbes wie 20 shuss g'shossa, un wons ols gagroch'd hut, is der harsh aintwedders paar foos fom budda in die hae gajump'd, odder is im gringle rum wie won er uf ra flying koach wear. Die boova uf kours hens uf die flint g'shova, ow'r tzu wissa os sie 'm shpote yohr alla bait hame kumma sin mit ous harsh, wase m'r net wie fiel os sie ferfail'd hen in Juniata un Sullivan kounties.

So wie m'r fershtaina, wissa die boova alla weil noch net recht eb sie der harsh endlich gadroffa hen, odder eb er sich hee galaig'd hut un is dote gonga fon angshda. Wie sie 'n ow'r kotta hen, hen sie 'n galawda un sin ob fert nous tzum "Boobie" Shaidler on da Shoeneck Bauerrei nagshd on Alburtis, so shtarrick os sie gae hen kenna. Der "Boobie" hut 'n helfa ob tziega un fermetzla, un denk die Anna un die Laura hen endlich ihra lushda beesa kenna fer aw mohl harsha flaish howwa — ebbes os sie ols gore net duh kenna won der Bob un der Harold shpote yohrs gaina harsh yawga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Doh weil tzurick wor aeland im haichda grawd wie der Fred Geisler fon Trexlershteddle sei hund die airsht nocht im neia hunds shtol kotta hut, os er gabout hut.

'S wor 'n kalter owet un er hut der hunds shtol owets hame ganumma, un der hund draw awgabunna, un er un sei Helen sin ins bed.

Darrich die nocht hut der hund marderlich g'brill'd — ebbes os der Fred gore net fershtae hut kenna bis er nous is gaea morya un hut ous g'funna os ers loch om shtol tzu glae gamocht hut kot, un so der hund net nei shluppa hut kenna un hut gabrill'd weil er drous im kalta sei hut missa.

Edgar A. Guest

PERFECT GARDEN

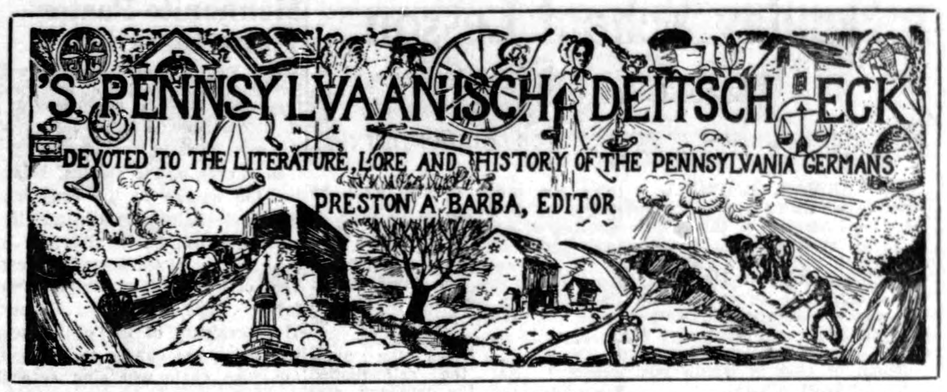
Soon the marigolds will bloom,
Bigger, better than before,
And the lilacs shed perfume
Richly near the kitchen door.
Autumn's asters will be gay,
Sturdier than they've been for years.
Gardens make a fine display
When the catalog appears.

Roses all are aphis free,
Beetles leave the buds alone;
Cutworms never seem to be
Where the fanciest things are grown.
Too much sun and too much shade
Never seem to interfere;
Perfect every bloom and blade
When the catalog is here.

Should I live my life again,
For a seedman I would toil,
Undisturbed by wind or rain,
Planting things in fertile soil.
I would banish every foe,
Pests, and neighbors' cats and dogs.
Every lovely thing should grow
As it does in catalogs.

Horoscope

A smart business or vocational success in the next year is likely. Indications are today's child will be very clever.



BOOK REVIEW

WILDERNESS CHRISTIANS. The Moravian Mission to the Delaware Indians. By Elma E. Gray. In collaboration with Lesie Robb Gray. Illustrations by Clare Bice. Pp. 354. Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, 1956. — $5.00.

"The wildnerness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." These happily chosen words from Isaiah 35, introduce us to this notable book, a work which long needed to be done. Its subject is the history of the Moravian Mission to the Delawares, covering in time a full century and a half.

Of the many religious groups who had sought freedom in Penn's province, whether Quakers, German Mennonites, Lutherans, Reformed, Presbyterians, or Baptists, none had given more than a fleeting thought to bringing Christianity to the native North American Indian. It remained for the Moravians to come with the definite purpose of evangelizing their red brothers in the wildnerness.

The American Moravian Church, numbering even today only some 50,000 members has consistently, over a longer span of time than any other church, sent forth missionaries to spread the Gospel among the primitive peoples of the earth.

But the immediate theme of this book is the saga of the Moravian missionaries laboring among the Delaware Indians. We Pennsylvanians are proud of the achievements of the Moravians and the part they have played in the history of our state and nation. And for those of us who live in the very shadow of the historic Central Moravian Church in Bethlehem, and in close proximity to the flourishing towns that have developed out of the early colonial Moravian settlements of Nazareth, Emmaus and Lititz, this book is of special interest. It is a story more fascinating than fiction. We relive the labors and adventures of the early missionaries like Post, Zeisberger and Heckewelder, together with the many others who were trained in Bethlehem and sent forth from there upon their dangerous missions to the Delawares, who were being pushed hither and yon, now westward, now northward, amid the struggles attending the birth of our nation; we follow these dedicated missionaries into the uncharted wilderness as they struggle against the forces of nature, suffering incredible hardships and deprivations, and still worse against the intrigues of unfriendly whites and the savage attacks and massacres on the part of hostile red men. Nothing impeded the missionary zeal of these men of God. Their names: Christian Frederick Post, John Jungmann, David Zeisberger, Gottlob Sensemann, Michael Jung, John Heckewelder, to mention but a few, deserve to be engraved upon the scroll of the great heroes of our country. Head and shoulders above them all rises the figure of David Zeisberger. We quote: "He had brought Christianity to Indians in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, and in Canada he had established the still-successful mission of Fairfield. Through his guidance many Indians had acquired sincere and honest religious convictions . . . Even when his health failed, he would not return to Bethlehem and leave his Indian flock. One soul saved or reclaimed gave him untold joy. Though disillusioned of a dream for an Indian church in Ohio, Zeisberger continued to teach other missionaries sent to him from Bethlehem before they entered the forests to preach. . . One is overwhelmed by the multitude of talents with which Zeisberger was endowed. From the great storehouse of his mind he has left to the world sermons, Bible translations, grammars, spelling books, hymnbooks, dictionaries, and diaries of one of the most notable experiments on the continent of America. His manuscripts, letters, and journals, conscientiously written during periods of elation and gloom, prove his astonishing ability to master Indian dialects while establishing thirteen Christian missions, undertaking their leadership, and supervising the teaching of the Gospel to those of limited horizons . . . No man ever labored so long among Indians as this gentle but stern patriarch, who became, in sixty-two years of intimate and constant association, almost one of them." David Zeisberger died in his modest home near Schoenbrunn (Ohio) on Nov. 17, 1808, surrounded by his Indian friends, who quietly sang the hymns he had translated for them. He rests in God's Acre adjoining the Goshen Church among his Indian brethren.

While the facts of the early chapters of the book were known to the historian and student of our early colonial history, it remained for Elma E. Gray to relate the story for a larger and more general reading public. Her narrative is not only well documented, but what is equally important, she has succeeded in unifying its many threads into whole fabric with great skill and considerable literary charm. With the author we review the status of the Delawares in relation to the other Indian tribes before the arrival of William Penn; the coming of the Moravians to Bethlehem and their early work in our own vicinity at Nain and Gnadenhuetten (Lehighton) and northward to Friedenshuetten on the Upper Susquehanna at Wyalusing; then to Moravia and Friedenstadt on the Beaver River in western Pennsylvania; then ever westward with the receding Delawares to the Muskingum River in Ohio and the founding of the missions of the second Gnadenhuetten, and of Schoenbrunn and New Schoenbrunn; northwest to Sandusky; then northward to Detroit and the founding of New Gnadenhuetten on Lake St. Claire; and then on into Canada. It is the mission work in Canada along the Thames River and in the missions at Moraviantown, Fairfield and New Fairfield, that forms a good part of the second half of this book, an area which had received little attention at the hands of the historian.

This book is the labor of years. The author has had the able assistance of her husband who did extensive research and work on records and manuscripts. Mr. and Mrs. Gray were frequent visitors in this area. They have scoured the remotest recesses for material. They are at home among the documents of the Historical Societies of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and the parts of Canada related to their subject. Nothing seems to have escaped their eagle eyes.

In the opinion of this reviewer the particular merit of this book lies in the manifold details with which the author has enriched her narrative. In rapport with the methods of the modern historian, she is not satisfied with accuracy of mere historical data and events. Landscape, the flora and the fauna of the area, the domestic life of the Moravians, the arts and crafts practiced among them, their cookery and their clothing, lore, legend and customs among the Delawares and other Indian tribes, all skillfully interwoven in the fabric of a unified whole. Some of the details may seem at times as extraneous, but never without interest. For example: How easily we might never have learned that Christian Frederick Dencke, the first Protestant missionary to enter the villages of the most numerous Indian tribe in Upper Canada, was also a botanist. We read: "If Dencke had not chosen the missionary field, he might have become one of America's outstanding botanists. His correspondence with Henry Ernst Muhlenberg of Lancaster, Pennsylvania (now in the Library of the American Philosophic Society) gives great promise, but he could not continue his botanical studies under such difficult conditions. Muhlenberg's collection contained Canadian specimens sent to him by Dencke."

We commend this book to our readers as a notable achievement, deserving of a wide reading public.—P.A.B.

EM SOLLY HULSBUCK SEI VALENTINES

Zu der Polly

Wann alle Krick Melassich waer
Un alle Hiwwel Zucker,
Waer kens so siess wie du, mei Poll,
Vum Graehaag auff zum Schlucker.

Der Polly ihre Andwatt

Wann alle Rewwer Dinde waer
Un alle Feld Babier,
Kennt ich net schreiwe, du alt Kalb,
Was mei Haz denkt vun dir.

LINCOLN AND THE DUTCH

In the April-June, 1954, number of The Historical Review of Berks County, we came upon the following interesting anecdote, told originally in T. Harry Williams' book, **Lincoln and His Generals.**

At the start of the Civil War Lincoln handed out many commissions for political as well as for military reasons. He tried to satisfy Republicans and Democrats, groups that supported the war and those that opposed it, and leaders of important nationality groups. As Williams tells the story, "Lincoln realized the importance of enlisting the Germans in support of the war, but he was amused by their eagerness to get their prominent men on the list of generals. Once a staff officer heard a conversation between the President and the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, about some appointments of brigadier generals. Lincoln said he agreed with most of Stanton's recommendations, but, continued the President, 'there has got to be something done unquestionably in the interest of the Dutch, and to that end I want Schimmelfenning appointed.' Lincoln uttered the name with great enjoyment. Stanton said there were German officers who were better recommended. 'No matter about that,' said Lincoln, 'his name will make up for any difference there may be.' "

ES ALT ROT SCHULHAUS

En rot aagschtriche Heisel schteht
Am Kreizweeg bei der Krick;
's waar unser Schulhaus mol gewest
Yaahre un Yaahre zrick.

Es waar en Zeit ass Kinner do
Hen A, B, C gelannt;
Un Meeschter vun seim Biffelschtuhl
Zu harriche hot gewannt.

Drei "R's," un net zu viel devun,
Waar selli Zeit gelehrt;
Ken Algebra un all so Gfrees,
Wu heit die Kinner wehrt.

Die Buwe sin als beigeloffe
In ledder Schtiwwel, all;
Meed — Kardu un wollne Schtrimp—
Vun Hiwwel, Flett un Daal.

Der Offe hot als luschtich gschmokt,
Bis Geduld verlore
Hen mir Fenschter uffgerisse,
Noh sin mir schier verfrore.

Es Dach hot aa oftmols gerinnt,
Des waar ken neier Trick,
Wann Regge darrich die ceiling kummt
Un droppst in unser Gnick.

Mir hen ken Schpielgrund datte ghatt,
Ya, yuscht es Schtroosse-eck;
Wann's drucke waar, im Schtaab rumgschpielt,
Wann's reggert, dann im Dreck.

Improvements wu die Kinner heit
Gewehnt sin in ihr'm Haus,
Hen mir gaar nix gewisst devun
's waar alles hinne drauss.

Hokeblick un Trammel hen mir
Uffs blackboard als gegritzelt;
Babier verhaust un Schleet verbroche,
Un Bleischtift aa verschnitzelt.

Der Meeschter hot uns als gezankt,
Wann lessons waar'n verlappt;
Vleicht wann mer bissel zuchtich waar'n
Un sin schpot beigedappt.

Un wann der Ketzer denkt 's iss Zeit,
Hot's uns mol eigebiest;
Un wie meh ass mir geyohlt hen,
Wie meh hot's ihn gepliest.

Un hen mir Schleeg grickt in der Schul,
Waar'n mir zimmlich ghewelt;
Un watt em Daadi des bekannt,
Hot's deheem genewwelt.

Uffrichtichkeit un Ehrlichkeit
Gebreddicht alle Daag;
Ich saag dir nau, mer hot gelannt,
Loss kumme, was es maag.

Wann Zweiwel un Uffruhr mich ñemmt,
Wann alles mir verleed,
Denk ich ans Schulhaus noch emol,
Wu uffem Kreizwe gschteht.

Ach ye, was sin Gedanke siess
Vun selle alde Zeit!
Vun Freind wu ich gekennt hab als
Datt rum uff breet un weit.

Unglick hot deel gedriwweliert—
Sin Reiche, deel in Not;
Es sin deel gfalle newich em Weeg
Un schlofen nau im Dod.

Der Meeschter aa hot hickory Schtock
Un ruler hie geleegt;
Datt sin sie, dief bedeckt mit Schtaab,
Un Schpinne zugewebt.

Un was vum rote Schulhaus dann
Wu uffem Kreizweeg schteht?
's iss yuscht Gedechtnis meh zu mir—
's iss zu'n garage gedreht!

Im Disember 1933 — RALPH S. FUNK

Schtrich ghatt. Sie waare so baasich. Sie hen immer die Leit rumgeaddert. Fer sell hen mir net zu viel Zeit ghatt fer Parre.

Mir hen en Latt Ausredde ghatt ferwas mir net Parre sel wedde. Wisst dihr, "Alle Beddelmann hot sei Ausredd." Ich kann nimmi an all die Ausredde denke, awwer do waare etliche vun ihne.

Eener vun uns hot gsaat, er kennt's net in der Heeh schtende. Er hot gsaat, er deet darremlich warre so gschwind ass er in der Heeh waer. Er deet Dubbe sehne ver seine Aagge un es deet ihm rabble im Leib. Nau, die Kansele selli Zeit waare so hoch drowwe, ass er gemeent hot, er kennt's net schtende datt druff.

En annerer hot gsaat, er deet's net gleiche wie die Parre ihre Gleeder aadeede. Ihre Hemmeraa uffem Buckel zu. Der Yung collar waer uffem Buckel zugegneppt. Ihre Bruschtlabbe waer hot gsaat, "Wie kennt mer do sel Gleeder aagriegge?" Nee, er hot ken Parre sei welle.

Der Dritt hot gsaat, er deet die Kudd net gleiche, wu die Parre aadeede fer Breddiche. Er hot gsaat, "Die Kudde sin zu lang. Wei, sie lange nunner uff der Bodde. Noh, wammer eent aahot un will die Dreppe nuff fer uff die Kansel, dreet mer nei un fallt uff die Naas hie. Nee, ich will ken Parre sei."

Es waare etliche, die hen gsaat, sie deede net gleiche Hinkel zu esse schier alle Daag. Selle hen mir als gsaat, sie kennte net Parre warre, wann sie wedde.

So hen mir hie un haer gedischbediert. Noh bin ich gange un bin doch en Parre warre. Es gebt gschpassiche Sache imme Mensch seim Lewe — Gell?

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News.

ICH WETT NET PARRE SEI

Wie ich noch en Bu waar, hen etliche vun uns ausgemacht was mir duh wedde, wann mir grooss waere. Kenner hot Bresident sei welle. Sellemols hen die Demograade net Bresident warre kenne. Nau iss es annerscht.

Es hot awwer kens vun uns en Parre gewwe welle. Bei Leiwe net! Mir hen die Parre uffem

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Editorials

'Get Tough' Policy Adopted

It will be generally agreed that it was about time for somebody to "get tough" with youthful motor car drivers who misuse the privileges which society confers upon them when a driver's license is issued to them.

Judge Henninger now has done this, first by depriving three boys of their drivers' licenses until they have reached the age of 18, and second by announcing that henceforth this method is to be employed when these teenagers come before him for infractions of the motor code and for cimes involving the use of their drivers' licenses.

This new policy has the approbation of Raven Ziegler, the chief probation officer. His dealings with a host of young offenders have told him that deprivation of the privilege of driving is one of the most serious punishments that can be handed out for offenses by young people. He believes that threat of such loss should be one of the most effective deterrents to misbehavior by those who hold them.

What youth does not seem to appreciate is that a driver's license is a privilege granted by society and not a right conferred without attendant responsibilities. Payment of a dollar for a license would indeed be a miserable price paid to society by a youngster whose only thought is that of tearing along the streets and highways at all hours of the day and night without respect for the lives and property of those who may be encountered. As Mr. Ziegler observed before the Court yesterday, "teenagers bear the same responsbility to the commonwealth and to society as any adult bears."

Passing an examination by the State Police is not the final test for youthful drivers, or even for adults. Behavior behind the wheel is under constant test both for young and old. Society cannot afford to tolerate young harum-scarums with foot upon the throttle of what can be a juggernaut with the power of a hundred or more horses and traveling twice as fast as any steed ever was able.

Society must defend itself against potentjal killers and destroyers. Judge Henninger has taken an important step to provide this protection.

Veto for Gas Bill

Probably very much against his wishes and hopes to rid our government of controls and bring about return to a free economy, President Eisenhower yesterday vetoed the now notorious Natural Gas Bill.

Under that bill producers of natural gas would have been freed from Federal price regulation. There would have been return, theoretically at least, to the law of supply and demand. This the President and his Administration have indicated would be a healthier state than that which was developed largely from the exigencies of a war and inflation and the necessity then for totalitarian controls.

However the Natural Gas Bill either was conceived in corruption or was harmed by overzealous friends. At any rate, announcement by Senator Case of South Dakota that twenty-five $100 bills had been offered to his campaign chairman, and the subsequent tracing of this suspicious money to an oilman in far-off California, touched off a scandal in Washington.

The inquiry that was set off by these twenty-five pieces of folding money has so much promise of excitement and revelation of other bits of irregularity bordering on bribery, if not bribery in fact, that sweeping investigations by U. S. Senate committees may be expected during the coming months.

Such investigations promise to go farther afield than the Gas Bill. They will want to know about any and all suspicious campaign and personal contributions.

Inasmuch as this is an important election year politicians can be expected to dig up anything and everything that may be derogatory to their opponents and general political enemies. The dirt of innuendoes and half-truths will certainly fly if the scope of the investigations be broadened, if the doors be opened wide to any and all who delight in mud-slinging.

Arming Israel's Enemy

Revelation on Thursday that a shipment of 18 new reconnaissance tanks is lying aboard a freighter in Brooklyn and is about to be sent to Saudi Arabia by the U. S. Government is an alarming bit of news. It has been admitted as truth by our State Department. It has been vigorously protested by Ambassador Abba Eban of Israel.

Grave responsibilites are incurred by our government thru this act for tanks are not instruments of peace but dangerous weapons of war. These tanks will be shipped to the Near East which is a tinderbox and may flare into war at any moment.

Rich as the king of Saudi Arabia is, he has not the slightest need for tanks nor for weapons of any sort. His nation of nomads has no enemies and his neighbors, except for Israel, are Arab friends and fellow-religionists.

Any expressions of fear of the Jews—only a million and a half of them—must be regarded as absurd by any who note the fact that Saudi Arabia has a population five times as large as that of Israel and occupies a country more than a hundred times the area of tiny Israel. Moreover in the event of any trouble from aggressors, Saudi Arabia would not only have the help of her large and powerful neighbors and co-religionists but of the United States as well.

In a word, Saudi Arabia does not need arms. Putting arms into that country's hands is dangerous and an invitation to trouble. Tanks are not playthings.

Israel, which has been pleading for the right to buy arms in the United states has been denied weapons of any kind. Now one of her avowed enemies is to get a fleet of tanks which could overrun Israel in a matter of hours because of the tiny size of the country — only 8,000 square miles — about the size of Eastern Pennsylvania.

The situation would not be so serious and it would not alarm the Jews in Israel if it were not for the fact that for eight years they have been threatened with extinction in "a second round," or the continuation of the war of 1947 which the Jews won. There has not been a minute of peace since that war despite efforts of the United Nations and of individual nations to effect peace treaties between Arab nations and Israel.

In arming Saudi Arabia, the United States will incur a solemn responsibility to protect the Jews in Israel from the tanks that are about to leave Brooklyn.

This country could not in good conscience arm a nation of 6,500,000 people and then stand idly by if those arms be used to wipe out a million and a half people, to whom arms have been denied.

On the other hand, this arming of Saudi Arabia may be a menace to our ally, Great Britain. It is not to be overlooked that the king of Saudi Arabia has a dispute with Great Britain concerning ownership of the oasis of Buraimi on the Arabian Peninsula. Under its desert sands lie great pools of oil over which the British have control. Saudi Arabia claims ownership and with tanks may determine to establish its claim.

Whatever the motive of the king of Saudi Arabia, this sale of weapons to the man who perhaps is the richest in all world history does not look good. Paranthetically, it might be noted that the king during 1954 received a total of $258 million from the Arabian American Oil Co. Thus his income can be seen to be about $700,000 per day and no one can tell him how to spend it.

But how he is going to use weapons, whether purchased in this country, or elsewhere is another matter. The world will have the right to decide how he shall not use them.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

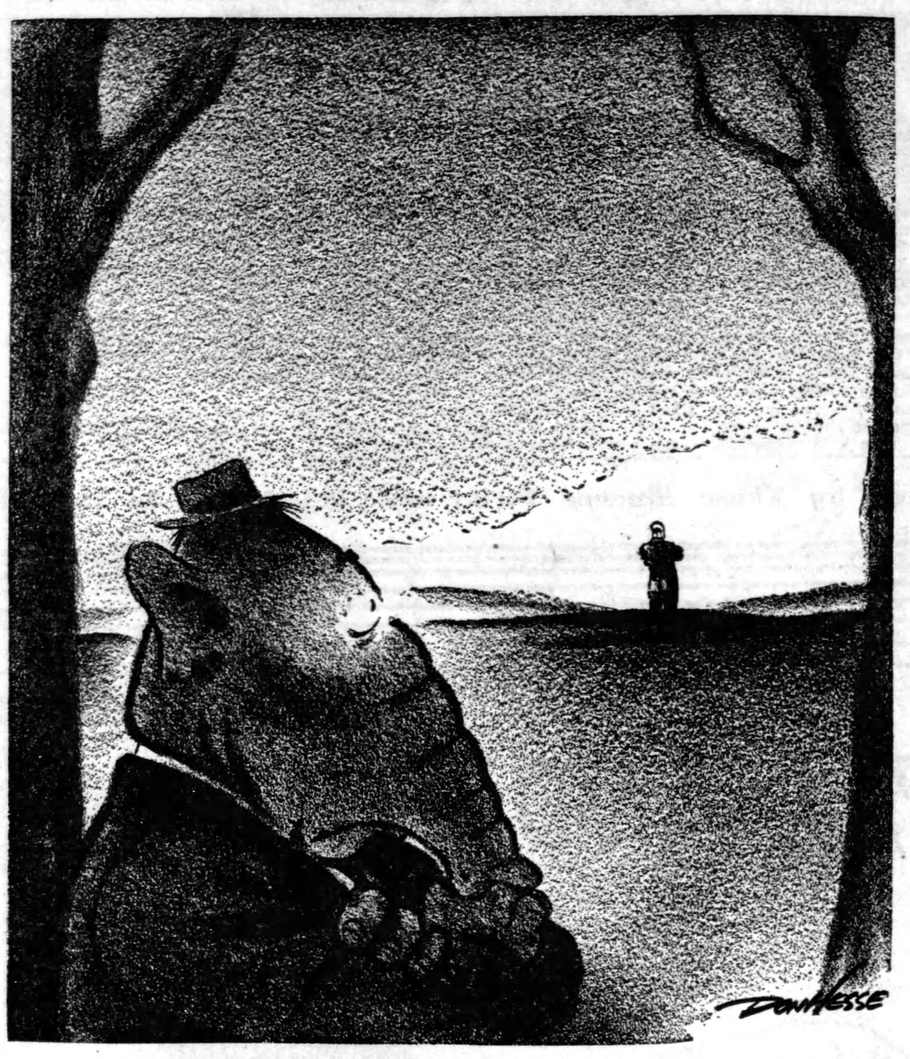
A most devoted couple we have been for many a year,
But now I often eat alone because the baby's here.
You'd really think the child was hers, the way she runs from me,
To see that he is being fed or hold him on her knee.

It's not that I am jealous; such a failing I'm above.
You can't begrudge a baby his full share of grandma's love.
But I am tired of reading notes at dusk informing me:
"I've gone to see the baby and I won't be home for tea."

I'm not complaining, understand.
I merely make it known
That I'm not very happy when I'm left at home alone.
But somehow when a baby comes it seems that this occurs:
The grandma always acts as though the child were really hers.

(Copyright 1956)

Contemplation in Georgia



Harry Notifies Adlai

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Former President Truman has served notice that Adlai Stevenson must recognize him and the "big city bosses" of the Democratic party or he will not get the nomination this year.

Mr. Truman, in his Memoirs in Life magazine, criticizes Stevenson severely for failing in the 1952 campaign to "give proper recognition to existing Democratic organizations in the major population centers."

As Mr. Truman owed his rise in politics in Missouri to the boss-rule of the Pendergast organization in Kansas City, it is natural to find him scolding Sevenson as follows: "By alienating many influential Democratic political leaders at the outset Stevenson may have thought he was attaining full freedom of action. But in reality he needlessly sacrificed basic political backing and perhaps millions in votes . . . a Democratic candidate for any office will usually fare better in his campaign if he does not throw away organization support without good reason."

Most political observers will be surprised to learn that Adlai Stevenson threw away any support whatsoever in 1952, and that the former President speaks so glibly of the loss of "millions of votes." It is apparent from a reading of the whole article that Mr. Truman is at odds with Stevenson because somehow the latter didn't fall over himself to accept always the advice of the then functioning leader of the party.

Use of Phrase Irritates

It is apparent also that Mr. Truman is irritated because Stevenson permitted himself to use the phrase "the mess in Washington." Here is how the former President describes it:

"Stevenson, during an interview in Oregon, quoted a reporter's phrase in answering a question and said that he would clean up 'the mess in Washington.' I wondered if he had been taken in by the Republican fraudulent build-up of a few flyspecks on our Washington windows into a big blot or 'mess.' "



Now the truth is Stevenson didn't give an interview but answered a letter in which the editor of The Oregon Journal—a supporter of Stevenson — had asked what he would do about "the mess in Washington." It was a slip of the pen on Stevenson's part that, in his reply, in quoting from the Oregon editor's letter, he forgot to put the words in quotation marks. There is nothing in the reply by Stevenson, published at that time, which indicates that he concurred in the Republican concept of "the mess in Washington," though he didn't consider it as insignificant as a "flyspeck," either.

Mr. Truman says also that "another mistake by Stevenson was to allow himself to go on the defensive on the question of so-called Communists in government." But, after all, Stevenson had to overcome, if he could, the political damage done by the phrase used by Mr. Truman when he called the House committee's disclosures about Alger Hiss a "red herring." Also, in the 1956 campaign Stevenson will have to explain away in some fashion Mr. Truman's refusal to tell the American people why, after having been warned by the FBI director about the late Harry Dexter White, he wrote a letter of Fulsome praise to the former treasury official within two months of that incident and then a similar letter the next year. It's going to be pretty tough on Stevenson when he tries to carry that burden in the coming campaign if he is the candidate again.

Mr. Truman's condemnation of Mr. Eisenhower is on the severe side, too. He argues that, by making the announcement in 1952 that he was going to Korea, Mr. Eisenhower "must have known he was weakening our hand in negotiations" with the Communists.

Forgets Chronology?

But Mr. Truman forgets the chronology. For it was Oct. 8, 1952, that the United Nations representatives broke off negotiations at Panmunjom after a deadlock which began in May 1952. As for a "weakening" of America's position, it was Mr. Truman's dismissal of Gen. MacArthur which was interpreted throughout Asia as an American trend toward appeasement.

It was Oct. 24 that Mr. Eisenhower announced that he was going to Korea. It was Oct. 28 that a New York Times headline read: "Truman Accuses Eisenhower of Dishonesty about Korea." In the article itself the Times correspondent quoted Mr. Truman as having accused Mr. Eisenhower of being "thoroughly dishonest."

Yet Mr. Truman wonders and wonders why on Nov. 17, 1952, when Mr. Eisenhower came to the White House for a briefing on current matters, there was a "frozen grimness" in the President - elect's face during the meeting. Mr. Truman writes that maybe Mr. Eisenhower "failed to grasp the true picture" of what his administration had been doing and had gotten a "distorted version of the true facts." But it's plain that what Mr. Eisenhower had gotten during the campaign was a true picture of the reckless and irresponsible demagoguery known as "Trumanism."

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:73-80

'Thy hands have made me and fashioned me' says the Psalmist in verse 73, a confession of the truth of Genesis 2:7, which says that the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. And what a wonderful creature man is, fearfully and wonderfully made, Ps. 139:14, the only form of life on earth that can think God's thoughts after Him — to say nothing of the miracles involving the chemical processes, the secretions of the glands, and metabolism in general, active throughout the body. Spirit, soul and body are the three words Paul uses in 1 Thess. 5:23 to sum up the whole personality of a human being. David is, of course, not thinking merely of his body in v. 73, for he at once prays for understanding, that he may keep the commandments of God. 'Mens sana in corpore sano' (a sound mind in a sound body) was the ideal of men in the classical Roman period, but David goes beyond that, for in v. 80 he prays for a sound heart (spiritually speaking). All those who thus fear God constitute a happy and glad fellowship, v. 74.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Grove day, at the University of Hawaii, cherishes these statements, copied faithfully from examination papers submitted by former students:

"He awoke in his bed with an upstart."

"Until the twentieth century there was no need for airplanes because people did not do much flying before then."

"In a hundred years, I predict the works of the old masters will be a thing of the past."

J. R. Pope observes:
Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!
But when we've practised quite a while
How vastly we improve our style!

(Copyright 1956)

Factographs

Some 35 million U. S. families, 7 million of them farm families, own automobiles.

Atmospheric air is 14½ times the weight of hydrogen.

Detroit, Mich., has the longest city - owned street railway system.

"Bells" on shipboard separate 30-minute periods of time.

Horoscope

You are advised to exercise restraint in business affairs to bring your next year to a successful climax. A restless and excitable personality may be noticed in today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

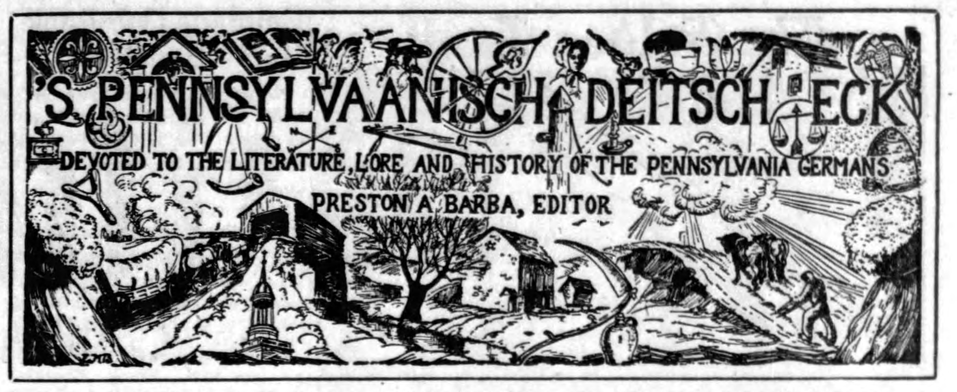
SIS NIMMY "DER PRETTY BOY:" Sis kayose wie shnell os socha sich alsa mohl annerra, un sel shure hut ous k'halta mit 'm Luther Boyer seinra fraw Esther ihr'm fogel, woh sie imma koshda hut. Sie hut der fogel shun fer etlicha yohr, uns wor immer der "Pretty Boy," 'n nahma os der fogel gakent hut won die Esther 'n garufa hut.

Ow'r m'r hen so'n halvie noshion won der fogel fershtonna hut wos g'sawt is werra, os er 'n monich mohl tzu sich selwar galocht hut, un arbadich so da onner morya. Wohrhoft wie die Esther in der koshda gaguck'd hut, won net 'n oy drin galaiga hut — 's shae glae weiss fegel oy, un woh der "Pretty Boy" galaig'd hut. Die Esther is now iwwel ob un wase net recht wos ihra fogel tzu haisa, alla mohl os sie "Pretty Girl," odder ebbes wie sel secht, shitt'ld er der kup os die shtrawla fliega.

KON "PUMPERNICKLE" SAWGA: Unglawblich wies shier is, ow'r so wohr os allas, wons Hennie "Can Fix" Troxells' fon Egypt net 'n greener parakeet fogel hen, os "Pumpernickle" secht. Er hut aw 'n lot onnerra werta so wie "Hennie Can Fix," "Sweetie Can Fix," un fiel onnerra werta. Er kon aw locha un singa, un hut 'n gross ordichie tzeit mit 'm loud shwetzer wohs Hennies' boo Arnie gamocht hut fer der fogel. Er wase woh nei tzu shwetza, un bobb'ld alsa mohl 'n gonsie halvie shtun fert unna ae mohl shtoppa. Leit os 'n hoerra, maina ols 's wear 'n bouchrader rum, un kenna 's shier net glawwa wie hel un glore os er secht, "Pumpernickle, luft is ol dei."

FIRE! FIRE! Yar, doh net long tzurick hetta sie in aim hoar shicka missa fer die Topton fire kumpany wie 'm Max Bleiler seinra fraw Catherine ihra mince boy im offa, fire g'fonga hut. Sis hard tzu sawga eb der mince boy abissel ous gadart wor, odder eb er tzu fiel grafta kot hut, un sellie hen fire g'fonga. Aenicha waig, der boy is tzu esh ferbrent bis sie 'n endlich ous 'm offa grick'd hen un sel wor ae eems os der Max' 'ken monceboy kotta hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wons geshter aw g'shnae'd hut, hut 'm Dunnershdawg shun 'n gaelie freeyohrs blum gableat nava on unser'm Fegels Koshda on da 20d un Green.



WINDER

Ya, des iss Winder,
Wann's emol yuscht Friehyaahr waer!
Viel Schnee un Schtarrem
Iss noch vor der Dier.
Winder, kalder Winder,
Kalt un krank — es geht mit nei.
Winder, kalder Winder—
Muss geduldich sei!

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

Wann Supper ghatt hoscht,
Beim alde Kohleel Licht
Les der nei Kalenner,
Sehn was er bericht.
Wann die Fraa watt schleefrich,
Sears un Roebuck dutt sie weck-
Gehn mit nanner schlofe
Unnich die Fedderdeck.

Chorus:
Winder, kalder Winder,
Kalt un krank, es geht mit nei.
Winder, kalder Winder—
Muss geduldich sei!

Arranged and adapted to the tune of "Juanita" by the late Henry C. Detweiler.

Pennsylvania German vs. Yankee A Hundred Years Ago

Franz Loeher, traveler and historian, who was in this country in the early years of the 18th century, was, according to all accounts, the first German traveler as well as the first man of letters to take a worth-while interest in the German settlements in America. He wrote what has been called the "romantic history" of the Germans in America, as depicted in his **Geschichte und Zustaende der Deutschen in Amerika,** Cincinnati, 1847.

In his travels in Pennsylvania he has much to say about the Yankees and the English, which terms he seems to use indiscriminately. He thinks they belittled good manners and good morals. The older German people, he remarks, are wont to say that thirty years ago they were a happy and a merry people; but the Yankees brought in a chilly draft. In those days, he says, one could observe Sunday with a lively dance and a carefree evening with a social glass in a tavern. Whoever goes into a tavern now is looked upon as a questionable character, and whoever does so on a Sunday must be a blasphemer (Gotteslaesterer).

He remarks that there are still numerous taverns remaining of those days in many localities in Pennsylvania where now there is scuffling and scrapping at the festive boards at weddings and funerals on Sunday eve, and the gregarious lounging on a Sunday. The young fellows do just exactly as the English do, for if once they get into a tavern they also befuddle themselves.

But of all these matters, upon which not much depends, there still remains the honorable character and the beautiful family life of the Germans, which is still quite unspoiled among the country folk. And remaining also is their frank and honest religious feeling; the "Yankees" might often become frantic because they cannot drive their pernicious devoutness into these Germans, who, in fact, have ventured to pronounce the actions and zeal of some religious sects as unchristian and noxious. He cites a case in Berks County where a hundred years ago an open meeting was held to question such practices.

That the Pennsylvania Germans are the most respectable and most sensible people in America even their old and crafty enemy, the Yankees, must admit. But they add slyly that they are hard-headed, stubborn, and are misers (Geizhaelse). The nearest English term is "close-fisted." This last reproach, the author thinks, comes from the fact that the Pennsylvania Germans are good housekeepers and good stewards. The "English American" wants to enjoy as quickly as possible whatever he earns; while the "German American" wants the satisfaction of having that joy last as long as possible. Even if the former makes up his mind to practice good housekeeping he is likely to fail because that trait is not in his make-up.

For the rest, the Pennsylvanian is more hospitable than the Yankee who likes to get a little money out of his guest if it can be done in a genteel manner. These "hard-heads" are not liked by the Yankees and are also not understood by them, because their own heads (Gehirn), says the author, are full of crazy notions and ideas which jump from one to the other, a characteristic which does not bother the Germans.

Apparently Loeher felt irked at the Yankees, because, as he thought, they were intruding upon the Pennsylvania German settlements. And the Yankees may have begrudged those people their thrift and prosperity. The author rarely mentions the Yankees elsewhere in his whole text, and yet there were many German settlements in other parts of the country besides those in southeastern Pennsylvania.

—E. S. Gerhard

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM OF ANNIE TREXLER

Some years ago there came into the Editor's hands a beautiful little book, bound in red morocco. Impressed in gilt letters upon its cover were the words "Wreaths of Friendship." It was an autograph album. Some of its pages were a delicate pink, some a faint blue, the white ones yellowed with age. On the title-page, under "Wreaths of Friendship" an engraving showed a stark rock rising up out of a tempestuous sea with ominous storm-clouds hovering over it, no doubt a symbol of the constancy of friendship amid life's storm-tossed waters. On the flyleaf of the little book, in delicate hand, was written:

Miss Anna Elizabeth Trexler
Long Swamp, Berks Co., Pa.
May 10th, A.D. 1859

The pages were filled with autographs, some in verse, some in prose, and dedicated to Annie, as she was known among her friends. When Annie Trexler was born in 1843, John Tyler was the President of the United States and Abraham Lincoln was a rising young lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. Queen Victoria had entered upon her long reign only five years before Annie's birth. The autographs are precious and rhetorical in style and excessively sentimental, but they express a refinement of spirit in marked contrast to that of the twentieth century. And furthermore they are indicative of the degree of culture that prevailed among the Pennsylvania Germans of this area nearly a century ago.

In the belief that such albums, as also diaries and letters, recreate for us the atmosphere of a past epoch more vividly than the pages of recorded history, we offer the contents of this little book to our readers.

Dedication of the Album of
My Dear Niece
Miss Anna Elizabeth Trexler
On her 16th Birthday,
May 10, A.D. 1859

My Dear Anna: On this the 16th summer of your earthly pilgrimage, I write these dedicatory lines in your Album. As I take it up, I find its pages free from a single blot, unsullied as the virgin snowflakes descending softly from the clouds. In this let it serve as an emblem of thine own purity, the brightest jewel of the soul. We perceive, however, that its pure pages are susceptible of whatever impressions Time and the contact of the world may make. E'en as I trace these lines its vestal whiteness has vanished. Thus it is with the purest snowflakes. No sooner do they mingle with soil and dross of earth, than their unsullied purity is dimmed. And thus, too, contact with earth and its defilements sullies the purest spirit that ever came from the plastic hand of God, and unfits it for the company of the celestial intelligences, unless washed by the blood of Jesus, and sanctified by the renovating power and presence of the Holy Ghost. **Thus may it be with your soul!**

Dear Anna: Having had you under our roof, when a sporting child, when your dear Aunt watched over your earliest developments with eager solicitude, our constant prayer is, that Heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon you! May much Happiness attend your path! and even your trials and sorrows, may they be soothed by the consolations of Religion, spring up under your feet, like evergreens in the midst of winter!

May you ever be a loving daughter, an affectionate sister, a faithful friend, a consistent Christian. And at last receive a Crown of Glory in Heaven!. This is the sincere wish and prayer of Your attached Uncle

E. W. Hutter
Philadelphia, May 10th, A.D. 1859

The devoted uncle who wrote the above lines with so much tenderness and at the same time with such studied elegance, was in actuality the Private Secretary to James Buchanan, the 15th President of the United States (1856-1860).

O for a magic wand, with which to conjure into our presence the men and women who inscribed their names and their sentiments into Anna Elizabeth Trexler's little red autograph album! It was John Grier Ralston, Principal of Oakland Seminary at Norristown, Pa. who dedicated the following verses.

To Annie

My offering, at Friendship's Shrine
I here most freely make;
And ask for thee the joys divine,
Of which the good partake.

May every blessing earth bestows,
Be to thee freely given;
And after death the sweet repose
And plenitude of Heaven.

—J.G.R.
Oakland Female Institute
Sept. 10, 1859.

Annie's girlhood friend Emma (can you not see her in her crinoline and clustered spit curls?) on one of the pale pink pages wrote in most dainty hand, hardly legible now, these verses:

To Annie

Absent or present still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong
As all can tell, who share like me
In turn thy converse and thy song,
But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And "Memory" o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage effect at her shrine
And blend, while ages roll away
HER name immortally with thine."

Your Friend
Emma
Fogelsville, Nov. 5, 1861

I have loved thee on earth, may I meet thee in Heaven.
Cousin Maggie
Norristown, Aug. 29th, 1860

Terse and to the point, Cousin Maggie, if she were living in our day, would probably be a career woman. In her own later years she was the capable Regent of Valley Forge Chapter, Daughters of the American Reovlution.

Elizabeth E. Hutter, President of the Northern Home for Friendless Children, turned to one of the blue pages, and in a beautiful flowing hand wrote these verses:

Oh! Cling not to earth!

(Lines dedicated to my dear and much loved Anna)

Oh! cling not to earth! Its sunshine and roses
Oft flatter the heart in life's innocent morn,
But the sunlight withdraws, when the cloud interposes,
And life's smiling rose-buds have many a thorn.

Oh! cling not to earth! For its glories are fleet,
And its purest enjoyments but bloom for decay;
Thou wilt find them at best but a glorious cheat,
Still smiling and tempting — then passing away.

Oh! cling not to death! Do not yield to thy heart,
For its joys are succeeded by sadness and gloom.
It's friendships are broken — its hopes all depart,
And the lamp of its being is quenched in the tomb.

Oh! cling not to earth! then, but look you above,
Where the flowers never droop, nor the pleasures decay—
Oh, turn to that region of holiest, happiest love,
And lay there up treasures that fade not away!

Dear Anna — my own sweet child — that you may be happy and prosperous in all your future allotments in this present world — and that, when you die, your immortal soul may be admitted into the presence of Christ, and of the holy angels, is the sincere wish and prayer of

Your affectionate and
devoted Aunt
Elizabeth E. Hutter
Philadelphia, Aug. 31, 1859.

The following lines were written into Annie's little red autograph album by a youth from Longswamp, Berks County. Was it reticence, or sagacity that prompted him to write these pious generalities, which sound like those of a clergyman, rather than of the young medical student that he was? Little could Annie know what the name of "Wertz" was to signify in her later life. He writes:

To Anna

The joys and fascinations of this life are transient and momentary. Charming Nature, in most emphatic language proclaims her transitoriness — the instability of all her possessions. — Man's pilgrimate here on earth is fleeting — yea, passes almost unconsciously. He, on the stream of life glides rapidly onward to eternity, where either eternal misery or never-ceasing, inexpressible happiness and bliss will be his lot.

Therefore, Dear Anna, "Cling not to earth," your noble Aunt's advice, but to Jesus the Rock of our salvation! — May your earthly part be decorated with the choicest flowers, and never present any steep and rugged declivities, leading into the gulf of tears and sighs: — may your immaculate soul be perpetually impressed with heavenly Christian impulses; may you continue to walk in the Savior's ways and exert all your energy to promote His cause, and finally realize the Christian's promise: sitting at the right hand of God, with the crown of righteousness on your head, accompanied by multitudes of saints and holy angels, is the constant prayer of your devoted friend —

J. F. Wertz
Longswamp, Sept. 17, 1859.

It was Matthew Keck, scion of a well-known Pennsylvania German family, but now a resident of Philadelphia, who entered these gallent verses. Can you not visualize Matthew in his fashionable garb — tight-fitting fawn-colored trousers held down with straps, blue broadcloth coat, gay brocade vest, with throat encased in elegant high stocks?

To Annie

Canst thou tell me, gentle Anna,
Thou with face so fair,
Why upon Thee all do look—
With such a conquered air?

Say — if thou canst not tell me now—
The causes I will trace,
A noble heart — a conquering mind—
A sweet angelic face.

Matthew Keck

To be Concluded

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

A New Low in Absurdity

Arrest of more than a hundred Negroes, including 26 clergymen, who decided to walk to their places of employment instead of riding in busses, holds the city of Montgomery, Alabama, up to ridicule and provides some new talking point for the Communists who are reveling in such evidences of undemocratic behavior in this country.

To bring about the arrest of these people an old and seldom invoked law against boycotting, or inciting to boycott, was resurrected. To keep out of jail the Negroes were required to post bail in the amount of $3,000 each — sufficient to keep some of them behind bars until their hearings can be held.

All this was because the thousands of Negroes in that city have decided how they shall not spend their hard-earned money.

Montgomery is a substantial city. Its population is just a few hundred short of Allentown's. In fact, it stands next to us in the scale of American cities as determined by population. Its Negro workers in thousands of instances live miles away from their places of employment. That they have elected to trudge tiresome miles would seem to be their own affair, an exercise of their freedom of choice.

The wonder is how much sillier the manifestations of racial dislike and discrimination can become. Montgomery would seem to have attained a new low in childish, unjust and discriminatory behavior. Soon they will be telling a large part of their population where they shall buy their necessities of life and even what they shall buy. This would not be any more absurd than an attempt to require people to ride, at a price, when they wish to walk, or form car pools, or rollerskate to their places of employment.

Nurse a Malady and Live

There is an old formula for attaining long life, namely, to become afflicted with a fatal malady and then to take most diligent care of it.

In something of that vein is the statement made yesterday by President Eisenhower's personal physician, Maj. Gen. Howard M. Snyder, to the press after they had asked about the President's ability, physically to seek and serve another term.

Stating the fact that even many young men die of heart attacks, Dr. Snyder said "it might be safer for him (the President) than it was before." And he added that "these physical accidents can come out of nowhere and he (the President) has no guarantee in trying this thing again that it won't happen again." Which evidently means that a man who has had a heart attack is much more inclined to watch his health than a person who has had no warnings of trouble and has little or no concern about or is even pleased with his physical condition.

The President probably was thinking little or nothing of his health when he ate a dangerous breakfast just five months ago yesterday and a little later suffered the affliction that for five months has made him the most publicized invalid in the world.

Local Damon Runyons

We may anticipate a local crop of Damon Runyons and Walter Winchells if an offer of Chief of Police Christine is taken up by some imaginative and observant young men.

As is well remembered, Runyon toured New York at all hours of the night with prowling police cruiser cars. Some of his most enjoyable tales came from his experiences while New York was sleeping. A number of them were tossed together for the current hit on stage and screen — "Guys and Dolls."

Winchell for years likewise spent most of his waking hours after mid-afternoon and, traveling with New York police picked up strange but interesting acquaintanceships and was able to present pictures of the metropolis that are not to be found in the guide - books nor in the formal history of the city.

Now Chief of Police Christine, in a talk to Allentown Kiwanis on Thursday, extended an open invitation to those who may like the idea to spend some nights with the police and learn about the work of the department firsthand.

It is part of the chief's program to acquaint the public with the many services that the department provides for our citizenry. He wants such guests of the department to move about both with the footpatrolmen and with the police in their cruiser cars.

The chief is very proud of his reorganized department. He and his superior, Mayor Hock, believe they have the formula and the men to give the city the finest department in the country. The chief wants others to see what is being done in the fullest confidence that their verdict will corroborate his own.

Rising Productivity

One of the most important factors in the growth of the American economy has been steady increase in productivity per man-hour. That increase has come about, not thru application of more strength by men and women to their tasks and not thru increase in hours of toil. It has been due to record-breaking investments in new plants, more efficient machinery and constantly improving technology.

Figures compiled by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics show that in the decade since the ending of World War II productivity, gauged by output per man-hour, has increased by almost a third. This means an increase of more than three per cent per year, on the average.

What is particularly significant is a recent acceleration in the rate of growth. BLS estimates are that productivity in manufacturing rose by close to 10 per cent in 1954 and 1955 alone, with more than half this gain taking place last year.

Here is a development of far-reaching importance for the future progress of the economy and the continued rise in the people's income and living standards. Over the long view, much of the increase in goods and services produced in the economy has been due to the rise in productivity rather than to the increase in the number of man-hours worked, according to the experts. Furthermore, the need for steadily rising output per man-hour is accentuated by the fact that the number of dependents in the population — children, teenagers and those 65 and over — has been rising faster proportionately than those of working ages, and will continue to do so for years to come.

The records going back to the early part of the century, when industrialization was in its infancy by today's standards, show that the current productivity achievement was bettered only once before. That was in the six-year period from 1919 to 1925, when the increase in manufacturing output per man-hour was close to 7 per cent per year. The big push then came from the introduction of modern management techniques and the inauguration of mass production, particularly in the auto and allied industries. Since the middle Twenties, and up to recent years, productivity lagged behind its long-term rate of growth of somewhat over 3 per cent a year. In fact, productivity in manufacturing as a whole practically stood still in World War II, as was the case in the First World War.

There are few statistics for productivity trends in non-manufacturing areas, but all the evidence indicates that the entire economy is more productive as well as bigger today than ever before. In agriculture, for example, wide-spread mechanization and new farming techniques have lifted production per farm worker sharply since the beginning of the Forties.

Rising output per man-hour is the result of the interplay of a number of forces in which the skills of management and the labor force, and product changes, play big roles. But better tools to do the job are the key factor to a more productive economy, and business and industry have been providing these on a tremendous scale with their record investmnet in new plant and equipment in recent years. Such expenditures added up to almost $300 billions in the post-World War II period, according to U. S. Department of Commerce figures.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE LOST OPPORTUNITIES

Went to school but didn't learn
Much I wish I knew today.
Greek I wouldn't work to earn;
Chose an easier course instead.

There were books I didn't read;
Difficult I thought them then.
What they taught I wouldn't need . . .
Wish I had the chance again.

Now it's late, and much I've missed
Had I dared, I could have had.
No one on it to insist.
Passed it by and that's too bad.

Life is that way. When the years
And the chance they bring have flown,
Looking backward much appears
That we might have done and known.

In With Both Feet



Battle of Britain—1956

By SYLVIA PORTER

You're sitting in your living room, relaxing and casually looking at TV. You yawn and decide that as soon as you've heard the news, you'll go to bed. The news goes on — and suddenly you're no longer sleepy or relaxed. For this is what you hear:

From this day on, you must make a down payment of 50 per cent if you buy such important "hard" products as a car, a radio or TV set, a refrigerator, a washing machine on the installment plan.

You must make a down payment of 20 per cent if you buy any of a long list of household appliances ranging from a clock to a stove.

You must pay off your installment loan within 24 months.

You must expect to pay an interest charge running from a minimum of 5½ to 6 per cent to 7 per cent or more if, in the months ahead, you'll need a mortgage to buy a house.

High Loan Rates

You must pay similarly stiff rates if, as 1956 rolls on, you need a personal loan or must borrow for your business.

You must pay one-half the price at the start if you want to buy new machinery for your business or purchase a new plant — and you must pay off the entire loan within two years.

You must pay over a cent more for a quart of milk beginning July 1 and over a cent more for a loaf of bread beginning Feb. 26.

A nightmare of controls? A squeeze that would smash your hope of buying a car or a house, of expanding your business or improving your family's standard of living?

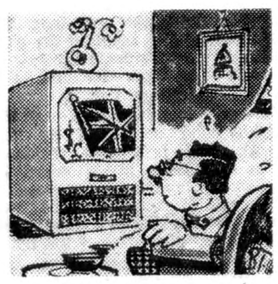
Yes, a nightmare — which Britain is now living.

Britain's Tory government has just slapped the tightest restrictions on spending, credit and investment since the darkest days of World War II.

Reason for Restrictions

It has done so because England again is facing an inflationary crisis. For many months, Britishers have been on a happy spending and borrowing spree and have been gobbling up an increasing share of what Britain's industries can produce. Prices have been mounting steadily. Employment has been zooming and over 400,000 skilled jobs are going begging. The boom has simply been too boomy.

So the government has decided to: Cut down the home demand for goods by making it much tougher for the average Britisher to buy: force British manufacturers who have been



depending on home sales to find new markets abroad — particularly to sell more goods in our country — so Britain will obtain more dollars.

And these are only the latest twists of the screws. For instance, sales taxes in Britain already range from 60 to 90 per cent.

If you were an Englishman and you bought a car, the sales tax on autos would add 60 per cent to the price you would pay; if you bought a lipstick, the sales tax on cosmetics would add 90 per cent to the price for this necessity (and, to a woman, a lipstick is a necessity).

Now in addition come the new controls. The installment credit terms are severe, and this will unquestionably eliminate a vast number of average families from the market.

The curb demanding that businessmen make down payments of 50 per cent on new machinery and plants also will shut out many of them.

The hike in the Bank of England's "bank rate" to 5½ per cent is certain to affect all other borrowing rates in the months ahead. When banks themselves have to pay 5½ per cent for money — the highest rate since the 1932 depression — you may be sure all who borrow from the banks will pay more than 5½ per cent.

And the slash in the subsidies on milk and bread will raise the retail price of a loaf of bread from 8¾ cents to 10 cents and the price of a quart of milk from 16 1-3 cents to 17½.

The restraints are so drastic they're certain to have an impact — and Americans selling to the British market will feel the pinch too.

This is shock treatment. And when you translate the controls into terms of your own bread-and-butter life, you can guess how you'd feel if it were happening to you.

(Copyright 1956)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ALLAS HUT SEI UHRSOCH:
Yar, sie sawga ols, allas het sei uhrsoch, un so gaits aw mit da oyer bisnis — won die oyer nuf gaina im price don wissa m'r now die uhrsoch.

Der aintsich'd druvel is, os der schreiver ken nahma unner schriva hut, ow'r die weil os es fon ihm selwar is wolla m'r fertzaila wos er odder sie g'shcriva hut, ferol os m'r onnerra tzeita so socha net aw gucka.

So fiel wissa m'r ow'r, os der schreiver fon Catasauqua kumt — hut Morning Call bobier, hut 'n offa im kaller fers hous hitza, un aw 'n drup hinkle der hofe drous. Un wos noch mainer is, der schreiver hut doh kartzlich 'n aryer kalter dawg p'such kot, un hen hee k'huck' k'huck'd blauderra, bis es fire im kaller offa shier ous wor.

All'm noh is es na kalt werra die weil os sie bei nonner k'huck'd hen blauderra, un er odder sie — wissa ferhoftich sei net gons recht ebs 'n mon odder fraw wor — aenicha waig, sis nunner in der kaller fer gucka noch 'm fire. Noh ferhoftich sei wor yusht may fire im offa so gross wie 'n glae pattypan, un er odder sie, hut awfonga riddla os der shtawb g'floga is.

Tzu tzeita wie sel falla garn kola mit runner, un wie aw doh der fol wor. Die esh halta sie drous im hinkle hous, un woh der riddler noh die guta kola ous da esh galaisa hut, un hut sie in der kola kessel fer mit tzurick nei in der kaller nemma.

Paar hinkle hen gagox'd, un ferhoftich sei won net finf oyer in da neshder galaiga hen, un woh der kola laiser rous ganumma hut, un hut sie owwa uf die kola galaig'd fer mit nei ins house nemma. Uns hut die oyer aw mit nei ganumma, ow'r yusht may ons fire un die kola gadenk'd wies in der kaller kumma is. Noh wos hut er odder sie wie ewwer os der fol ewwa wor, gaduh, os wie die offa dier uf gamocht, un die kola mit tzomta oyer tzum offa nei galairt — un now won die oyer nuf gaina im grossa marrick, brouch neimond wunnerra ferwos — sie yusa sie fer bren socha in Catasauqua.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R
Ferol os der schreiver odder schriver'n net g'sawt hen war 's is, huts now ae brief may fer da tzwilling shweshterra shicka in Swisklly un Pittsbarrick, wie immer der gabrouch won m'r shcreiva fon bakonta leit.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:129;136

Verse 130 says that the entrance of Thy Words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple. The word 'entrance' affords a very good meaning, but the Hebrew word means 'opening' or 'unfolding.' A Bible kept in the home as an ornament, or as a gift from a friend but not used, is of no avail. If, however, we open it, read it, study it, and give it 'entrance' into the mind and heart, it will be found to be 'wonderful,' v. 129, for which reason the Psalmist keeps the testimonies therein contained. In v. 136 he weeps, because there are so many who do not keep God's Law: who have no interest in the Word of God. 'Rivers of water run down mine eyes,' he says — a strange and strong expression for the sorrow of heart felt because of the indifference of so many to the laws of God, only by the observance of which man can live a truly happy and successful life here, and attain a happy future life. A very competent student of words died recently, but by his own admission, was not interested in the most important word of all, God's Word to those who, having ears to hear, will listen to him as He speaks to us.

Horoscope

Don't over-reach yourself because of excessive ambition. Moderation is advised. Today's child may be a very hard worker.

Use of the water clock began in Greece in the fifth century before Christ.

Strictly Personal

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Purely Personal Prejudices:

Much is made of the meek misery of the hen-pecked husband; but we forget that, in her own way, the hen-pecking wife is equally miserable, and her nagging is just a neurotic way of asking her husband to put his foot down — on her neck.

Whenever a play advertises itself with a rousing quotation from Walter Winchell, rather than a reputable drama critic, you may be sure it has little else to boast about.

Why don't the record companies employ some really fine artists to embellish the jackets of LP records, most of which look like the office boy's scratch pad?

The root of most viciousness in human behavior is the diabolic belief that "the end justifies the means," when as a matter of historical and psychological fact, bad means corrupt the best of ends.

Miniature dogs always seem unhealthy to me.

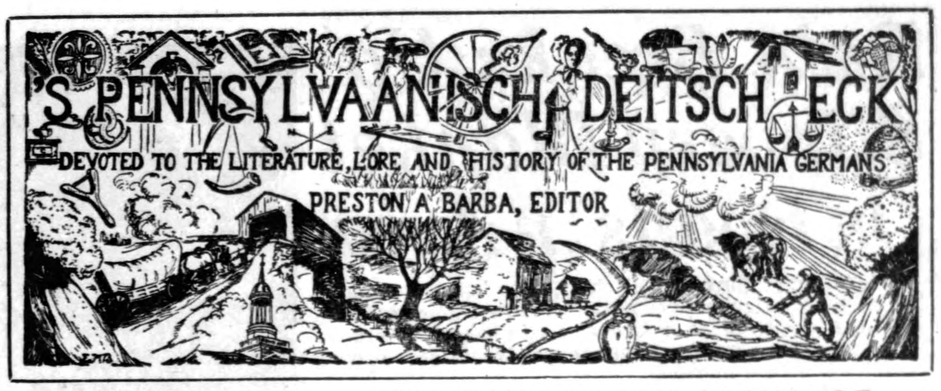
The worship of machinery is nowhere more pathetically illustrated than by the men, ardently washing their cars on Sunday mornings, who look as if they haven't washed themselves all week.

Trapped at a dreary party last week, I wondered what these addlepated people talked about before there was television.

Wouldn't it simplify matters for the gossip reporters and magazine caption writers if all film actresses went around wearing license plates fore and aft, giving those ubiquitous bust-waist-and-hips measurements?

Norman Mailer's sickening novel, "The Deer Park," would make even Casanova want to take the vow of perpetual celibacy.

Idolatry, not atheism, is the gravest threat of our times: Those who idolize false gods, such as power of pleasure, are more menacing to civilization than those who live justly and worship no god.



DER KASCHBAR VERZEEHLT

Schlidde Faahre

Buwe, kennt dihr eich noch erinnere, wie mir als die Hiwwel nunner geyaagt sin mit unsere kleene Schlidde? Sell iss lang zerick. Lang eb der Dewey geloffe iss fer Bresident. Der Billy Bryan waar sellemols am Laafe fers Amt.

Wu ich uffgebrocht bin warre, dehinne an Meckville, datt waare die Hiwwel blendi. Es waar gewiss nix ass Hiwwel. Datt sin mir als uff der Schpitze vumme Hiwwel. Wie mir uffem kleene Schlidde waare, gemeenerhand zwee uff eem Schlidde, noh hen mir als gsaat, "Guckerigu, nau geht's ab noch Kanada Schtadt." Noh iss es awwer bei Tschox abgange, wie lenger, wie schlimmer. Uff Riggelweg Zeit sin mir gfaahre. Die Gschpass waar grooss. Mir hen gegrische un gelacht, ass es uns weh geduh hot in de Seit. Un der Schlidde iss als schtarriyer gschprunge.

Noh iss uns ebbes schnell ins Hann kumme. Es waar en Fens unne am Hiwwel un mir sin denne Fens entgeegge gange, dreissich Meil die Schtunn. Ebbes muss geduh warre un verdollt gschwind.

Es waar yuscht ee Ding, ass mer duh hot kenne. Der Schlidde hot mer net schtoppe kenne. Mer hot gemeent, mer waer schunn wedder der Fens. Dann hen mir uns runner falle losse. Der Schlidde iss wedder die Fens gflogge, ass es gegracht hot. Mir hen uns ebmols net gschwind genunk runner falle losse un sin aa wedder die Fens gflogge.

Mir hen ken Zeit Gnoche verbroche, awwer oft hot's bludiche Nees gewwe. Un waar sell Blut dinn un rot! Mir hen noh als Weil gebrillt wie en Haunshund. Noh sin mir widder uff der Hiwwel un graad widder runner gfaahre.

Nau will ich schwetze vun Faahre mit groosse Schlidde. Es waare zwee Satt groosse Schlidde: Yaag-Schlidde un Block-Schlidde.

In denne Schlidde waare Geil nei gschpannt. Im Yaag-Schlidde waar oft yuscht ee Gaul gschpannt. Der Schlidde waar net schwer un der Gaul waar oft en guder Schtrosse-Gaul, ass en Meil mache hot kenne in drei Minudde.

So en Schlidde iss fei neikumme, wann mer sei Meedel nausgenumme hot. Wann's kalt waar, hot's Meedel sich als naegscht wedder eem ghockt fer waarem bleiwe. Un wann's moll schtarrick gange iss, hot sie sich ghowe an eem mit zwee Hend, ass sie net naus fallt. So liebliche Zeide sin verbei bei uns alde Haahne.

Der Block - Schlidde waar greesser, un mir hen als zwee Geil nei gschpannt un ebmols vier Geil. Oft hen mir schwer Schtoft uff der Schlidde gelaade, so wie Eis, Kohle, Weeze, un so weider. Noh iss es abgange.

Oweds hen mir ebmols en Schlidde-Paerdi gemacht. Mir hen Schtroh odder Wisse-hoi in die Schlidde-box. Noh hen mir uns all neighockt, Buwe un Meed darrich nanner, noh en Latt Blenckets uff uns.

Noh iss es Singe abgange un's Lache. Die Leit hen uns als meileweit heere kenne. Wann's recht kalt waar un mer hot neegscht ghockt, un der Vollmond hot so lieblich gscheint, hot mer ebmols ebbes gsaat zum Meedel wu newich eem ghockt hot, ass mer sei Lewe nimmi zerick nemme hot kenne.

Un mer waar aa ken Zeit reddi fer 's zerick zu nemme. Eens vun selle Meed hot helfe ebbes aus uns mache darrich vazzich odder noch meh Yaahr. Oft guckt mer sie aa un denkt zerick an en Schlidde-Paerdi wie mir alle zwee zaart un yung waare. Un mer danke Gott heit noch, fer selli Schlidde-Paerdi.

Ya, mer kann Schlidde faahre mit me Yaag-Schlidde, mit me Block-Schlidde, un noch sogaar mit me kleene Buwe-Schlidde. Awwer nau will ich noch ebbes dezu verzeehle. Mer kann, beim Hund, aa Schlidde faahre unne Schlidde. Glaabt dihr sell? Ich duh.

Es hot moll Glatt-Eis gereggert ee Winder. Unser Nochber hot uns bsuche welle. Er waar en dicker Mann. Er iss der Hiwwel nuff geloffe, ass wann er uff Oier laafe deet un es waer ihm bang er deet sie verbreche. Er hot yuscht meh ee Schtritt zu mache ghatt fer uff die Bortsch. Noh iss er Schlidde gfaahre. Er iss wedder en kleener Baam gerutscht un hot den Baam zwische de Bee ghatt. Allemol ass er schier uff waar, iss er widder runner. Er hot dem kleene Baam die Nescht schier abgschiddelt. Ya, mer kann Schlidde faahre unne Schlidde.

Wie ich en Bu waar, hawwich en Mann gekennt, ass yuscht ee Bee ghatt hot. Es anner waar en hilsne Bee. Er hot mir verzeehlt, wie es ihm gange waar paar Daag zerick.

Er hot gsaat, "Am Scheier-Eck, wu der Kantel waar, iss es oweds gfrore. Es waar so glatt ass en Schpiggel. Ich bin oweds naus an die Schier. Ich bin mit meim hilsne Bee uff Eis kumme. Wie ich mei gut Bee in die Heeh ghowe hab, hot's ebbes gewwe. Mei hilsne Been iss ans Schlidde faahre."

Bei selle Zeit hawwich mei yunge Ohre gut schpitzt. Awwer ich darref net schreiwe, was er gsaat hot. Es hot gerabbelt ass wann en cyclone en Blechschmitt-Schapp umreisse deet. Ich hab net lache darrefe. Awwer ich hab mir eigebildt wie der Kall geguckt hot, wie's hilsne Bee abgerutscht ist. Er hot mir gsaat, er hett sei Greizschier verschprengt un er waer mit seim Kopp uffs Eis, ass er drei Million Schtanne gsehne hett. Sell waar Schlidde gfaahre unne Schlidde.

Ich hab eich ausgelegt, wie mer Schlidde faahre kann unne Schlidde. Nau will ich ebbes saagge, ass dihr verleicht net glaabt. Mer kann verdolltsei aa Schlidde faahre unne Schnee. Ya, mer kann.

Es hot moll en Mann un sei Fraa Offe-Rohr uff der Offe un sell iss en kitzlicher Tschapp. Der Mann hot gans owwe uff der Schtepp-Leeder gschtanne. Sei Fraa hot uff re Box uffem Offe gschtanne. Sie hen geegge nanner gschowe fers Rohr eikeffte. Noh hot er ihr gegrische, "Nau schieb." Sie hot hazhafdich gschowe. Sei Fiess sin ihm ausgerutscht un er iss bempti-bump Schlidde gfaahre iwwer die Leeder nunner. Es hot paar Henk-Blaschtere genumme fer ihn widder uffrepeere.

Es waar en alder Kall, der hot's Hoi-loch net gsehne. Es waar wennich Hoi driwwer un datt iss er uffgedrede. Noh iss er ans Schlidde faahre. Er hot als gsaat, er waer feierich es Hoi-Loch nunner gerutscht. Mir hen ihn als gfrogt, eb's Hoi net aagange waer vun de Feier-Funke wu ihm vum Hossesitz gschpritzt sin. Er hot sell als gaar net gegliche.

En alder Kall hot helfe en Schindel-dach uff die Scheier duh. Sie waare gans drowwe am Schpitze vum Dach. Noh hot der alt Kall aafange Schlidde faahre iwwers Dach nunner. Er iss als weider nunner gerutscht. Un es iss gange, wie lenger wie schlimmer. Er hot gebrowiert zwische de Ladde nunner hacke darrich die Schindele mit me hatchet. Awwer er hot's allemol verfehlt. Wie sei Fiess iwwers Dach naus gschtanne hen, hot er 's hatchet fescht nei ghackt. Noh hot er gsaat, "Buwe, sell iss der Weg fer's zu duh. Nau bringt en Leeder bei." Selli Satt Schlidde faahre deet ich nau schrecklich hasse.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
aus der Lebanon News

THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM OF ANNIE TREXLER

Conclusion

It was Matthew Keck, scion of a well-known Pennsylvania German family, but now a resident of Philadelphia, who entered these gallant verses. Can you not visualize Matthew in his urban garb — his tight-fitting fawn-colored trousers held down with straps, his blue broadcloth coat, his gay brocade vest, and throat encased in elegant high stocks?

To Annie

Canst thou tell me, gentle Anna,
Thou with face so fair,
Why upon Thee all do look—
With such a conquered air?

Say — if thou canst not tell me now—
The causes I will trace,
A noble heart — a conquering mind—
A sweet angelic face.

Matthew Keck
Phila., Jan. 21, 1860

We know nothing further about Matthew Keck. Did he march away with the boys in blue and fall in the long and bitter struggle of the Civil War? Or did he live to see the day in 1866, when the young Dr. James Franklin Wertz of Longswamp, the one who in 1859 had written "Therefore, dear Anna, 'Cling not to earth,'" led the same Anna Elizabeth Trexler to the altar? We do not know.

The sober-minded Principal of Lutherville Seminary, Dr. Charles Martin, inscribed the following in Annie's autograph album:

To Annie
(A suggestion: Eccles. 9:10)

We little know how light a thing
May dry the tears of woe:
The pittance small, the one kind word,
With which we all can part,
May take the sting from poverty,
Or save the broken heart.

The ocean is made up of little drops of water — and the solid world of atoms — so is life made up of **little** duties, **little** pleasures, **little** kindnesses, **little** comforts, and **little** joys. It is Jesus who says: he that is faithful in little things will also be faithful in great things — whenever you can relieve want or distress, whenever you can cheer and comfort the sorrowful — do not fail to do it at once. Then when years have passed away, these little acts of kindness will glitter like stars in your firmament, sending beams of gladness to your heart.

Jan. 4, 1860 C... M...

Anna Elizabeth Trexler's pastor was the widely-known German Reformed clergyman, William A. Helffrich, who resided in Fogelsville. He was the author of the **Lebensbild aus dem Pennsylvanisch-Deutschen Predigerstand** the autobiography of a rural clergyman, certainly one of the most notable books in the annals of our Pennsylvania German literature. Pastor Helffrich entered the following original High German poem, beautiful and unique as an early example of free verse. It appears here for the first time in print.

An Annie

Sieh wie der Fruehling gruent!
Blaetter, Bluethen, duften im herrlichsten Schmuck;
Muthig's Leben, webet aller Orten;
Rings umher, jauchzet alles im froh'sten Sinne.
Der Fruehling ist ja heiter und munter,
Wie die Jugend im Leben.
Aber, O Fruehling! wie bald musst du schwinden!
Es kommen heissere Tage,
Gluehende Sonnen brennen herab,
Und Bluethen und Blaetter welken.
Und ach! vollends faellt, was die Sonne verschont
Unter des Winters Frost und eisiger Kaelte.

Theure Freundin! Deiner Jugend
Fuelle im rosigen Leben,
Sie wird schwinden, wie des Fruehlings Pracht,
Wenn der Sommer un Herbst des Lebens naht.
Sorge! sorge fuer den Fruehling, den die Zeiten nicht verwehn.
Der unwandelbar,
Ewig gruent und blueht,
Weil er in Gott das ewige Leben ist.

Thus wrote her pastor, as Annie stood in the springtime of her life, warning her of the fleeting seasons and preparing her for a springtime which yields neither to summer, fall nor winter, but remains unchanging, forever florescent, because it is eternal.

A friend, Emma Clemens, writes these lines. She may have been a relative of Samuel Clemens, known to the world as Mark Twain, who was also of Pennsylvania German extraction.

To Annie:

Jewels at once rare and priceless I write, dear Annie, in your beautiful album, and I leave my tribute upon its spotless page. With my heartfelt wishes for your happiness, hoping that as you sail o'er the troubled Sea of life it may be your fortune to meet with hearts ever ready to grasp yours in friendship and assuring you that you will ever find a friend in

Sept. 2nd, 1859. Emma Clemens

And what somber, questioning soul entered these lines? There is neither name nor date.

Oh! what is life? At best a brief delight,
A sun scarce bright'ning ere it sinks in night;
A flower, at morning fresh, at noon decayed;
A still swift river gliding into shade.

It was a Judge of the Superior Court in Philadelphia who wrote these lines:

Dear gentle maiden — In thy youthful face
Good judgment with confiding trust we trace;
Serene affection — and the heart's best grace—
True charity to all the human race.
Perpetuate these charms of heart and mind,
Be ever docile — artless — kind;
And when a mourning world is left behind,
May you a home in Heaven find.

Sept. 1, 1859.

There was also a dignified and mysterious foreigner known as Count J. Jehmanowsky, who tarried here in the 1850's, who wrote these lines of Hebraic austerity:

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Prov. 31.

Among all the above mellifulous and sentimental entries, these words stand out in their simple and expressive dignity.

The courtliness and chivalry of the time breathe forth from these lines:

As frigid Winter increases
the brilliancy of Vesper's bright light, so the virtues of Woman display a more angelic character amid the cold trials of a selfish world. In prosperity their brightness is dimmed by the glitter and tinsel of earth, but when adversity darkens the sky they flash like diamonds through the broken clouds.

While man storms and frets at the coldness of the world, Woman overcomes by Patience all the obstacles in life's rugged path, and while Piety supports her under wrong, Hope inspires her with renewed energy to stem the tide of time. Such graces, and not mere outward show, win the admiration of the sterner sex — these constitute her true beauty, for

"Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin,"

and these, if cultivated, will bring a rich reward of unending bliss in Paradise.

With sentiments of esteem, etc., October 26th, 1861. S. P. Raber

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What hidden sentiments and suppressed feelings repose under these simple words delicately written on a pink page near the close of the little album?

Vergiss mein nicht!

Humor is not quite absent from these pages:

Dear Annie:
Long may you live,
Happy may you be,
Husbands may you have,
One — two — three.

Your loving friend,
Lizzie H. Wertz,
Long Swamp,
Berks Co., Pa.

Together we have looked into the little red morocco-bound autograph album of Anna Elizabeth Trexler. She and her friends have long ago gone the way of all flesh, but in this little book they come to life again for a fleeting moment. Will they be at ease among us or will they be shocked into oblivion?—

—Preston A. Barba

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Editorials

Our National Anthem

Seated at his desk in the White House on this day, twenty-five years ago, President Herbert Hoover signed the Act of Congress by which "The Star Spangled Banner" officially became the national anthem.

The enactment of this measure brought particular pleasure to Allentown at that time. It well may bring pleasure to our people today for it was in the hall of the Allentown Lodge of Elks that the idea was initiated and thence was advanced to the Grand Lodge of the B.P.O.E. There persistent pressures were exerted by members of the local lodge, particularly by the late Lawrence H. Rupp, who became the grand exalted ruler for the year 1931, and by the late Joe H. Hart, the tireless publicist for the idea. Just about every Elk in every lodge in the United States became a booster for the idea. Eminent members of the order who were in Congress pushed the measure to final vote and then came adoption thru action by President Hoover.

All this is taken for granted today. It may appear to younger folks to have been strange indeed that only by struggle was the feat accomplished.

But let it be said to the eternal credit of Messrs. Rupp and Hart, and all members of their organization in that day, that they persistently propagandized for their idea thru all the existing media for shaping public opinion. They had many rebuffs and also encountered many delays. But for years they saw their goal ahead of them and plodded ahead thru all difficulties to attain it.

A considerable number of patriotic songs have been written during the past quarter of a century. Some of them attained wide popularity. Some of them may have had the virtue of being more singable. It is conceivable that any one of them might have jumped into greater popularity and might have displaced "The Star Spangled Banner" in its proper place in the many thousands of gatherings of the American people every day of the year.

This did not happen. And to make sure that it would not and could not happen, Allentown's patriotic Elks waged their long and successful campaign for national, official recognition of the grand old song that had its inspiration and origin during the War of 1812 and has been surpassed by no other American ballad, whether inspired by war or by peace.

A Good Hunting Year

While a considerable number of our millions of Pennsylvania hunters complained of poor luck during the 1955 seasons there must have been hunters in the equivalent of any army who did not do so badly, according to the official figures of game taken, as assembled by the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

These figures show that 86,155 deer were taken legally, of which more than half were antlered bucks. In addition to this there were 363 bear and a grand total of nearly 3,900,000 small animals and birds which fell to the hunters' guns. It might be noted as an interesting phase of hunting that archers during the special season took 119 deer or more than twice as many as they had been able to bag with bow and arrow in the previous year.

With a total bag of nearly four million animals and birds, the Pennsylvania hunter had quite a year of it. These are surprisingly good figures for an area that has been shot over for almost three centuries and that is quite densely populated.

Register Today

This is next to the final day for permanent registration by citizens who wish to qualify for participation in the uniform primary elections on April 24. But inasmuch as the office in the Court House annex, where these records are kept, will be open only until 4 p.m. on Monday, it will be wise for citizens whose names are not already on the lists to visit the office today when service will be accorded until 8 p.m.

The County Commissioners and their chief registration clerk cannot do more than they have been doing to encourage citizens to register. During recent weeks a board of registrars traveled to many points in the county to receive registrations close to the homes of applicants. During recent days, local office hours have been on the basis of a 12-hour day.

It is the duty of the citizenry to participate in elections both primary, special, municipal and general. Our public officials are striving to make it possible for citizens to establish their eligibility with a minimum loss of time and energy.

Best Brains for Science

Because Russia is bragging about the great number of young scientists that are said to be pouring out of her colleges and universities, there is much fear in this country that not enough of our young people possess the ambition to enter into the highly difficult professions of engineering, physics and various phases of science.

The National Merit Scholarship Corporation has paid attention to this fear and the results that can come from inadequacy of scientists in all categories. Its conclusions from a survey are that a very high percentage of America's best young brains are really aiming for careers in science and engineering. It derived these conclusions after appraising 5078 high school seniors — the top scholars in their schools. They were selected for study from a total of more than sixty thousand seniors.

Results show that 56 per cent of the boys and 16 per cent of the girls among these highly talented youngsters desire to become engineers or scientists. Chemistry, physics and various engineering fields hold the strongest appeal for this group.

In addition to the 45 per cent overall of brainy youngsters indicating an interest in science or engineering, large numbers of them want to enter either teaching or health work.

More than a third of the girls — 36 per cent — plan to become teachers. About 10 per cent of both boys and girls would like to follow careers in medicine or other health fields.

The next biggest category, where 8 per cent of both boys and girls show an interest, is business.

Law attracts 8 per cent of the boys, but only 5 per cent of the girls.

More than a tenth of the girls — 12 per cent — want a career in arts or letters, but only 4 per cent of the boys have this interest.

Three per cent of the boys and 4 per cent of the girls want to specialize in either religious or social service careers.

Two per cent of these gifted young people do not fall into any of the above categories. Their interests range from diamond cutter, interpreter or poultry and stock manager to careers as regular officers in the armed forces. One boy confidently stated that he would like to be a general.

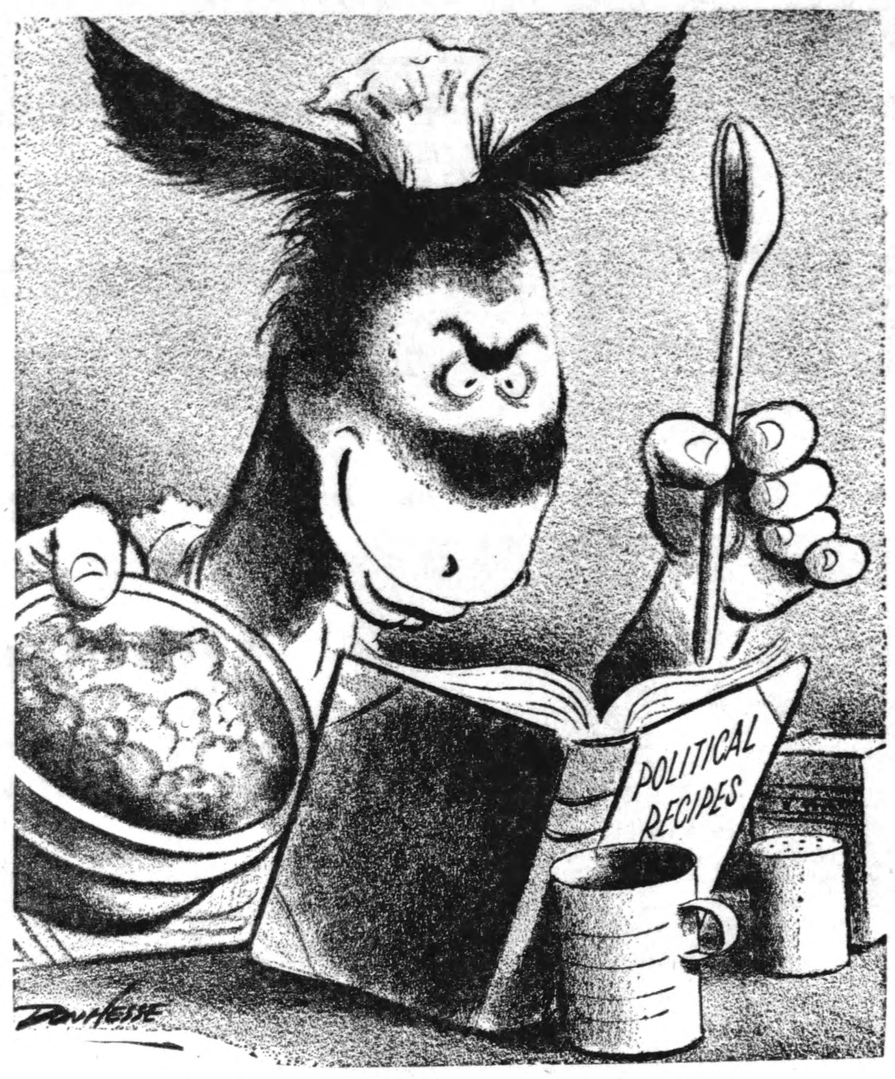
Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 122

This Psalm has its Old Testament historical significance, but can also be applied to the New Testament Church, for 'the house of the Lord' referred to the Old Testament Tabernacle and Temple, as it is also used for 'the Church of our time. Notice the singular number of the pronoun 'I', and the plural number of the pronouns 'they' and 'us' in the first verse. Religion is first of all a personal matter; the individual, however, rejoicing in the common experience of all those who love and worship God. Therefore, says the Psalmist, I am glad when they say unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord — to give thanks unto the name of the Lord, v.4. We are living in days when we should literally pray for the peace of Jerusalem, v.6, for events seem to be pointing to the fulfillment of prophecy concerning 'Jacob's trouble' in the latter days. It is not strange that Jerusalem (the city of 'peace') should be the object of Satan's hatred, because it is some day to be the center of Christ's kingdom, when the Law shall go forth from Zion. The root syllable of the Hebrew word for 'peace,' prosperity, and of the second half of the name, Jerusalem, is the same, shal. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

'One Cup Farm Problem — One Cup Foreign Policy'



Eisenhower Consents

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The President has had such a hard time making up his mind that, as he said on Wednesday, he was still debating the question on Tuesday. He has made it abundantly clear that the question for him has been whether he could conscientiously say that within his physical limitations he could carry the burden of the presidency for another five years. In the end what he did was to let himself be persuaded by his friends, and with the approval of doctors, that he should not say no. But because he himself had such serious doubts, he accepted the view that after telling the truth about his condition he could leave the final decision to a referendum of the voters.

Thus, he himself made his own fitness the central issue of the campaign.

The argument to which he yielded was that there are compelling reasons why he should head the Republican ticket. There is no other Republican who has a good prospect of winning the election, none who can keep the party reasonably united on the issues of war and peace. Four years, as he said Wednesday evening, have not been long enough to reorganize and modernize the party. A defeat this year would precipitate a disastrous internal struggle between the Taft and the Dewey wings of the party. If, therefore, Eisenhower himself does not lead the party victory, these four Republican years will have been no more than a brief interlude in that period of the Democratic party's supremacy which began in 1933.

This, in effect, is the argument which has prevailed with the President. He himself dislikes the word, but the argument is in fact that he is the indispensable man. And so far as the safety of the nation depends upon having a Republican President, Eisenhower is indeed the indispensable man.

This is a powerful argument. But the President did not yield to it without a struggle of conscience. He did not hide his feelings on Wednesday evening and that was why, though he made himself available, the burden of his talk was what he could not and would not be able to do. It was the talk of a man who has managed to say yes but is still full of doubt and misgiving.

This was unavoidable. Given his age and his illness, the one



thing the doctors cannot promise him is that he may count on having the extraordinary energies required by the President of the United States. They may tell him, as they have told him, that by following a regime the risks of death or disability are no greater in his case than for any other man. But the real risk is that of a diminishing chief executive in what promise to be increasingly difficult and trying days. Five years are a long time at the President's age, and under our system of government there is no way to delegate the critical responsibilities of the office. When the President is diminished, there is no one who can anticipate, seize, and master the great issues. Then the basic line of policy is to muddle through somehow.

Uncertainty about the presidency has beclouded all our affairs for several months. The uncertainty has not been cleared away. The debate which has been going on inside the White House and in the President's mind is now to become a public debate in an election year. The people are to decide the most unusual question which has ever been put to a democracy. It is a big gamble.

The risks of the gamble could be somewhat reduced if the Congress will clarify the constitutional puzzle of what happens if the President is disabled or seriously diminished. The risks would be much less, too, if there were a vice - president who can command the same kind of popular confidence as does the President.

But in any case the gamble remains and the stakes are very high.

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Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Mark Twain was lecturing in the midwest, relates Fred Mathias, when a reporter barged into his bedroom, awakening him from a sound sleep. "Sorry, Mr. Twain," he chirped, "but I gotta catch the noon edition. Tell me: Who's the most interesting American you ever met?" "Aaron Burr," said Twain promptly.

The reporter blinked, and said, "Hey, wait a minute. Burr died in 1836, didn't he? And you were only born a year before that. How would you know if he was interesting or not?"

Twain looked very pleased. "You've achieved distinction, young man," he said. "It's the first time to my knowledge that fool paper of yours has discovered an error before publishing it."

Edgar A. Guest

TAKE CARE

"Take care of yourself," I hear
them say.
And that I have said I'd do.
But sitting still in a chair all day
Is dullness through and through.

Just out of the window pane to
look
Leaves something to be desired.
And even reading the latest book
The eyes will soon grow tired.

Contentment comes from whatever is done
For need or pleasure or pelf,
And this is a fact: there isn't
much fun
In taking care of yourself.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

If you practice self - discipline you will find success during your next year. A fine generous character and a successful career are indicated for a child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ARYA BOOVA: Shwetza da onner dawg fon boova shtraich yohrra tzurick, hut der basem mocher Will Folck fon Fogelsville fertzailt wie sie g'shpass kotta hen mit 'm shulemaishder Leon Werley fon Kresgeville, wie er shule k'halta hut on da Ziegels kerrich. Ebber hut shnubduwock noch da shule gabrocht, un die boova hen ous gamocht fer g'shpass howwa mit 'm Leon, won sie shule middawgs aw gang'd.

Yaders fon da grossa boova—un der Will secht 's wear 'n grossie drup darta in da shule gonga, het shnubduwock g'shwishich der dauma un finger gapetzt. Noh wie sie in die shule shtub kumma weara, het yaderer dafon die naus nuf gatzoga, un glei hetta sie awfonga neesa. 'S wear 'n rechder shpeckdawgle gawest secht der Will, un woh so'n halvie noshion hut, der Leon wist heit noch net wos om aw gae gawest wear.

Sel tzeit het der Leon die boova fermuthlich gute g'shtrigl'd won er gawist het wos sie gaduh hen, ow'r now noch ol da yohrra, un woh die boova groekeppich un blut sin, un der Leon hut die rugtzeit fon seim lava erraich'd, mochts nix ous wos aw gonga is sella mohl in da Ziegels kerricha shule.

NOCH 'N GUTAS: Der Will hut uns noh noch 'n gutas fertzailt, fon ra familia woh fier maid dahame worra. Sie hen uf ra bauerrei gawohn'd, un woh an lot kee tzu melka worra — da maid ihra arwet.

Die eldshd fon da maid hut 'n kerl kot os kumma is sie sehna, un woh oft mohls so long gabliva is. Sundawg moryets wor bardich shlim, un woh die onnerra drei maid noh laenich melka hen missa.

Die gross shweshter un ihra kerl worra immer im parlor, un woh 'n offa rohrloch in da ewershda wond wor. Noh wos hen die drei shweshterra mohl ae Sundawg morya gaduh, os wie 'n shtick budder brode omma band'l, tzum rohrloch nunner galust fer der yung kerl wissa lossa imma shaina waig, os es tzeit wear fer hame gae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die yuchand in da fergongenheit wor grawd so shlitzohrrich wie aw heit tzu dawg — yusht uf onnerra waiga.

Fairly Spoken

By MARGARET LATROBA

Mable sniffed into her kerchief at the breakfast table. The gesture was lost on her husband, Tom. She expected that it would be, so she coughed ostentatiously. Same response.

"That does it!" she said. "You don't care if I die of pneumonia. Or if I get another case of sinus . . ."

There were two things upsetting the otherwise equable and loving household of Tom and Mable. Only two — he insisted on wide-open windows at night, and no reading lights to shred the darkness of elusive slumber. "By gum, a man is the support of his family. He works long and hard trying to keep ahead of the bills, and by gum, he's entitled to a little consideration when he wants to sleep. If he has to have fresh air, which normal healthy people need — if he can't shut an eye as long as there is a light on — then, by gum, that window stays open and that light goes off. And that's final!"

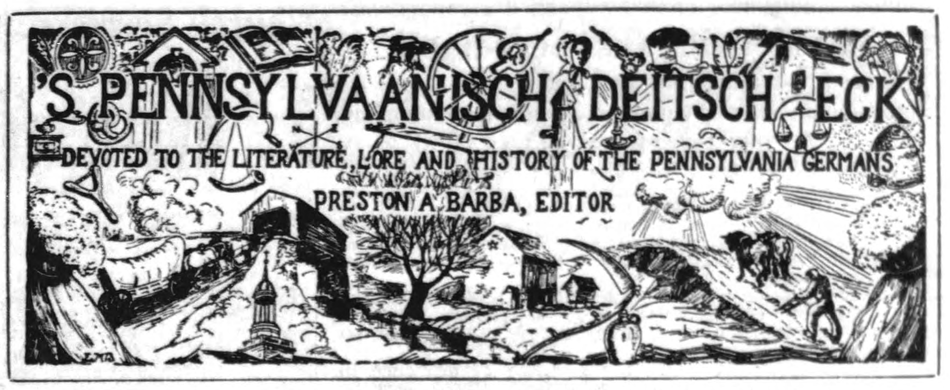
Mable sneezed thrice, and drew a breath heavy with portent. "Oh yeah?" she said. "With that window open, you get the street light right smack in your eye all night long. I never hear you complaining about that! But just let me try to finish 10 North Frederick, and what a hullabaloo. Not to mention being half dead with sinus. The doctor said . . ."

"Look, dear," said Tom, with weary patience. "That doctor is an old fuddy - duddy. Probably thinks night air is bad for you, just like they did in 1880 when he graduated from medical school. Fresh air never hurt a flea. . ."

"And who is calling who a flea?" said Mable. "I just read the other day that Katharine Cornell, the actress, has the same problem as me — or had. She and her husband built a new home, and he has a little ice-house where he sleeps. No heat, no nothing but fresh air. Miss Cornell can at least avoid an early grave from sinus trouble — and read as late as she pleases!"

"Okay —" said Tom. "When do I move to the guest room?— Or did you plan on building a new house?"

(Copyright, 1956)



LETTERS OF A RURAL PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PASTOR

IN THE last two issues of the ECK we read the contents of the autograph album of Annie Trexler, a Pennsylvania German maiden from Longswamp, Berks County. Among those who wrote into her album was the young medical student who signed himself "Your devoted friend, J. F. Wertz, Longswamp, Sept. 17, 1859." In 1866, after waiting seven years like Jacob of old, Dr. James Franklin Wertz brought Annie Trexler to their pastor, the Rev. Wm. A. Helffrich, who united them in holy wedlock. It will be remembered that Pastor Helffrich had composed a German poem and written it in Annie's album.

For us of today it is difficult to realize what the life of a rural pastor was like among the Pennsylvania Germans a century ago, as he went about on horseback or in buggy, preaching German sermons, ministering to the aged and the sick, baptizing infants, confirming catechumens and burying the dead. Fortunately we have Pastor Helffrich's remarkable autobiography, **Lebensbild aus dem Pennsylvanisch-Deutschen Predigerstand,** published only after his death. William A. Helffrich was born in Weissenburg Township, Lehigh County on Aug. 20, 1827. At one time or another he served the German Reformed congregations of Lowhill, Heidelberg, Lynn, Weissenburg and Longswamp. During most of his adult life he lived in Fogelsville, where he died on March 17, 1894.

A short time after Dr. Wertz and Annie Trexler were married Pastor Helffrich wrote the young couple a letter ,and again he wrote them on the occasion of their twentieth anniversary. The Editor of the ECK has translated these German letters into English, not without losing some of their original beauty and deep earnestness. When these letters were written, people were not yet psychoanalyzed. They were pastorzyed! The pastor's letters follow:

Fogelsville, July 2ten, 1866

Dr. und Mrs. Wertz,

Beloved Friends:

At last you have arrived happily in the haven of love. Of course it could not and should not have been otherwise. God directs everything, and that is why quiet love is deep and true love endures through all trials and through all changes. Your choice has been tested by time and proved itself like gold that has gone through fire. May your love for each other never grow old: may it endure and bring happiness and blessings down through the years unto old age, yes, until you both, gray with age, descend into the grave.

However, to that end you need more than that which you and human kind can bestow. You need that Grace which can only come from above. Beloved ones, you are so near and dear to me, let me pronounce this Grace in the Christian greeting: "Peace be with you!" — Just as Christ exclaimed to his disciples, so may He also exclaim to you as a newly wedded couple at the beginning of your domestic life and upon the journey of your wedded pilgrimage through the world: "Peace be with you." May these words of your Savior — God willing — accompany you on the long journey upon which you have started. May the peace of God dwell in you and with you! But God only grants this Grace; it is for you to retain it.

Beloved, allow me, your friend in Christ, to give you wise counsel. For a peaceful marital pilgrimage and for a firm hold on the peace of God with mutual happiness you, the comrades in this journey, need to love and understand each other: I mean to say that a happy marriage requires more than friendship, yes, more than what is called love: it must be a full, surrendering and self-denying love.

Dear Doctor Wert: In your wife do not love yourself, but love your wife. And you, dear Mrs. Wert, do not merely be loved by your husband, but love him, not because he loves you, but because he deserves to be loved by you. A woman's love must differ from that of her husband. You ask, how the wife is to love? Seek the answer in the oak at the forest's edge, around whose sturdy trunk the vine twines up into its very top and there defies the storms. Learn from it how a woman's love shall be. Let the beloved of your choice from youthful years up be the trunk upon whose sturdy strength you lean and to whom you lovingly surrender. Be to him a loving tender wife — and "that is your greatest Crown!"

The madness of this world is only falsehood and deceit. Do not let it deceive you about that which will make you happy. That which is the truth is not determined by society, but what religion and reason determine to be true. Do not draw your pattern of life from the world of fashion, which is stupid and without understanding. Only wisdom determines man's happiness — wisdom endures, yesterday, today and in eternity — it changes not!

Remember that your dallying in the rosy sunshine of the first honeymoon weeks flees like a momentary mirage. In its wake comes the truth and misery comes limping on crutches not far behind! Alas for him who builds only on honeymoon love!

Let each of you seek his happiness in the other's spiritual value, and to that end practice self-denial, each for the other's sake. Let neither of you require from the other, that which he would not also readily give in return. For your love's sake be not haughty and defiant of each other. Never go to sleep with discord between you, for in the night Satan comes and sows his weeds. Let each of you disaccustom himself of that which provokes the other, for remember that the constantly falling raindrop at last even hollows out a rock. Then why should not at last a weak human heart also be provoked to hatred! Never in your lives let a secret exist between you. As the sun penetrates the clear, bright air, so let each of you shine into the other's heart.

My friend, let your wife at all times be the center of your joys and desires; joy must flourish within your home and not outside of it.

And you, dear Anna, let the home be the world in which you hold sway. And when your husband comes home vexed with the cares and labors of his profession, meet him with kindness and do not expect trifling lovemaking from him, but let such come from you, for he comes home to forget the cares of the day. Then his house will be his Heaven and you the angel in it; and he will continue to love you and bless the hour when you became his; and your love will not grow old; on the contrary it will be the carrier of your happiness.

But sorrows will also come and grief will not absent itself, just as the night follows the day; but a shared joy is a twofold joy and a shared pain is only half as painful.

Even though you do all this, your tender watch over your love and happiness would be too frail without the help of God. More than you love each other, love God: Let God be the third partner, no, better still, let God be the first partner in your covenant. Call upon Him daily for His Peace and let your hearts rise in song: "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage" (Psalm 119:54).

Let his statutes be the bond of your love, to which you both submit; and let them be unto you refreshment and joy — and then your family will continue in Heaven and your love become angelic when death's cold hand shall have brought you rest in the grave.

Your friend in Christ
W. A. Helffrich
V. D. M.

Twenty years had passed since the Rev. Wm. A. Helffrich had written the above letter. It is a beautiful Sunday in May. The aging pastor is sitting under a tree on his lawn in Fogelsville. He had retired from his pastoral duties in 1885. His thoughts wander back to the young Dr. Wertz and his radiant bride. He pens the couple the following letter:

Fogelsville, Pa.
May 30th, 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Wertz,
My beloved in the Lord!

It is Sunday morning. The sun is shining so beautifully, all nature is green and refreshing, a gentle but lively Zephyr is wafted through the shadows on my lawn and everything is filled with the solemn stillness of the Holy Sabbath, that brings the love of God so visibly to our eyes — then who should not open his own eyes and heart to recognize and praise the richness of God's ways! I am sitting here in the full enjoyment of this glorious Sabbath morning under the shade of the trees on my lawn. Springtime thoughts of the days of long ago surge through my heart and among them rises from out of my life's past a lovely springtime vision:

Miss Annie Trexler and Dr. J. F. Wertz — fresh and blossoming, and promising much in future days, the vision of your young lives rises before my soul: your early love for each other, your betrothal, your marriage and my letter of congratulations to you (in 1866) whom I loved — and so I resolved to write you, my dear ones, a letter which flows forth to you from out of my heart in the still hours of this Sabbath morning.

Twenty years have passed since I as your pastor and your special friend wrote you shortly after your marriage a letter in which I gave you biblical advice for your domestic life. And much of what I wrote you then, you have already found to be true. Permit me now to write out of my mature years and to impart to you a further word pertaining to the advancing years of your family life. I can speak out of my own experience and also from a deeper spiritual ripeness.

Marriage and the Christian family are institutions founded by God and never to be recognized by Christians as a merely legal relationship, as some people nowadays are inclined to look upon marriage. It has its roots entirely in God and expands in God. To the state it brings blessings and stability. Marriage therefore has a lofty purpose, a responsible procedure that has its completion in God.

The beginning of your married life lies in the past. Twenty years is a long time and yet these years have passed as a day. It becomes so clear to us how fleeting time is, when we see our children round about us, and see them grow up into the blossoming years of adolescence. They remind us also of our own approaching old age.

The beginning of your married state was the springtime, the sowing and the planting time, when the seed germinates and grows. When the blessing of the church dedicated the covenant of your hearts it was springtime in your lives, just as upon this glorious Sabbath morning on which I am writing this letter. For you it was sowing time and springtime growth. The covenant of your hearts still had to meet the clouds an dstorms of this world; it was not yet tested and tried and still a stranger to life's experiences. Just as the ship leaves its port and puts out to sea, so too the young loving couple launches out upon the stormy sea of life.

Soon indeed each one learns that every human being is a free personality, each gifted with its own peculiar talents for character building. And the more such talent differs, so much the more are obstacles to be overcome. In a Christian marriage two characters must adapt themselves to each other; and if each takes its course merely as a human being, without regard for spiritual influences, he will become selfish, sinfulness and discord will prevail, and God's plan for his happiness will be shattered. Therefore the only way to marital happiness is this: to look upon marriage as a divine institution, to be conducted according to the ways of God. Marriage is founded by God that through it man may attain a loftier status, that he may cultivate his human emotions and in a sense compensate for the Adamic fall. This can only take place through the word of God, through a love that is founded on divine law, under which each one, liberated from egotism, must submit. All merely human desires and acts are permeated with selfishness, they are the seeds of Satan, from which spring discord, hatred and destruction. God must reign.

We easily recognize, that as the seed is sown, so too is the growth and harvest. The beautiful springtime of love, the honeymoon, like the blossoming time of May, qhickly passes away. The flower must wither, but the fruit follows and ripens. If it grows in God, its purpose is attained, but if your house yields to the course of the world, then the lofty goal is lost. The Christian home does not depend upon the full enjoyment of a worldly life with richness and property, external good fortune, or even in the mere freedom from earthly want; no, on the contrary, it depends upon the cultivation of the things of the heart and of a quiet Christian character.

As we approach the forties in the unfolding of our family lives a second and a dangerous period sets in. It brings with it great dangers, which we can only overcome by pursuing the ways of Christian law. The forties in our lives bring with them a maturing of our characters during which it becomes increasingly difficult for a married couple to find a harmonious continuance together. A full grown tree breaks but does not easily bend. Bending is only an attribute of youth. When we do not make divine law a rule of our lives from youth up and implant it into our very natures, discontent comes into our later lives. And so it happens that 90 out of 100 marriages end in unhappiness. Dedication to God is lacking. No human character is without frailty. All of us lie prostrate under the Adamic sin and each one of us bears good and evil within himself. And this presupposes the necessity of a Christian culture, which can only come about through the word of God, attended by constant watchfulness and prayer.

The great danger in marital life is selfishness. God and His Kingdom must be our goal and never must our "I" step in the foreground. To overcome this selfishness constitutes the great art of human existence and that can be attained only through the help of God. If our domestic life is to bring us peace and happiness each must learn to know and abnegate himself and each in turn make clear to the other what is right and what is wrong. But this must be done with love and gentleness, unless it be that a weakness of character tends to end in callousness, in which case too great a leniency is sinful. But here too the aid of God must be sought. And if both partners in marriage proceed from the desire to do God's will, they will not fail in attaining the divine goal, despite many obstacles and struggles. A glorious fulfillment lies before us. Our present existence has a destiny beyond this life itself. Marriage has an eternal purpose to be fulfilled. Love is life — life in God, an activating force in all men and women to the end that they may attain salvation.

Dearly beloved, may God crown you on your way with His Grace and Peace. Not all journey on the paths of peace. May God keep you on that path to the end.

Yours in the Lord,
Wm. A. Helffrich.

This letter with its wise counsel on love and marriage was written in beautiful High German and addressed to Dr. James Franklin Wertz and his wife Annie Trexler Wertz on their twentieth wedding anniversary. It was written by a rural pastor in Lehigh County. It is a voice out of an era that is past. Do pastors, rural or urban, still write such letters to their beloved parishioners? One wonders and waits for an answer.

—Preston A. Barba

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Editorials

Israel Must Be Saved

What President Eisenhower has termed a "powder keg" is the worsening situation in the Near East.

There the little nation, Israel, is the undenied object of all the bitter hatred that it has been possible to generate during the past eight years among the nations who surround her. They have been thirsting for revenge after defeat in the war that followed the evacuation of Israel by Great Britain in 1947-48.

That defeat by a puny nation of fewer than a million and a half people infuriated the losers. While a truce was arrived at, there has not been peace for a single day in eight years. Instead there have been dire threats constantly about a "second round" in which it was promised the Jews would be annihilated.

Those threats are now giving more promise of being put into action. The Arab nations which completely gird Israel, except for the Mediterranean seacoast, have been heavily armed. Czechoslovakia, (acting for Russia of course), has sent arms into the Arab area. The United States and Great Britain have been competing with Russia in the arming of Israel's foes.

Yet there continues to be considerable hypocritical expression of fears that the Israelites will attack their neighbors and precipitate a war for which the latter must be armed in self defense.

It is difficult to see how any one with reason and common sense can for one moment entertain the thought that a nation of a million and a half people will attack neighbors many, many times their number and some of whom, like Saudi Arabia, have annual income vastly exceeding their own.

Likewise it is difficult to understand why border difficulties, resulting in loss of a considerable number of lives, almost invariably are charged against the Jews. The United Nations has repeatedly censured Israel. That body has yet to censure any one of the Arab nations altho there have been many occasions on which the Jews have charged attacks against themselves as in the case of the recent slaying of police and fishermen on the Sea of Galilee and clashes on Israel territory in the Gaza strip.

If there ever was a time in the history of the United Nations when there was long and due warning concerning trouble to come — trouble in which there can be world-wide involvement — then it is now. The spot is the Near East.

Already the Arab countries have been armed with tanks that can cut Israel in half inside half an hour, and with bomber planes that can pulverize her cities in twenty minutes flight from their bases. Not only is the potential present. The will to do this, no matter what the grand outcome may be, has already been shaped. Military alliances of Israel's enemies have been effected. Even the well-trained army of Jordan may be expected to enter the fray now that its English organizer has been sent home, together with his leading officers.

None too soon can the United States increase its strength in the Levant, an intention that is indicated in orders to 1800 Marines to sail at once for the Near East and the orders to some war vessels to join the Sixth Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean.

The entire world has the deepest interest in the outbreak of a war into which Russia, with absolute certainty, would put her baneful hand. Already she has told the United States, Great Britain and France that any interposition in Arab-Israeli difficulties will have to be agreed to by herself, altho it is well known that the three western nations have guaranteed Israel's security while Russia has not.

Another situation similar to that in Korea where the Communists speedily espoused the cause of aggressors seems to be in the making. The entire world is vitally concerned lest such a war, or bloody police action, as that in Korea erupts in the Near East.

Much of the world must in all conscience be concerned about the threat to the Jewish people. For twenty centuries they have been denied a homeland of their own. From time to time in many countries they have been hounded and chased and destroyed. They have been unwanted in many countries and continue to be unwanted in many others. Israel is the only refuge for them. There they have been welcomed. There the few survivors of the pogroms, of the Nazi gas chambers and other methods of destruction have been able to find a home.

It should be unthinkable that these unhappy and unfortunate people again should be subjected to mass attack and destroyed.

The Christian world, in particular, must feel the deepest concern in what is not only a political but a religious matter. With no other world religion is Christianity so closely allied as with Judaism — the mother of Christianity. Nobody can afford to be indifferent to the threat to the very existence of this great people.

There must be ways apart from local war and almost certain involvement and clash between the Western and the Eastern worlds to resolve the current difficulties.

The best minds and the greatest hearts among the world's statesmen may well apply themselves to this task. All that the Jews have asked for eight years has been peace and removal of constant threats to their safety and to the wonderful modern civilization which they have built up in Palestine. The Bible land under their hands has been made to blossom as the rose.

Theirs is the only true democracy in the Near East. They are the political brethren of the Western democracies. In any showdown of friendship and understanding Israel is the one country in all that area that can be counted upon certainly by the West.

Israel must be saved not merely from the immediate threat to her very life as a democratic people but from a continuation of the nervous and sensitive state in which her people have been compelled to live for the past eight years. This eight-year threat to peace should be dispelled and dispelled for a long, long time to come.

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.

Dr. Goodman's Column Praised

To the Editor—

I want to thank you for publishing Dr. David Goodman's fine column, "Best for Your Child." As a parent, I find his practical, yet idealistic, approach to the problems of family living a wonderful morale booster.

A recent column, "Insist on High Standards in Schools," like many of the others, should be required reading for every parent.

Sincerely, a Mother
Henryville, Pa.

Wants Both Political Sides

Dear Sir—

We subscribe to the Morning Call, but not to the Chronicle, except for Sunday. We are avid readers of all the news, with special emphasis upon politics. This being an election year, we are wondering if The Morning Call plans to present Democratic fault - finding only, or will it give both the Democratic and Republican speeches?

We are much put out that we had to go to another paper to read Richard Nixon's speech.

Many of your subscribers are also voters. Are you going to give us and them both sides of political questions soon to be presented?

Sincerely Yours,
W. B. Taylor,
Quakertown R. 2

Visitor Finds Monument Useful

Dear Sir—

Much has been said regarding impending removal of one of this community's oldest and most famous landmarks — the Soldiers and Sailors Monument at 7th and Hamilton Sts.

The proponents of this move have advanced several grounds to support their claim — that the Monument has been outmoded and therefore ceases to serve any useful purpose: that it creates a traffic hazard, and that it could be better observed and revered in one of the City's outlying public parks, farther removed from the central commercial district.

To an Outsider, visiting Allentown for the first time, or perhaps merely passing thru upon its main thoroughfare, one fact immediately becomes evident: This monument stands not only as an attraction in itself, but as a symbol of identification for the City of Allentown which in the

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'Those Nixon Pins Are Here Somewhere'



Nixon Issue Affects Election

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — Defeat of President Eisenhower for re-election has become a distinct possibility.

The press conference remarks of this week have made inevitable a bitter fight inside the Republican party. It may not be settled at the national convention in August and could definitely influence enough votes in November to cause a serious disaffection among regular Republicans and hence a large "stay-at-home" vote.

If Mr. Eisenhower had repeated what he said a week ago — namely, that he would not discuss the vice-presidency because as yet he himself has not been nominated — he would have been on sound ground. But when the President revealed that he had told Vice-President Nixon that he must "chart his own course," he was, in effect, opening up the whole subject for controversial discussion. This now will be intensified by the backers of rival candidates.

In many respects the press conference this week transcended in political importance the one a week ago. The first was merely an announcement that Ike would run, while the second conference raised the distinct possibility that he may be defeated by a split in his own party.

1952 Vote Recalled

For it is plain to see that the people around the President who have his ear have overestimated Mr. Eisenhower's political strength. They forget that in 1952, while the President carried many states, the margin was very close in several of them. This margin of victory was made possible in many cases by the indefatigable efforts of the Taft wing led by the late senator from Ohio himself.

There will be no such force of harmony to pull the party together again it if splits on the Nixon issue. Abandoning Nixon will certainly be interpreted as a move hostile to the Taft wing of the party, which still controls many state organizations, and it is the enthusiastic support of such organizations which is most necessary for victory.

In the effort to persuade the President to run, many of his advisers took the line that he was "sure to win." Then, however, when he made the decision to run, they permitted a serious doubt to be raised as to whether Nixon should or should not be on the ticket. They argued that he was a "liability." What isn't generally known is that in the 1954 congressional contests Nixon saved the Republican party from a humiliating defeat in several western states. He did so by vigorous campaigning that earned for him the undying enmity of his political opponents.

It would be the biggest break the Democrats could get if Nixon is eliminated from the ticket in 1956. Once he is kept out of the vice-presidential nomination, of course, he will not draw crowds or produce a fraction of the political effect that he has heretofore.



The disaffection inside the Republican party is difficult to measure. This writer early in January of this year wrote a magazine article with praise for the President's leadership and indicating that he ought to run again, whereupon a very heavy mail came from Republicans who said they had voted for Ike in 1952 but were pledging themselves never to do so again.

High up in the political councils of the Republican party they know more about these disaffections than they let on. The White House, which sometimes seems insulated against the political facts of life, appears to be unaware of it.

Politically speaking, Mr. Eisenhower is often revealed as naive. This is sometimes a virtue, but in campaign strategy it can be fatal.

Thus, the President gave the Democrats plenty of help on the health issue at this week's press conference by continuing to talk about it. Obviously, the reporters will bait him on the health question if he affords them the least opportunity. Whatever definitive effect the President may have created by his television speech on March 1 was swept away by nation-wide headlines telling of his feeling of doubt and unsureness concerning his future health as reflected in answers to questions at the press conference.

Embarrassing Questions

The President does not seem to have learned how to avoid answering embarrassing questions at press conferences. He often plays into the hands of his political opponents. A few more press conferences like the one this week and Chariman Butler of the Democratic national committee will not need to discuss the health issue at all.

Mr. Eisenhower's move should have been to keep silent about such a personal question, leaving it to the day-by-day dispatches to reveal whether he is able to do his job. Time is a great healer and, in the many months elapsing beofre the November election, an impression of normal handling of the presidential job could have been created by the news dispatches telling of his activities. If Mr. Eisenhower, on the other hand, is going to put the matter into the headlines each week with doubts and misgivings of his own, the American people will begin to believe the Democratic party's whispers and its gloomy arguments about the health issues.

From a sure thing—based on a united party and intensive organization activity — the race now has shifted to one of grave doubt. As of today, the chances of re-election for President Eisenhower are probably only 50-50, which is not too comfortable an outlook, especially with the many adverse breaks in politics that can come in the field of economic and international affairs between now and November.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

1 Peter 2:3-10

In Psalm 34:8 we are invited to taste and see that the Lord is good, with the promise that the man who trusteth in Him is blessed. Hebrews 6:5 speaks of those who have tasted the good Word of God, and in verse 3 of our lesson, reference is made to those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. At first thought, the verb 'taste' in these verses may seem strange, but the figure involved simply means to respond to the invitation, so that by experience we may come to realize that God is good and gracious, and that His Word is good and true. Those who have come into this experience constitute a spiritual family, the Christian Church—a spiritual house, v. 5, a living Temple, made up of living stones, the foundation-stone being Jesus Christ, Who is also the corner-stone and the cap-stone. Verse 9 is an interesting description of the Church of Christ, the members of which are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar (that is, a purchased) people, called to show forth the praises and virtues of Him Who hath called them, whether Jew or Gentile, out of darkness into His marvellous light.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A man was discovered out cold behind the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. Rushed to the emergency ward by concerned attendants of a local hospital, he regained consciousness just long enough to hand them this neatly printed card:

"I'm just pie-eyed again. Please do not try to remove my appendix again. You did that the last two times."

Horoscope

Your outlook for the next year is moderately propitious. Today's child may show traits of reserve, subtlety and persistence.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KOTZA GICHTERRA: Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert fon ebber os die kotza gichterra kotta hut. Nay, m'r maina net 'n kotza gronket, ow'r so gore die recht shoffenda gichterra woh ebber shier nimmy wase wos es dut—ungfare so wie won 'n kotz ma mensch uf der buckel jump'd, un er wase net ebs 'n menscha fresser, lavendicher labe, odder aenich ebbes shunshd wieshdes is, or gore net darta rum sei sot.

Wei, der Kenny Bortz fon Meyersville, un woh on da Neffs Farm Equipment kumpany, shaft is der kerl os da onner dawg sonderbore unnich 'm wedder wor mit da kotza gichterra —wor noch gons weiss un blaich im g'sicht wie er tzurick hame kumma is.

Der Kenny wor nuf noch da Tamauqua gagend fer 'm Ramie Breininger sei holshtarricher tracktor ons gae griega. M'r hen net ous g'funna wohs 'm tracktor g'fail'd hut, ow'r fermuthlich wert er wol die longweilich fershtubbing kotta howwa — aneicha waig, 's hut der Kenny ordlich weil ganumma bis er die g'shicht om shpringa hut kot.

Er wor gonga mit 'm glaina tzu na truck woh die Neffs Farm Equipment kumpany hut, un hut die hinnershd dier uf kotta die weil os er g'shoft hut om tracktor. Wie er faryich wor, hut er die dier tzu garent, un is ob hame so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna.

Wie der Kenny beim Stanley Hill nagshd on Newside ums eck rum is, is 'm uf ae mohl ebbes on der hols g'shprunga — un er hut yusht net denka kenna wos es wear. Fermuthlich hut er Allentown holdups in die gadonka grick'd, un ferleicht aw gadenk'd 's wear da Hilla 'n grosser welshhawna darrich gonga — odder 's wear 'n menscha fresser rum — der Kenny hut net gawist wos tzu denka.

Ow'r doh ebbes shpierra 'm ins gnick jumpa die weil os der truck om gae wor, wor mainer os sei konstitution shtanda hut kenna, un is mohl g'shwind nava onna g'fohrra, un hut g'shtopt. Noh wie er rum gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei won net 'n kotz hinna im truck k'huck'd hut, un hut 'n so shtar aw gaguck'd.

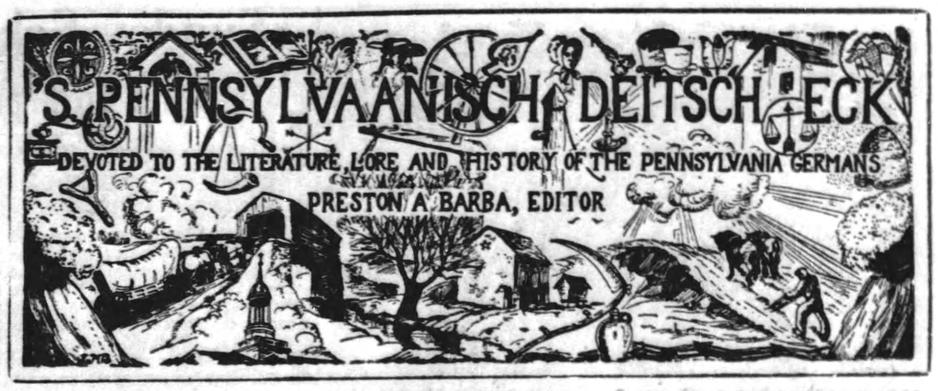
Der Kenny hut die dier noh uf gamocht, un die kotz gagrabb'd in gnick, un so wie er sie g'shmissa hut, won sie net runner kumma is, is sie ols noch om fliega.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Mike Diehl fon Tzaderville, der Parkland shula truck docktor, kon alla weil noch net fershtae wie in da welt os ihra hous doch so arrick rinna hut kenna — wie sei fraw die da nagshda morya der parlor butza hut net.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Mike Diehl fon Tzaderviller, der Parkland shule bussa docktor, kon alla weil noch net fershtae wie in da welt os sei hous doch so arrick runna hut kenna — mohl ae morya wie sei Anna der parlor butza hut wolla, wor der lecktrick klenaer bol halver fol wosser.



EN SIMPLER MANN

Ich ken en gewisser Mann
As dankbar is un froh
Far dar Himmel hoch un bloo;

Far sei Aage, dass ar so
Sei Kinner sehne kann;
Weil sei Kinner schpringe un lache
Un ihre Gschpiele mache;
Iwwer die un de gleiche Sache
Frohsinnig lacht ar dann.

Ar lacht un is voll Freed
Far dar Regge un dar Schnee,
Far's Graas un dar lieblich Klee
Un die Blumme frisch un schee
Un em Wald sei schattiche Paed.
Ar wunnert net warum
Dass annere sin so dumm
Un lewe so schlecht un krumm
Un die Welt sich dar letz Weg dreht,

Ar guckt net farne naus,
Mit me sarfgeltig Gsicht—
Bang wegge 'm grosse Gericht;
Ar geht ins Bett unne Licht
Un die dunkel Nacht schlooft aus.
En Philosoph odder 'n Schnepp?
Die Leit dunne 'n aagucke schepp
Un schmunzle un schittle die Kepp
Un meene ar waer "aus em Haus."

1909 —CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER (1854—1930)

From his collection of poems Drauss un Deheem, published in Leipzig, Germany in 1891, and reprinted by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society in Vol. 1 (1936) of its Yearbooks.

DER ALT KASCHPER

Wie ich en Gribbs waar, hawwich oft der Alt Kaschper gsehne, der bei unsere Nochbere, es Wangners, gelebt hot. Der Kaschper waar en grosser schtarricker Mann, der en Saegblock uffhewe hot kenne, das zwee annere Menner kaum hewe hen kenne.

Der Druwwel waar, weil er grooss un schtarrick waar, un fufzich Yaahr alt, er waar yuscht en fimfyaehricher Bu in seim Verschtand. Er hot gut schaffe kenne awwer mer hot niemols wisse kenne, wann er die Noschen nemmt uffzugewwe un ans Schpiele wie gleene Kinner. Gewehnlich hot er oft mit gleene Kinner gschpielt. Zu denne waar er arrig freindlich.

Er hot aa groosse Indresse genumme in yung Vieh. Die Kelwer un yunge Rinner hot er gebarscht un gschtriggelt un ihre Harner gepallischt, dass sie en Preiss amme Schoo genumme hedde. Hett ebber sei yung Vieh wiescht behandelt, dem hett er der Hals verbroche wann er ihn in die Gluppe grickt hett.

Wie der Kaschper elder iss warre, iss er oft gedruwwelt warre mit Rodlaafe. Wann die Rodlaafe in seine Arrem odder Schuldere waar, hot er der Mischthof mit me grosse Schienebesem gekehrt. Der Besem hot er selwert aus me Hickory-glotz gemacht. Er waar so schwer, dass en kammner Mann ihn kaum net uffhewe hot kenne. Des waar sei "Rodlaafe-Besem."

Wann die Rodlaafe im Buckel odder in de Bee waar, hot er sei Wagge, der er sei "Rodlaafe-Wagge" heesst, im Scheierhof rumgezogge. Die Redder in dem Wagge hot der Kaschper vumme vier - fuss - dicke Eecheblock abg'saegt. Es anner Gericht vum Wagge waar aa grooss un schwer. Zwische em Besem un em Wagge braucht er ken Dokter un aa ken Medizin.

Weil der Mann yuscht en uffgewaxenes Kind waar, doch hot er oftmols ebbes gsaat, dass gscheide Leid denke hot mache. Mol ee Yaahr im Harrebscht soll er seim Nochbar, der mit seim aerschte Naame "Sol" heesst, helfe Weeze uffbinne. Der Sol waar en Mann, dass viel vun seine Daaglehner gfoddert hot. Middaags am Disch, schtatt der Brod-deller vun eem zum annere schicke, nemmt er ihn selwer un schmeisst en Schtick Brod zu yeders am Disch, viel wie mer Kaarde ausdeelt. Am halb Nammidaag kummt der Kaschper heem, do frogt der Wangner ihn, "Ferwas, Kaschper, kummscht so frieh heem? Iss em Sol sei Weeze schunn all gemaeht un uffgebunne?" — "Nee," saagt der Kaschper, "wann ich fatt gschafft hett bis denowed wie der Sol uns gedriwwe hot, hett ich nimmi heem kumme kenne."

Der Kaschper meent aa er waer en groosser Hunder. Er verzaehlt wieviel Hasch, Welf, Wildkatze, Leewe, Elefande, un anner Gewilbert er gschosse hett. Doch wann er am hunde waar, seht er nix Greessers wie en Fensemaus.

Schpotyaahrs geht er in der Wald hunde. Er glett sich uff wie der Daniel Boone mit re Ragune - haut - kapp, Bockhautrock un Hosse. Er hot en aldi Feierschtee - schloss - flint, die schunt lange Yaahre ken Schloss meh hot, aa en grooss Pulferharn un en ledderner Kuggelbeidel. Er waar en Pickter vun alde Pionier-zeide.

Alle Schpotyaahr kummt er zu uns in der Welschkann-baschtzeit. Er legt sei Schiess-gewehr achtlich zu re Seid, un hebt uff en Kolwe Welschkarn, der net gsammelt waar, bascht ihn un gebt uns en scheeni Vermahnung, dass mir meh achtsam sei sodde mit der Frucht, dass der Gut Mann im Himmel uns so blendi gewwe hot.

Nooch der Vermaahning setzt er sich an en Schack un helft Welschkarn baschte bis der Schack gebascht waar. Dann schteht er uff un saagt: "Nau hawwich mei Schulde abgschafft. Ich bin eich nix schuldich un ihr seid mir nix schuldich. Nau kenne mir widder Freind sei fer noch en anner Yaahr.

Sell Ledscht iss ebbes dass eem denke macht. Der Kaschper waar en Freind zu yeder ebber in seine neinzich Yaahr dass er lebt. Losst uns hoffe, dass der Gude Herr, der alles recht macht, ihm sei guder Sinn gebt im Himmel wu all die Elwuhner freindlich sin.

Devon, Pennsylvania. — JACOB H. YODER

THE ORIGINS, PECULIAR PHONOLOGICAL FEATURES, AND CURIOUS CONNOTATIONS OF CERTAIN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WORDS, PART V

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

ABADDICH

The origin of the PG (Pennsylvania German) word **abaddich**, meaning "special(ly)" or "particular(ly)," may not be immediately apparent to the average layman, or even to the "Germanist" who is not familiar with the distinctive features of PG phonology.

The StG (Standard German) equivalent of **abaddich** is **apart** plus the suffix — **ig**, the **apart** being a French loan word (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, I, 532).

The form **abaddich** illustrates a distinctive PG phonetic peculiarity which we have pointed out previously, namely, the complete disappearance of the r-sound after short **a** when followed by a dental, e.g. PG **datt**, **Hasch**, **kaz**, **vazeh** (Middle High German **dort**, **hirz** or **hirze**, **kurz**, **vierzehen**).

According to Dr. Ernst Christmann, the former Director of the Pfaelzische Woerterbuchkanzlei, the form **abarddich** (with an **r**) occurs in the RP (Rhenish Palatinate) dialects. **abarddich** is also the regular form used in the Swabian dialects (See **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch, I**, 2891).

ABLAUSE

The PG verb **ablause**, which has the curious connotation of "getting something from someone by craft or cunning or sharp practice," occurs also in other Middle and South German dialects, but the StG equivalent, **ablausen**, has become almost obsolete (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, I, 69).

BADDE

The PG verb **badde**, meaning "to do good," "help," "give relief," is also a common verb in the Swabian and Alemannic dialects (See **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch**, I, 681 and Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, I, 1158). It was also apparently a very common verb in the RP dialects when the early German settlers from the Rheinpfalz came to Pennsylvania. In the Rhenish Palatinate today, however, the word has died out completely among the younger generation.

BLACKE and BLACKEWEIS

Blacke, the PG word meaning "spot" or "patch," does not occur in StG. In the RP and other Middle German dialects, however, **Blacke** (or **Placke**, **Phlacke**) is a very common form and has the same meaning as in PG (See Ernst Christmann's **Der Lautbestand des Rheinfraenkischen** (Speyer, (1927), pp. 62, 68 and Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, VII, 1873).

Blackeweis (a compound of **Blacke** and StG **Weise**), meaning "in spots," is also a common form in the RP and other Middle German dialects.

DALL

The PG word **Dall** (StG **Dalle**, **Telle**), meaning "dent," "impression," or "dimple," is still used in the northern and eastern RP dialects, but in the rest of the Palatinate **Dell** is now the regular form.

DEIHENKER and VERDEIHENKERT

Deihenker is a common PG epithet which occurs also in the RP and Swabian dialects. It is frequently used in the exclamation "Was der Deihenker!" (English "What the deuce!").

Deihenker is just one of the many euphemisms and distorted forms for "devil" used in German dialects and colloquial German. The forms **Deikert**, **Deukert**, **Deuker**, for example, are frequently used in modern colloquial German as euphemisms for **Teufel**.

Some PG speakers also use **Deixsel**, the PG word for "wagon tongue," as a euphemism for **Deiwel** in the exclamation "Was der Deixsel!"

The PG and RP dialects also have an adverb **verdeihenkert**, which is formed from the above noun and is used in the sense of "enormously," "deucedly" or colloquial English "darned" (a euphemism for "damned"), e.g. **Sell waar verdeihenkert hatt zu duh** (Colloquial English "That was darned hard to do").

DRIWWELIERE

The origin of the PG verb **driwweliere**, meaning "to torment" or "to plague," may not be immediately apparent to those who are not familiar with the characteristic features of PG phonology. The StG equivalent of this word is **tribulieren**, an early loan word borrowed from the Latin (**tribulare**) and used in German since the 13th century (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch**, XI, 410). In previous discussions we have described the PG **d** which occurs in many cases where the StG word will have a **t**, and we have also noted that the Middle High German and StG medial **b** is always represented by a voiced labio-dental spirant in PG, just as in the RP dialects.

Driwweliere is also a very common verb in the RP and Swabian dialects.

DUSCHBER

The PG form **duschber**, meaning "dusky," "dusk," or "twilight," is another illustration of the phonetic phenomenon known as partial dissimilation. The StG equivalent of **duschber** is **duester**. Other examples of partial **dissimilation in PG are: rechle** (MHG **rechenen**), **drickle** (MHG **trueckenen**), and **Gnowwloch** or **Gnowwlich** (MHG **klobelouch**).

The **sch** in the form **duschber** illustrates another significant phonetic phenomenon found in PG and other Middle and South German dialects, namely, that the **s** before a stop consonant is always pronounced as a voiceless tongue-blade dental fricative (**sch**), e.g. PG **bescht** (StG **best**); PG **finschder** (StG **finster**); PG **neegscht** (StG **naechst**).

Duschber is likewise the regular form in the RP dialects (See Ernst Christmann's **Der Lautbestand des Rheinfraenkischen**, pp. 45, 80, 101).

VAERSCHT

The Middle High German and StG equivalent of the PG word **Vaerscht**, meaning "verse" or "stanza," is **Vers**. The form **Vaerscht** again illustrates two common phonetic phenomena in PG, RP, and other Middle and South German dialects, which we have pointed out previously, namely, the appearance of an inorganic or epenthetic **t** (e.g. PG **Leicht**, MHG **liche**, StG **Leichenbegaengnis**; PG **Farricht**, MHG **vurch**, StG **Furche**; PG **selwert**, MHG and StG **selber**; PG **Schtoft**, StG **Stoff**; Pg sehunt, MHG and StG **schon**) and the pronunciation of an **s** before a stop consonant as a voiceless tongue - blade dental fricative (See above, under **duschber**).

The RP and other Middle and South German dialects also have the form **Vaersecht**, although **Vaersch** (without the epenthetic **t**) seems to be used more frequentiy.

ORGEL PICKTERS

Ich hab mei Radio aagedreht
Der anner Owed schpot.
Do kumt en Orgel uff die Luft
Schier gaar wie'n Schproch vum Dod.

Es Licht waar aus un alles ruhich
Wie's Radio im Eck;
Die Musick kummt so sanft un siess
Un draagt mich weit eweck,

Zu Felder grie un Schadde kiehl,
Zu Schwamm un kleen Krick;
Zu Hiwwel hoch mit Keschdebeem,
Un alte schteene Brick,

Zu Blumme newich en grummer Weeg,
Der wandelt darrichs Land
Un endet an en Bauerei
Mit Glied uff aller Hand.

Zu'n Mutter an der Kichedier
Mit Haar gans elsegroo;
Zu'n Vatter drauss im Weezefeld,
Zu Kinner uffem Schtroh.

Uff eemol kummt Misschtimming rasch
Un wexelt's Pickter schnell;
Waar alles schrecklich uffgeriehrt
Die Peife greischen hell.

Die Landschaft waar gans ausgelescht,
Im Blatz waar'n grosst Schtadt
Mit Zucht, Geklang un grooss Uffruhr,
Un Leit vun aller Satt.

Die schpringen feierich hie un haer,
Fer Esse hen ken Zeit
In ihr'm allmechtich Daaleryacht—
Vergessen Ehrlichkeit.

's iss Aarmut, Unruh, Zweiwel do,
Un Farricht fer alle Mann;
Ken Freind meh neegscht mer draue maag,
Muss do duh wie mer kann.

's iss alles imme Schussel do—
Die schtadtbewohnte Leit;
Sie denken net was marye gfallt-
Sie lewen nur fer heit.

Ken Gsichter rum wu freindlich sin,
Sin schtatts all gans verzogge;
Un oft ihr Geischt un seel sowohl
Iss aardlich hatt verbogge.

Paar Blumme wu'd net roppe maagscht,
Un kaum en Baam mit Laab;
En bissel Graas wu'd hunnebleibscht—
Yuscht Ruus un Dreck un Schtaab.

So denk ich zu mir selwer datt,
Was Leit doch so verfehle
In frische Luft un Feld un Baerrig
Un Sach zu viel zu zeehle.

Dann kehr ich, graad so gschwind ich kann
Die Landschaft widder zu,
Wu'n manche Schtunn verdriwwe waar,
Wie ich waar noch en Bu.

RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Our Timely Guest of Honor

This is St. Patrick's Day and a very dear day it is to the vast number of our citizens and friends who proudly can claim Irish ancestry.

Certainly there is not a more hearty, personable, generous, witty, handsome and generally agreeable people than those who on this day joyously sing the "Wearing of the Green," display tender sprigs of shamrock and receive the centuries - old legends of a great and good man who left indelible impress upon the people whom he loved and evangelized 1500 years ago.

While annual celebration of the day is the order of things wherever two or three Irishmen may gather, this year's observance in a number of leading cities and Irish communities is being graced by participation in their festivities by Prime Minister John A. Costello of the Republic of Ireland.

Very properly Mr. Costello first was received in the White House by President Eisenhower and his first addresses were given to Congress. And very properly too, Mr. Costello today will be the leading guest of honor of New York which can boast being the largest "Irish" city in the world inasmuch as its people bearing Irish names far outnumber Dublin's 520,000 souls.

Mr. Costello can be said to be the very personification of Irish ideals and purposes. For more than forty years he has been one of the brilliant and determined leaders of a people who sought political freedom and achieved it. He was the first attorney general of the Irish Free State, now the Republic of Ireland, and for more than thirty years has been active in the government, most of the time in Parliament and since 1948 the prime minister.

Mr. Costello is giving only two weeks to this welcomed visit but he has been swept around the eastern part of the United States during the past four days with breath-taking speed. The timing of his arrival and stay could not have been planned better.

No better stamp could be placed upon this year's observance of St. Patrick's Day than the participation of Ireland's leader with America's sons of the "auld sod."

Germans Stick Together

When Chancellor Adenauer of Germany lost a provincial election several months ago, there were fears that the strong government which this brilliant, but aged man, had set up might be crumbling and that an ending to the policies which he had been shaping for West Germany was in sight.

Of course this was and continues to be the hope and expectation of Russia. Her leaders have made no secret of the fact that they expect Adenauer to die very soon or quit government by reason of infirmities. Then they will attempt to move in with East Germany as the spearhead of an attack to take over and communize all of Germany. Being a nation with phlegmatic Asiatic background, Russia has the patience to wait.

But something has happened in West Germany in recent days. When the real test came, the political opponents of Dr. Adenauer — particularly the Social Democrats — came over to his side on the issue of organizing a German army. In other words, when the issue became one of Germans against the world (if need be), Germans stood shoulder to shoulder.

Russia has striven by all possible means to discourage the rebuilding of an army by Germany, especially since such a West German army is committed to alliance with the armies of the Western European Union.

Russia probably is pondering this newest evidence of the spirit of pan-Germanism. Now, more than ever before, she must prevent any expressions of opinion by East Germany in the matter of union of East Germany with West Germany.

It has been pretty well demonstrated that when the chips are down the Germans will stick together. If East and West were given an opportunity for the expression of opinions and desires they would reunite and it would not be a case of the tail wagging the dog, with East German Communists (by compulsion) dominating the alliance.

How Attitudes Change

There was a time, and not so long ago, that crippled children were kept in back bedrooms and hidden from relatives, friends and neighbors. Their parents felt ashamed and actually believed that they were to blame for their children's handicaps.

Today that attitude is changed and crippled children have been brought "out of the dark" and "into the light" through specialized care, treatment and scientific rehabilitation. This change, which is making productive citizens out of the handicapped, has been brought about by organizations among which the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society is among the leaders.

As of now, the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society is carrying the largest case load in its more than 30 years of distinguished service to the handicapped of the area. There are more than 775 individuals receiving treatment of one kind or another on the Society's rolls.

With new medical discoveries and techniques making such strides in the rehabilitation of the crippled, there are many more who can be helped. At the same time services for crippled children continue to grow more costly each year. The Lehigh County budget last year exceeded $60,000! Funds are desperately needed to continue and expand care and treatment to reach more crippled children.

Easter Seal contributions have proved that crippled children can be rehabilitated into tax-paying citizens rather than remain tax - supported ones.

This year we must open up our hearts and be as generous as we can during the present appeal.

President Eisenhower set the example in the White House during this week when he purchased the first sheet of Easter seals. Millions of Americans will follow. In this community, many thousands of Lehigh Countians will buy and use these tiny symbols of that new and brighter day which can be assured for the hundreds of children now in the care of the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society and the many children who, in the natural course of events, will be added to the rolls this year.

Reasonable Men Agree

The several groups of people with varied interests who find the Lehigh River the place for their recreational activities fortunately have agreed upon common ground and have composed their differences.

Meeting in City Hall on Thursday night the City, which promotes swimming in the river and is responsible for the policing of that area, has agreed to restrain its swimmers within safe bounds. The motor boatmen have agreed to keep within narrow limits in the area of the river from the dam to the Tilghman St. bridge and to maintain low and safe speeds in those limits.

Thus life and limb are to be spared the hazards which the City and the swimmers complained of while the residents of Adams Island are to be spared the harm to property which they feared from the wash created by speed boats.

Reasonable men sat down together around the conference table and, like reasonable men, came to reasonable agreement. It was an act of good citizenship.

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.

Sympathy for Israel

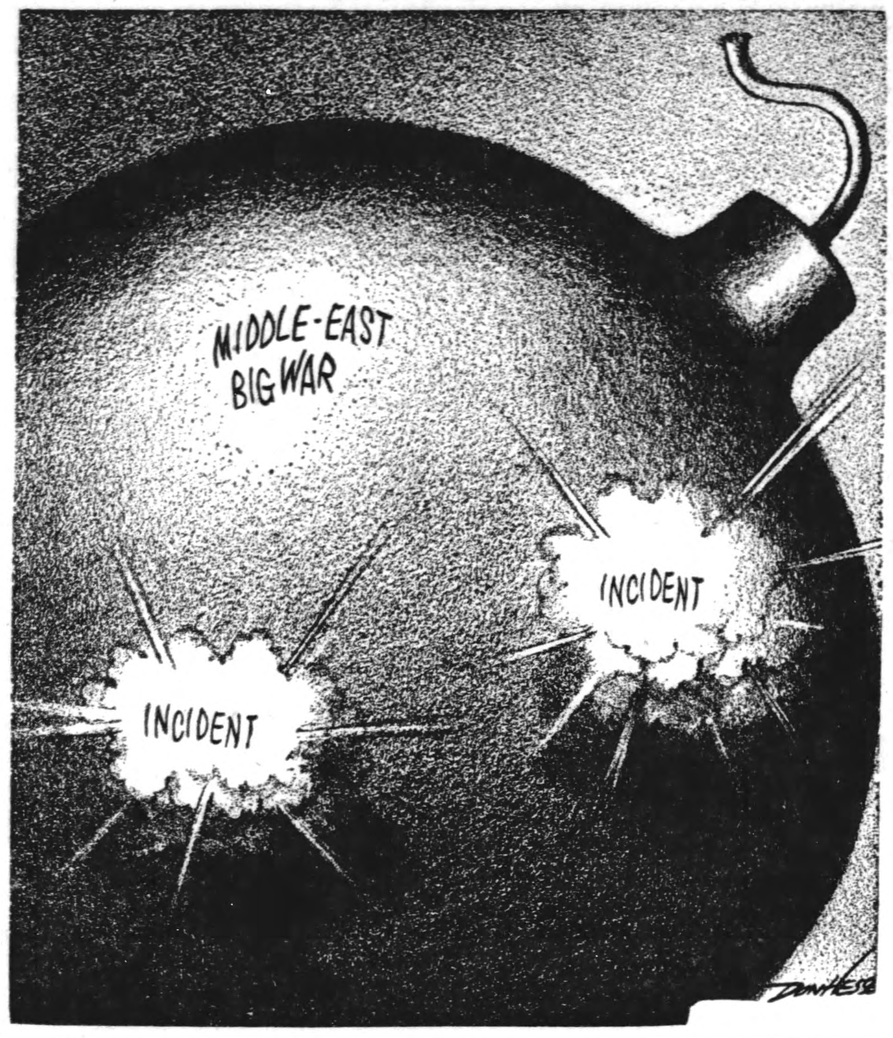
Dear Sir—

I am writing this to thank you for your excellent editorial "Israel Must Be Saved" in the Morning Call issue of March 10.

It is heartening to realize that enlightened men are keenly aware of Israel's plight. We can only hope that the policy-makers of the United States will soon become aware of the political unreliability of the Arab nations, and will then cease their attempts to appease these blackmailers.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Jack Pianko
Jordan Apts.

Little Ones Can Touch Off Big Ones



The Cyprus Case

By DAVID LAWRENCE

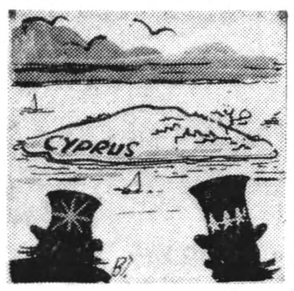
Cyprus is an integral part of Great Britain. There is no more reason for the United States to interfere in the internal affairs of Great Britain than there would be for the British to interpose any objections to what is being done by this country in its oplicies toward the islands of Puerto Rico or Hawaii.

Yet 18 U. S. Senators — 12 Democrat and 6 Republicans — have intruded in the most delicate kind of a matter of foreign policy in the Mediterranean which is difficult enough for the State Department to deal with anyhow. Now the British government and the British people are rightly indignant over such unwarranted interposition.

Not so long ago some of these same senators were denouncing a Wisconsin senator because he tried to persuade some Greek ship owners to stop smuggling strategic goods to the Communists that it was argued then that he was encroaching on the executive branch of the United States government. The resolution sponsored by the 18 senators, however, goes farther than anything Sen. McCarthy ever did and endangers as well the good relations between America and Britain.

The proposed resolution in the Senate asks the United States government to say to the British government that it must give up its territory of Cyprus. The argument is that "four-fifths of the people of Cyprus are Greeks by language, culture, church, tradition and affection."

On that same basis, Poland might claim certain American cities because there are more Poles in our big cities than there are in Warsaw. Likewise, if population is a criterion, there are more Jews in American than in Palestine. Mere quantity of persons with a cultural or other tie to some foreign land has never been a justifiable basis for changing the legal relationship between a sovereign nation and its citizens unless, of course, such a nation voluntarily decided to relinquish control as America did in the Philippines.



The same senatorial proposal criticizes Britain for "the use of force," and yet subversion inside Cyprus is notorious. What possible justification can 18 American senators have for reprimanding Britain for its use of force when it is the right of every sovereign nation to suppress rebellion within its borders? America repeatedly suppressed revolt in the Philippines in the early part of this century.

The official text of the announcement, made by the British government last week when it deported the Greek archbishop, Makarios, told of acts of violence instigated by the archbishop. It said in part:

"While overtly and apparently in good faith conducting negotiations for a political settlement of the island's future, the archbishop has surreptitiously encouraged and abetted the terrorists in order to improve his bargaining position in the negotiations. . ."

The British governor in Cyprus decided to deport the archbishop "in the light not only of his overt seditious activities but also of a large volume of evidence indicating that the archbishop has himself been deeply implicated in the campaign of terrorism. . ."

The archbishop himself was caught in the act of dealing with subversive organizations and his official residence was used "for the temporary storage of arms and grenades."

When the Greek archbishop was deported the press was filled with statements alleging that the American government was "shocked" at the action taken by the British and hinting that the State Department felt he was being mistreated. There is not the slightest foundation for such an impression. The U.S. Department of State expressed no protest and merely said it didn't know of the step in advance. Nor is it necessary for the British to notify the State Department whenever a British official takes security measures in a territory under British control.

Strategic Base

The island of Cyprus is important as a strategic base in the Mediterranean. The Communists have worked in league with the terrorists in Cyprus. This activity is part of the cold war.

There are many places in the world where Nationalist movements are in progress, but strangely enough the "left wingers" of today become involved in pleas to end colonial rule in the very areas where allied military strength is thereupon weakened. The Communist effort to wrest North Africa and the Mediterranean bases from the western world is aided and abetted by many Americans who cry "colonialism" but at the same time denounce the secretary of state if he dares to mention the "peaceful liberation" of the eastern European peoples who really had their independence at one time and were deprived of it by the Communists, as in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 22:7-20

This passage is the larger portion of the text of the Sunday School lesson assigned to be studied by the Bible Schools of the Christian Church around the world tomorrow. It concerns the institution of the Lord's Supper, associated, as to time, according to v.7, with the Old Testament passover season. In fact, there is a red line through our Bible, beginning with the blood of the slain passover lamb of Exodus 12:7, sprinkled on the door-posts of the houses of the Israelites in Egypt. That day was to be for them an annual memorial feast-day, commemorating their deliverance from their bondage in Egypt (Ex. 12: 14). The continuation of that festival, in its New Testament aspect, is the Lord's Supper, celebrating the shedding of Christ's blood and the sprinkling thereof by faith on our hearts, the partaking of which supper being an act 'in remembrance of Him,' because of what He did for us as our passover sacrificed for us (1 Cor. 5:7), by Whose death Christian believers are delivered from the bondage of sin. Because of what the Lord's Supper represents, Paul in 1 Cor. 11:27 cautions us not to drink of the cup unworthily, for only such as have been saved are entitled to parktake of it.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Mr. and Mrs. Ginsberg were taking in a very sad movie, and Mrs. Ginsberg's sobs and sniffles could be heard all over the orchestra. Scoffed Mr. G.: "Why do you cry your eyes out over the imaginary troubles of people you don't know?"

"For the same reason," snapped Mrs. G. "that you carry on and yell your head off when a baseballer you don't know slides into home plate!"

A browny son of the Ould Sod sauntered into his favorite saloon and was surprised to find the floor strewn with rice. What's this?" he asked. "Had a wedding here today?"

"Naw," explained the barkeep. "I just knocked the stuffings out of a Commie Chinaman."

Bess Vaughan, famed Shreveport librarian, insists that a boxer dog padded into her domain, picked up a book in its teeth, and deposited it on her desk for stamping. The name of the book: "So You're Going To Have a Puppy."

Horoscope

Your outlook is promising. The character of today's child may be mixture of faith and high courage.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DREI DAWG IN NEI YARRICK: Whee, wos sin m'r ow'r froh dahame tzu sei fon Nei Yarrick — der blotz woh m'r worra fom fon Dinshdawg middawg bis 'm Dunnershdawg owet. Tzwae dawg wor die widdering shae, ow'r 'm Midwoch huts da gonsa dawg garayer'd— un won ae ungleidicher blotz is bei raya wedder, don is es in Nei Yarrick. Un noh won m'r noch g'fonga weara werra im shnae — wel, wie g'sawt m'r sin froh dahame tzu sei.

Ebbes mus m'r Nei Yarrick lossa — sis alla weil 'n aryie ruichie shtadt. Shun fer yohrra, allas os m'r k'hoert hut wor 'n kerl os 'n gonsie tzeit sei mashina harn gablosa hut. Ebber hut uns ow'r g'sawt 's wear net yusht ae kerl os sei harn blosa dade — ow'r so gore 'n yaders os hinnich ma rawd fon ra mashina hucka dade, dade on wenich shunshd denka os wie fers harn blosa — un des wor ols 'n yocht un tzucht os em die ohrra tzu g'fohrra sin. Ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg — Nei Yarrick is now 'n ruichie shtadt. Tzitter 'm Midwoch nocht kosh'ds gelt fer 'n harn blosa on ra mashine. Fer etlicha wocha hen die police die woh harner gablosa hen yusht 'n warning gewwa — ow'r nimmy so fon 'm Midwoch nocht ob. Now won ebber ferwish'd wert 'n mashina harn blosa koshds aenich ebbes fon $10 aw nuf.

M'r worra noch da grossa shtadt fer drei uhrsocha — paar shows ei nemma. 'S Blumma Show sehna, un uf bisnis. So hesslich os die widdering 'm Midwoch wor, hen m'r net gons allas gaduh grick'd os m'r galicha hetta tzu duh, ow'r sin doch ordlich rum kumma bei waig fon taxies, bussa, un subway. Sellie taxies sin ebbes. 'S sin gawainlich so on da 12,000 drous uf da shtross, un bei raya wedder paar dousand may. Fon unserra New Weston wertshous shtub om eck fon da 50d shtross un Madison avenue, hut m'r oft tzeita nix g'sehna uf Madison avenue os wie taxies kabs — alla farva — hut em onna recht shoffender raya boga gamohnt.

'M. Dinshdawg nommy dawg un owet hen m'r shows ei ganumma — 's airsht Cinarama Holiday, un owets hen 'mr "Fanny" g'sehna — 'n arrick g'shpassich g'shpiel. 'M Midwoch morya worra m'r tzeitlich om Blumma Show in wos ols der John Wannamaker shtore wor uf da 4d avenue. Owets hen m'r 'n radio un TV show g'selma in Rockefeller Center. 'M dunnershdawg sin m'r ol iwwer rum gakess'ld in da shtorra, hen 'n bus trip ganumma so weit owwa nous wie die 168'd shtross, un hen 'n bus trip ganumma so weit owwa nous wie die 168'd shtross, un hen aw blawns fartich gamocht fer die yairlich train un boat trip der 4d August — des yohr der Hudson nuf.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

So froh os m'r is fer fohraw gucka fer 'n trip noch Nei Yarrick mocha — wie die Katerinah g'sawt hut wie m'r hame kumma sin. "Sis ewwa ken blotz os wie dahame."

THE BUILDING OF BARNS

BOOK REVIEW

THE PENNSYLVANIA BARN. By Alfred L. Shoemaker, Don Yoder, Henry J. Kauffman, J. William Stair, and Victor C. Dieffenbach. Edited by Alfred L. Shoemaker. Published by The Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Inc., Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. — pp.96. — $2.00.

Of the numerous, sometimes rather urgently casual, publications that have in the last years come from the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, by far the most substantial are SONGS ALONG THE MAHANTONGO, Pennsylvania Dutch Folksongs gathered and edited by Walter E. Boyer, Albert F. Buffington and Don Yoder (1951) and the recent publication THE PENNSYLVANIA BARN, the subject of this review.

The interested reader must not allow himself to be prejudiced by the fantastic statements and claims made by its editor in his introductory chapter.

Surely it matters little that Dr. Shoemaker, born and reared in Lehigh County, in the shadow of some of Pennsylvania's finest barns, only in Scotland, as late as 1948, and then only under fortuitous circumstances, conceived the idea of publishing a book on Pennsylvania barns, which to early foreign travellers were, and in our own day remain, the most conspicuous feature in our cultural landscape.

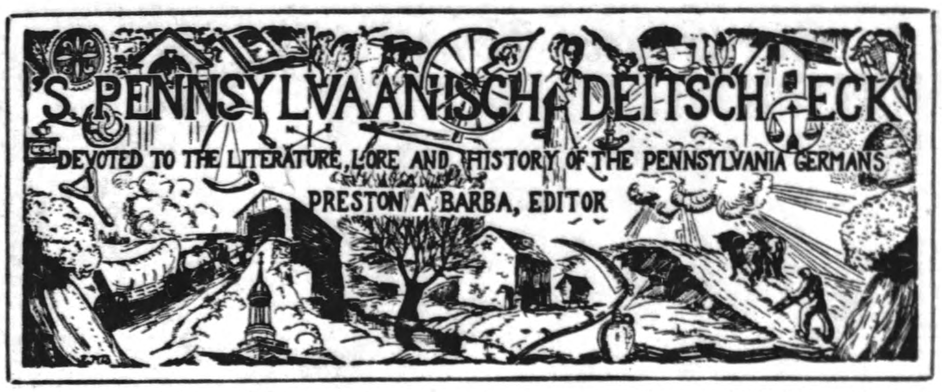
It does matter, however, when Dr. Shoemaker leaves his readers under the impression that nowhere in Pennsylvania could he have turned to anyone for information about our barns and that Pennsylvania barns were receiving more attention abroad than at home. All this makes good reading for an unknowing and sensation-loving public, but whether it has anything to do with the truth, that is again another matter. That Dr. Shoemaker could find nothing definitive about the barn and that he knew not even an available paragraph anywhere must be looked upon as subtle subterfuge, if not an indication of his own lack of information. Surely he could have known of Professor Marion D. Learned's published lectures "The German Barn in America," delivered at the University of Pennsylvania some forty years ago; surely he could have known about the work done by the architect Charles H. Dornbusch, A.I.A., for The American Institute of Architects; surely he knows that this is not the first book "ever on the barn, not only in the United States, but in Western Europe as well," and surely he knows that the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society has been for a number of years preparing a work on Pennsylvania German barns and which is now about to be published.

But these are vagaries that can readily be pardoned by an indulgent public. Once Dr. Shoemaker has launched his subject he presents in the first chapter an interesting array of data concerning the dimensions, the costs, etc. of early barns, material diligently gathered from old newspapers. Together with his collaborators he has succeeded in collecting a mass of valuable material, which, with the aid of copious photographic illustrations and documentary facsimiles, has been presented to the public in a most engaging way in the chapters that follow.

In "Through The Traveler's Eye" Don Yoder, co-founder with Dr. Shoemaker and Dr. Frey of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, presents once more a collection of observations made by early travelers, most of them Europeans, with reference to our barns. These observations make interesting reader and indicate that then as now the Pennsylvania barn was looked upon as a unique structure in the American landscape. Dr. Shoemaker's short chapter "Barn Types" is valuable chiefly for its beautiful illustrations. The subject is one that will be treated in a larger manner by the architects Charles H. Dornbusch and John K. Heyl in the next Yearbook of The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. Henry J. Kauffman's chapter "The Log Barn" is a real contribution on a phase of early barn construction which has hitherto received little attention. Among the short chapters "The Stone Barn," "The Frame Barn," "Barn Terminology," "Thatched Barns," "Barn Decorations," "Hex Signs," all by Dr. Shoemaker, we would point out that his "Thatched Barns" is another real contribution. Many readers will welcome the excellent account "Barn Raisings" by Victor C. Dieffenbach. A notable chapter is J. William Stair's "Brick-End Decorations," reprinted with some modifications from **The Dutchman** (Fall 1954) where it appeared as "Brick-End Barns."

Mention should be made of the colorful art work on the glossy paper covers, done by Edward C. Smith.

We know of no other recent publication that offers the public so much for so little.—P.A.B.



The following verses are reprinted from a booklet entitled PENN STATE RURAL, As Told by Sam: A Sixty-year-old Farming Man (Press of Geo. H. Shaeffer, Lebanon, Pa., 1941). Its author, Samuel S. Shenk (1879-1942) lived all his days on the old Shenk homestead near Fontana, Lebanon County. He believed that the ways of early rural life in Pennsylvania would remain unknown to coming generations unless some one recorded them. Although these verses can hardly be called poetry, they convey a directness and an atmosphere not so readily achieved in prose.—ED.

When coming to his wilderness
Those early settlers had distress
Because for lack of shelter here,
So needful for their life's career.

So they worked hard for a log hut
And to get cattle out of mud;
Hence they made shelter for a cow
As much as their strength would allow.

But as their stock and crops increased,
Their barn's capacity thus ceased
Of being sufficient for their crops,
E'en though they built of logs and rocks.

They made steep roofs which they then thatched
With straw, somehow; they also patched.

Much wheat they stacked out in the field.
If they would have a good crop yield.
The stacks they made shape of an egg
As if on end it stood for leg;
The rain hence drained on the outside
With not much wet coming inside.

Some men knew well how to make these.
Hence such were asked to make with ease.
The middle had to be built high
So that the outside would defy
The rain water from draining in,
Because butt ends of sheaves had been
All turned down slant while stacks were built
All shapes and sizes, as they willed.

A novice once did try to build
Because he saw some in the field
And so proclaimed that he knew how;
The owner therefore did allow.
When he had built one-half, or more,
Much of it slipped to where 'twas lower.
Complaint of owner, I told you
To build the stack as egg does show,
True, and I did, was the response;
Like scrambled egg it is this once.

Our forebears had the trees, indeed:
Sufficient to supply their need
To build large barns for crops and beasts.
(The first barns were shelters, at least).
The Swiss type barn, wide, high and long
They built then well of stone, (not wrong),
Because for permanence 'twas meant,
Hence, used stone for each gable end.
The Swiss type barn is shaped this way:
In front toward South is a forebay;
'Tis like a porch along each door,
But for a roof 'tis built out o'er.
The barn is built at a small hill:
The back side then needs not much fill
So we can drive in with a team
Above the stables then, 'tis seen.

The logs to sawmills, dragged or hauled,
Were sawn to boards which might be called
The A Grade lumber; for they had
The choice of timber; our Grand Dad.
The gang of carpenters did go
Into the woods to saw trees so
That they would fall and they could be
Straight-edged and fitted exactly.
To build a barn it took some logs,
and logs and logs and lots of logs.
The barnfloor had to be so strong
That it endures what does belong
To heavy hauling, as a team
Of four horses, as 'twas oft seen.
Some heavy loads were drawn therein,
Farm products laden by our kin;
Hence, for the barnfloor which they laid
They used big floor joists and thus made
A floor which could endure quite all
Of crops from land; no break nor fall.
The heavy floor joists they straightedged
On two sides only, and they fetched
Them generally by farmer's aid
With a horse team; and thus they laid,
But for last movements they used rolls.
They covered all with boards; no holes
Could be allowed — Barn Raising Day,
But must be ready, then, they'd say.

Then when Barn Raising Day will be
And they will ask for you and me
To help to set up each and all
Of these logs mortised, tenoned —Paul!
Will you this rope now take and hold?
Now thirty men each take a hold
Of this heavy and large framework,
And twenty men with poles not shirk
To prop and push as we push up.
Are all ready? "YO HEE," up, up!
Now hold the ropes so it will stay
Until all braces are aye, aye.

Now each two men may take a stick
And go to fetch those logs with it.
About twelve men carry the heavy,
Bring it right here, now lay it steady.
Yes, that is right, the tenons here.
It is marked so, I have no fear.
Now you ten men put that joist there,
And you four men put that joist there,
And you four men put your brace here.
And so the carpenters will see
By their marks where each piece shall be.
When this wall is stuck together
They surely will determine whether
They are ready to push and walk.
Men assemble along the log,
The upper one of this framework;
The boss tells how together work.
Are you already to lift up?
"YO HEE" the boss calls loud, with pluck,

And many men lift the same time
While maybe five are there in line
With strong, short poles to prop at height
Where the first lift left it, or might,
For they will thus continuously lift
If plenty men are here for swift
And prompt continuance of this,
For ten long poles here did not miss
To help along at proper time
While a few men, each pole, this while
Continued pushing until there,
Now to be sure they knew how, where,
To hold at bottom with steel blade
At tenon's end so as to make
To slip in mortise hole, when up,
And also held with ropes, when up,
Until a brace was nailed, each end,
Or else on framework to depend,
For at the front of barn they had
Braces ready, and so, that's that.
The second framework is now up.
It goes quite well and looks right snug.

And so the carpenters, alert,
Keep things going. I've overheard
That John and Pete be in the lot
To send logs in right to the spot,
And Bill and Jake and Mike shall be
Well stationed to place accurately
Each piece for this next large framewall
Until we have it in, yes all,
To stock together good and well.

We need not any further tell,
For these folks, rural, mostly knew
How to raise barns, for many, new,
Were being made for the great need
Of keeping dry their hay and feed,
And for protection from the cold,
During winter weather, their fold
For sheep, and likewise stables' calm
In yield of dairy products then:
These old barns, serving us and them!

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

A Decade to Pay for Strike

For more than five months the operations of the Westinghouse Corporation were brought to a halt by a strike, now ended, so it is possible to calculate some of the effects of this very costly episode that never should have been permitted to take place.

It has been established that the company would have produced goods in the amount of nearly $200 million if the plants had been operating during that period. The workers lost $74 million during the 23 weeks of idleness, an average of about $1700 per worker.

As a result of the settlement under which the employes are returning to work, $33 million or less than half of this loss will be recouped by the employes in the course of the next five years — the term of the new contract. This is of course contingent upon the continuation of employment. And it will take another five years to nearly wipe out the balance of the loss if the company continues to operate on the former schedules of productivity and employment and if wages in the following five years be equal to those guaranteed for the next five years.

Thus it can be seen that it is going to take a decade, or the better part of it, at the very least, for the men and women to recover from the mere monetary effects of a strike which should have been avoided.

Nothing was lost while early negotiations were in progress. Nothing would have been lost if those negotiations had been continued. But strike brought a loss of $1700 on an average to the workers. In effect therefore nothing will have been gained financially for half a decade at least and probably more years.

Lessening rapidly is the effectiveness of the strike as Labor's weapon. Increasing is the effectiveness of good relationships between Labor and Management and the better understanding of mutual dependence for the advancement of the interests of both.

Settle DST for Good

In common with Mayor Hock, a very large segment of public opinion wonders why the matter of adoption of Daylight Saving Time for the summer months is brought up every spring, is "kicked around" for weeks as the stereotyped arguments, pro and con, are trotted out, and then, inevitably, the program is adopted for and by the community.

In effect Mayor Hock logically asks, why should not the change in time come about as naturally as one day follows another upon the calendar?

It is known now that the Daylight Saving plan soon will govern thruout most of the United States. It is realized that few communities if any can buck this trend and practice even if they might wish to do so. Why waste any more time and talk about it?

Mayor Hock, as a man of decision, wants to make the time change a matter of routine. He has asked City Council for an ordinance that will make it such. He will be in office for at least four years. He wants to hear nothing more about Daylight Saving during his administration. He has too much other important work to do.

Hearty "amens" will be accorded him for this decision and will go out to Council as well if they will adopt the resolution which he is proposing.

Cheers for Our Legislators

Lehigh County must be rather proud of and pleased with her members of the House of Representatives who solidly voted against the ill-timed and publicly unpopular bill that will triple the pay of our legislators, after 1956, providing that Governor Leader signs the bill.

Mrs. Marian Markley, Miss Mary Leiby and Messrs. Samuel Frank and William A. Steckel refused to go along with the considerable majority of their colleagues. Their decision is to their credit and we believe, will be highly approved by their constituencies.

Without a doubt they had to resist considerable pressures in making decision adverse to that of their large groups of fellow party members. They have said in effect that, even if they be reelected for terms beginning next year, they believe the present salary and perquisites of the office are sufficient, or if raised, should not be so great as that which has been proposed. To the public it looks like the biggest "salary grab" in the States's history.

As has been noted before, such proposal for increase comes at one of the most favorable times for action. It comes after almost fifteen months of sessions of a legislative body that has little fruit to show to the people for all the time that they have spent in Harrisburg — much of it to little effective purpose, as far as the people could see.

We believe the electorate of Lehigh cheers this vote by its representatives.

The Great Balloon Hoax

While almost immediate denials were made two months ago when Czechoslovakia charged that a balloon, released by the Free Europe Committee had caused the crash of a plane, Hon. Joseph C. Grew, chairman of the Committee, now has told the United Nations that the Czech charge is entirely false. He has given carefully amassed facts in the case to support the denial.

While it is true that the Committee used balloons to distribute miniature newspapers behind the Iron Curtain, Mr. Grew says that his careful investigation shows:

1. No Free Europe Press balloons were launched into the area of the crash on the day of or the day preceding the accident.

2. The maximum load of any balloon launched to other areas on that day or the preceding day by Free Europe Press was three pounds — and CAA studies show that this weight does not constitute a hazard to aircraft.

3. Visibility at the time of the crash was limited to 70 feet and bad weather conditions had caused the plane previously to attempt a forced landing — which suggests that adverse weather and minimal visibility were the probable causes of the crash.

Therefore, if it be true that a Czech plane crashed, then the cause very likely was some natural phenomenon. But the Czech pilot, casting about for some good excuse, came up with the balloon story. That served to palliate his error in flying over hazardous terrain, the Tatra Mountain area, during highly unfavorable weather.

Mr. Grew, in his communication to the United Nations, went on to declare that the use of the balloons is justified in that the Communist regimes have shut off "the free flow of printed matter" to their people and thus have violated the principles of free communications as expressed in the Preamble to the UNESCO constitution. "If these unnatural barriers were lifted," Mr. Grew noted, "There would be no need to resort to exceptional methods of communication, such as balloons.

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.

Bequests of Eyes Urged

Dear Sir —

'Yes, I Can See," Says Boy, Using Eyes of Dead Priest, was the headline of your front page AP news item from Milan, Italy, on March 8. On March 20 your paper contained pictures of this boy of 12 years and a girl of 18, of whom the Milan hospital reports, "their vision is improving every day," due to their receiving corneal transplants from the eyes of the priest.

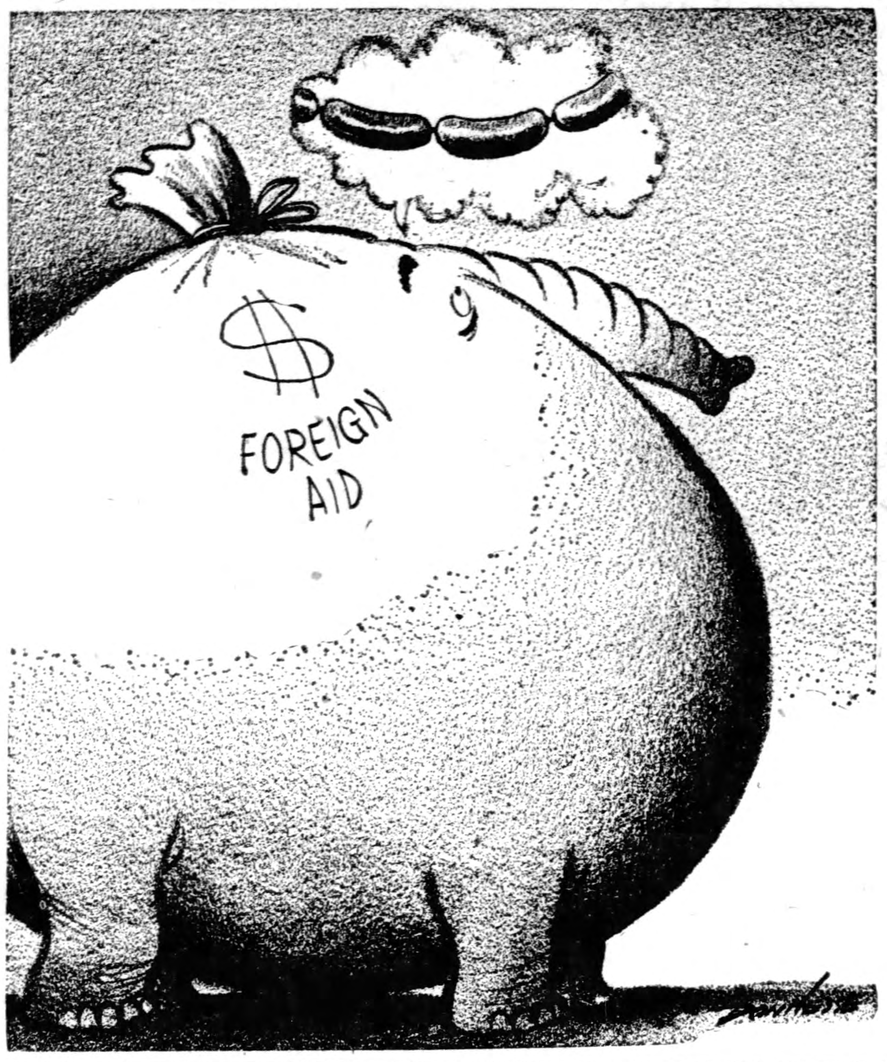
Yet this operation, made possible by the willing of eyes, is nothing new. On learning, upon the death of an Allentonian last year, that he had willed his eye for such use, I took steps to do the same.I told my closest relatives, also my doctor and his secretary of my wishes, leaving a written note with my doctor, that in the event of my death, immediate steps should be taken to use my eyes for this purpose.

Those readers who are interested may obtain printed forms from The Eye Bank for Sight Restoration, 210 E. 64th St., N.Y. 21. It makes no difference how old you are, or whether you're you're near-sighted or far-sighted, or have other minor defects: only the cornea of the eye is needed.

It gives me a "good feeling" to know that, whether or not my life will amount to much, I can continue to live in the eyes of one or more humans whom I have made happy with the gift of sight.

An Eye Donor

This Piggy Goes to Congress



New Fear in the South

By SYLVIA PORTER

CHARLOTTE, N.C. — A new fear is beginning to emerge among the intelligent, aggressively industry-minded citizens of this, the key and largest city of the Carolinas — a fear that as it spreads could, in itself, be vital in helping to avert unmerciful tragedy in the south.

Put in simple, yet superlatively significant dollars-and-cents terms, it is:

That the increasingly violent conflict over integration of the Negro will, if it continues, seriously set back the plans of industries all over America to expand in and move to the southeast.

If this happens — and it is already starting to happen—then:

The strong industrial upsurge upon which the development plans of Charlotte and every other leading city in the south are based — will fall far short of expectations;

The south's great transition from economic colonialism to an industrialized, alive, sophisticated society will be shamefully slowed;

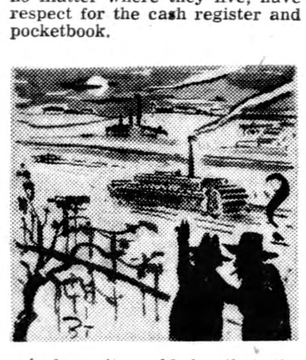
The now bright production-employment-income picture will be perceptibly darkened.

New profound industrial revolution of the south — which just in the last 15 years has slashed unemployment and dramatically raised living standards — will be interrupted.

This goes far beyond emotionalism and social customs.

Hits Finances

This hits right at the cash register of the southern businessman and the pocketbook of his family — and businessmen, no matter where they live, have respect for the cash register and pocketbook.



And so it could be that the awakening I have glimpsed here in Charlotte will spread and the southern businessman will take the lead in demanding that the integration issue must be faced and must be solved with dignity and decency — and in the not too distant future.

Charlotte is a beautiful, gracious — and booming — city. The whole area vibrates to the hum of new activity.

New Industries, Jobs

In 1955, alone, 30 new industries — including a giant Douglas Aircraft plant soon to begin production of the Nike guided missile — moved in. Since the start of World War II, Charlotte's population has zoomed more than 50 per cent, but jobs in industry have climbed more than 90 per cent.

What's more, its leaders thrill to the prospect of mounting industrialization and diversification of industry. As Charlotte's Mayor, Philip Van Every, said proudly when I called on him, "What you're seeing now is Charlotte in its industrial infancy." And, added James Glenn, executive vice president of Charlotte's Chamber of Commerce, "Right now, we have four hot prospects (for additional companies). We're going to grow."

But although race relations in Charlotte are more friendly than in most other areas of the south and Charlotte is still a comparatively quiet city, informed observers admit the situation is deteriorating fast.

Of Glenn's "four hot prospects", one has cooled — in the past month. This company well may shelve, for the time being at least, its plans to move south — a first warning of what could happen. . .

If American industry is to continue surging toward and expanding in the southeast, it must have available an ever-increasing pool of skilled workers in the localities in which it has settled.

If American industry is to continue building up this whole area, it must be able to count on an urban, worldly atmosphere in which the men coming in can work at ease and their families can live without tension.

In Charlotte, the most encouraging thing I discovered was the beginning awareness of the economic force involved in this issue — as distinct from the emotional, social, political, legal forces.

It could be that the economic force will be the greatest of them all in helping the south toward a solution and thus helping it stay firmly on the road toward a brilliant destiny.

(Copyright 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

TO THE CRITICS

Be not so quick to criticize. You
may not know or understand
The reason for the faltering
hand.
Some things are hidden from
your eyes. A heavy heart may
lie behind
What once you thought a brilliant mind.

Be not so quick to jibe or jeer.
No man is always at his best,
And who is troubled or
distressed
And is a prey to doubt and fear
Deserves your pity, not your
blame,
When he has failed to play the
game.

Be not so quick to take offense.
Sometimes the hasty, hurtful
word
By which your bitterness is
stirred
Is born of suffering intense.
His temporary lapse forget.
Perhaps his nerves were all
upset.

Oh, there is much we cannot
see, And much at times we
cannot know.
To all of us come days of woe
And nights of sleepless misery,
And no man when he's so distressed
Can be himself or at his best.

(Copyright, 1956.)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

When John Annarino reached Japan on a hitch in the U. S. Navy, he was both fascinated and amused by life and customs there. Many of his observations appear in a hilarious book called "When We Get Back Home," with illustrations by Bill Hume (published by Pacific Stars and Stripes).

In advertising for visiting American servicemen and tourists, one Tokyo cabaret proclaims, "1000 of Beautiful Girls . . . Homely atmosphere." Another boasts "No Body Can Find Out More Nice Place Than Our Night Club."

A Japanese tire repair man's sign reads "Specialist in Puncture." A traffic placard warns, "Speed keep strictly." A homeowner has his lawn protected with the warning, "Off grass please be staying away from!"

The Japanese, says Annarino, now sell hot dogs with sake, saddle shoes with kimonos, and the girls are just as apt to make an exit with "Be seein' you, Mister" as "Sayonara, Boy-San."

(Copyright, 1956.)

Horoscope

Business and financial prospects are excellent. Brain power above the average may be noted in a child born today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N GONS ALTIE G'SHICHT:

Doh is 'n altie g'shicht os g'shaina sei sol g'shwishich Alburtis un Mertzdown, in da freea dawga wie der P. un R. Rigel waig om gae wor. Ainer os uns ferbutta hut m'r sotta sei nama net sawga, hut uns die g'shicht fertzailt on ra fendu.

'S wor so denna waig. 'N fraw fon da Macungie gagend hut 'n hund kot os sie ma freind noch Topton nemma hut wolla. Unna ihra wissa wors ferbutta fer 'n hund uf da train howwa, un allas wor ol recht bis der konductor um kumma is fer die tickets, un hut der hund erblick'd navich ra uf da sitza.

Grawd 'n shtick fon da fraw fohr, hut 'n alter mon k'huck'd, un wor 'n kurtza peif om shmoka os der domp g'floga is. Farna im kerrich wor 'n bobier wohs druf g'sawt hut in grossa bushtava — "Smoking Prohibited." Wie der konductor g'sawt hut er dade der hund tzum fenshter nous shmeissa, hut die fraw gawissa noch da "No Smoking" kort farna im kar, un hut g'sawt, "Won duh my hund nous shemissh'd, doh shmeiss aw sel'm sei peif nous — shmoke is aw ferbutta in dem kerrich.

Der konductor is die sawg, het mohl wenich hinnich da ohrra g'shart, un noh der hund grick'd om gribs, un het 'n tzu ma uffna fenshter nous g'shmissa. Noh wear er hee tzu alta mon os om shmoke wor, un hut 'm die peif ous 'm moul garissa, un sie aw tzum fenshter nous g'shmissa.

Traina sin sel tzeit net gons so shtarrick gonga wie heit tzu dawg — un doch hen die leit uf da train sich shier net arrick ganunk ershtouna kenna wie die train g'shtopt hut om Mertztowner station, un der hund is nava har g'shprunga kumma allas os er shpringa hut kenna. Un wos dada n'r denka os der hund im moul kotta hut — ei sei tzung, wos shunshd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

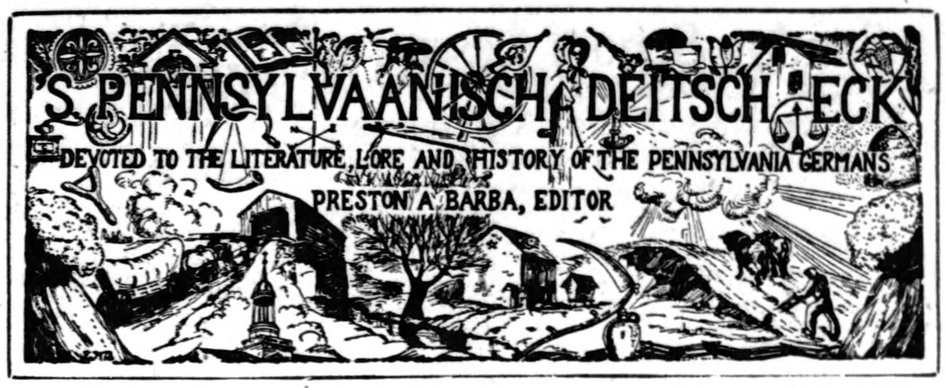
So shnell os der shnae kumma is, so shnell gait er aw widder weck — is net tzomma g'frohrra wie er wear wons so g'shnae'd het on da Grishdawg.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 23

A large part of this chapter is the lesson assigned for study tomorrow in our Sunday Schools. It describes the details of Jesus' trial (after the Sanhedrin had condemned Him) before Pilate, the Roman governor, who had to admit that he could find no fault in Him, vs. 4 and 14, and neither could Herold, to whom He had been sent, v. 15. It was the custom of the Roman government in Palestine to release a prisoner at the time of Passover, to maintain the good will of the Jews, v. 17. So Pilate proposed the release of Jesus as an innocent man, but the mob would not have Him, crying 'Crucify Him,' vs. 21, demanding the release of Barabbas, a murderer, v. 19. The name of Barabbas means the son (bar) of his father (abba), perhaps not his real name at all. So the people had the choice between Jesus, the Son of His Father, and Barabbas, the son of his father, and they chose the latter, sending Jesus to the cross on which Barabbas was to have been executed. Thus Barabbas, now free, was the first man to be able to appreciate that Jesus died in his place. Jesus took with Him into Paradise the penitent thief, a sinner saved by grace, v. 43.



BOOK REVIEW

ES EVANGELIUM VUM MATTHEUS. Aus der griechische Schprooch ins Pennsilvenideitsch iwwersetzt vum Ralph Charles Wood. Vun J. F. Steinkopf in Stuttgart gedruckt fer R. D. Wood, 720 N. Muhlenberg St., Allentown, Pa. — pp. 56 — $1.00.

For wellnigh two centuries the Pennsylvania German pioneers and their descendants heard the word of God in terms of Luther's German Bible. To them it was as sacred as the King James version was to those reared in Anglo-Saxon traditions. No one felt the need of any other version but that of Martin Luther. It was only when German services were slowly discontinued in the early decades of this century that older worshippers felt that they had lost something never again to be found. Certainly they could not expect to have the Bible translated in their own vernacular.

Those who are acquainted with our dialect also know that a humorous story told in the Pennsylvania German possesses a quality which vanishes when that story is retold in English. Some, perhaps not sensitive to the art of the Pennsylvania German **raconteur**, came to think that our dialect itself was funny and not a proper vehicle for serious thought.

Could the dialect assume the dignified style required for the sacred contents of the Bible? This question was briefly considered by Dr. Heinz Kloss in an article in the ECK for August 27, 1949.

That the gospel according to St. Matthew should be translated into the Pennsylvania German midway through the 20th century and long after the discontinuance of religious services in the German, is indeed remarkable. But that Holy Script should appear in dialect is in itself not remarkable. Long before the English Bible was printed on American soil the New Testament had been translated into an obscure Indian dialect, and since then it has been translated into remote languages and dialects hundreds of times.

Dr. Wood is of course not the first to translate parts of the Bible into our dialect. The earliest attempt known to the Editor is that of a Miss L. A. Ash who translated the parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke XV: 11-32). It appeared in E. H. Rauch's "The Pennsylvania Dutchman" (Vol. I, No. 3, 1873). Later Rauch himself rendered the same parable in his PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH HANDBOOK, 1879. The same parable was also translated by C. E. Grumbine and published in The Lebanon Report for January 17, 1903. A more recent translation, perhaps the freest and most "folksy" of all, is the Rev. William J. Rupp's Christmas story from St. Luke, first published in Town And Country for December, 25, 1953 and several times since reprinted. The late Rev. Astor C. Wuchter, one of our most distinguished dialect poets, considered for a time translating parts of the New Testament, but we have no knowledge that he did so.

But of all attempts and experimentations Dr. Ralph Charles Wood's ES EVANGELIUM VUM MATTHEUS is the most pretentious. Instead of translating from the High German or the English Dr. Wood went directly to the original Greek of the New Testament. Some may disagree with his style and his vocabulary. The translator of course at times met with real difficulties, and especially in such instances where certain Biblical words and phrases were not in common colloquial usage and where he perforce used either the Biblical High German or invested the same in a dialect garb, even though not in current usage.

In the last few years we have noticed an increasing tendency on the part of pastors to conduct occasional services in the dialect, an indication of the present-day revival of interest in the Pennsylvania Germans, and their cultural manifestations. All such will find Dr. Wood's translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew very useful. But this translation is also useful in another and perhaps more enduring way. It offers proof that the dialect can be employed as a vehicle for lofty thought expressed with dignity. Is either of the following passage (from Luke, Chap. 2) better than the other?

Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying,

In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not—

OR

Darrich des is erfillt warre, was der Brofeet Jeremia gsaat hot:

En Schtimm kannscht du heere in Rama,
En Geyammer un en Gebrill!
Des is die Rachel, as weege ihre Kinner yammert.
Un sie will sich net dreeschte loose,
Weil sie nimmimeh am Leewe sin.

At first Dr. Wood intended to render a free translation, but upon the advice of several theologians he went directly to the original Greek and then proceeded to translate into the vernacular that he thinks a Pennsylvania German pastor of the 19th century would have used in preaching to his people.

Like all others, Dr. Wood also struggles with the perennial problem of how to spell the written dialect. He states that he has held in the main to the orthography based on German phonetics as it has been developed in the ECK of the Allentown Morning Call.

In his translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew Dr. Wood has raised our dialect to new heights. But the supreme challenge still remains. Who will translate the Psalms and the Book of Job into Pennsylvania German?—P.A.B.

DIE ALTE ZEITE

Die Scheuer wat'n Schweizerscheuer,
E' Dreschden un zwee Baare;
En Forbau un'n Owerden—
Un ich wees ah noch was m'r hen
Ins alt Dreschden ei'g'fahre;
Flax un Hawer, wees ich, hen
M'r alsfort dort ufs Owerden.

Un wann sie war foll Frucht un Hai,
Un ah noch Schtoeck im Feld,
Dann ware mir die reichschte Leut
Uf dere aller reichschte Seit
Fon dere ganse Welt;
D'r Bauer isch d'r eenzig Mann
Die Welt allee aatreiwe kann.

Wann Frucht un Hai ei'g'fahre war,
War net fiel Zeit for Ruhge;
M'r hen so'n kleene Frolick ghat—
Sin fishe, odder in die Schtadt,
Nord war's schun Zeit for bluge;
Un so isch's Johr un Dag fort gange,
Wu des hot g'schtoppt hot sell aag'fange.

Dort mittes im e grosse Feld,
War'n grosser Keschte-Baam;
Dort hot d'r Grandad sich als g'ruhd,
Die weil die Buwe hen geplugd—
Er war nau alt un lahm;
Doch hot'r in sein alte Dage,
Frisch Wasser naus ins Feld getrage.

Die Scheure sin net abgebrennt,
Foll Frucht, wie alleweil;
M'r hen ah ken **Insurance g'hat**.
Mer hen net gewuesst das ebbes bat,
Un nau isch's all die **Schtyle**;
M'r hot net fiel fon Feire gewuesst,
Bis des Ding so uf kumme isch.

Aus H. L. Fischer's 'S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes In D'r Schtadt un Die Alte Zeite, York, Pa., 1879.
Original orthography is retained.

Sehnt, 'n Bauer is mausgange fer saehe. Un wie er am Saehe waar, is deel uff der Weeg gfalle, noh sin die Veggel kumme un hen 's uffgfresse. Deel is aa uff schteenicher Boddem gfalle, wu's net viel Grund gebt. Datt is 's schnell uffkumme, vunwege as der Boddem net dief waar. Wie die Sunn uffkumme is, is's verweikt, un aa darr warre, weil 's ken Warzle hot ghadde. Etliches is unner die Darne gfalle un die Darne sin gewachse un hen's erschtickt. Etliches is doch uff guter Boddem gfalle un hot Frucht gedraage, deel hunnertfach, deel sechzichfach, deel dreissichfach. War Ohre hot ze heere, dar soll nau heere! (Aus 'm dreizeet Kabiddel).

Weescht, wann dei Hand odder dei Fuss dich sindiche mache, hack sie ab un schmeiss sie weck! Es is besser, du gingscht dei gans Lewe laahm odder wie en Grippel, as mit zwee Hend un zwee Fiess ins eewich Feier geh. Un wann dei Aag dich zu der Sind verfiehrt, reiss 's raus! Es is besser fer dich du deetscht mit eem Aag ins Lewe geh, as mit zwee Aage ins Hellfeier neischtarze (Aus'm achzeet Kabiddel).

Un Petrus waar die gans Zeit draus im Hof. Iwwerdem is 'n Maad beikumme un hot em gsaat: Du waarscht aa mit sellem Yesus aus Galilea. Er hot's ihne all verleegelt, un gsaat: Ich weess net, was du meenscht. Awwer wie er darrich die Dier nausgeh hot wolle, hot ihn 'n annri Maad gsehne, un denne gsaat, as datt waare: Dar do waar aa mit 'm Yesus vun Nazareth. Un er hot 's noch emol verleegelt, un hot dezu gschwore: Ich kenn seller Mensch net. Un 'n Weil dennoh sin annre beikumme vun denne as datt gschtanne sin, un hen 'm Petrus gsaat: Gewiss bischt du eener vun ihne: Far dei Schprooch verrot dich aa. Noh hot er aagfange zu fluche un ze schweere: Ich kenn seller Mensch iwwerhaapt net. Un iwwerdem hot der Haahne gegreeht. Noh hot Petrus an 'm Yesus sei Wadde gedenkt, as er em gsaat hot ghadde: Eb der Haahne greeht, hoscht du dreimol verleegelt, as du mich lewens kennscht. Un Petrus is nausgange un hot bitterlich gheilt.

AUS'M EVANGELIUM VUM MATTHEUS

Herewith a few excerpts from Ralph Charles Wood's translation of the Gospel according to St. Matthew into the Pennsylvania German:

Un wann ihr beete, macht des net wie die Scheilheiliche. Die beete alsfatt gaern, dieweil sie in de Beetheiser un am Eck vun grosse Schtroosse rumschteh. Sie wolle yuscht, as die Leit sie sehne sette. Ich saag eich die Wohret: Sie hen schunn ihre Belohning. Awwer wann du beete witt, geh in dei Schtubb, mach die Dier hinnich dir zu, un dann kannscht beete zu deim Vadder, wu unsichtbaar is. Un dei Vadder, as alle Geheimnisse sehnt, will dir aa dei Deel gewwe. Un wann ihr beete, schwetzt net so viel Wadde, wie die Heide's duhne. Die denke yuscht, sie warre gheert, weil sie so viel schwetze. Macht ihne des net nooch. Eier Vadder weess schunn, was ihr needich hen, schunn eb ihr ihn fer des froogt (Aus'm sechste Kabiddel).

GLEENE GSCHPICHTE

En Schpaarsami Fraa

Der Eli Benfer waar schtarrewes-grank. Er waar warricklich uff seim Dodes-bett. Der Dokter hot seinre Fraa, die Emma, gsaat er hett yuscht meh paar Daag zu lewe. "Datt, geb ihm eenich ebbes wu er Verlange hot defor. Er hot der Maagge-grebs un kann nimmi gsunt warre," saagt er. Die Emmi hot ihre Mann gut versaerrickt un de naegschte Daag frogt sie der Eli, "Paepp, was deeden ihr gleiche zu esse?" — "O, ich hab schunn so Hunger ghatt fer gebrote Schunkefleesch," saagt der grank Mann. "Eenich ebbes schunscht," saagt die Emmi, "mir hen yuscht meh ee Hinner-schunke un den misse mir hawwe fer die Leicht."

Ken Gfaahr

In Millerschteddel iss so'n Delbel, der will alles wisse un nemmt sich net die Zeit fer selwert die Zeiding zu lese. Er hockt oweds am Schtor rum wu vun alles gschwetzt watt. Die Kall waare am Schwetze vum Grieg un vum Hitler iwwerhaabt. "Well, denken ihr der Hitler kummt noch Lechaa Kaunti?" frogt der Yossi. "Schwetz net so verflammt dumm! Weesscht net, dass 's battle Feld in Gettysburg iss?" hot ihm eener geandwatt.

Sie hot genunk gewwe wolle

Der Hen Butz waar uff seim Dodes-bett gelegge. Sei Fraa, schier verrickt fer Druwwel, frogt ihn eb sie net mol bede sett. "Yo, Betz, bed mol, 's kennt doch verleicht helfe," andwatt der Hen in seinre Schwachheet. Sie hot sich ver's Bett gegniet un bed, "O, Gott, mach doch, dass mei Mann widder gsund watt. Wann Du duscht, gewwe mir en dausend Daaler zu der Kaerrich, fimf hunnert Daaler zum Weisehaus, vier hunnert Daaler zu der auslennische Mission, ya, en dausend noch zum Hospital. . ." — "Halt mol, Betz. Verschprech mol nimmi meh, ich kennt doch verleicht widder gsund warre," saagt der Hen.

EN UNHENDICH SCHTICK GSCHARR

Der Pitt Feggli hot so'n aldi groossi Haus-uhr ghatt, dass ihm aus Adder kumme iss. Die hot er uff seim Schprings-Weggel zum Uhremacher genumme. Die Uhr waar e paar Woche beim Uhremacher. Mol ee Daag iss der Pitt der Weg kumme, geloffe. Der Uhremacher ruft ihm un saagt, er kennt sei Uhr nau hawwe, sie waer faddich. Denkt der Pitt, die iss net so schwaer un ferwas soll ich heem laafe un widder harre faahre fer die Uhr? Die nemm ich uff der Buckel un draag sie die Halbmeil. Un so hot er. Er waar en Schtick gange, noh iss er mied warre. Er hot sich ins Fenseeck gsotze un die Uhr uffgschtellt. Wie er do gsotze hot, kummt so'n Rumleefer der Weg, guckt die Gschicht mol aa un nemmt Blatz newich ihm. Wie der Pitt widder uff der Weg geh will, saagt der Kall, "Ich will dir helfe den Kaschte draagge." So hen sie dann die Uhr zu zwett die Schtrooss nunner gedraagge. Unnerwegs iss noch e paarmol gerugt warre. Wie sie es letscht Mol mit der Uhr uff der Weg sin, saagt der Kall, "So'n Uhr iss gewiss schee un all recht, awwer ferwas des Dunnerwedder kaafscht dir ken Watch?' '

NIX ZU ZAEH

Der Bill Schaefer waar drauss im Busch am Hols hacke, wie en Gewitter uffgschtiegge iss. Er hot gemeent es waer net viel vun me Schtarrem un setzt sich unnich en Buchebaam. Es hot maerrickunswaddich aafange zu reggere un blose, noh hot's gedunnert un gewedderleecht in eem Schtick fatt. So Schtick eweck vun ihm hot en Keschtebaam gschtanne, do hot's Gewitter neigschlagge dass der Baam vun owwe bis unne in der Boddem uffgschplitt waar. "Huh! es nemmt net viel Graft fer Keschte zu schplitte," saagt er. Glei dernooch schlackt's in en Eechebaam. "Ya, sell kann ich aa schplitte, awwer schplitt mol Buche!" hot der Bill gsaat. Er hot die Wadde kaum aus em Maul ghatt, kummt en Schtreech un verreisst der Buchebaam zu Schliwwere. "Bill, ich denk du gengscht besser heem," saagt er un macht sich uff der Weg.

Verzeehlt vum Lloyd A. Moll

(1879-1944)

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Editorials

War on Litter Bugs

Notice from the State Police that more attention is going to be paid by them to motorists who litter the highways should be ample warning for those inconsiderate people who, in the course of travel, toss bottles, cans and rubbish of all sorts from their cars or even make the land abutting upon the highways a dump for large quantities of garbage and trash.

The mentality of persons who commit this sort of offense against society is difficult to understand. There is one class which can be believed to be entirely thoughtless. They are in the habit of throwing things around carelessly whether in their homes, in public places or as they walk upon the streets. They evidence the habit while driving. Neither in their homes, in public places or anywhere else do they think of the filthiness of their habit nor consider that someone will have to follow and clean up the mess which they have left behind them.

Then there is the sly, crafty fellow — or it may even be a woman — who is parsimonious and does not wish to spend the small sum of money which rubbish collectors charge for the removal of trash. Or he may be a person who resides in a community which does not have a public garbage collection system.

It is this sly person who in the dark of night, as a general rule, loads up his garbage and trash. Then, when he considers it safe, he tosses the stuff out along the highway's shoulder or into a nearby field.

The State Police have full authority to make things very unpleasant and even costly for these litter bugs with garbage minds and consciences. They are not likely to be as lenient as that local farmer who, according to a story in the Morning Call earlier in the week, was plowing when a motorist slowed up and dumped a carton of trash into his field. By reason of a rise in the land between them, neither could see the other. But the farmer became suspicious that something was happening on the other side of the rise. Too late to be able to distinguish the numbers on the license plate of the fleeing motor car, the farmer however did find the carton of trash. Examination of it revealed a 1955 license plate. Thus the owner of the car was identified by name and then received sharp warning to remove his rubbish. Knowing he was trapped, the motorist took the easiest way out: He returned and removed the obnoxious stuff which was just as offensive to the farmer as it was to himself.

The lesson that this one motorist learned is a lesson that every litter hound should be taught. It will be not quite so smart to return to the scene of such a minor crime and remove the evidence, under threat, as it was to sneak into the country by night and toss the stuff into some beautiful hedgerow or newly ploughed field or sweet-smelling forest.

Rural people love and respect all these as much as city folks love and respect well kept grounds around their homes.

Again Allentown Scores

Many thousands of posters on subjects pertaining to Kindness to Animals were prepared in 270 school districts of the United States and Canada during the early part of the year under the sponsorship of organizations like our Lehigh County Humane Society. The best of the offerings in each district then were entered in the 40th annual national contest conducted in Denver by the American Humane Association. Allentown's best were in the total of 1573 posters that had been screened from the many thousands of posters.

Accustomed as Allentown has been over the years to winning high honors in this national contest, it is a matter of no great surprise that an Allentown girl won the top prize in the senior high school division.

This honor for Charlotte Prudhon, an Allentown High School senior is a splendid recognition not alone for the capable young miss but for the high quality of art instruction which is afforded in the schools and which has been afforded during many years.

She met and won over the severest kind of competition in the local contest with boys and girls who have been encouraged to develop their special talents in the same courses of study which she took. She went to the top in competition with the best that 269 other school systems in the United States and Canada were able to offer.

It was an unusual achievement and Allentown must feel very proud of Miss Prudhon.

Shoplifters Beware!

In George Orwell's "1984", a horrifying picture of life is envisioned concerning the ultimate development of a dictatorial government in a police state thru the use of "all-seeing" television sets for surveillance by the police of individuals' actions whether at work or at play.

A current exhibition in New York by the National Broadcasting Co. indicates that at least one phase of Orwell's "1984" already has been achieved. Comparatively cheap TV sets are available for department stores that wish to circumvent shoplifters and even dishonest help or for any business or individual that may want to know what others are doing without the others knowing that they are under surveillance.

Since there is no telling when and if such installation may be secured by any business or industry, shoplifters and other dishonest persons well may determine to change their ways. The considerable number of recent arrests has indicated that a considerable number of persons consider local shops fair game for their predations. And it indicates that merchants are deeply concerned about their heavy losses and intend to adopt the sternest possible measures.

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.

Human Factor in Labor Relations

To the Editor—

In the turbulence of recent work stoppages throughout the nation, there are distinct motives. These are the unyielding state of mind both in Labor and Management that can only diverge from the path of conformity which is so vitally essential both for worker and employer.

Therefore the first requisite is that a healthy atmosphere prevail among all concerned, that there be realization that responsibility for peace in industry does not depend upon a single party; that each party should deal fairly with the other and fully understand the other's problem.

When the individual workers and leaders of industry confine themselves to the procedure of indiscreet words and action; to conferences that interpose interminable demands upon one another, then the battle for survival is on and is well-nigh lost before it has begun.

Such unwarranted practices are inexcusable in our day when less effort is required from the factory worker and less time is required from the manufacturer for efficient increase in production. There is realization that both share alike from prosperity, but there remains the all-important task of understanding and regarding one another's problems and nature as humans.

So when concessions are granted it should be understood that they may come by way of good intentions and the good wishes of men who acknowledge and appreciate one another's usefulness and value as individuals and human personalities.

George J. Stofko
398 Hamilton St.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

What's the oldest cockney story you ever heard? Bill Weber nominates the one about two cockney lads who were walking, a bit on the nervous side, through a dense forest. Suddenly a blood-curdling shriek rang out.

"Lor'!" gasped one Cockney. "What was that?"

"That was just a 'owl," chided his pal.

"Of course it was a 'owl," retorted Number 1. "But what I wants to know is, 'po 'owled?"

Sam Himmel came upon a sad situation indeed out in Neemah, Wis.: a devotee of crunchy breakfast foods dreamed he was eating plates-ful all night, woke up in the morning to find much of the mattress gone.

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Tempus Fugit



Negro Rights' Dispute

By VICTOR RIESEL

(Editor's Note: This is the first of two articles dealing with labor's role in the turbulent dispute over Negro rights in the south. The startling details, never publicly disclosed before now, bring into the open an aspect of the problem that has come as a sharp surprise to observers in and out of labor.)

An extremely secret investigation of the White Citizens Councils' activities has recently been completed by one of labor's most respected southern experts — and he has turned in a report stating flatly that the AFL-CIO is in considerable danger of being wiped out in the south.

The report also asserts that southern labor is not only active in the councils but that officials of many powerful unions lead them, sit on their executive boards and are responsible for some of the riots and other turbulence which have marked the racial crisis.

There is the blunt charge that there never would have been a long Negro boycott of the Montgomery, Ala., bus lines — the spark which lit the racial fuse—if the AFL-CIO bus drivers' union had not prevented a settlement.

The seven-page memorandum, prepared by the AFL-CIO's Agricultural Workers Union leader, H. L. Mitchell, discloses that over 250,000 union members follow the councils — and that they are ready to join in an all-white Southern Federation of Labor.

National labor leaders and friends of the AFL - CIO were electrified by the report, for its objectivity can't be disputed. Mitchell is of the old school of labor leaders who have sacrificed lives and careers to build a labor movement, many times going hungry and often living in great physical danger because of their devotion to unionism.

Membership Stirred

The report, completed March 12, states that informed national labor leaders told Mitchell that "they never have seen the membership of the local unions so stirred over any issue as they



have been by the racial crisis in the South."

"While I have found no evidence of the actual organization of an independent union movement, there is widespread talk of the formation of a Southern Federation of Labor based on segregation," Mitchell revealed.

"Several local unions have already adopted resolutions to disaffiliate with AFL - CIO nationally . . .

"The situation is made to order for a resourceful organizer with trade union experience to take the initiative and tie together the trade union element already represented in the fast-growing White Citizens Council movement in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina and Tennessee."

Mitchell states that "the center of this disturbance is at present in Alabama."

"The trade union movememt will be set back five to 10 years by this crisis," he warned his colleagues.

"If and when an independent union movement based on segregation is launched, it will attract practically all of the white union membership. Without the leadership of the whites, the Negro members will fall away." . . .

Mitchell substantiates his statements with specific instances such as follows:

Writing about the dramatic bus boycott in Montgomery — for which Negro leaders have just been tried — he said:

"In Montgomery the three months old bus boycott was due in large part to the role of the local bus drivers union . . . Disinterested parties who interviewed both the local manager and top officials of the National City Lines in Chicago say the issue could have been settled on the basis of the original demands of the Negro bus patrons if it had not been for the attitude of the local union . . . Threat of a work stoppage by the bus drivers in the case of disciplinary action by the company was the excuse given."

'Phone Workers' Resolution

Mitchell then reports that a telephone workers local of the Communications Workers of America was among the first to adopt a resolution for disaffiliation from the AFL-CIO — and included in the proceedings a demand that the Negroes be forced to ride the buses. Representatives of the mother union, the CWA, were almost heaved physically from the union hall when they defended the civil rights position of the AFL-CIO.

Another union — a 1,200 member Oil and Chemical Workers affiliate — voted to bolt the AFL-CIO. In Montgomery County itself four of the seven men on the White Citizens Council executive board are reported to be union members, Mitchell says. He also gives credence to reports that the rioting at the University of Alabama was "organized and led by union members from nearby rubber, paper and steel plants."

In Georgia, Mitchell writes union leaders throughout the state are reported to be joining the bandwagon for Herman Talmadge for election to the U. S. Senate seat now held by Walter George.

The national labor leaders have an "Operation Dixie" on their hands — but not the one they planned.

(Copyright, 1956.)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 1:6-8

The book of Acts is the first chapter of Church History. Beginning tomorrow, the Sunday schools which follow the International series of lessons will be studying this book for a period of three months. Naturally, the Christian Church came into existence because of the sufferings, death, and Resurrection of Jesus, which have occupied our attention throughout the month of March. Luke has given us two volumes, his Gospel covering the life of Jesus, culminating in His death and Resurrection, and the book of Acts, both volumes dedicated to his friend Theophilus, whose name means 'a lover of God.' Teachers of this quarter's lessons should notice that verse 8 of chapter 1 gives us Jesus' program for the Church in these words: 'Ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth,' an everwidening series of concentric circles, geographically speaking. The word witnesses in this verse is the key-word of the book. Every Christian is called to be a witness for his Saviour and Lord, which will be effective if it is accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, bestowed on the Church in 2:33.

Edgar A. Guest

ALIVE

Out of the earth the violets creep,
Out of the ground the tulips rise.
All winter long the roses sleep
But April calls them to open their eyes.

Like us, they'll stretch and loudly yawn
And maybe think it is much too soon,
But they will be at their tasks at dawn
And work to the end of the afternoon.

The flowers speak only with blossoms gay
And only with leaves the elm tree sings.
But no matter what anyone else may say
These born of earth are living things.

(Copyright, 1956)

Horoscope

A year of good, steady progress is indicated for you. Today's child may be a profound thinker, possibly endowed with medical ability.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE LIBBY WOR GABUTTA:

Sei lebdawg hut die Libby Ebert fon da Hynemansville gagend aryer g'such'd fer ebbes os wie sie doh da onner dawg g'sucht hut, fer ihrra ferlorra flash licht. 'S wor doh wies so shnae kotta hut —die Libby un ihra dochter Marie shoffa in Kutztown, un gaina uf un ob mit da mashine.

Wel aenicha waig, 's wor arrick glot on fiel bletz, un die Libby huts hartz net kot fer gae unna ketta. Noh, so os yoh moryets ken 'tzeit ferlorra gang'd, is sie owets nous mit 'm flash licht fer die ketta druf duh. Wie sie fartich wor, hut sie 's flash licht hinna uf der bumber galaig'd — un sel wors ledsh os sie may ons licht gadenk'd hut bis sie un die Marie da naghsh da morya ready worra fer noch da arwet gae.

'S wor sel tzeit noch moryets dunkle wie sie fert sin, un die Libby hut die Marie g'frok'd woh sie 's flash licht onna het. Die Marie hut druf g'shtonna sie wist nix fom licht, un die Libby is nei ins hous un hut bol allas sunnersht saversht gamocht, uns licht yusht net finna kenna. Noh is es ra ei kumma sie hets owets uf der fender fon da mashine galaig'd, ow'r 's wor aw naryads darta tzu finna, noh hut sie 'n maining grick'd der hund hets ferleicht fert g'shlaift.

Sis kayose wie die hund gawainlich nei kumma fer die schnitz won ebbes ferloora gait is — fermuthlich weil sie net shwetza kenna. Ow'r 's wor tzeit fer noch da arwet gae, un die Libby un die Marie sin gonga, uns hais'd die Libby wear fer drei dawg brutzich rum galoffa weil 's flash licht ferlorra wor, uns hens net finna kenna.

Drei dawg danoh, owets uf 'm hame waig, is 'n mashine na noh kumma un huts aller arrickshd gablosa. Die Libby hut etlicha socha g'sawt os ferleicht net tzu gute gucka dada in shwartz un weiss. Endlich is die mashine nava har g'fohrra wie won sie fohr fohrra wot, un der fuhrmon hut gawunka, un sie hen g'shtopt. Noh hut er gawunnert wos die uhrsoch wear os sie 'n flash licht hinna uf 'm bumber leia hetta — het gadenk'd 's maich'd runner falla, un fersel gabroviert fer sie shtoppa.

Noh wie die Libby gaguck'd hut, shure ganunk darta wor ihrra ferlorra flash licht, un woh sie 's gons hous ous g'such'd hut kot dafor, fon kaller bis nuf uf der garret. Sie kon alla weil noch net fershtae os es licht net fom bumber g'falla is, un des da wenicher os sie hoert dafon, des da liever is es ra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Drei Grundsow lodges sin om kumma den mohnet. Da 13d fersomm'ld lodge nummer Ochta sich on Snyders; der 19d die nei lodge nummer tzaea in Shtroudsbarrick; un da 26d, lodge nummer siva, in Greenlane.

ZWIWWLE

Aafangs in der Friehyaahrszeit
Saagt mei Aldi alsemol:
Raar iss unser Ess-sach heit,
Weess net was ich koche soll."
"Zwiwwle mach mer!"—kreisch ich noh—
"Brau gebrode odder roh."

Yunge Zwiwwle zaart um weiss
Gehne gut mit Butterbrot;
Alde aa sin gudi Schpeiss,
Meegge weiss sei odder rot.
Kann sie esse eenicher Weeg—
Baddich mit me gude Schteek.

Iss dei Lewwer gans aus Fix?
Schtuhlgang gaar net reggelmeesich?
Helft die Dokterei dir nix?
Helfe kann ich dir, des weess ich:—
Zwiwwle, Zwiwwle fer dei Klaag
Musscht du esse alle Daag!

KAERRICH HOF

En Kaerrich Hof iss net yuscht der Blatz, wu die Kaerrich hiegebaut iss. O nee! Im Kaerrich Hof sin en Latt dode Leit vergraawe, ass als datt in die Kaerrich gange sin. Ya, uffem Kaerrich Hof leie unser geliebte Dode in der Siesse Ruh.

In Barricks Kaunty un drum rum hen die Leit als Gschpass gemacht iwwer die Ludderische un die Reffermierte. Die hen die Kaerrich middes in der Kaerrich Hof gebaut. Sie hen als gsaat, oft waer die Kaerrich graad so dod, ass wie die wu datt vergraawe sin. Sell iss die mensch Zeit net waahr.

Ich hab en Gschpassiches gheert doyetz vumme Kaerrich Hof im alde Land. Es waar en hoche Mauer um der Kaerrich Hof rum. Es iss yuscht ee Dier darrich die Mauer nei gange un die waar immer gschlosse.

Es waar en Kaart uff der Dier un datt waar druff gedruckt, "Der Schlissel fer der Kaerrich Hof iss driwwe am Wattshaus." Sell laut gschpassich, awwer es iss gewisslich waar.

Was mer einemmt aus der schwaze Boddel am Wattshaus, schliesst eem oft die Dier am Kaerrich Hof uff. Wann mer zu viel Bolinki, wie die Schlovacke saagge, in seinre Haut hot, meent mer en klee Loch waer grooss genunk fer darrich faahre mit seim Auto. Noh browiert mer des zu duh, un finnt net aus, bis es zu schpot iss, ass es Loch zu klee waar.

Noh kehre sie eem sei Schtickер zamme, duhne sie in en Box, schliesse die Kaerrich Hof Dier uff, un datt bleibt mer noh. Ebmols gritzle sie uff der Schtee owwe an eem sei Kopp:

Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who always had the right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he had been wrong.

In unserm Pennsylveeni Deitsch deet mer saagge:

Do rugt der aarem Bill Jay,
Er hot gemeent, er hett right of way;,
Er waar schur er waer recht, frieh un schpod,
Nau leit er do schtee-racke-dod.

Wann mer saufe will, sett mer laafe odder faahre uff re Taxicab. Wann mer faahre will mit seim Schtudebaker, wie ich gleich zu duh, sett mer nix drinke, ass wie Kaffi odder Wasser odder Millich. Noh watt eem die Kaerrich Hof Dier net so gaun uffgschlosse.

Es waar en wunnerbaarer kalder Daag middes im Winter. Ich waar selli Zeit en junger Parre. Mir hen en Mann vergraawe uff der Kaerrich Hof.

Der Kaerrich Hof waar hoch drowwe uff me Hiwwel. Der Wind iss vum Nord Pole rei kumme un hot geblose wie all nix Gudes. Es hot mich so arrig gfrore, ich hab gans iwwer geziddert.

Paar Daag dernoch hawwich gschwetzt mit paar Kalls vun meinre Erfaahring uffem Kaerrich Hof drowwe uffem Hiwwel, uff der keltscht Daag im Winder.

Dann frogt mich eener vun meine Freind, "Parre, ferwas hen sie all die Kaerrich Heef uff die Hiwwel, wu es so kalt iss im Winder?" Well, ich hab graad gebisse un hab gsaat, "Des hot mich aa schunn gewunnert. Fer was sin all die Kaerrich Heef drowwe uff de Hiwwel? Noh hot mei Freind gans sanft gsaat, "Ich glaab, ass die Kaerrich Heef datt drowwe sin fer die dode Leit druff vergraawe." Noh hawwich mich widder in die Klemm gewwe ghatt. Ich hab moll gemeent, ich wett naus hinner der Schopp un mich selwer kicke.

Net weit vun Schteitze hen die Schlovacke en Kaerrich Hof aagfange. En Mann un sei Fraa sin do draa verbei gfaahre. Dann frogt sie ihn, "Pitt, was farriche Leit vergraawe sie uff seller Kaerrich Hof?" Er hot gsaat, "Schlovacke." Sie hot noh bissel gschmunselt un hot gsaat, "Ich hab gemeent, sie deede yuscht dode druff vergraawe."

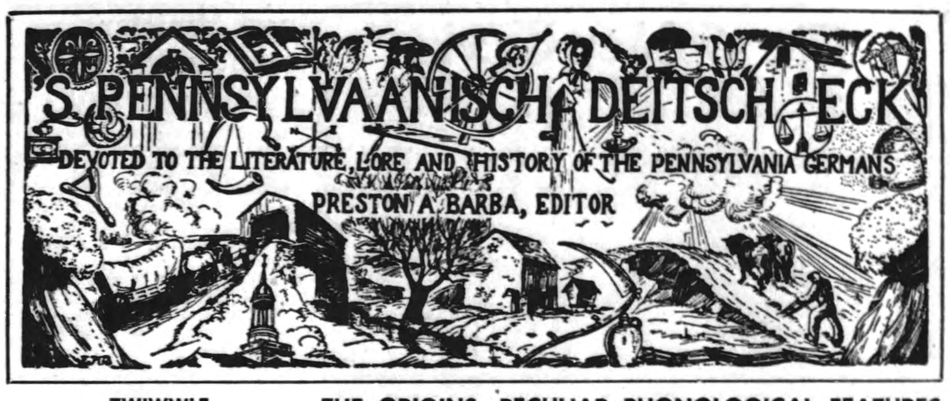
An daere Zeit denk ich noch an en Kaerrich Hof im alde Land. Es waar en Mauer drum rum. Die Leit hen Rent bezaahle misse fer ihre Graewer. Wann ken Rent meh eikumme iss, hen sie die Knoche raus gegraawe un hen sie in en klee Heisel graad inseit der Mauer.

Ee Nacht hen zwee Schpitzbuwe en Latt Walniss gschtohle. Sie sin in der Kaerrich Hof fer ihre Walniss verdeele. Sie hen gsaat, "Des iss mei, sell iss dei."

Der Parre hot net schlofe kenne. Er hot en Beeser Fuuss ghatt. Er iss uffgschtanne un um der Kaerrich Hof rum geloffe. Out-seit am Knoche Haus hot er ebbes gheert. Es hot gelaut, ass wann die Knoche am Rabbele waere. Noh heert er die Walniss Dieb am Abzeehle, "Des iss mei, sell iss dei."

"Gott im Himmel," saagt der Parre, "Des iss der yingschte Daag un Gott un der Deiwel sin die Dode am Ausdeele." Er hot sei Beeser Fuuss vergesse, iss nei ins Parre Haus gschprunge, ins Bett geschtumpt un sich iwwer Kopp un Ohre zugedeckt. Awwer des sin nau genunk Kaerrich Hof Schtories.

—Verzeehlt vum Kaschpar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News



THE ORIGINS, PECULIAR PHONOLOGICAL FEATURES AND CURIOUS CONNOTATIONS OF CERTAIN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WORDS, PART VI

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

FENSEMAUS

When the early German settlers from the Rhenish Palatinate and other sections of Middle and South Germany first settled in Pennsylvania they met many new objects and concepts for which they had no words in their dialects. Whenever this occurred, i.e. whenever they needed a word to indicate the new object or concept, they generally did one of the following three things:

1. They borrowed the word which their English - speaking neighbors used for this new object or concept and subjected the loan word to the phonemic and morphologic patterns of their native words; or, as the layman might express it, they "Dutchified" the words.

2. If StG (Standard German) had a word for an object or concept which was very similar to the new object or concept, they borrowed the StG word and subjected it to the phonemic and morphologic patterns of the native words.

3. They made up a new word to describe the new object or concept, either by compounding two or more simple words which they already had in their dialects or by compounding an English loan word with a dialect word.

Fensemaus, the P G(Pennsylvania German) word for "chipmunk," is an illustration of the latter process.

The chipmunk is a native of North America and is not to be found in Europe. Consequently, when the early German immigrants came to Pennsylvania they saw the chipmunk for the first time. This new animal must have reminded them of a mouse, and they must have observed also that it liked to live in stone walls and fences. For this reason, therefore, they called it "en Fensemaus," which is a compound of the English loan word "fence" plus the German word "Maus."

Some of the later German immigrants who settled in other sections of the United States thought of the chipmunk as a "ground squirrel," and therefore use the terms **Grundeichhorn** or **Grundeichhoernchen** (compounds of StG **Grund,** meaning "ground," and StG **Eichhorn** or **Eichhoernchen,** meaning "squirrel") or the shortened form **Grundeiche** in referring to the "chipmunk."

FLEDDERMAUS and SCHPECKMAUS

The regular PG word for "butterfly" is **Fleddermaus,** but StG **Fledermaus,** which is the etymological equivalent of PG **Fleddermaus,** means "bat." The PG word for "bat" is **Schpeckmaus.**

A large variety of terms have been used in the past throughout the various sections of Germany to designate the "butterfly," e.g. **Falter, Zweifalter, Maienvogel, Sommervogel, Tagvogel, Bienenvogel, Muellermaler, Fledermaus, Buttervogel, Butterfliege, Molkendieb,** etc. (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch,** IX, 1047). The East Middle German form **Schmetterling,** however, has now become fairly standard for modern German.

In the various Middle and South German dialects spoken today in the sections from which the majority of the early German settlers in Pennsylvania came one also finds a variety of terms used to designate the "butterfly." In the Rhenish Palatinate, for example, one hears the forms **Fletchermaus, Schmedderling, Fleddermaus,** and **Flerermaus. Fletchermaus** and **Schmedderling** are the forms used most frequently in the Westrich (i.e. the Western half of the Rhenish Palatinate); **Fleddermaus** occurs mostly in the Vorderpfalz (the Eastern half of the Rhenish Palatinate); and **Flerermaus** is used most frequently by members of the younger generation. This shift of the **d** to **r** is a rather recent development in the RP (Rhenish Palatinate) dialects which occurred after the period of extensive Palatine immigration to Pennsylvania.

Some of the other Middle and South German dialects use **Fledermaus** for "butterfly" and "moth" and **Schpeckmaus** for "bat;" others use **Fledermaus** for both "butterfly" and "bat;" and a few use **Schpeckmaus** for both "butterfly" and "bat" (See Martin and Lienhart's **Woerterbuch der Elsaessischen Mundarten,** I, 725; **Badisches Woerterbuch,** Lieferung 14, 172; Fischer's **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch,** II, 1555 and V, 1498; **Schweizeriches Idiotikon,** IV, 478). Some of the Baden dialects, however, use the form **Schpeckfledermaus** for "bat" and **Nachtfledermaus** for "night moth."

It is surprising, in view of the large number of different terms used for "butterfly" in colloquial German and Middle and South German dialects, that we do not find more terms used to designate the "butterfly" in P.G

FAASNACHT

The regular PG word for "Shrove Tuesday" is **Faasnacht** (Middle High German **vastnaht,** StG **Fastnacht**). Already in Middle High German the form **vasnaht** (without the t) appeared occasionally alongside of **vastnaht,** and the forms **Fasnacht** and **Fassnacht** have continued in use in various Middle and South German dialects down to modern times. **Fassnacht** is the prevailing form in the RP, Alsation, Swabian, and Swiss dialects (See Grimm's **Deutsches Woerterbuch,** III, 1354).

GACKI and GACKSE

Gacki is a PG word for "egg," frequently used by children or also by adults when speaking to children. This is an onomatopoetic word, imitating the sound made by the hen when she lays an egg. It occurs also in the RP and Swiss dialects (See Ernst Christmann's **Der Lautbestand des Rheinfraenkischen,** pp. 69, 72 and the **Schweizerisches Idiotikon,** II, 167).

The PG verb **gackse,** meaning "to cackle" or "to chatter," like the noun above, is also an onomatopoetic formation with the stem **gack,** the sound made by the laying hen, and the suffix **-se.**

In PG, as in the RP dialects, the suffix **-se** (Old High German **-azen,** Middle High German **-ezen**) is a very productive suffix and is frequently added to the stem of verbs to express the idea of iteration, i.e. the idea of the frequent occurrence and repetition of an activity, e.g. PG **drobse,** meaning "to drip or to fall in drops;" **fitze,** meaning "to whip;" **hubse,** meaning "to hop or jump;" **gauze,** meaning "to bark."

Gackse is also a common form in the RP and Swabian dialects (See Ernst Christmann, **op. cit.,** pp. 69, 72 and the **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch,** III, 11) and in the Saar and areas adjoining the Saar (See Joseph Mueller's **Rheinisches Woerterbuch,** II, 970).

GAUZE and BLAFFE

Gauze and **blaffe** are the two forms used in the various sections of the PG area for the verb "to bark." In my investigation of the linguistic variants in PG as it is spoken today in the various sections of Pennsylvania (See Volume XIII of **The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society**) I discovered that **gauze** is the form used most frequently in all of the PG sections except in Lehigh, Monroe, Montgomery, and Northampton counties, where the form **blaffe** seems to be preferred.

The form **gauze** is also used more widely than **blaffe** in other Middle and South German dialects. **Gauze** is especially common in the Swabian and Swiss dialects (See **Deutsches Woerterbuch,** IV, 1593); **Schwaebisches Woerterbuch,** III, 110; **Schweizerisches Idiotikon,** II, 561).

SCHPELL

The StG word for "pin" is **Stecknadel,** a compound of the stem of the verb **stecken,** which means "to stick" or "to prick," and **Nadel,** the StG word for "needle." PG also has the verb **schtecke,** meaning "to stick" or "to prick," and the regular word for "needle" in PG is **Nodel.** One might expect, therefore, that the word for "pin" in PG would be **Schtecknodel** — and this is the regular word for "pin" in RP and other Middle and South German dialects — but PG, for some reason or other which I am unable to explain, always uses the form **Schpell.**

The form **Schpell** can be traced back as far as Old High German, where we find the forms **spinnala, spinala, spinnila, spinnela, spinela, spenala** and also the assimilated forms **spilla** and **spella,** meaning "peg" or "pin" or "splinter" or "spindel." The form **spilla** has come down as **spille** or **spill** and is used today in the Low German dialects and in Dutch (i.e. Holland Dutch). In fact, the colloquial English word "spill," which was formerly used for the old-time pipe-lighters made of a small roll of paper and also for a peg or pin for plugging a hole, is a loan word from Low German and Dutch (See Friedrich Kluge and Alfred Goetze, **Etymologisches Woerterbuch der deutschen Sprache,** 15th ed., Berlin, 1951, p. 743 and Grimm, **Deutsches Woerterbuch,** X, 2482). The Pennsylvania Germans, at least those living in the Mahantongo area, called this old-time pipe-lighter "en Schwipp," a word used in Middle and Low German dialects for a "switch" or "whip" (See **Deutsches Woerterbuch,** IX, 2713). The StG word for "spill" is **Fidibus,** a Latin loan word originating from German student slang.

The form **Schpelle** for "pin" does occur sporadically in present-day Swiss dialects (See **Schweizerisches Idiotikon,** X, 115), and it is possible that it may have been a more common form at the time when the early German and Swiss immigrants settled in Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, it is surprising that **Schpell** rather than **Schtecknodel** should be the regular word for "pin" in PG.

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Will Hungary Apologize?

From all parts of the Communist world come echoes of the speech which Party Secretary Khrushchev delivered to the central body several weeks ago and in which he and the party repudiated Josef Stalin and attributed to the dead man all the horrors and crimes on which the power of the Communist Party in Russia has been built.

The Reds now have told the world what the world long since has heard and believed, namely that millions of persons were either liquidated at Stalin's orders by the secret police or were sent to slave labor camps in distant parts of Asia. Stalin is revealed as a tyrant comparable with Genghis Khan and Hitler.

Now that this bloodshed in Russia has been admitted by men who either were part of the conspiracy or who were too afraid to talk about it, there is encouragement to the leaders in the satellite countries to utter their "peccavis." It is getting to be the fashion in the Communist countries to be confessing sins, even tho the confessions should make men blanch with shame.

One of the latest confessions is that which has come from Hungary. In that country seven years ago, the foreign minister, Laszlo Rajk, and four governmental associates were hanged. The Government frankly made announcement of the executions.

Of course such hangings would have been regarded in the United States as a matter of Hungary's internal affairs, something in which Americans had no concern. But with announcement of the hangings came the report that the five men had been executed for plotting with the United States and Yugoslavia for the overthrow of the Hungarian regime.

In effect, the United States was one of the defendants in the trial of Rajk and his associates. In effect also the United States was adjudged guilty when Rajk was convicted.

Now Hungary suddenly has discovered, after almost seven years, that Rajk and his friends were innocent, that they were railroaded to the gallows by false testimony. Now their names have been cleared and their reputations are to be rehabilitated.

Hungary has confessed that murder was committed in these five cases and that an atrocious lie was told to bring it about. In effect Hungary now is apologizing to dead men who must little care about anything that is done to or for them.

But will Hungary apologize to the United States which was slandered thruout the Rajk trial and which, under the trumped up verdict, stood convicted along with Rajk? A safe guess is that there will not be so much as whispered regrets, let alone official apology.

Future in Sciences' Hands

On the eve of the 10th annual Lehigh Valley Science Fair it is pertinent to note the answer which has been given in the schools of this area during a decade to the demand by national defense for a vast increase in the number of boys and girls who are taking up education in science.

This increase is deemed not merely desirable but absolutely vital to the future of America because of the extraordinary emphasis which Russia is reported to be putting on technological education and training.

If the United States and her people require competition, Russia is giving it to us. But the fact is that without such competition, America's own experience, especially during the past fifty years, has shown that technology not only is changing the nature of people's work but also the nature of our work force. Some knowledge of science is required of almost every one, whether in industry, business or the running of a home.

At a recent meeting of the National Science Teachers' Association, Samuel Lenher, adviser on research for the Du Pont Co., pointed out that "each breach in the scientific frontier suggests new avenues of exploration." More than ever before, Mr. Lenher believes that "the future is in the hands of men and women who have scientific knowledge and training." Accordingly the science teachers of America "stand in the front line of the forces which must give it attention."

Next week at the 10th annual Science Fair the people of this Valley well may give their high praise to the science teachers. They are back of the more than three thousand young people who competed in local fairs during recent weeks. They are back of the more than eight hundred young scientists who will be represented in the all Lehigh Valley show.

If Bandit Will Tell

Death of one bandit and serious injury to another in encounter with Reading police early on Thursday morning has served to clear up other holdups in this area, and may lead to even wider expose of the operations of this pair of confirmed local criminals.

The problem of the "repeater" in crime, as constantly faced by the police, is pointed up in the careers of Erbor Worseck and James W. Redline. Worseck is dead and so his career in daring and violence has been closed. Redline, with a record of police escapades almost as great in number as those of Worseck but with less variety and color, has at least been halted for a considerable time, unless he too should die as the result of police-inflicted wounds.

This entire section of the state can breathe a lot easier now that this pair of daring and resourceful bandits has ended its far - ranging activities.

But the investigation of their activities will continue. The police will want to know all the instances in which these probably dope - crazed criminals committed holdups and concomitant crimes. Especially they will want to know where this pair secured the large quantity of heroin that was found in their car at the scene of the Reading holdup. They will want to know whether this possession of a powerful opiate indicates operation of a continuing ring of narcotics agents in this section.

Worseck is dead and cannot talk. But Redline, alive, probably has the answer to a lot of mysteries that have been bothering the police not alone in Allentown but in many cities and towns thruout this area.

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.

Injustice to Tamaqua Officials

Editor, Morning Call
Allentown, Pa.
Dear Sir:

At the regular meeting of town council, Borough of Tamaqua, held Tuesday, April 10, exception was taken to the article appearing in your paper April 3, concerning the fire at the Hadesty Hardware Co. property in Tamaqua in which it was stated in effect "borough officials were so pleased with the work of the firemen that they ordered beer and lunch served at the respective firehouses after the fire."

The refreshments served after the fire were provided by the Hadesty Hardware Co. Town Council nor any other borough officials had anything to do with this matter, inasmuch as it would be an illegal use of borough funds to provide for anything of the kind. The councilmen and officials were subject to a great deal of criticism when this article appeared. While your paper does not have a too great circulation in the town (Tamaqua) it was sufficient to spread the report around.

At the meeting a motion was passed directing me to write to you and ask for a retraction of this article.

Samuel Radcliffe
Secretary
Borough of Tamaqua

Editor's note: Our apologies to Tamaqua Council and borough officials for undeserved criticism aimed at them as a result of The Morning Call's incorrect report which appeared in more than 700 newspapers delivered to homes in Tamaqua.)

Horoscope

This day's aspects are very encouraging. Those engaged in creative pursuits should be able to capitalize on original and imaginative ideas and those whose interests for the day will be centered on the social will find that a spirit of congeniality prevails.

Mud, Sweat and Tears



Union Battles Mobsters

By VICTOR RIESEL

(This column has been prepared by Victor Riesel's staff following a bedside conference with the stricken columnist).

Will the leaders of American labor catch up to the rank-and-file in the fight against mobsters and racketeers in unions?

If they want to, they'll have to move pretty fast now, for in city after city outraged union members are making it known in no uncertain terms that the attack on Victor Riesel by a hired acid-thrower was the last straw.

Within a few hours of the assault on Riesel, a telegram reached St. Clare's Hospital signed by every one of the dining room employes at Lindy's Restaurant, where the columnist had stopped for coffee minutes before his assailant splashed him with sulphuric acid. The Lindy workers are all members of a decent union. And they told Vic they "are praying for his speedy recovery" of course, but that they want him to know how much they appreciate his courage, for they had to clean racketeers out of their union the hard way before decent elements took over. Dave Siegal, president of Dining Room Employes Union, Local 1, maintained a long vigil at the hospital, anxious to get some news about Riesel.

The bell-hops, elevator operators and maids in New York's big hotels, members of the Hotel Front Service Employes Union, Local 144, in addition to offering a reward of $1,000 have alerted all of their members in the city's hostelries to keep a sharp lookout for anyone answering the description of the assailant and to turn over to the police any leads they may hear about as they perform their duties. In effect, they have added 7,000 private eyes to the search for the fiend.

Rank-and-file committees from a score of unions have visited Riesel's staff to volunteer their services in any way deemed necessary.

And information by the bucketful is pouring into the office from outraged workers in unions blasted in the past by Riesel in his columns.

Perhaps the most dramatic fight by union members against corruption and intrenched bureaucracy is being made in Chicago by Pete Batalias and Bill Wilkens at the Operating Engineers Union convention. These are the two boys who were on the radio broadcast with Riesel



just prior to his attack. They have been leading the fight against the DeKoning Dynasty on Long Island which has handed down, from extortionist father to ham-fisted son, control of one of the key unions in the metropolitan area.

Their courage seems to be contagious and they have been joined by groups of Operating Engineers from other cities. From Chicago come reports now that Columbo Acchione, a delegate from Philadelphia, has stood the convention on its cauliflowered ear by introducing for the first time a stinging resolution condemning corruption, unethical practices and lack of democracy.

Acchione's resolution calls upon the Department of Justice to probe the pockets of corruption in this union and seek to safeguard the rights of the members, many of whom are denied votes by being put in a secondary membership class. In other cases, the international union has simply imposed trusteeships over dissident locals and refused to remove them even after the passage of many years.

The resolution of the embattled Philadelphian also lifts all current trusteeships and returns the unions to the members.

On a voice vote, the delegates, roared approval of this resolution. But the heavy - handed hierarchy of this outfit would have none of that. In the chair at the time the delegates passed the resolution was one Joe Delaney of New York, a long-time pal of the controlling clique. He called for a standing vote. The outcome was still uncertain. He called for a second standing vote and in the confusion declared the resolution defeated. The boos that followed this steamroll tactic shook the rafters of the convention hall. But the big-wigs upheld the results.

This won't end the fight in the Operating Engineers. Groups from California, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Oregon and Anchorage, Alaska, have flocked to the side of Batalias and Wilkens and pledged to keep the pressure on. They are even now, while under body-guard to prevent a Riesel-type attack on them, planning the formation of a coordinated, national reform group in this union.

Nor are they alone. Similar groups have been sparked in other unions and the rank-and-file is beginning to assert itself.

Vic Riesel, in his first dictated personal statement last week issued an appeal to union members that said, "Don't let the attack on me scare you. Keep the heat on."

They're not sacred, Vic. They are fighting. And maybe, as a result of their fight, the national leaders of labor will soon catch up with them and help in the war against the crooks.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Willie Say-Hey Mays' autobiography, "Born to Play Ball," really was written by Charlie Einstein, who dogged the center fielder's footsteps faithfully for weeks trying to assemble enough facts to justify a $3.50 book. The first draft completed, Einstein contacted Willie on the phone, where, according to the always-accurate Harvey Breit, the following conversation ensued:

EINSTEIN: "Hi, Willie, this is Charlie Einstein."

"Mays: "Who?"

"EINSTEIN: "Charlie Einstein. You know: the fellow who wrote the book."

MAYS: "What book?" CURTAIN.

A cagey shopper, determined to establish a quick reputation with a new butcher, said disarmingly, "I run a boarding house and I loathe serving second portions. I want you, therefore, to pick out the three toughest chickens you've got." The butcher happily carried out her instructions.

"That's fine," approved the shopper, pushing his selections to one side. "I'll take all the other ones."

Art Linkletter should have known better than to ask a kid on his program to tell him what a zither was. The kid smiled broadly and said "It's a part of your pants."

In uptown New York one disgruntled citizen enclosed a set of false teeth with his income tax return. "I won't need these," he explained. "You haven't left me enough money to eat on."

Edgar A. Guest

SIZE

Size no reason is to boast,
This is true of all.
Little men may do the most;
Big men may be small.

Worth is of the heart and hand,
Not of weight and size.
Little folks may understand
More than bulk unwise.

Life is time just racing by,
Filled with many needs.
Littleness may hear a cry
Bigness never heeds.

(Copyright 1956)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE WOL IS G'FLOGA: Doh net long tzurick owets wors gute im Micky's Tavern, Pleasant Valley, wie ainer fom fendu groyer Hennie Hottle seina boova —glawb 's wor der Willie, ainer g'shora hut mit 'm kee klipper. 'S wor 'n kerl os dart rum in ra garage shoft, un woh gaduh hut wie won er ken tzeit het fer gae sicha shairra lossa. Die hoar hen 'm gons iwwer idie oxla nunner k'honka — aenicha waig der Hottle wor bong, er kaimt mohl in dumhata dadarrich — dade sie ferleitcht ins flyrawd fon ra inshein griega os er fixa wot, un dade ei beesa.

Allas os der kerl sawga hut breicha wor, er dade wotta er wear g'shorra, un der Hottle is ob wos bishda wos hoshda, un wor imma auga blick tzurick mit ma leicktrick kee klipper. Glei is die wol g'floga, un er hut so 'n guter chob gamocht os noch ainer darta gawunnert hut, eb er net ihn ferleicht aw shairra wot. Sie hen der shtuhl in da mid fon da bar shtub kot, un glei is die wol aw darta g'floga. Yusht in blotz fon der tzwet shairra wie er der airsht hut, is er ae mohl denna waig iwwer der kup nous mit 'm glibber, un noch widder onnisher. Wie er 'n gahairich ferkrutzt hut kot, hut er 'n shpringa lossa, un denk 's fergait 'n gutie lang bis seler kere mohl widder kumt fer 'n Hottle hairkut.

WOS 'N DRAHM: M'r wolla wetta os der Ramen Acker fon Fogelsville aw fer 'n gutie lang net fergess'd don er gadrahmt hut fon lickorish. Wos wer gessa hut kot eb er ins bed is wissa m'r net — sei Lizzie hut so gore nix ous g'funna dafon bis sie moryets wocker werra is, un er hut g'sawt, "dunnerhawkle, my tzae."

Der Ramen hut gadrahmt er het 'n gross shtick lickorish, un woh er ferbracha hut wolla mit da hand. Un er huts aw ferbrocha, yusht in blotz fon lickorish howwa wie er gamaint hut os er het, miner sivatzae won er sei folsh gabiss net in da mid darrich gabrocha hut, un hut ae helft dafon fershteck'ld kot unnich 'm kuppa kissa.

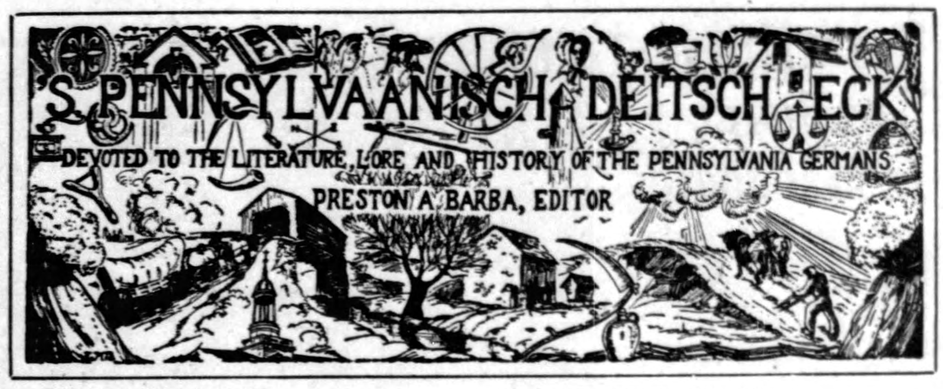
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R DER — Shtoremon Harry Weirbach fon Pleasant Valley weart der same shtrow hute summers un winders shun fer die ledshda 35 yohr.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 4:13-20

It may be helpful to all who are interested in the Sunday school lessons to spend a few minutes on the one for tomorrow. It concerns the courage of the early Christians. When Jesus was born into our world, He had to face the opposition of Satan, even as a babe. So also with the beginnings of the Christian Church, for Satan sought to stamp it out with violence. The story of Acts, the first chapter of Church History as we have said, is the record of numerous addresses and sermons, proclaiming salvation through Christ and deliverance from the power of the evil one. Five words will give us an outline of the book. PREACHING in the POWER of the Holy Spirit; this was always met with PERSECUTION, to which the Church responded with PRAYER. But with a holy boldness they continued with PERSISTENCE in the face of persecution, counting it all joy to be permitted to suffer for their Saviour. This astonished the authorities, v. 13, when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, unschooled men, but they recognized that they had been with Jesus as their teacher and example.



ALLE SADDE WADDE

Ach, was hot's doch so viel Sadde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Waddel

Through the courtesy of Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach we have published in the ECK for today an account of a public sale, or **Vendue,** held 137 years ago. In 1819 the clerk still entered most of the items in High German. Among these items are many unusual words, forgotten by the younger generation. Perhaps some of our older readers will be able to define the following words and illustrate their usage. **—Please address your definitions to: Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.**

DIE SCHWING MUEHL
DER HOHL DECHSEL
DIE HANF BRECH
DER STEIN KEITEL
DIE SCHNELL WAAG
Der GARGEL REISSER
DER FARB REIBSTEIN
DER SCHOEPF KUEBEL
ES BAERRL FASZ

In the ECK for January 21 we offered the following unusual words: **es Wisse-hoi; g'haufdevoll; brooche** (a verb used in agriculture): **beim Gleene; belse; verklexe.**

We have received the following replies:

es Wisse-hoi—Mr. Leo von den Driesch (Allentown), with his knowledge of High German distinguishes between meadow hay and salty marsh hay and writes: "Wisse-hoi iss siess; Schwammhoi iss salzig." This is a distinction which the following do not make as applicable in the Pennsylvania German area. — Dr. A. D. Weaver (Macungie) writes: "Wisse-hoi iss Schwamm-hoi (meadow hay). Mir hen immer es Schwamm-hoi in en baddicher Baahre in die Scheier geduh fer die Kieh fiedere, weil des besseri Millich gebt." — Mr. H. Eugene Wright (Allentown) makes this interesting comment: "Being that I was brought up in Northampton County I find that some of our terms of the dialect differ from those used in Lehigh and Berks Counties. We knew the growth of grass-rowing in meadows and low-lands as **"Schwamm-hoi"** when it was mowed and dried. I would say that **Wisse-hoi** was hay that was the product of grass which grew in meadows and lowlands upon sod that was never plowed and cultivated year after year. This type of hay was considered a second grade and was rarely fed to horses. It was used mostly for fodder for the cattle. In those days farmers preferred farms that did have a meadow attached to it. As I said, I never heard of the term **wisse** for meadow until I came in contact with folks from Lehigh and Berks Counties."

G'haufdevoll — Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach (Royersford) points out: "It is the Pennsylvania German for **heaping full,** but in my locality (Lehigh) it is usually **g'heifdevoll."** —From Mr. Edwin E. Wisser: **"G'haufdevoll** or **g'heifdevoll** means the container is heaping full, like — Der Karreb iss g'haufdevoll gude Ebbel, or in the plural past — Die Karreb waare g'heifdevoll gude Ebbel — (The basket is (baskets were) full of good apples. — And Dr. A. D. Weaver writes: "Gehaufdevoll odder g'heifdevoll zu uns waar, wann mer gud Mos gewwe hot mit em Beck odder Halb-buschel von ebbes, odder eenich ebbes ass mer ausgemesse hot — uffg'heifelt ass nix meh druff gebliwwe iss."

Brooche — Raymond E. Hollenbach offers this informative comment: "This is the Pennsylvania German equivalent of the German **brache.** This word dates back to the days when there was no rotation of crops in agriculture. After raising two or three crops on a piece of acreage that piece of ground was allowed to lie idle for one year before raising another crop. The English equivalent is **fallow.** This custom was generally abandoned already in colonial times in America, although our German almanacs for many years retained a reminder of this custom in calling the month of June **der Brachmonat,** or the month to break or plow the fallow ground for the first time. The fallow ground was generally plowed twice, once in June and again late in the summer or early in the fall.—

Beim Gleene—Dr. A. D. Weaver writes in the dialect: "En Schprichwatt fer ausleegge wie ebbes verkaaft watt. Es meent net iwwerhaabt odder bei der Donn odder in Grossem. Es meent **retail.** — Leo von den Driesh illustrates: "Beim Gleene koscht die Farb meh als beim Grosse," or, it is cheaper wholesale than retail. —And Mr. Hollenbach: "This is a phrase meaning in small quantities and is used to denote that a thing is sold at retail as compared to **beim Grosse** or at wholesale.— and Mr. Kiebach: "In small amounts or to sell at retail. Example: Er dutt's beim Gleene verkaafe (He sells in small amounts)."

Belse is a verb (writes Mr. Hollenbach) meaning to beat or give a pounding by hitting repeatedly. The English equivalent is **to pelt** and there is a German verb, **pelzen,** meaning the same thing.

Verklexe — This verb would seem to have gone out of usage. It is found neither in James C. Lins' Common Sense Pennsylvania German Dictionary (1887) nor in the word lists of Harbaugh, Fischer and Rauch. But Lambert in his Pennsylvania German Dictionary enters both this verb and its related noun **der Klecks** as also occurring in High German. In German usage of today it is used most frequently in the sense of to smear, blot or daub as with ink. It is well illustrated by Mr. Von den Driesch in the sentence: "Kinner, die ihr Schulbicher mit Dinde verklexe, sin Schmierfinke."

A PUBLIC SALE IN 1819

THE spring of the year has for a long time been the traditional time for the "Public Vendue" among the Pennsylvania Germans. A look at the advertising columns of our newspapers quickly shows that there has been no decline in the popularity of this method of disposing of farm stock and household goods. There has however been a big change in the type of goods offered for sale. A look at a public sale one hundred and thirty-seven years ago may be of interest at this time when the vendues are in full swing again.

The sale to which we are going to take the reader in the column below is that of Allexander Zartmann, deceased. The time is May and June 1819 and the place is Elizabeth Township, Lancaster County.

This sale was an unusually large one and it took two days to dispose of all the goods. There were over 400 items or groups of items sold and the receipts totalled more than $750.00. This, of course, is a small amount in these days of the inflated dollar, but one must remember that while our money is still called "dollars and cents," its value is not the same. The prices given below are for comparative purposes only. One must remember that in those days a laborer got 50 cents for ten or twelve hours of labor. Today the minimum legal wage is $1.00 an hour. Therefore, if the reader wants to compare these prices with those of the present time he will have to multiply these prices by at least 20. For instance, there were sold a "Blantashn Wagen" and a "Strassen Wagen" for $25.00 and $99.00 respectively. A "Blantashn Wagen" was a farm wagon and a "Strassen Wagen" presumably what we now call a Conestoga wagon. Multiply these prices by 20 and you get $500 and $1980 which are high prices compared to almost any of our prices now.

Allexander Zartmann, beside being a small farmer, was also a cabinetmaker and a coffin maker. His little memorandum book contains the names of 227 persons whose coffins he made, and the prices, which ranged from $1.00 to $7.00. The list of items sold at this public sale is therefore unusually interesting because beside the usual farm and household goods, a large amount of various tools were sold. The list below are a few of the items sold and are only those of special interest. The spelling is exactly as it was written in 1819. Here is a chance for the oldtimer to test his knowledge of things in rural Pennsylvania almost 150 years ago.

Farm tools and implements

1 Grubhack	1.15
ein Pfosten eisen	1.30
1 Schleif stein	1.00
6 Heurechen	1.00
1 Heugabel	.50
2 Schaufeln	.30
2 Mist gabeln	.40
1 Mist hoken	.40
1 Schubkarg	2.90
Schwing Muehl	1.20
ein Hanf Brech	1.15
ein Flachsbrech	.80
Strohbanck	3.40
ein Jagdt Schlitten	5.00
ein Ege	3.80
ein Pflug	2.30
1 Pflug Wog	.14
1 Strohmesser	.16
1 Deutsche Sens	1.50
1 Deutsche Sens u. Warf	2.10
alte Sicheln	1.05
Stein Keitel	.13
Hanf Siepel	.19
Ein Frucht Reff	4.40
(another at $2.25)	
2 Schittel gabeln	.75
Klee saamen rechen	2.20

Farm Animals

Ein brauner Gaul	21.00
1 Ochs	7.50
1 Rind	8.00
1 Kuh	12.00
1 Schaafbock u. lamm	2.10
1 Fuellen 1 jahr alt	40.00

Things about the barn

1 parr Heuleitern mit zu gehoer	7.60
ein Brunnen Seil	.50
Brunnen Waltz	.30
Windmuehl	13.75
Halfter Kett (3 at 80 cents)	
Kueh Ketten (5 at 58 cents)	
ein Wagen Winn	3.00
ein Eisener Stempfel	.30
halb bushel	.14
1 Glamhocken	.16
ein Bienenkasten	.30
1 klein Fasz	.20
Baerrl Fasz (5 at various prices averaging 45 cents)	

Household goods

1 Trichter	.10
ein Kraut Hobel	1.50
1 kleiner Staender	.15
43 lbs. Flachs (sold in quantities of about 5 lbs. each at 32 cents per pound)	
9 lbs. Werg at 6 cents per lb.	
48 jart Tuch (sold in pieces of 2 to 5 years each at an average price of 30 cents per yard)	
Haspel	
Baumwolle rath und haspel	.75
1 Spinrad	2.00
ein Haus Uhr	23.00
Kaffe muehl	.10
Worst trichter u. leichter form	.28
12 Zinn Teller at 25 cents each	
Zinn Blatt (4 at 45 cents each)	
Zinn Schissel (2 at 50 cents each)	
ein Blechne Bax	.30
1 Woll Rad	3.05
1 Kuchen Blatt	.60
1 Pfann mit henck	.30
1 Dotsch ofen	1.70
1 Schoepf Kuebel	.10
ein Kist	2.90
ein Zwerg Sack	.04
5 lbs. Hopfen at 20 cents per lb.	
Tischtuecher (10 at various prices averaging 80 cents)	
Hand Tuecher (12 at various prices averaging 12 cents)	
ein Bett und Bettlad	16.00

Carpenter tools, Cooper tools, etc.

ein vor Plaen Hobel	1.45
ein Jack Blaen	.55
Hobel (12 at various prices 15 cents to $1.00)	
Hobel eisen	.10
1 falz Hobel	.80
1 hobelbanck Schraub	.70
1 fueg Hobel	.30
1 Winkel eisen	.26
ein Winkel holz	.45
Winkel Dreh	.190
Ein Schraub stock	2.00
Meisel (10 at prices 10 to 35 cents)	
Ein Hand Saeg	1.15
ein Rucken Saeg	1.10
Messern Saegen richter	.18
ein Breitbeil	3.90
ein Spaltmesser	.30
Hohl Dexel	.26
Gargel Reisser	.32
Reif Zang	.10
Kiefer Dexel	.65
ein rund Schneid messer	.12
Kumpf u. Wetstein	.09
ein Zwerg Axt	.70
ein Satlerbanck	.55
Beschlag stuhl mit geschirr	.75
ein bax mit schumacher geschirr	.25
Drehbanck mit allen zu gehoer	10.00
ein Spring stock	.45
ein Dreh rath	1.40
ein Blas Balg und Schmidt geschirr	45.00
Dreh geschirr	.11

Miscellaneous items

Eine Floete	.20
1 Flinte	13.00
1 Bichse	19.00
ein Gleichnisz	.40
1 Lieder Buch	.03
ein Desk	25.00
1 sack Uhr	9.00
1 Degen	2.00
ein Sattelbaeck	.55
Schnell waag	.60
Farb Muehl	3.00
Farb Reibstein	.50

—RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

DER DAADI RUFT

Drauss im Schdall in Neschder Baxe
Duhn die Hinkel lengscht schunn gaxe;
Kumm on, ihr Buwe, schafft eich raus,
Heit gehn mir iwwers Kannfeld naus.

'S iss Zeit far Melke. Fiedre aa,
Kumm on, ihr Buwe, schafft eich draa;
Der was duht sei End net hewe,
Kummt am Brekfescht Disch denewe.

Eens grick der tractor aus em Schopp,
Un geb aa acht, faahr net so gropp;
Noh schpann der Binder hinne fascht—
Des iss eich doch ken grossi Lascht.

Bill, du gehscht no'm Schdor far twine,
Un Hen, beguckscht die canvassline;
Sam, sehn iss alles gut ge-eehlt,
Loss yo ken Eel-loch geh verfehlt.

Ihr Kerls hen 's heitesdaags doch leicht,
'S iss waar — ihr wissen's net, veleicht;
Der Binder schneit un bindt die Scheeb
Un draagt sie zamme, gewiss ich leeb.

Nix zu duh wie shocks uffschdelle,
Des iss hardi Aerwet, gelle;
Un schaffen eich nur net kaputt,
Glei gebt's Maschien, wu des noch dutt.

Ihr wissen net was Aerwet iss,
'S iss nimmi wie's als waar, gewiss;
Noh waar gerufe ver Daggshell,
Mit Lutzer gschafft drauss in de Schdell.

Am Sunnuff iss mer sellmols naus,
Vor Daa waar drucke, waar mer draus;
En ganser Daag ums Feld gerefft,
Un oweds wedders mied vum Gschefft.

Noh gerecht un Scheeb gebunne,
Mannichmol waar'n Hend verschunne;
Mit wieschte Darne in de Frucht,
Un farrichterlich waar alsmol gflucht.

Noh die Scheeb noch zammedraage,
Des waar schwer, ich kann eich saage;
Ihr duhn heit an Aerwet lache,
Wu hot uns als grexe mache.

Dann ziegt aa die alde Scndiwwel,
Die Sunn iss schunn hoch iwwerm Himmel;
Kumm on, ihr Buwe, schafft eich raus,
Heit gehn mir iwwers Kannfeld naus.

—RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

New Records for Science Fair

When more than 21,000 persons attended the Science Fair a year ago it was thought by the educators and newspaper folks who had put on the show that a record, hard to beat in any future years, had been established.

But such is the interest of the people in this section of the state in this institution that during the past three days the 10th annual Fair attracted close to thirty thousand people.

Fortunately Muhlenberg's Memorial Hall is large and it was possible to take care of the vast number of young people and adults. There were, however, a few hours in the course of the three days when the pressure was very heavy and spectators had to be urged to move so that waiting crowds outside the exhibition hall could get into the building.

As has been noted daily in the press the Fair was a tremendous success in every way. Thousands of adults still are amazed at the exhibitions that especially arrested their attention. They deeply admire the young people who are able to think on scientific subjects and then with skillful hands put their thinking into tangible form.

In a society that is highly conscious of work - hours and what work-hours are worth in terms of dollars, there was general amazement at the evidence that many days, not merely a few hours, had been spent in building the exhibits.

Perhaps the greatest surprise was that of visitors from distant points to the Fair. There was Dr. Charles Boehm, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who was making his first visit to this community since his appointment and who had the highest praise for the exhibition. And there was the superintendent of Wilkes - Barre's schools and more than a dozen of his science teachers who came, saw and were conquered. It is almost assured that the coal city next year will have a Science Fair and that other cities, which sent large delegations of their educators, likewise will be encouraging their young people in the worth-while thinking, and work that go into the production of exhibits for a Science Fair.

The Lehigh Valley Science Fair is doing a splendid service for the thousands of local children who are encouraged to worthwhile thinking and work. By example it is also going to do a great deal for youth thruout the state.

Another Aid to Traffic

It is welcome news that the State Highways Department is planning to widen and resurface the two-mile stretch of highway known as Cedar Crest Boulevard, for such improvement will encourage a larger volume of traffic to by-pass some of Allentown's most heavily traveled streets.

There was a time when it was regarded as heresy to encourage almost any diversion of traffic. Merchants looked upon every passing car as one loaded with potential customers. Diversion meant loss of possible trade. Citizens in general looked upon moving traffic as something that confirmed the city's importance and their own especial importance.

Today, (and quite long since) it is realized that a large percentage of traffic has as its most important objective the attainment of a goal in the shortest possible time. Motorists and their parties are not looking at show windows and halting every few doors to make purchases. Motorists and their parties are eager to be on their way. If they can cut around cities they will do so and the cities lose nothing that they believe they might have gained. Motorists whose goal is a city shopping area will find their way to it no matter what the obstacles may be.

Cedar Crest Boulevard already carries much traffic from Emmaus and Dorneyville northwardly to Wennersville. It can be expected to handle even more when it is improved and becomes more attractive to motorists who want to save time and money and avoid the annoyances of movement over a big city's crowded streets.

Make Example of Vandals

Vandalism along the Lehigh Parkway during Wednesday night must prompt the Park Department to unusual vigilance. Example must be made of the mischief makers who not only destroy much public property but, in the Wednesday night incident, developed hazards to human life.

With a display of ingenuity that befitted a nobler task, these vandals built up a road barricade into which a motor car or cars might have crashed with resultant injury to its occupants. With an exertion of energy that would have been refused had it been demanded for some useful purpose, heavy railroad ties were torn out of the ground and carried a considerable distance, together with logs and branches.

If these miscreants are revealed it will be unfortunate that their punishment cannot be fitted to their crime for the fittest penalty would be to require them to remove every bit of their road block to the place from which it was removed and to be required to do it in the presence of their parents or families. Then after having removed all vestiges of what they probably regarded as a quite clever prank they should be required to do some constructive jobs in the Parkway, of which Superintendent Gackenbach has plenty. However the first phase of this proper penalty has been rendered impossible. In the interest of public safety the road blockade of course was removed immediately upon discovery.

Important it is that this offense be cleared up by the arrest and punishment of the vandals and that full publicity be given to the offenders' names and to their punishment.

Spring is coming on apace. While it has been said that "in the springtime the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love," the thoughts and actions of all too many young men seem to turn to revels and misbehavior in the parks during the night hours. Beer parties are followed by destruction of trees and shrubbery that at great cost have been planted and that for years have been carefully nurtured for the people's enjoyment.

A lot of vandalism can be expected in the parks during the spring and summer unless there will be the deterrent of swift capture of all such wrongdoers and that punishment severe, altho just, be accorded to them. Young hoodlums then will think twice or thrice before they smash public property.

A Holocaust Averted

A little over thirty years ago fire in the Lafayette Hotel took the lives of thirteen men, brought injury to many others and completely destroyed that venerable structure on 7th St. near Turner.

Fire in the Terrace Hotel early yesterday morning threatened a repetition of the Lafayette holocaust. While two men lost their lives, and some injury was sustained by others, almost fifty persons are safe today because spread of the flames quickly was halted.

Fire and smoke, producing asphyxiation, caused the high Lafayette loss. Smoke alone was responsible for the Terrace Hotel deaths.

This community is thankful that the fire was discovered so opportunely and that what at first seemed likely to be a repetition of the ~~1926 fire~~ was averted with reduced loss of life.

War Paint



Tax Cut Dilemma

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower soon will find himself up against another sign-or-veto dilemma, and this time it will affect everybody and not just farmers. The politicians will be offering bills to reduce taxes, and Mr. Eisenhower probably will veto any that are passed.

It's true there's a surplus coming in the federal budget for the fiscal year that ends June 30 next. It will be at least 2 billion dollars, instead of the forecast of about an eighth of that sum made last January in the President's message.

The treasury has experts who can estimate on the basis of the way installment payments are coming in just what the receipts will be by June 30. Hence it is pretty well assured now that there'll be a surplus of at least 2 billions on the so-called ordinary budget.

In fact the "cash" budget, which is merely a tally of money received as against money to be paid out during this fiscal year, will show more than 4 billion dollars surplus. The official forecast last January on the "cash" budget was about a fourth of that amount. All these estimates may turn out on the low side, as the treasury hasn't had a chance yet to total up the income - tax payments made on Monday of this week. There are indications that record totals soon will be announced.

With these favorable trends in the flow of money into Uncle Sam's pocketbook, the taxpayers will be asking, "Will there be a tax cut?" The politicians, particularly the Democrats, will be urging the passage of a law granting a tax reduction to persons of low income or even a percentage cut straight across-the-board.

On the surface, the figures would justify a tax cut, but to do so might actually be fiscally disadvantageous to the country. The Federal Reserve Board at the present time is trying to head off any more inflation and is restricting credit. Tax reduc-



tions are usually voted when business isn't good and when the country needs the stimulus of private spending. If anything were to be done on tax rates, precedent argues for increases instead of decreases. This was the doctrine supported under both the New Deal of Roosevelt and the Fair Deal of Truman.

Since it is the administration's program to keep prices stabilized and the purchasing power of the dollar from going downward, the President would most certainly veto any tax - reduction bill passed in such prosperous times as the present.

But what about the politicians? They will press their measures. In the past, when one party has been in control of Congress and the other party has had its man in the White House, the custom has been to pass measures in the Senate and House which the President was expected to veto, and the political hope was that the electorate would become irritated and vote against the party in power. These bills have always been called "pop-gun" measures because their sponsors never expected them to become law but merely wanted to embarrass the administration in power.

Mr. Eisenhower, therefore, will be up against some "pop-gun" tax bills pretty soon, and even some Republican members of the House and Senate will find it difficult to vote against them. This was also the case with the farm bill. But a presidential veto of tax legislation would be a bit harder to explain to the average man, and it would take more than one television appearance by the president to do it.

Anti-Cut Arguments

The arguments, of course, are powerful against using the surplus for tax reduction. For one thing, the public debt in recent years hasn't been reduced and it would be a healthy thing to apply the surplus against the debt. The dollar would grow stronger all over the world and the dangers of inflation would be considerably reduced.

The trouble with a tax-reduction law is that it would add to the spending power of the present boom, start a new round of wage increases and a corresponding rise in the prices of the articles of necessity which the farmer and the city worker have to buy. It would, indeed, put the brakes on prosperity and could cause a business recession. That's why a presidential veto would seem to be certain, though it may prove embarrassing for the Republican candidates to face the electorate with the responsibility fixed on them for refusing to reduce taxes.

It's an awkward dilemma from the political viewpoint, even though from the standpoint of sound economics there is only one side to it — to use the money for debt reduction.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 6:8-10.7:51-60.

Again we shall consider the Sunday school lesson for tomorrow, the story about Stephen one of the seven deacons (6:5) who were chosen to take care of the matter of the relief of the poor of the Jerusalem church. His name means a crown. But he was not satisfied merely to help in the physical aspect of church administration, for, full of faith and power, he did great miracles among the people, and also spoke in the synagogues concerning Jesus as the Messiah of Israel. This brought him into trouble. He was accused before the Sanhedrin by false testimony, and then permitted to make his defense (If any one has the word 'apology' at the top of his Bible page at chapter 7, cross it out and substitute the word defense; he apologized for nothing). After his long address (the 7th chapter is the longest in the book of Acts), accusing the people of having killed the prophets and Jesus, and of resisting the Holy Ghost, thus rejecting the three persons of the Trinity, he was taken and stoned, Saul (Paul, mentioned here for the first time) holding the clothes of those who were hurling the stones. As he was dying, he saw Jesus 'standing' at the right hand of God, as if He were welcoming him into the glory.

Edgar A. Guest

ALIBI

No use telling how or why,
It's enough to say I lost ,
He was better than was I;
He had all such victories cost.

He had strength to carry on.
I grew sooner tired than he.
He had hope when mine was gone.
Lack of those defeated me.

No excuse have I to make
When I found the going rough.
Did my best for vict'ry's sake.
Found it wasn't good enough.

Want to know the reason why?
Tell you briefly as I can.
Here's my only alibi:
He was much the better man.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

Gains should come to you in various ways in the year ahead. For the child born today some unexpected good fortune is suggested.

American Samoa consists of a group of islands just east of the International Date Line, 900 miles south of the Equator.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA GRUNDSOW LODGE NUMMER TZAEA: 'S hut widder 'n neiie Grundsow Lodge gewwa — un des so gore in Shtroudsbarrick. Sie is awenich weit nava drous om grons woh sie nimmy tzu fiel wissa fon unserra Pennsylfawnish, Deitscha mutter shproch — 's hut mainer dart os die shproch fershtaina, os wie sie shwetza kenna. Noh nadierlich worra 'm Dunnershdawg owet wie die Lodge sich fersomm'ld hut in da American Legion hamet, dale darta os gore ken Pennsylvawnish Deitsch fershtonna hen—un sellie sin net tzu long gabliva.

Die hinner kletz fon neia lodge wor der Dr. Floyd Shafer, un der Obadaker Harold Waidelich woh free'r doh in da shtadt dahame wor. Ungfare sex odder siva wocha tzurick hen m'r 'm glaenie fersommling kot im Dr. Shafer seinra offis uf da Sarah shtross, Shtroudsbarrick, un woh 's fundament galaig'd is werra fon da neia lodge. Un fon alla oussichda noh da onner owet, wors aw 'n gute fundament, un woh wenich iwwer 'm hunnerd tzomma gabrocht hut fer die lodge ei nemma.

Braidkeppicha farella mit wosser tzalawdt worra drump uf 'm fuder tzettle, mit allas shunshd dabei os es ganumma hut fer hungerricha grundsi sot feedra. Yaders hut aw 'n krutza peif grick'd fer shmoka, uns wor duwoch rum fer der shmoke fliega mocha. Der Porra Frank Blatt woh navich uns om dish k'huck'd htu, het ow'r in aim hoar sich fergoff'd un fom duwoch uf sei kasabrode, mit ra maining der duwock wear lodwarick.

Der Porra Frank Ruth fon Bernville wor der habt shwetzer un hut arrick gute gaduh. Der Dr. Bob Oplinger, Habtmon fon lodge nummer ains hut aw g'shwetzt, un so aw der Raymond Andrews fon Krazyville, Habtmon fon lodge nummer sexa un woh die lodge ferbunna hut in da airshda degree.

Mier wie gawainlich hen aw g'shoetzt. Der Porra Blatt huts dish gabait g'sawt — 's airsht mohl os er in ol seinra lavenstzeit Pennsylfawnish Deitsch gabait hut. Der Porra Bill Wunder huts ledshd gabait g'sawt, yusht eb die lodge g'shlossa is werra fer der owet.

Der Dr. Floyd Shafer is der habtmon; der Porra Blatt, un der Porra Wunder sin die schreiver; der Harold Waidelich is gelt haver, un der Jim Koppenhaver is der fudermaishder. 'S Rawd is uf gamocht fom Russell 'Kern, George Kostenbader, Victor Henning, Vernon Hanna, John Kunkle, Norman Gregory, Joseph Altemose, un der John Chamberlain.

Die ess shtub wor arrick shae mit wox lichter uf da dish, un die shpritzbommeronza worra ol farvich. Dale worra gail, dale gree, un onnerra blitza bloe. Un oh yar, wie aw ol die onnerra Grundsow lodges, hen sie 'n shainer program gadruck'd kot mit ma bild fon ra grundsow uf 'm ousa wenich deckle. Ol in ol wors 'n iwwerrouser shainer owet, uns wor ershtounlich fon woh os ol die grundsi bei gagrodd'ld worra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der hundsmon Tillie Oswald fon Neffs, un der geilsmon Willis Keiser fon Northampton hen gabroviert nonner ob hanka fish essa — der Tillie hut gawunna, ow'r der Willis hut der Tillie ob k'hank'd die peif shmoka.

Onnerra in unserra drup wor der George un der Howard Reppert un der Clarence Rothrock fon Northampton.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Ever hear what one termite said to another: His exact words were, "Boy, this will bring down the house."

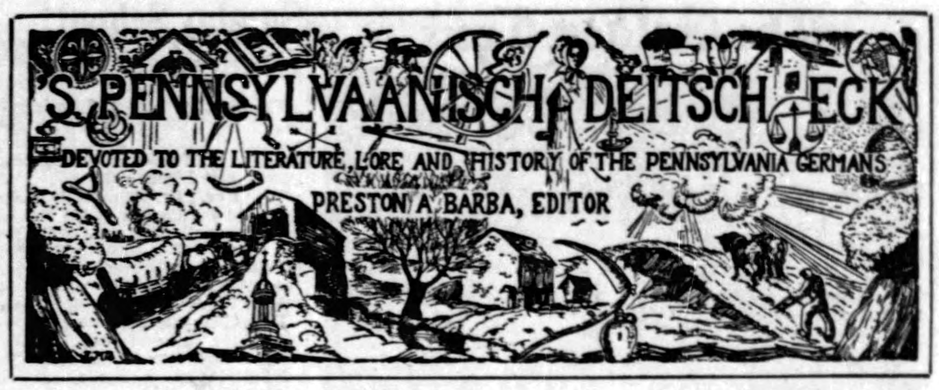
Ogden Nash once had this to say about some other termites:
"Some primal termite knocked on wood
And tasted it and found it good.
And that is why your Cousin May
Fell through the parlor floor today."

Dizzy Dean was trying to describe to his radio audience once his neighbors in his home town. "They're sorta inbetween folks," he explained. "Too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash."

Another literary light from baseball, Casey Stengel, was persuaded to attend a performance of "Damn Yankees." Asked how he liked it, "Casey" drew himself up in a G. Jean Nathan manner to declare, "I ain't gonna comment about a guy which made $100,000 writin' how my club lost."

A famous department store honored its two-millionth customer. She was embraced by the store president, interviewed on TV, and loaded down with a dozen packages of choice merchandise . . . She then proceeded to her original destination — the complaint desk.

(Copyright, 1956)



DER ISSY ZWEILICE

Vum JIM BRENASEL

In this number of the ECK we are happy to present once again another of Jim Brenasel's humorous tales. It is a sequel to his grotesque story "Die Specialists," which appeared in the ECK for Oct. 29 and Nov. 5, 1955. In "Die Specialists" Jim Brenasel and his bosom friend and accomplice Mawny have observed how a few physicians, active as specialists in the latter part of the nineteenth century, have taken in both the public and their money. They concluded that this is a business in which they too can prosper. They would have continued successfully but for Issy Zweilice — "en mean-i, schnieckich gleeni Grott ass arrig unpopular waar im Schteddel fer die Ursach ass er immer sei langi Naas in anner Leit ihre Bissniss ghatt hot." Alas for them Issy knew their secret and betrayed them. The reader now learns how Jim and Mawny sought revenge. — This tale was discovered in the files of **The Schuylkill Haven Call** for August 25, 1900.

Wie mir revenge grickt hen uff en mean-er, schnieckicher, gleener Riesel. Unser plan hot arrig gut gschafft.

Die Leit wisse verleicht noch wie der Mawny un ich mol die specialist Dokter Bissniss browiert hen im Eselschteddel, un wie so en mean-er, schnieckicher gleener Riesel beim Naame Issy Zweilice der gans racket verdärrewe hot fer uns — yuscht wie die prospects arrig encouraging waare ass mir e wennich Geld mache kennte.

Der Isswy waar eens vun denne mean-e gleene Deihenker wu mer oftmols aadrefft in daere Welt — eens vun denne Kalls wu's net leide hot kenne wann die annere Buwe im Schteddel e wennich fun hawwe hen welle odder wann sie en chance ghatt hen fer e wennich Geld zu verdiene.

Wie mir noch yinger waare dann hen mir als fleissich Gnoche gsammelt, un so schur ass mir als so en aardlicher groosser Haufe zamme ghatt hen, dann iss der Issy nachts zu schniecke kumme un hot der gans Haufe gschtohle. Un sell waar mean.

Die mean-e Dricks wu der Issy geduh hot als en Bu sin ihm nooch gange wie er elder iss warre, un sei selfish-i, mean-i disposition hot sich Yaahr bei Yaahr als meh un meh developed.

Der Mawny un ich hen em Issy sei interference un sei mean-i Dricks geduldich aagenumme uff zu der Zeit wie er unser Dokter racket verdarrewe hot. Dernoh sin mir bees warre un hen decide ass ebbes geduh sei muss fer schkwaer zu warre mit em Issy.

Mir hen ee Owed en meeting ghalde im Daadi seim Schreiner Schapp specially fer plans zu devise-e fer mol recht gut revenge zu nemme uff der Issy. Der Mawny waar chairman un ich waar secretary vun der meeting. Schunscht waar niemand datt. Unser annerer Kumraad, der Rossem, waer verleicht aa an die meeting kumme, awwer sei Fraa hot ihn seller Owed die Wesch biggele mache, un er hot of course net kumme darrefe.

Exactly was fer resolutions ass mir ge'passed' hen an sellere meeting brauch ich net in detail expleene. Awwer certain-i resolutions hen mir unanimously ge'passed,' un es waar zwee Uhr der naegscht Marye wie ich endlich en motion darrich grickt hab ass mir adjourn-e.

"Was hett dihr Kalls so lang geduh im alde Brenasel seim Schapp die letscht Nacht? Hett dihr widder ebbes agoing — verleicht widder en neier racket in der Dokter Bissniss?" froogt der Issy so schpeitvoll wie er uns an der Poscht-offis gsehne hot der naegscht Vermiddaag.

"Nee, mir hen yuscht so en gleener Schweizer Kees un Oier lunch ghatt; du hettscht datt sei selle, Issy," saagt der Mawny.

"Sell hett ich of course enjoyed, awwer dihr Kalls wisst ass ich's net datt um selli icebox-e schtende kann — un der idea vun Kees un Oier in der seeme Schtubb wu en paar Dodelaade schtehne wu waer weess schunn wieviel dode Leit drin waare — wow!" saagt der Issy wie er gans iwwer gschtidelt hot un iss ab.

Seller Nammidaag hot der Issy en Brief vun der Rachael Meesich grickt. Die Rachael hot der Brief of course net gschriwwe, awwer sell macht nix aus. Der Issy waar "dead gone" uff die Rachael, wie die junge Leit nau saagge, awwer die Rachael hot ihn net yuscht so arrig encouraged.

"Meet me at the Big Oak at half-past ten tonight."

Sell waar der substance vun der Rachael ihrem Brief. Awwer es waar genunk fer der Issy schier wild zu mache, un especially wie er unne am Brief gelese hot: "Your own Rachael."

Der Grooss Eeche waar en farrichterlicher groosser Baam ass im "Lovers' Retreat" gschtanne hot, graad newe an der Grick, un so en aardlich Schtick vum Schteddel drauss. Fer hiezukumme hot mer am Eselschteddeler cemetery verbei geh misse. Der cemetery iss so aardlich weit newe an der Schtrooss haer gange. An der annere Seit vun der Schtrooss waar en langer, dunkler Busch.

Die Rachael hot uff der annere Seit vum cemetery gewuhnt, naegscht am "Lovers' Retreat." In fact, ihre Paepp waar der Eeggner vum Land wu der Grooss Eeche druff gschtanne hot.

Mir hen certain-i preparations gemacht seller Daag un seller Owed, un so an der zehe Uhr rum sin mir darrich die alley nuff gschnieckt mit eens vum Daadi seine Dodelaade un en Lat anner Gfrees. Mir sin graadzu iwwer en paar Felder gange, un waare glei am e dunkle Blatz im cemetery, gans naegscht an der Schtross.

Mir waare net lang datt, dann hen mir ebber heere farrichterlich peife, un hen yuscht so zu Not der Issy ausmache kenne wie er verbei gange iss in die direction vum Groosse Eeche. Mir hen sehne kenne, ass er sich yuscht about gfarricht hot, un ass er riwwer un niwwer un hinnich sich geguckt hot im e nervous-er Weeg wie er am cemetery verbei gange iss, un hot die Weil yuscht about gepiffe.

Mir hen uns awwer ruhich ghalde. Mir waare noch net reddi fer der Issy.

Der Issy hot die Rachael of course net ge-'meet' am Groosse Eeche. Un die Weil ass er lang datt gewaart hot, hen mir em Mawny sei magic lantern un anner Gfrees reddi grickt. Mir waare alle zwee in lange, weisse Kudde aageduh, un hen unser Gsichter carefully concealed ghatt. Ich hab mich in fact selwer wennich gfarricht, wie ich der Mawny sehne hab datt im Dunkle rumlaafe.

Es waar gans naegscht zwelf Uhr wie mir der Issy heere hen zerick kumme. Er waar widder hazhafdich am Peife. Es waar nau yuscht about dunkel.

Der Mawny hot sei magic lantern in position ghatt, un uff eemol hen mir der image vum e dode Mann sehne in de Beem appear-e net weit ab. O, was hot sell Ding nau so wiescht geguckt!

About die seem Seggund hot der Issy en Blick vum dem wieschte image grickt, wie's wie en flash widder weg gange iss. Er hot en madderlicher Grisch ausgeduh un iss ans Schpringe. Awwer er hot ken dutzend Tschumps gemacht ghatt bis er en annerer image gsehne hot—viel wieschter ass wie der aerscht — ass graad ver ihm iwwer der Schtrooss im Busch appeared un disappeared iss wie en flash. Des letscht waar en image vum "Alde Harry," (wie deel Leit ihn heesse), un hot nau wiescht gaschtich ausgsehne.

Un was hot der Issy drum widder gegrische! Der image vum "Alde Harry" waar hardly eweg, dann iss der image vum e wieschte, gaschtiche Ding appeared am seeme Blacke — en groossi, mechtichi, feierichi Schlang, ass en Kopp ghatt hot wie en Sau, un hot rot un grie Feier aus em Maul gschpautzt. Des iss of course alles gange wie en flash, un hot em Issy ken chance gewwe fer certain-i imperfections zu sehne in de plates wu mir geyused hen un wu mir selwer gemacht hen. Der Issy waar aa zu wiescht verschrocke fer der muslin zu sehne, wu mir datt unnich de Beem gschpannt hen ghatt.

Die Leit kenne ewwe yuscht gaar ken . ea forme wie wiescht ass selli Dinger geguckt hen datt im Dunkle. Es waar nau farrichterlich, un ich hab in fact selwer gans iwwer gensheidich gfiehlt un mei Haar hen somehow gfiehlt ass wann sie graad in die Heeh schteh daede.

Unser calculations waare, ass selli wieschte images der Issy verleicht riwwer an die cemetery Seit vum Weeg bringe daede, wu mir en annerer surprise reddi ghatt hen fer ihn. Un in dem waare mir net mistaken. Der Issy iss schlooli riwwer ge-'backed,' un uff eemol fallt er hinnersich in die Eis-laad wu mir datt schteh ghatt hen. O, was hot seller Issy drum gegrische, wie er gfiehlt hot in was ass er gfalle iss! Un eb er sich hardly mufe hot kenne, dann hen mir silently un schwiftli der Deckel vun der Laad druff ghatt, un der Issy Zweilice — der mean, schnieckich glee Riesel, wu uns schunn so oft so mean geyused hot — waar unser prisoner. Mir hen of course der glee Deckel iwwer seim Gsicht uffgelosst, so ass er blendi Luft ghatt hot. Un was hot der Issy drum gekickt un gedobt! Dernoh hen mir gheert ass er am Bede waar un ass er yuscht about eiferich gebet hot um Hilf.

Der Mawny un ich waare in gum Schuh, un wie mir silently datt um der Issy rum gange sin in unsere lange weisse Kudde, un hen so mysterious motions zu nanner gemacht, dann kann mer denke ass der effect yuscht about wiescht un gschpuckich waar.

Mir hen ken Watt gschwetzt, un hen uff alle Weegge graad ge'act' wie genuine Schpuck. Dernoh hen mir die Laad un der Issy uffgepickt un sin silently nei in der cemetery ge-'marched.' Datt hen mir die Laad dernoh wedder en monument gschtellt, so ass der Issy about halwer gschtanne un ghockt hot, un ass er die performance gut sehne hot kenne wu mir dernoh gewwe hen fer sei benefit.

Mir sin en Schtick ab unnich de Beem, un datt sin mir darrich en Latt manoevers gange ass genunk waare fer em Issy sei Haar schneeweiss zu drehe. Mir hen Feier gschpautzt un hen annere Sache geduh, ass nau yuscht about schauderhaft waare. Dernoh, wie mir en Latt so rot Viert July Feier am Brenne ghatt hen, dann hen mir nanner rumgschwunge, un wie en flash hen mir unser weisse Kudde aus ghatt un zwee "Alde Harrys," in feierrode suits un

HEEM

In unsere Welt gebt's gaar viel Bletz,
Wu Leit heem heessen — sin sie letz?
's deet uns vleicht gut, verschteh mich recht,
Zu sehne, was drin aageh mecht.

Nau do iss eens — zwee alte Leit,
Gerunselt, groo, schunn langi Zeit;
Sie hen ihr Kinner sehne geh—
Ferwas iss nau zu lewe meh?

Sie hocken datt un draamen vleicht,
Un schwetzen aa devun gans leicht,
Vun Daagge wu vergange sin,
Die Lieb, Blessier un Zweiwel drin.

In Leib un Seel, Schmaz darchgemacht,
Mit nanner gheilt — ebmols gelacht;
Glei fallen miede Aagge zu,
Sie schlofen noh in siesse Ruh.

Nau guck ich zu me anner net,
All eigericht mit Hausrot fei,
Un alles in der letschte Schteil—
Hen automobiles un feine Geil.

Die Maad un Knecht duhn Aerwet do,
Die Alte hen ken Zeit — 's iss so;
Die Yunge rutschen Kisse weech,
Un aryets drauss in Deiwelschtreech.

Alsmol brennt's Licht en ganzi Nacht,
Getrei wie'n Hund schteht uff der Wacht;
Mer weess recht gut, was des bedeit—
Doch iss des Heem zu denne Leit.

Nau do iss eens net weit eweck,
Ken feini Schtubb, all iwwer Dreck;
Der Vatter sauft sich schier gaar grumm,
Die Mutter faul un lodelt rum.

In Lumpe all, ken Kleeder schee,
Die Kinner missen bettle geh
Fer Millich un en bissel Brot,
Un efters sin in Hungersnot.

Kaum Deck genunk im Winter kalt,
Weess net wie's Dach der Regge halt;
Doch iss des Heem zum kleene Volk,
Was drauert mir, so'n dunkli Wolk.

Un do noch eens, so arrig klee,
Die Schtrooss iss yuscht en Peedel meh;
Vatter, Mutter un die Kinner
Hocken datt am Disch dehinner.

Yeders hot sei kleene Gschefft,
Des iss en Blatz mer kaum aadrefft,
Wu Friede kummt vum Gute Buch
Un Fleiss halt alle aus Versuch.

Wu schtreit ken Blatz hot, schtatts Gelach,
Un Ungeduld iss en frommi Sach;
Wu all zufridde sin, gewiss,
Un winschen net fer was net iss.

Wu yeders singt, ya, frieh un schpot,
Un helfen nanner in der Not;
Wu Kinner folgen, un getrei,
Un schtehen ann're immer bei.

Ich geb nix drum wie klee es Haus,
Un wann's aa schteht gans hinne drauss;
's iss Heem mir wann Demiedichkeet
Un Herrlichkeet mit nanner geht.

Heem meent net Geld un Hausrot schee,
's iss meh wie'n Haus, groos odder klee;
's iss wu dei Haz sei Friede finnt
Un Lieb mit siesse Bendel binnt.

RALPH S. FUNK

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mit Hanner hen nanner datt rumgerisse un sin gradually aus der rode Helling naus gedanst geeich em Issy. Der Mawny hot sell seem Ding mol im e show gsehne in der Schtadt, un mir hen's yuscht about gut imitate-e kenne.

"Liewer Deiwel — losst mich doch um der lieb Wille heem geh, un ich verschprech eich ass ich en besser Lewe fiehr noochdem. Ich weess ass ich viel Sache geduh hab ass net recht waare. O, losst mich doch heem geh!" greischt der Issy wie mir um ihn rum g'circled' sin.

Mir hen awwer ken Watt gsaat.

Es waar so an de zwee Uhr rum wie mir endlich decide hen ass der Issy about so viel hot ass sei Nadur erlaabt, un mir hen der Deckel vun der Laad genumme un hen ihn rausgelosst. Mir hen noch emol wiescht gaschdich Feier gschpautzt wie der Issy dernoh iwwer die cemetery Fens geschtumpt iss un iss ab heem so schtarrick ass sei schwache Bee es erlaabt hen. Fer en guder finishing touch zu gewwe zum Ding, dann hen mir noch emol rot Feier gemacht, un wann der Issy zerickgeguckt hot, dann hot er uns sehne kenne owwe uff em tip vum e monument hocke.

Mir sin of course dernoh aa heem gange.

Der Issy hot uns aagedroffe an der Poscht-offis der naegscht Daag, un mir hen genotist ass er arrig bleech geguckt hot. Er hot awwer nix zu saagge ghatt weeich seinere experience im cemetery. Er waar en gans different-er Kall nooch sellem, un hot nimmi interfered in anner Leit ihre Bissniss.

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Editorials

Superb Police Job

Raids upon ten alleged gambling establishments in Bethlehem on Thursday, upon orders of Northampton County's district attorney, Clinton Budd Palmer indicate the volume of commercialized vice which is prevalent in Bethlehem. By inference and abundance of rumor, it can be implied that gambling is rife not alone in Bethlehem's Northampton county neighbors but in her Lehigh neighbors as well.

Determinedly Dist. Atty. Palmer took up the challenge of the gamblers who were arrested in the alleged "joints" and who had moved into Bethlehem to carry on their extensive and evidently profitable business. He called upon the State Police and Bethlehem's chief of police to arrest all persons found on the premises of the gambling establishments. Then he went a step farther — one of the boldest and one of the most challenging that ever has been taken in these parts by a law enforcement officer. This step was to designate by name the man who, he claims, is the man behind the establishments, "the big shot." Such fellows generally get away in the smoke screen attendant upon police raids. Mr. Palmer identified many of those arrested as employes or associates of this "man higher up" and then cordially invited him to come into Bethlehem where he will receive the kind of welcome to which gamblers are unaccustomed but which they deserve from law enforcement officials.

Brazen and bold tho this "higherup" may be, it is most unlikely that he will have the courage ("guts," as it is often termed) to accept the invitation. Accustomed to coddling and other apologetic treatment, all too often at the hands of pubiic officials, no "higherup" will be likely to thrust his head into the lion's mouth.

So Mr. Palmer will have achieved results he desires. He wants to keep Northampton County clean of this type of crime, which all too often and too widely, is ignored and in many cases is really "protected," yes, by public officials.

Mr. Palmer knows, as all law enforcement officials must or should know, that commercialized vice cannot long keep its existence and whereabouts unknown. He knows that gamblers, like other criminals, do not like the silence and loneliness of a jail cell. They do not like the rough fare of prisons. They do not like the many deprivations growing out of spending time in "durance vile."

Gamblers are most likely to stay out of any area where they know they are unwelcome. They don't like to be treated like the ordinary criminals that they are but like the V.I.P.'s which they think they are as they strut their flashy possessions and other evidence of ill-gotten gains.

The congratulations of this entire Lehigh Valley, and of Bethlehem and Northampton county particularly, must go out to Dist. Attorney Palmer and to the 25 State troopers. Without betraying their long-kept secret, they moved at zero hour upon the ten establishments. They not only bagged all the denizens thereof but every bit of equipment that had been set up in the establishments.

For the State police it was a triumph of preparation, of coordination of loyal forces and thoroness in the carrying out of the big objective of the raids without arousing the slightest suspicions concerning their plans.

For the youthful district attorney it was a triumph in planning and execution. Best of all, it was an exhibition of the strength of character and ability that the people desire of and admire in their elective officials.

Get Them Out of the Mud

It's a downright shame and the merchants in the two busy blocks — Hamilton to Turner, on Seventh St. — will receive heartiest support from public opinion about the snail's pace at which improvements in that section are being made.

Paralysis of business has resulted for the merchants in that area. While they had philosophically accepted the situation in its early stages, they now have come to a breaking point. Every one of them has looked upon the operation daily. They have had plenty of time during many weeks to join the multitude of "sidewalk superintendents" who gather daily around the operations. Their conclusion is that there is little or no serious effort to hasten the job by the many means which are possible in this day of extensive use of machinery and supposed efficient organization of labor for high - speed achievement.

They look upon factories thruout the city which are lighted by night because production is on an "around-the-clock" basis. They naturally wonder why a 24-hour-per-day program cannot be employed on 7th St.

The best critics of the repaving job on 7th St. are the merchants in that area. The work is constantly under their eyes and they see the shortcomings in it. They have been patient and long-suffering but now their patience has been exhausted, especially because they cannot see a single ray of hope for early alleviation of their business worries and heavy losses. Instead there have been deferments of their hopes for early completion of the job.

Not a person who examines into the problem of the merchants in that area will hesitate to sympathize with them. All must commend their petition for help to the various branches of government and utilities which alone can speed this work, get them out of the mud and put them back in business.

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.

Teacher Salaries Deplored

To the Editor—

Much has been written of late about teachers' salaries. So, as a teacher's wife, I'd like to voice my opinions.

How can we hope to attract people to the teaching profession who will be a good influence upon our young people unless we are willing to pay them decent wages? We need people in our schools who are morally and spiritually upright. To teach English or history in the classrooms is not enough. Along with these subjects we must have lessons in "good living."

I am speaking from experience of the faculty in which my husband teaches, he is the only male teacher who is a steady churchgoer. A few others may be occasional attenders. My husband does not give out with questionable stories but others are not good examples in this respect.

This is not meant to disparage the good name of many fine teachers and I certainly feel proper compensation should be made to those who deserve it. Adequate salaries would enable us to sift out the undesirables and give preference to those who really wish to be good teachers.

Many teachers are leaving the profession to take up better paying jobs with an 8 to 9 hour day. Of course I can hear some saying: "A teacher's day is over at 3 o'clock."

Little do they know. My husband spends hours in preparation for classes, plus endless meetings after school hours. Besides this he is taking post-graduate courses for which he also must spend much time in preparation.

I grant that a teacher only works nine months, but he gets paid for only nine so he has the additional worry of finding summer work.

I do not feel that teachers should be paid exorbitantly merely because they are college graduates, but many people in industry, who have had only a high school education, or less, are earning twice as much as many teachers, yea, even college professors.

I realize not everyone can have a college degree, but teachers are not asking for salaries higher than those with less education. They just want equal ones.

Let's start paying our "professional" people "professional" wages.

A Teacher's Wife.

Speed up 7th St. Repaving

To the editor —

I'd like to say a word about the 7th St. excavations. Now is a good time to see what trench warfare was like in World War 2; though most of the time, nobody is in the trenches.

This is no joking matter. The properties on 7th St. between Hamilton & Turner are heavily assessed. The merchants & property owners pay generously into

Continued on Page 20, Column 4

Horoscope

Be guided by your own intuitions as to the best course to pursue. A frank, proud and courageous individual may emerge in today's child.

To the New Commander



U.S. Police Power to Extend

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The day is not far off when the federal government will take over some of the important functions of maintaining law and order which hitherto have been considered by the courts to be solely the responsibility of states, counties and cities. An extension of the federal police power is under way.

The latest move whereby the House of Representatives is being asked by its judiciary committee to pass legislation permitting the attorney general to bring civil suits to enforce civil rights — if confirmed as constitutional by the Supreme Court in a future case — would mean that Congress could provide criminal penalties, too. In fact, Chairman Celler of the House Judiciary committee recently sponsored exactly such a provision which, for reasons of political expediency, was temporarily dropped from the committee's bill on civil rights in favor of one being pressed by the administration.

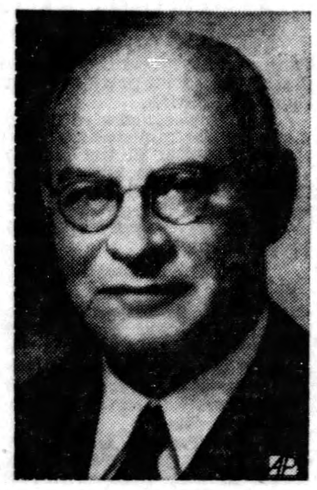
What it all means is that the new measures, although not aimed at labor unions, will be feared by them — at least by those unions which depend on "goons" and strong-arm men to overturn a worker's auto at the factory gate and beat him up. For, if the new measures on civil rights are passed and sustained in the courts, it's the opening wedge toward protection of the "right to work" both by the federal government and the states.

Historically the Constitution has been interpreted as meaning that no state can pass a law abridging the right to vote or the freedom of the press or any of the "privileges and immunities of citizens." But up to now this has been construed by the Department of Justice in administration after administration and by the Supreme Court in decision after decision to mean that, unless it can be shown that state enforcement machinery has actually broken down, the federal police power cannot be lawfully interposed.

Illinois Case

Only last Monday, however, the Supreme Court of the United States reached into the procedures of the State of Illinois in a case which didn't involve a federal crime at all — indeed, it was a local case of robbery — and ruled that the state court hadn't complied with a technicality in procedure. Who is to decide, for instance, whether a stenographic copy of the testimony shall be given free or charged for when a petition for appeal is filed? Up to now the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois has thought it could handle such a question as a state matter. The Supreme Court of the United States by a 5-to-4 vote this week said the Illinois court was wrong. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, in a minority opinion, said:

"As I view this case, it contains none of the elements hitherto regarded as essential to justify action by this court under the 14th Amendment. In truth what we have here is but the failure of Illinois to adopt as promptly as other states a desirable reform in its criminal procedure . . . I think it is beyond the province of this court to tell Illinois that it must provide such procedures."



Rep. Celler

Thus the trend is toward federal usurpation of police power while complete control of State Court procedures by the Supreme Court of the United States, even to the minutest detail, passes from the states to the federal government.

The Constitution now, in other words, is what the Department of Justice and the Supreme Court together may say it is. The Constitution heretofore has been construed by the Supreme Court to mean that no state can make any law abridging the right to vote on account of race or color and that no state may fail to guarantee the right of the citizen to "life, liberty and property." But up to now the Department of Justice has not intervened to punish murder on the picket line or in racial troubles unless there was evidence of a breakdown of the enforcement machinery of the state itself.

Newspapers' Case

Recently — in 1953 — the labor unions closed down several newspapers in New York City. The unions acted in concert and some of them ignored their contract obligations to work. They accomplished together by conspiracy the denial of a constitutional right. They abridged freedom of the press. But the Department of Justice held this was a state matter. Likewise, in case after case of violence at the factory gate, the Department of Justice has not intervened even though unions do act in concert and carry on their activities as organizations sanctioned by federal law.

With the new proposals that look into "economic pressure," on the other hand, the attorney general would be given the power to enforce civil rights instead of leaving it to aggrieved citizens to bring suits. It would be a short step then to federal intervention and the enactment of criminal penalties to deal with labor - union violence and coercion and intimidation in labor-union elections and membership activities.

Maybe on balance the gain for the country on the "right to work" side for many millions of white and Negro workers would in the long run far outweigh the disadvantages to a few states in the south which have, by one means or another, discouraged Negroes from voting. So far as these state laws on qualifications for voting are concerned, the record is clear—they apply to both whites and Negroes. But in enforcement there is a question. The new civil-rights measures, therefore, if passed, would permit the Department of Justice to look into "pressures" behind all state laws affecting individual rights. It would be a far-reaching change.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 8

In Acts 1:8 we have the program of the Church, the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, beginning in Jerusalem, then reaching out to Judaea, to Samaria, and to the uttermost part of the earth. Turning 1:8 around, we have 8:1, in which verse we find Jerusalem, Judaea, and Samaria again, for, on account of the persecution of Christians in Jerusalem, they left the city and were scattered through the areas round about, according to the Sunday School lesson for tomorrow. Chapter 8 is devoted to the ministry of Philip the Evangelist in Samaria, vs. 5-25. Here he carried on a very successful revival. While it was in progress, a messenger (angel) of the Lord told Philip to go down the old caravan road running from Jerusalem to Gaza (this name is in our newspapers every day), which he did, and met an Ethiopian (probably a proselyte) on his way from worship in Jerusalem. He was probably 'parked' by the roadside, reading from Isaiah 53, concerning the one led as a lamb to the slaughter. Philip was asked to tell him of whom the prophet was speaking. This gave him the opportunity to tell him of Jesus, the Lamb of God. He accepted Him as his Savior, and was baptized.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRUNDSOW LODGE NUMMER SIVA: Wel, tzum ledshda sin m'r om end fom bandel so weit os Grundsow Lodge fersommlinga aw gain fer 1956 — hen yusht die ledshd ei ganumma 'm Dunnershdawg owet im Green Lainer fire hous. Des wors 5d mohl os Lodge nummer 7 sich fersomm'ld hut, un unser hute is ob tzum Kenneth Hallman, habtmon, un ol da onnerra ombtsleit un Rawd glaeder, fer die shae fersommling woh sie kotta hen. Dr Porra Bill "Busch Knibbel" Rupp wie gawainlich wor der fohrmaishder, der Warren "Barney" Wetzel hut die arigle g'shpielt, un der LeRoy Heffentrager wor fohrsinger.

Sis immer 'n blessier dart nunner tzu gae un die lodge fersommling ei nemma im shaina Green Lainer fire hous. Ebbes on da 200 worra darta, un woh yusht gons paar fers airsht mohl darta worra — un ei g'shteld sin werra ols suckle grundsi, beim Chester "Shnook" Reifinger un woh shpaiter die gons lodge ferbunna hut in da 5d degree.

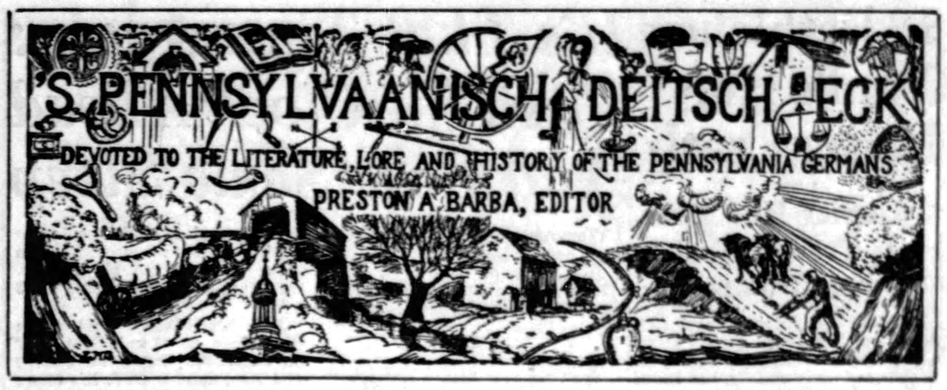
'S essa garish'd bei da Green Lainer fire kumpany weibsleit wor arrick gute. Rins un sie flaish wor drump mit gabrodna boova shankel, gravy, greena lima bohna, un wolshtraimicher grout tzalawdt mit rawm. M'r sawga "wolshtraimich," weil sie rote grout datzu k'hov'ld hen, un der grout tzalawdt gucka hut mocha wie 'n marvel kucha. Un gute wor der grout tzalawdt — whee, selar wor gute, un so aw die kerscha boy mit ice kream.

Der gelthaver Andy Berky hut grossie bisnis gaduh noch da fersommling geranium blumma sketch ferkaufa woh der Leon der Blumma mon, uf da dish shtae hut kot. Der Mark Layser, schreiver hut die lodge g'shefta gewwa un allas is om gae wie g'shmiert darta g'shwishich da Barioma un Magowi, so weit os grundsow lodge g'shichta aw gaina. De Al Kemp fon Longswamp wor der airsht shwetzer un sei text wor, "Sis gore nimmy wies ols wor." Die fesht rade wie immer der gabrouch dart drunna, is gewwa werra beim Porra Clarence Rahn, un woh g'shwetzt hut uf "Wos wit duh lawda." Yader rade wor iwwerrous gute, un tzu hoerra wie die bereder grundsi galocht un gablotch'd hen, wor ganunk g'sawt os sie fon hartza gaglicha hen wos die boova tzu sawga hen kot — g'shpass shae ei gawick'ld in wichdicha gadonka os yader'm darta, 'n lot socha gewwa hut fer driwwer denka.

Fon da tzeit ob os der Kenneth Hallman die fersommling tzu arder garufa hut, bis der Porra Rupp der saiga shpruch g'sawt kot kot, is sare wenich tzeit ferlorra gonga. Un wos noch mainer is, 's wor aw immer ebbes om aw gae — aintwedders der Barney om shpiela, der LeRoy odder der Forhmaishder Rupp om shtories fertzaila — un die singerrei wor iwwer — rous. 'S wor ol darrich 'n shainer owet, grawd die ort owet woh die obsicht immer is fer howwa, on ra Grundsow Lodge fersommling — 'n owet mit nix wie Pennsylfawnish Deitschia g'shpass un harlichkate.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Dr. Bob Oplinger, habtmon fon Lodge nummer ains hut g'fohrra, un 'm Porra Bill Rupp 'm Porra Tom Brendle, un uns, alla gabut sei nei mashina harn hoerra lossa — 'n harn os mocht wie 'n altie kuh.



YOST YODER AND GEORGE DeBENNEVILLE

By JOHN JOSEPH STOUDT

During the 18th century, religious rivalry and fervor were keen in many parts of America. Whenever an unusual story from life could be used to help win converts, religious leaders made the most of it; the more miraculous and bizarre the story was, the more successful it was likely to be in this era of religious emotionalism.

In 1774 there appeared in **Verschiedene alte und neuere Geschichten von Erscheinungen der Geister** the following story of the return from the dead of Yost Yoder of Oley. The anonymous author of the story claimed to have the account from the lips of Elizabeth Yoder, daughter of Yost, in 1743. This story, originally written in German but translated here by me, follows:

Her father, Yost Yoder, who two years and several months earlier had left this visible world, still had words of admonition in his heart for his children, and especially for the above - mentioned daughter, whom he loved very much, and who, in turn, bore similar love and affection for her father. But before he could make known to his children what his heart held he was unexpectedly called from time to eternity.

After his death the daughter frequently thought about her father, spoke of him, and had deep desire to know how he fared, whether he was at the good or at the evil place.

The gracious God was pleased to grant her long-desired wish to see her father in visible form so that he might tell her about the place where he had gone. By a gracious act of God's the father was able to impart his heart-admonitions to his children.

On the morning of August 14, 1743, a strange and sad feeling of awe and frightfulness overcame the above-mentioned Elizabeth. She told her mother that it seemed as if her father was going to come to her. In this state of fear she was attentive, for she felt that her father was either alongside or behind her. In her anxiety she could neither eat nor sleep. At work next day she was taken by great fear, seized with a strong inclination to enter the house. This impulse was so strong that she could hardly finish her work. Returning to the house, she went to fetch something from the sideroom, the Kammer, where she saw her father sitting on the bed. He said to her in a kind manner: "What are you doing, my child?"

Fear and surprise kept her from answering. She dropped everything, ran from the room, and fell shaking and quivering to the floor. Her mother, nonplussed, feared misfortune would ensue. She sent her daughter to the neighbors for a while, as a change might help her. Even then the daughter had no peace, only stronger desire to return.

On August eighteenth, moved by a strong impulse, she ran back to her own house, directly to the Kammer. Her mother and another lady said that if she saw her father she should not run away; they would stay by the door. After the daughter had entered the room and had sat on the chest for a moment, everything grew black as the night and then — suddenly — all was bright again. The whole room was lit and her father stood on the bed. Frightened, she exclaimed: "Oh Lord, here he is!"

Thereupon her mother and the other lady rushed in to see him but he disappeared. The daughter waved them from the room. When they had departed he appeared again, seated on the chest, and said to her in a kind way, "What are you doing, my child? Where are your brothers?"

The daughter replied, "They are not here."

He continued, "I left the world so quickly, without speaking to you — but perhaps it is just as well. Now, obey your mother. Do not scorn or despise her. She is on the right road. And when she departs she will go to the right place. And the man: do not despise or scorn him. He is on the right road and preaches the truth."

"Which man?" she asked.

He replied, "The Frenchman," and continued, "Tell this to your brothers, your sisters, and all your good friends."

Weeping, she repeated several times, "Dear father, I will do everything that you say." She asked, "Why have you not returned sooner?"

He replied, "The time is not yet come. I could not come sooner."

She asked, "Why did you not appear to someone else?"

He replied, "I wanted to come to you."

Then she inquired, "How are you and how is it going?"

He replied, "I am at the good place and things go well."

She asked, "Where, then, is your dear brother?"

He replied, "He is with me. It goes well with us. Tell me, why did you run away yesterday? That was unnecessary. I am your dear father; why were you afraid? As you were frightened and ran away from me, you shall have to bear severe illness — most severe. Death will approach three times; you scarcely will survive. If you live, your life shall not be shortened because of it." Then he added something private. When he had said this it seemed as if he were pushing her away with the final words, "Now I will depart and never return."

At the door she looked back again and caught a glimpse only, after which everything became as night, even though it was high day.

This insight into the mind and heart of the early eighteenth century presents one significant and mysterious point — "the Frenchman!"

Sometime in 1742, the year before this event took place, there had come to live at the Jean Bertolet house in Oley the strange and remarkable man, Dr. George DeBenneville. He had appeared in Oley in a time of religious ferment. The month before his arrival the third synod of the Pennsylvania Congregation of God in the Spirit had met in the DeTurk house, and Count Zinzendorf had been in attendance, living in the Samuel Hoch homestead next to DeTurck's. The valley was seething with religious fervor. With the breakdown of the Synods and the energetic effort of the Moravians to pick up the pieces and gather them into their fellowship, with the old Newborn followers of Matthias Baumann in general dispute, and with the "raids" made by the brothers from Ephrata on the Oley people, the valley was the prey for any religious leader.

Into this ferment came Dr. George DeBenneville, the "Frenchman," friend of printer Saur, who published this story. And it does not take much historical imagination to suspect that probably the anonymous author of this story was DeBenneville, who perceived its value in helping to win converts by use of the bizarre and wonderful.

Reprinted from The Historical Review of Berks County (Jan.-March, 1956) with the kind permission of both author and editor.

YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN

Der Yankee Doodle kummt ins Schteddel
Uff me gleene Pony;
Er schteckt en Fedder uff die Kapp
Un saagt 's waer Macaroni.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy;
All die Maed, die sin so schee
Un siess wie Zucker-Candy.

Sie martsche rei un martsche naus
Un martsche rechts un links;
Do kummt en ganzes Regiment,
Do kummt der Captain Jinks.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy;
All die Maed, die sin so schee
Un siess wie Zucker-Candy.

Yankee Doodle iss en Lied,
Des kann mer luschdich singe;
Un wann der Feind des Liedel heert,
Dann fangt er aa zu schpringe.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy;
All die Maed, die sin so schee
Un siess wie Zucker-Candy.

The above stanzas from the popular pre-Revolutionary song were translated into our dialect by the late John Birmelin (1873-1950).

ER HOT DER PARRE LETZ VERSCHTANNE

Vum Parre Hellfrich watt verzeehlt, er hett an re Kaerrich gebreddicht, wu es Wattshaus graad iwwer der Schtrooss waar. Datt hot er als sei Fuhr hie. Er hot der Hassler oft eigelaade fer in die Kaerrich zu kumme, awwer des waar net em Hassler sei Gewehnet. Der Parre hot der Hassler immer gut bezaahlt fer sei Gaul zu drenke un fiedre, so denkt der Kall, "ich sett em Parre doch mol der Gfalle duh un in die Kaerrich geh." Naegscht Sunndaag meent er, er wott mol geh, awwer graad wie er uf fem Weg waar fer iwwer die Schtrooss, kummt en Fuhrwese un des muss er aersch versarriye. "Well," denkt er, "ich kumm wull schpot, awwer ich kann doch mei Gsicht weise." Wie er zu der Dier nei iss, hot der Parre yuscht's aerscht Lied ausgewwe, "O Heilicher Geischt, kehr bei uns ein." Wie der Hassler des heert, greischt er zu der Kaerrich nei, "Du kannscht in die Hell geh! Ich kann aa widder heem geh." Em Hassler sei Naame waar Geischt.

As told by the late Lloyd A. Moll (1879-1944)

SCHLANGE IWWERALL

Wann ebbes in der Welt iss, ass eem's kalt Friere gebt, iss es, wann mer unbedenkt en Schlang sehnt. Mer laaft fatt imme Feld. Alles iss sehr schee un wohl. Yuscht eb mer der Fuuss nunner uff der Bodde grickt, sehnt mer en Schlang. Mer schtost en heller Grisch aus. Die Schlang geht der anner Weg, graad so hatt verschrocke. Iss es net gschpassich, ass die Schlange eem so en Lascht sin? Mer weess net ferwas.

Net so lang zerick hawwich gschtwetzt mit me Professor ass ge'retired' waar. Er hot mir verzeehlt vun Schlange, un wie er sie gschtudiert hot, wie er in der Kolletsch waar.

Ich hab ihm gsaat, wie ich noch yung waar, hett ich en Schlange Buch ghatt, gschriwwe beim Prof. Harry A. Surface. Der Surface hen sie der "Economic Zoologist" gheesse. Sell iss en aardlicher Naame. Well, es hot en hatt-niggischer Sinder mei Schlange Buch gelehnt un hot's sei Lewe nimmi zerickgebrocht. So me Mann sett ebbes vorfalle.

Nau loss uns zerick zum alde Surface geh. Der alt Professor hot mir gsaat, er hett em Surface gholfe. Leit hen ihne dode Schlange Oier gschickt, so das sie all die Schlange vun Pennsylvania schtudiere kennte.

Der alt Professor hot verzeehlt, es hett ihne ebber Schlange Oier gschickt hinne in der Woch im Summer. Sie hen ihre Schlange ghalde uffem ewwerschte Schtock vum Gebei. Sie hen en hilsene Box voll Wasser gemacht un die Oier datt nei. Noh sin sie heem. Es waar waarem uffem ewwerschte Schtock un die gleene Schlange sin aus de Oier kumme. Dix Box waar zammegeleimt, der Leim iss weech warre, die Box iss vunnanner gfalle un die gleene Schlange sin darrich gange.

Sie sin in die ventilator-shafts gange un nunner, un glei waare sie in etliche offices kumme. Mundaags, wie die Weibsleit Glarrick in ihre offices sin, hen sie iwwerall gleene Schlange gsehne. Sell hot aawer Lewe gewwe. Die Weibsleit hen madderlich gegrische, deel sin owwe uff de desks rumgedanst un deel sin ummechtich warre.

Schlange iwwerall! Sell deet ich moll beim Hund gaar net gleiche. Deet dihr?

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebannon News

EN PIKCTER

Bin iwwer'n Pickter gschtolpert heit,
Ferbleecht un aardlich alt;
En Pickter aus de alte Zeit,
Wu viel Gedanke halt.

'S iss ennihau schunn fufzich Yaahr,
Es iss ya vleicht deel meh,
Ass mir vorm Schulhaus schtehn devor,
Mool sehne wer ich seh—

Datt iss der Jim, der Meeschter trei,
So schtreng un doch so mild;
'S waarn deel wu biesst sei ruler ei,
Wann waarn sie bissel wild.

Es Everitts Floyd, un's Gregory's John,
Die sehn ich, un deno
Der Port, der Ralph, der Floyd un dann
Der Lafayette, der Joe.

Es Bonsers John — en grosser Bu—
Der Stanley sehn ich datt;
Es Clints ihr Howard noch dezu,
Un so geht's weiter fatt—

Es Hens ihr Rob, der Ed debei,
Un no 's Josiah's Claude;
Die sin was uffem Pickter sei,
Sell waarn die Buwe graad.

Mool sehne nau, wer sin die Maed?
Die Nettie un die Sue,
Die Cassie, Lizzie, un die Kate,
Die Cora gheert dezu.

Die Carrie, Jennie, Annie, no,
Un Lottie—'s Allens Maed—
Die Allie, Ella sin aa do,
Die Emma, arrick bleed.

Ya, sell iss all — sell waarn die Maed—
Datt drauss ans Gregorys Schul;
Sin zimmlich all gut ausgedreht,
Bei Lansleit iss es rule.

Wu sin sie all? Yuscht saag mir wu?
Sin wennich meh datt drauss;
So geht's dem menschlich Lewe zu,
Sie missen aryets naus,

Die Heemet un die Bauerei
Verlosse, un en Blatz
Sich suche, wu iss meh debei—
Wu basst sie besser schtatts.

Dutt's awwer? Well, ich wett dich Geld,
Wann sie dir ehrlich sin,
Iss gaar ken Blatz uff daere Welt,
Wie Heem, un was iss drin.

Wie's in dem Lewe ewwe geht,
Sin paar geloffe weit;
En fremmer Weeg, wu sich net dreht,
Un endt in Ewichkeit.

Wu scheint die Sunn die ganse Zeit,
Un nix vun Nacht gewisst;
Sin besser ab wie mir sin heit,
Doch sin sie schwer gemisst.

Hen mir paar Drehne heit fer sie,
Un vleicht en klee Gebet;
Denkscht net 's waer schee wann mir an die
Vleicht alsmool denke deet?

Un 's Schulhaus — well, es schteht noch datt
Am Kreizweeg, gans allee;
Die Geil un Wegge sin lang fatt,
Wu als devor hiegeh.

Vun denne uffem Pickter do,
Vun denne sehnt's nur paar
Verbei geh heit — 's geht ewwe so—
Un meensecht hen groo-e Haar.

En neles waar gebaut die Zeit,
Net arrick weit eweck,
Mit Schtiepel un mit Bell bereit,
Datt uffem annere Eck.

Un 's alt iss nau en Waggeschopp,
Die shanty vanne weck;
'S iss concrete wu mir aarme Dropp
Hen gschpielt in Schtaab un Dreck.

Des Pickter muss ich weck du gschwind,
Es drauert mir am Harz;
Ach, waer ich widder yuscht en Kind
Un Yaahre net so karz!

—RALPH S. FUNK

The picture in the writer's mind was taken about 1896 at Gregory's School near Weir Lake, about one mile east of Gilbert, Monroe County, Pa.

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Editorials

Controlling the Economy

For the first time in postwar history, the Federal Reserve system recently took an aggressive stand in restraining credit expansion and it is notable that this action was taken in anticipation of what might happen to the economy if such restraints were not imposed, and not because of what already had happened.

The policy may not be popular on all hands but the monetary authorities are getting plenty of praise for courage that was not evidenced by their predecessors in other years and in critical monetary situations.

Business Week, which seems to believe that a new chapter in the history of monetary management has been opened, gives the Federal Reserve high praise for its valor. But it has some reservations about the wisdom of an "all-out monetary crackdown" at this time. In an editorial in recent issue Business Week goes on to say: "In many respects, the monetary situation just now is uncomfortably reminiscent of the credit squeeze of 1953. In the light of hindsight, even the men who were responsible for policy at that time agree that they overdid things. In their efforts to keep a boom from getting out of hand, they shut off credit to legitimate borrowers. The results were at least a complicating factor in the business decline that started in 1953 and ran into 1954.

"The fundamental trouble with general and indirect monetary controls is that they are far from precise weapons. Pushing on the credit brskes eventually puts a restraint on all borrowers, but it does not hit everybody at once. The city that is borrowing funds for a hospital is likely to feel the clamp long before the speculator who is playing a long-shot or even the businessman who is building up his inventory. The only way that the Fed can be sure of cutting off credit to the speculative and inflationary borrowers is to deny credit to everyone.

"This is where the danger lies. For credit restraint, if pushed too far, can break the back of any boom. And there is good reason to believe that the breaking point will be reached before the effects of the squeeze show up in prices.

"As we see it, the Federal Reserve cannot assume the responsibility for stopping an inflation singlehanded, any more than it can take full responsibility for pulling the country out of a recession. Its proper function is to adjust the money supply so that it encourages a normal rate of growth and discourages a feverish boom. It should be ready to use the brakes. But — as we said in 1953 — it should never slam them on so hard that it puts the economy through the windshield."

Independence in Old Age

It is one of the happy circumstances of our times that there is great increase in the number of aged persons who, upon retirement, are independent of their families.

Figures compiled by the U.S. Department of Health show that the number of persons 65 years of age and over with some assured income for life has doubled in the past five years. It now totals more than half of the 14 million elderly age group in this country.

Some derive this income under the public retirement program; others under private provisions.

A large number of these lifetime income recipients is receiving retirement benefits from more than one source—for example, a private pension and Social Security. In many cases, too, these incomes are supplemented by returns from accumulated savings and investments. A substantial number of elderly persons in addition receives regular incomes under life insurance contracts.

Here is dramatic evidence of progress, through individual and cooperative action, toward realizing one of mankind's oldest aspirations—the elimination of dependency and want in old age. The years ahead are certain to see further gains in this respect as current retirement programs reach fuller maturity and their coverage continues to broaden. Savings in life insurance and in other thrift institutions to provide additional income in retirement years also are growing steadily.

While the great majority of private pension and retirement programs are relatively recent in origin, they are already making a decided contribution toward the financial independence of the older population. This contribution will grow in the years ahead in view of the fact that private plans now cover an estimated 13 million workers, exclusive of dependents, who are accumulating benefits for their retirement years.

'The Bard's' Fame Unsullied

The fame of William Shakespeare as the world's greatest genius of all times remains unsullied.

For several centuries carping critics have taken pot-shots at the long-deceased bard, attributing his immortal works to various and sundry literary men who were his contemporaries.

The most recent effort to prove that some person other than the William Shakespeare wrote the many plays and poems attributed to him was that of an American, Calvin Hoffman.

But on Tuesday the 400-year-old tomb of Shakespeare in an old church in Chislehurst, England, was reopened. Nothing was found to support Hoffman's belief that Christopher Marlowe was the writer of the plays and that the credit for them was given to Will Shakespeare.

"Much Ado About Nothing" would be a good title for this latest of the many attacks that have been made upon the name and fame of the "Board of Avon." "All's Well that Ends Well." The fame of Shakespeare again rests securely as it has after every other attempt to rob his name of its honors and accord them to some other poet.

Induced Redefection

The seriousness of the Soviet effort to bring Iron Curtain refugees back to their homelands appears anew in a report issued last week by an emergency commission of the International Rescue Committee. Maj. Gen. William J. Donovan, who as head of the commission has recently conducted a survey of redefection in Europe, finds that the Soviet campaign has been making unwelcome headway in its brief life span. Its weapons have included blackmail, physical force, threats against relatives in Soviet territory, promises of amnesty, bribes and propaganda. Its trophies have been some 1,150 redefectors since Jan. 1, 1955.

To meet this challenge, the Donovan commission makes a number of recommendations, both general and specific. In general, it advises "a major effort to arouse the free world to the real danger" of the redefection campaign, co-operation among the free nations in meeting the danger and more attention to the physical and psychological needs of the refugees. Specifically, it calls for an international conference to set up methods of protecting refugees, legislation in the United States to deal with the problem and provision of funds and cultural material to meet the refugees' needs.

It is disturbing to be informed by this report that people who seek refuge in the United States are still subject to intimidation from abroad. The number of redefectors is less important than the method by which they have been induced to return. — N. Y. Herald Tribune.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

ANNIVERSARY

Young as the youngest, but older than many.
Left to remember its first years, not any.
Friendly to people and eager to serve them,
Giving its praises to those who deserve them—
My paper! Its birthday arrives with the dawning.
One hundred and twenty-five years old this morning.

Think of its faithfulness; think of its daring;
Think of those years of devotedly sharing.
A century passed and a full quarter added;
A long life of service that needn't be padded.
Young when beginning its valiant endeavor;
Now old, counting years, but today young as ever.

Sing Happy Birthday! Time keep it stout-hearted.
May youth keep it young when the old have departed.
May those who will follow to take up our labors
Still think of the people as comrades and neighbors,
And may they be better and brighter and bolder
When this paper we love is a hundred years older.

(Copyright 1956)

Don't Answer That!



Ike and Dick

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Republicans need not go to San Francisco unless they go for the trip; the convention is over; the candidates have been nominated and the platform has been adopted. The candidates, of course, are Eisenhower and Nixon which is inevitable, despite the attempts of some of the aspirants to the presidency to get the vice presidency for themselves, which failed because most organization Republicans, that is those who vote for delegates to the convention, favor Nixon.

As for the platform, it has something to do with moderation which is also the platform of Adlai Stevenson. Moderation is the opposite of a positive position. It is somewhere in between the middle-of-the-road and no road at all. If Stevenson should run against Eisenhower, both parties will more of less have the same platform and it will be a genteel acceptance of the perfection of one step beyond the status quo, without stating the direction of the one step.

It will be a popularity contest, if Eisenhower and Stevenson are the candidates. If either Kefauver or Harriman should be the Democratic candidate, then we face an attack on both Eisenhower and Nixon. Neither Kefauver nor Harriman is as polite as Stevenson who looked so unorganized with a Tampa cigar in his face. Kefauver and Harriman can be very rough and some Democrats believe that the Republicans are fairly vulnerable. But both parties also recognize that their major headache is the northern Negro vote. Neither party can hold both the northern Negro vote and the southern white vote as things stand now. The question, of course, is whether the Negro problem will become intensified by next November, or whether, as Carmine DeSapio generally says,



Carmine De Sapio

reasonable men will be able to resolve their differences.

The trouble with Carmine De Sapio's position is that on emotionally intense problems, few men are reasonable. Also some differences can never be resolved and have been human problems for thousands of years. One such problem is racial discrimination, or, to put it more correctly, the assumption of superiority by the minority which is in actual control of a society. If we assume that we have, in the 20th Century, achieved a moral stature which is more just than in the 19th or 18th Centuries, there is little or nothing to maintain such a position.

If anything, Marxism has produced a reversion to materialism and a newer and wickeder type of colonialism. Whereas the Russians do not overtly practice racial superiority, they do take steps to obliterate differences and distinctions which may be traditional among peoples and which may arise out of such emotionally tender relationships as religion.

Split Over Negro Problem

If the Republicans or the Democrats believe that they can solve the Negro problem by November by asking men to be reasonable, they are risking a real split over this issue.

Both parties face the same difficulties with what we call the farm problem, which is really an important phase of our labor problem and of the de-urbanization problem, both of which involve serious population shifts that could change the political map if not in 1956, surely by 1960. What the so-called rigid farm support has done has been to make speculation in farm products an excellent investment for big money people, because the price of the product and its sale have been guaranteed by the government of the United States.

Thus important capital has gone into farming on a large scale with the profits ascertainable in advance by an accountant no matter what a competitive market showed. Many oil speculators also own cattle ranches and the latter is a less risky investment than the former.

But the sentiment of the country is for family farms. The American people are not yet fully conscious of the trend toward privately-owned collectives, although opposition to the big farm is beginning to appear. At any rate, the family-owned farm, small as it may be compared to the corporate collective with its increasing political power, is gaining strength through various farm organizations. This complex of farm problems is hardly understandable to city folks whose only interest now is to seek price marked-downs so that prosperity is in some way related to the pocket-book. And the politician faces the farm problem scared because he sees city voters moving into the suburbs where a tulip grows out of the ground instead of being bought in a store.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 9

Among the many important events in human history, there have been two of extraordinary significance, the one which occurred 4,000 years ago, the call of Abraham, the ancestor of the Hebrew people; the second, the conversion of one of them, almost 2,000 years ago, that of Saul, whom we know best as Paul. The account of the latter is the Sunday school lesson for tomorrow, Acts 9, and because of its importance, it is repeated in chapters 22 and 26, with only slight variations. Read the three accounts 'at one sitting.' To Abraham was given the promise that in his seed all the nations (the Gentiles) of the earth should be blessed. Therefore from the Hebrew people we have our Bible, and from them came Jesus, the Saviour of men. Now Saul hated Jesus and those who believed in Him, that is, Christians, and the Church (see 9:1). On his way to Damascus to arrest believers, Jesus, from heaven, arrested him, and after a conversation with him, revealed through Ananias, a Christian of Damascus, that he was to be His specially chosen preacher of the Gospel to the Gentiles. He became as enthusiastic in building up the Church as he had been in trying to destroy it. See Acts 26:19.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Another new maid turned up at the Vanderbricks to help at a big dance. "From 7 to 8," Mrs. Vanderbrick instructed her, "you are to stand at the ballroom entrance and call the guests' names as they arrive."

"What jolly fun that will be!" enthused the maid. "I know a couple of beauts!"

An old Chinese proverb (present Shanghai editors please copy):

If there is righteousness in heart there will be beauty in character. If there is beauty in character there will be harmony in home. If there is harmony in home there will be order in nation. If there is order in nation there will be peace in world.

Joey Bishop grew up dreaming that some day he might become an outstanding big league baseball player. But it was not to be. He couldn't open a razor fast enough for the TV commercials.

(Copyright, 1956.)

Horoscope

Gain in unexpected ways may come to you in the months ahead. Born under these auspices, a child should be shrewd, emotional and capable of self-sacrifice on behalf of loved ones.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NET GANUNK MONSHOFT:

Der hoarschnidder Clarence Knerr fom Sond Hivel owwich Longswamp, wor shun long in angshda rawwer maichda mohl nochts kumma un 'm sei shara un klipper shtaila — noh wie in da weil wot er ol die beck shairra fon da nochberschoft. Dawg fer dawg kumma sie bei gadobt fon weit un braid fer g'shorra sei, un dale so gore lossa sich aw bolvierra. Sei hondwaricks g'shar leit 'm Clarence nagshd om hartz, un hut mohl fer 'n weil im sin kot fer 'n box laina in da Topton bank, uns darta nochts nei duh. Noh ow'r is es 'm bei g'falla os sie owets net uf hetta, un moryets mocha sie aw net uf bis so uhrra nina — un bei selra tzeit hut der Clarence shun oft mohls 'n halva dawgs arwet g'shoft.

Endlich hut er wind grick'd, der Bill Landis in Fildelfy het 'n safe tzu ferkaufa — grawd 's ding hut der Clarence gamaint fer nochts sei hondwaricks g'shar nei shleesa. Der aintsich'd druvel wor, er hut net gawist wie die g'schicht hame tzu griega won er sie kaufa dade, ow'r wie shun so oft g'sawt, woh 'n willa is, is aw 'n waig, un der Clarence hut die safe kauft, un mohl awfonga kunsiderra wie die g'shicht hame tzu griega.

Endlich hut der Irvie Landis k'hoert fom Clarence seim kauf, un hut sich aw gabutta fer mit nunner noch Fildelfy gae mit seim grubbicha Studabaker, un sie kepta die g'shicht darta mit hame nemma. Wie der Clarence ow'r ebbes g'sawt hut waeich 'm gawicht fon da safe, hut der Irvie yusht galocht, un g'sawt die kent er laenich lawda, un sie wotta sie glei dahame howwa.

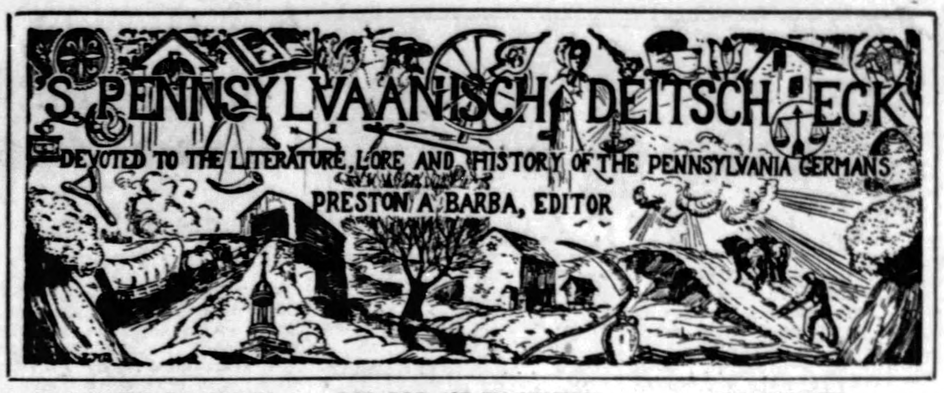
Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, wie der Clarence un der Irvie nunner tzum Bill Landis kumma sin, ferhoftich sei won der Irvie net druvel kotta hut fer ae eck fon da safe in die hae hava, hut gagrax'd wie won er ousa nonnerfalla wot, un der Clarence hut grawd g'sehna os doh net ganunk monshoft wor fer die g'shicht lawda. Wos noch mainer is, 's wor 'm Clarence aw bong der Studabaker dade die hussa sitz uf 'm budda shlaifa won sie die safe lawda dada, un mista die g'shicht ferleicht noch hame sheeva.

Iwwel odder wohl hen sie ous gamocht fer die safe lossa woh sie wear, un der Clarence is om kunsiderra wie die g'shicht hame tzu griega. Un bis er die safe hame grick'd, mus er fermuthlich sei sharra un klippers ols noch nochts fershteckla unnich 'm bed os wie dafor. Yusht so weit os sei aw gait, der Clarence wil aw ferleicht net hous howwa woh er sei hondwaricks g'shar nochts hut, un besser sawga don nix may weiter bis er sei safe dahame hut fers ei shleesa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Now os der airsht Moy feriwwer is, wunnerts em eb aenich aryads ebber free moryets on sun uf gong in der waitsa wor fers g'sicht wesha mit dau, fer summer flecka lose werra.

Sel wor ols 'n alter gabrouch, yusht ferol os m'r wissa, froga yunga leit aw heit tzu dawg nimmy so fiel noch da summer flecha wie sie ols hen yohrra tzurick.



A PIONEER FAMILY IN LOWER MILFORD

A work left in manuscript form by our local historian, the late Albert Ohl, is of more than passing interest. It consists of two parts: 1. The History of Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh County, Pa., 1732-1947, etc., as I found it 75 years ago. 2. History of the Milfords, Lehigh County, Pa., Upper and Lower.. 1732-1947.

This manuscript has been reproduced in facsimile and can be purchased from the Lions Club of Coopersburg, Pa.

The professional historian may be critical of its form and style; the genealogist and lover of local history will find it rich in material. As an example, we offer our readers the following excerpts.

Jacob Dubbs, the founder of the Dubbs family in Lower Milford and Lehigh County, was born in the village of Aesch, parish of Birmensdorf, Germany, Aug. 31, 1750, a son of Jacob Dubbs Sr. When Jacob Jr. was about 22 years of age his father died and he resolved to emigrate to America. He and his brother divided, leaving the homestead to his brother, the brother buying out his share. With this little money, he sailed from Rotterdam in the Ship "Dragon," Charles Hargrave, Captain, and arrived in Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1732. Immediately after their arrival they were taken to the old courthouse on Second Street, where they were required to take an oath of allegiance to King George the Second of England. There were 185 passengers on the ship of whom 14 were sick, Dubbs among them. Those that were sick took the oath later on. Perhaps not all survived, we do not know. Very soon after his arrival in America, Jacob Dubbs occupied a tract of land in what is now Lower Milford Township, Lehigh County, Pa. Near the head waters of a branch of the Perkiomen he built a log house. It was situated in the meadow on the opposite side of the road from the present building. The country was a wilderness, on three sides of his farm the land was still unoccupied, the fourth side was occupied by Henry Wetzel, a native of Wuerttemberg, Germany. The first tract of land purchased by Dubbs consisted of 150 acres, with the usual allowance of 6 per cent, making in all 159 acres. Later on he bought more lands. This land was surveyed for him by Nicholas Scull, who was the Surveyor General for the Proprietaries John and Richard Penn, on Dec. 28, 1734. Soon after his arrival Dubbs became a member of the German Reformed Church at Great Swamp.

Jacob Dubbs was married to Veronica Welker. She was born in Europe but had relatives in America. She is said to have been a woman of a very good education, probably a sister to George Welker of Goshenhoppen who speculated extensively in land, as his name appears in many ancient deeds. We have been informed by one of her great-granddaughters that when the country began to be settled, she gathered the children of the neighborhood in her kitchen and taught them to read.

Dubbs seems to have been a very intelligent man. He wrote an excellent hand, as can be seen by fragments of his manuscripts. His neighbors called him "Der Tausend Kuenstler," in other words, a Jack of all trades. Guns were brought to him to be repaired from near and far. He also made axes and other implements, which were known far and wide for their fine quality. For the use of his family he made a musical instrument called **ein Fliegel**, or in English a harpsichord, an instrument now superseded by the pino. He also was very fond of writing.

Jacob and Veronica Dubbs had five children.

1. Felix, born Feb. 28, 1738. When about 21 years of age he lost his life in a singular manner, taking a load of farm produce to Philadlephia, and on the way spent the night at North Wales, at an inn kept by Mathias Schwenk, whose daughter Elizabeth later married Daniel Dubbs, a brother to Felix. Rising early in the morning when it was yet dark, he fell into the well and was drowned. It seems it was not well covered. He was unmarried.

2. Barbara, born April 5, 1744, was married to Daniel Boyer. They had several children. Boyer sold his farm at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, being paid in Continental money, which went to nothing after the war. He thus was reduced to poverty. He and his family went west, and were among the first settlers of Tennessee.

3. Margaretta, born in 1746, became the second wife of Jacob Dillinger, and had several children. The late Daniel Dillinger of Lower Milford was her son.

4. Daniel Dubbs was born Oct. 5, 1748. As Daniel was the only son he became the progenitor of all the Dubbs family.

5. Elizabeth, born Oct. 16, 1750, married Jacob Hauk of Berks County. Elizabeth is said to have been a woman of extraordinary strength. Her husband Mr. Hauk, or Hauck, was a miller. Curious stories are related concerning her skill and strength in handling bags of grain and flour. Mr. Hauk grew wealthy and lived in style. At that time it was allowed to have negro slaves in Pennsylvania. Hauk had an old negro slave who attended him in the later years of his life. When slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania, his master said, "Sam, now you are a free man. You may go where you please." The old man shook his head and replied, "No, no, Master, you can't get rid of me dat a way — you have eat de meat, you must pick de bone."

In 1772 Jacob Dubbs sold his land to his son Daniel, and died soon afterwards. His wife died some years later. They lie buried at the Great Swamp Church, but their tombstones have become illegible.

Daniel Dubbs, the son of the pioneer, experienced the dangers of frontier life. The Indians were not far away and the wolves howled in the woods. Daniel grew up to be a man of gigantic frame. He was all his life an earnest Christian as member of the Reformed Great Swamp Church and almost constantly served as elder or deacon. In 1771 he was married to Elizabeth Schwenk. Soon after his marriage he erected a large house, which is still standing. It was the first brick house built in Lehigh County. He was regarded a very useful man. Besides farming he had a mill, a sawmill, made sickles, carded wool and God knows how many other trades. He was the first man to sow clover seed in Lehigh County. He died Dec. 22, 1828.

DER TOD IST ZU UNSERN FENSTERN HEREINGEFALLEN

Two centuries have gnawed at the tombstone of Anna Rosina Schultze in the old graveyard of the New Goshenhoppen Church near Pennsburg. With some patience one can still decipher upon it these words: Der Tod ist zu unsern Fenstern hereingefallen. Their significance is narrated in the following verses.

Des iss en Gschicht vum David Schultz,
Die Anna Rosina waar sei Fraa;
Sie waare gude Leit gewiss,
Un lewe do in Friede aa.

Sie hen gewohnt in Hanover,
Naegscht an der Perkiomen Grick;
's waar in Montgomery County,
Imme scheene Haus vun Brick.

Er hot gewohnt in Nei Hanover,
En feiner, gschulter Mann;
Er dutt fer Leit wann in der Not,
Was mannich eens net kann.

En yunger Kall kummt in des Land,
En "redemptioner" wie gsaat;
Do warr'n dem Kall sei Sinne schwach,
Er waar mol weit vun graad.

Hans Ulrich Seiler hot er gheesse,
Vun der Schweiz iss er mol kumme;
Er hot ken Heemet un ken Geld,
Die Leit hen ihn eigenumme.

Der Schultz bezaahlt ihm noh sei Schuld,
Fer sell muss er sei Diener sei;
's waar als die rule an seller Zeit
Fer siwwe Yaahr, noh gebt er'n frei.

Es waar viel Friede in seim Haus
Bei sellem gude Mann;
Er hot noh aa als Land gemesse,
Sell dutt er dann un wann.

Wann er als waar an so me Tschapp,
Do waar er viel vun heem;
En gansi Woch waar er oft fatt,
Sell waar net aagenehm.

Der Hans en rechter Dickkopp waar,
So schtreitsich wie sie kumme;
Wann als der Schultz vun heem fatt waar,
Er Vorzuck hot genumme.

In siwwezeh hunnert un fufzich iss
En schrecklich Ding do gschehne;
Es waar en schauderhaftes Ding,
Es bringt viel Leit die Dreene.

Die Anna Rosina waar allee,
Der David waar mol fatt;
Der Hans schluppt noh zum Fenschter nei
Un hot die Fraa gematt.

Sie hen der Hans noh graad mol gholt,
Un hen ihn in der Schtall;
Datt bleibt er noh bis an die court,
Noh heert er glei der Gnall.

Der William Allen waar der judge,
Sie hen der Hans nau ver'm Gericht;
Die jury hot ihn schuldich gfunne,
Des iss dem Sinder en schwer Gewicht.

Die court Schtubb waar nau arrig ruhich,
Der judge legt ihm die law noh hie;
Noh saagt der judge, waar in me Zann,
"You're guilty in the first degree.

"Die court gebt dir die deitlich Schuld,
Du hoscht gematt die Fraa;
Nau gehscht du hie wu du hie gheerscht,
Datt geht dir's iwwel aa;

"Wann Mensch me Mensch sei Blut vergiesst,
Soll aa sei Blut vergosse sei;
Die Regel gebt uns des Gesetz,
Du bischt des schuldich aus un ei.

"Du hoscht gematt, nau kummt dei Schtrof,
Du grickscht en Schtrick tight um dei Hals,
Noh musscht du henke lang un hoch,
Bis noh dei Seel geht aus deim Schmals."—

Der Geischt geht aus em Karreber,
Verleicht schwebt er in der Luft;
Mer weess net wu der Hans naus iss,
Verleicht im heesse Duft.

Sell waar en schrecklich Ding gewiss,
Fer ihn do waar ken Droscht;
Verleicht iss er nau in der Hell,
Verleicht watt gut gerosecht.

D. George Knecht

Anna Rosina, wife of David Schultze, colonial Schwenkfelder, surveyor, was murdered June 14, 1750, by their hired man Hans Ulrich Seller. The murderer was tried and sentenced to be hanged on Oct. 22, 1750. William Allen, Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania, was the High Judge, and Benjamin Franklin reported the case in The Pennsylvania Gazette for Oct. 25, 1750. The Rev. Christopher Schultz, cousin of David Schultze, officiated at the funeral. He chose for his text Jeremiah 9:21—"Death is come into our windows." For further details see The Journals and Papers of David Schultze, published by The Schwenkfelder Library, Pennsburg, Pa., 1952.

EN WUNSCH

Ach, meecht ich doch en Schpetzli sei!—
Keemt noh zu dir, mei Freind,
Mit Melodie vun owwe rei,
Aus Himmel siess geleint—
Un in deim Haerz datt waer ken Eck,
Des ich net fille deet—
Dei Druwwel datt gengt all eweck
Un du hettscht ewich Freed.

Des winscht dir die Buschamsehef
(alias Ralph Berky, Bally, Pa.)

LITTLE JENNIE WREN

En scheener gleener Zaahschlipper
Sitzt am Waggeschopp;
Er weddelt mit em Schwans
Un nuckt mit em Kopp;
Er weddelt mit em Schwanz
Un nuckt mit em Kopp,
En scheener gleener Zaahschlipper
Sitzt am Waggeschopp.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN sei Mammi Gans Buch

FRIEHYAAHR

(A springtime picture unknown to to our generation)

Friehyaahr kummt mit Sunneschein un Zwiwwle Schnee,
Bidderer Selaat un Schtrohhiet kumme uff der Marrick, un der Piewie peift wie en Faecktri Wiesel uff der Poschdefens.

Glei iss die Luft siess mit em Geruch vun Ebbelblumme, buck shad un alde gum Schuh. 'S iss en gans nei Lewe im Land. Die Felder warre widder so grie ass fimf Daaler bills, die Micke kumme widder in die Millich un die Blotzwegge schtecke im Dreck bis an die Naawe. Nau kumme die Bebblin un die linen Hosse raus.

Der Hausmann robbt die karpet tacks un die Hausfraa robbt die Naas. So lannt er alle Friehyaahrs Zeit, well es vun de zwee boss iss.

Sie globbt der karpet drauss im Hof, er globbt sei Daume Naggel, un danst wie wiedich eweil datt rum, bis sie Wadde robbt am Schnawwel.

Die sun bonnets un die Oschder bonnets sin der Schteil bei de Weibsleit, un Gaarde Graawe un en leer Backebuch bei de Mannsleit. Die Gallweschp schiddelt der Schwans un sucht fer Druwwel, un der Moschkieder hot sei Naas in annere Leit ihre Bissniss der gans Summer. Die suckers fange widder aa beisse an der Grick un in Wall St. Es iss en hallichi Zeit. Der klee Bu hot em Daadi sei Schdiwwel aa, geht naus Welschkann Land bluugge un fallt in die Grick. Iwwerall kann mer sehne, dass es Friehyaahr Eifer aa packt un alles. Die agents kumme rum mit kupperne Gewidder Rude un Zuckblaschder. Ambrelle Flicker, Lumbe pedler un politischens fange aa ihre alde Freind uffsuche. Die kleene Buwe schiesse Marwel un suche Schliwwere uff de Keller Dier. Die kleene Meed schpiele Schteckle. Der Hunsshow un die Drehargel sin im Land un glei kummt der braubrinnslich Bar un walst fer fimf cent. Die Hinkel briehe, die Leit ziegge, die Veggel singe, die Schuler schpringe, die Haahne graehe, die Bauere sae-e, die Keschte Peife un Holler Bix, Hoods Sasseferill un killme-quicks sin an de alde Friehyaahrs Dricks. O was en lieblichi Zeit!

Der Daadi geht uff der ewerscht Schpeicher fer die Micke Dier. Sie schteht im Dunkle hinne im Eck un er rennt en Balke wedder die Hannschaal, dass es dunnert drunne im Keller. Es dunnert fer fufzeh Minudde in Deitsch un Englisch, un die Mammi schpringt naus an die Scheier bis es Wedder wexelt. Dernoh kummt er runner mit drei groosse phrenology bumps newe em Kopp raus schtecke wie Kelwer Hanner.

Der neegscht Daag watt der Schdubbe Offe eweck geduh. Er fangt unne aa es Rohr ausnanner mache un der Ruus fliegt em in die Aagge, ins Maul, die Naas nuff un iwwer der Kopp, bis er guckt wie en Phildelphi shoe black, un die Mammi schpringt widder naus an die Scheier. Sie fiehlt immer meh sicher datt, weil Gewidder Rude druff sin.

Es nemmt sex Schtennervoll Wasser un en halwe Daaler waut Seef fer der Daadi widder en weisser Mann mache, awwer yuscht waart! Sei Lach kummt schpeeder.

Eb die Woch rum iss, geht die Mammi ans Fens Weisle. Alles watt aagschtriche newe am Haus naus, um der Gaarde rum, es Schmok Haus, die general office, Hinkelhaus un Seischtall. Sie schteht owwe uff der Schteppleeder un singt en gud alt Kaerrichelied. Uff eemol schpringt en klee Friehseiche wedder die Schteppleeder. Mer wisse all wie's geht. Es dunnert net, awwer mer hen all Mitgefiehl fer Leit, dass net hendich saagge kenne, was sie denke. Die Mammi guckt so bleech, dass en Schpuck un hockt im Weissekiwwel un der Daadi schpringt hinnich die Scheier un verschprengt en paar neie Hosse.

Der neegscht Daag dreht die Mammi uff en Seischwaart uff der Keller Schteeg un schkeet nunner in en Schtennervoll Schmalz. Un der Daadi saagt, sie watt gewiss noch fett wann sie's oft genunk dutt.

En Brief vum Bassum Deich von SOLLY HULSBUCK

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Editorials

Get Ready for Summer Camps

One of the happiest and most picturesque phases of American recreational habits is that of camping out during the summer months — an experience that several million American boys and many men now are dreaming of and hope to realize in the vacation months that are ahead of us.

The spirit of the pioneer, who plunged into the wilderness and virtually "lived off the land" continues in the summer activities of our boys and youth when they live under tents, travel afoot along trails and highways and thru trackless forests, or make their way by water in silent canoes.

Because facilities for such summer recreation, (under supervision as most parents desire for their boys, and even girls), are limited, now is the time to make preparations for admission to the camps that various institutions have set up. Of course there is nothing to prevent any one or any group from heading off on their own after having made preparation for nights under the stars and days to be spent in fishing and hiking and other outdoor activities.

Happily Allentown has a considerable abundance of organized facilities to offer to its boys. There is the very large Boy Scout camping area in the Poconos which was made possible in perpetuity by the late General Harry C. Trexler. He was a friend of the Scout movement from the day of the organization of the first patrols in this area. There Scouts can pursue the best of the Scout program during the summer months.

There is the delightful YMCA camp in the Cherry Valley which has provided instruction, recreation and a wonderful social life for thousands of Allentown boys over its many years of existence. This camp, like that of the Scouts, constantly is being enlarged in facilities and this year, thru the Lions Club and the vocation students of Allentown High School, is to get an additional cabin so that more boys than ever can be welcomed.

And of course there is the pretty camp up along the Jordan which has been established for the membership of the Boys Clubs of Allentown and which also has been doing notable work in its briefer existence.

There should not be a vacant cot in any of these camps on any day during the coming season. Now is the time for the boys and their parents to be looking forward to the big day when they will set out for one of these spots. While the costs at all of them are nominal, there is a charge which cannot always be met at a moment's notice.

Now is the time for the boys to be making the savings necessary to meet the cost of a week or more in camp. And now is the time to be reserving a place in one of the camps where so much fun is going to be had, so many friends are going to be made, so much is going to be learned and — most important of all to a boy's heart — lots of good "eats" are going to be enjoyed three and more times a day.

Infant Giant of Electronics

With several thousand employes, the character of some of the work that is being done in the large plant of the Western Electric Co. on Union Boulevard has become widely known thruout this community and naturally is talked about in several thousand households.

So it is that one of the commonest words in use hereabouts is "transistor." Poke around in dictionaries, large or small, and you'll not be able to find it. It's so new that the makers of these books have not yet been able to catch up with it and put it into their publications.

Yet it is a word that is the oral or printed symbol for one of the most important developments in all the brief history of electronics, and there can be a lot of local pride that it first was manufactured in Allentown. Already, as an infant prodigy of science, it has done marvels. But even greater things are predicted for it in the future.

In a statement, published in an article in a recent issue of "Magazine of Wall Street," Dr M. J. Kelly, president of Bell Telephone Laboratories had this to say about the little wonder.

"The transistor is destined to be the giant of the electronic age. It will have far-reaching effects not only in telephony but in almost every area of industry, business and military weaponry . . . Electronic telephone switching centers about a fifth the size of today's electronic mechanical systems are among the revolutionary advances the transistor will make possible in communications."

Transistors are just part of the story that has made the name "Allentown Plant — Western Electric" known throughout the civilized world and to the extent that it is synonymous with the relatively young electronic age. In fact, the name "Allentown Plant — Western Electric" is as familiar to electronic scientists as Mack Trucks are familiar to those who are engaged in transportation.

As the electronics manufacturing center of the Bell System, the local WE plant, in collaboration with Bell Telephone Laboratories engineers, has gained an enviable reputation as a leader in the development of new electronic equipment and the manufacture of high quality multiple complex products.

The transistor, publicized and glamorized more than any other electronic product since DeForrest invented his three-element vacuum tube, has contributed in large measure to building the reputation enjoyed by WE's Allentown Plant. Today, more than 60 companies — many of them in foreign lands — are making transistors, using technology they acquired in conferences in Allentown with Western Electric and Bell Laboratories engineers.

Allentown may well be proud of the fact that it has in its midst a plant which operates on the frontiers of science. It can be expected to continue to be a leader in the young but very important field of electronics.

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.

Arab Refugee, Peace Obstacle

Dear Mr. Editor—

In your Public Opinion column on May 7, Mr. Wheeler approved what you wrote previously that the only solution to the Arab-Jewish dispute is that the Arab refugees be rehabilitated.

I am of Syrian descent, sir, and I still hold love and respect for my father's land, next to that of the United States, but I favored heartily a Jewish state in Palestine. The Jews were there many hundreds of years ago, they gave the world the holy Testaments, the prophets and the Lord Jesus. Then they were driven out of their land. Where they unwillingly fled, they were hated, massacred, executed by some nations as we all know. They were dispersed and unwanted refugees and had no place on earth to go. But they had a valiant spirit, never forgot Jerusalem and paid homage to it. They shed tears on the Wailing Wall of the remnant of the temple of King Solomon and prayed for the restoration of their lost kingdom.

We also know that they tried to get Palestine by economical means but failed.

Then came the recognition of the Jewish State by the Truman Administration which was based on sympathy and religious tradition. Finally the Jewish State was restored after a bloody war and was supported by the U.N. and the U.S.A.

Alas, they forgot or neglected the most serious problem — rehabilitation of the one million Arab refugees who lost their homes and were lying in camps on the desert, beyond the Israel-Arab borders. For them there was no shield but the blue sky and no food except the crumbs that fell to them from the U.N. table. What hurts them most is when they see their houses are occupied by the Jews, and their farms farmed by those whom they call enemies. By not justifying the Arab refugees, we have to face the consequences of our guilt before God and history. We, and we alone, are to be blamed in particular for the loss of Arab friendship.

Mr. Dulles expressed his views one time and said even Arab rehabilitation may not solve the problem. How can Mr. Dulles and other world leaders know unless they try it? Remember, we spent billions on defenses which became useless in this Atomic Age and its guided missiles. We are going to spend other big sums on the Baghdad Pact which may do us more harm than good. Yet we find it difficult to solve the problem of this handful of Arab refugees.

The Arab refugee is the obstacle on the path to peace. If solved, we don't have to enter a war which would be very costly.

Eight years have elapsed since the Arab-Jewish armistice and yet we have done nothing toward this holy cause.

God be with you and all who work for a just peace.

Naif Makoul
Front St.,
Allentown.

You Might Never Guess It—



The 'Dulles Plan'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

It will dawn on the world soon that a plan of far-reaching importance — perhaps even more significant in the long run than the Marshall Plan — has just been unfolded by the secretary of state, John Foster Dulles.

When first mentioned several days ago, it was vaguely described in official pronouncements as a means of "broadening NATO." This was erroneously interpreted in many quarters, here and abroad, to mean that emphasis on the military side of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was being abandoned altogether and that henceforth there would be increased attention to economic help in some new spending program by the United States.

But it turns out that neither impression was correct and that what the United States now is proposing is the development of a new instrumentality for the exercise of moral force in the world paralleling, though not supplanting, the United Nations itself.


Dulles

Basically, the new approach can be interpreted as a realistic recognition of the handicaps imposed by the very universality of the United Nations. Its cumbersome voting procedures sometimes only accentuate factionalism. Also, the log-rolling within the U. N. creates balances of power and rival groups in "power politics."

By utilizing the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's Council, however, as a political entity, there is a chance for agreement among a smaller group of nations which in emergencies can make their influence felt more effectively and more promptly. For, after all, back of the NATO Council is military potentiality — something the United Nations Security Council lacks because of the misuse of the veto power by the Soviet Union.

Early Scope of Idea

The scope of any idea which is in an intangible stage cannot be defined too sharply at the outset. But already, from a careful reading of the masterful speech of the American secretary of state, it is possible to say that additional economic as well as military cooperation need not be ruled out as a sequel to the plan. Indeed, once there is a strong political union of states, action to implement military as well as economic programs becomes logical. Whether this be by the use of private or governmental capital is not to be decided till later stages, when unity is well on the road to accomplishment. Nor is the plan at variance with U. N. objectives, as the secretary of state himself pointed out in his Tuesday speech.

What stands out as the sensational significance of the "Dulles Plan" is the forthright manner in which it seeks to deal with the Soviet Union's mischief-making not only in the Middle East but in Asia. Thus, if the European nations which are members of NATO stand together, they can, through the council, bring a conciliatory influence and a constructive mediation to bear in such disputes as Cyprus and Algeria which tend otherwise to weaken NATO militarily. While these are internal questions, legally speaking, they involve external factors. Neither France nor Britain, for example, would be compelled to accept the help of the other members of NATO in such disputes, but there would be an opportunity, through new ways and means, to bring about solutions.

For it is obvious that if the Middle East's oil is shut off from Western Europe, NATO's military strength suffers. It becomes of vital concern, therefore, to NATO to find, if possible, an early solution to the Middle East crisis. Likewise, the problems of Asia are interwoven in European problems. Hence the emergence of a compact group of nations with common interests, through the new functions to be given to the NATO Council, means less chance to place all the burdens of the world on America's "leadership" — a word that the critics so often refer to in disparagement as they sometimes seek to divert attention from the shortcomings of their own governments in world affairs.

Dulles' Observation

No super - government, but rather an effective alliance, is what Dulles envisages. He says:

"It would not require different personalities at the council table, but a different approach and far greater 'depth' in terms of political advisers than is now the case. But above all is the basic decision to take seriously the unity of the Atlantic community and seek to promote it, not by super-government but by common counsel. Such a decision has not yet been taken, except in military terms."

Dulles purposely avoids giving details at this time but says that, under the new concept of NATO, the members "Could generate greater dynamism to help in acceptable ways, to sustain political and economic independence elsewhere."

This, then, is what the United States means by "broadening NATO." President Eisenhower fully supports the "Dulles Plan."

It always takes time for the full import of new ideas in diplomacy to sink in. But the plan will be welcomed in Europe. It meets boldly some of the comments of those critics who have themselves been groping recently for a way to deemphasize military force and re-emphasize moral force. It means reliance on a community of peoples, acting together in a common cause, to build a world opinion which conceivably can reach even behind the Iron Curtain.

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Edgar A. Guest

SELF-RELIANCE

Boy, bend thy will
To gaining skill.
Get wisdom for the
Troubled day,
For who has these
May be at ease.
No thief can take
His gifts away.

The skillful hand
Throughout the land
Is honored, trusted
And required.
Remember, lad,
Good times or bad,
Knowledge is
Everywhere desired.

Stocks rise and fall,
Change comes to all,
But wisdom holds
Its value still;
And winds of care
And dark despair
Unwithered leave
The hand of skill.

(Copyright, 1956.)

Horoscope

You may have some difficulties to overcome, but your position should improve through your own efforts. Today's child is likely to be very persistent and successful.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 11:1-18

In order to appreciate fully the Sunday School lesson for tomorrow, we should read the whole of Chapter 10, where we read of the conversion of Cornelius and a house-party of other Gentiles who were gathered to hear the Apostle Peter preach the Gospel to them, the usual theme being Christ crucified and raised from the dead (10:39-40). When the Apostles and the Hebrew Christians in conservative Jerusalem heard that Gentiles had also received the Word of God, they contended with Peter for having had dealings with uncircumcised Gentiles and eating with them. So Peter reviewed his experience in Caesarea, telling them that he had been summoned from Joppa by Cornelius, a devout Roman centurion, to be his guest and to answer some spiritual problems. Now, for a Jew to enter the home of a Gentile was supposed to defile him. But in a vision God told Peter that the time had come to get rid of such ideas. So Peter went, preached, and before he ended his address (10:44), the Holy Spirit fell upon the company. Since God thus manifested His interest in these Gentiles who believed in Jesus, the Hebrew Christians were surprised and rejoiced, saying: 'Then God has also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life,' v. 18.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER SYLVANUS WOR GABUTTA: Is es net gross ordich wos 'n annering os es mocht won 'en mensch tzieg'd, un hut sei gawainlicher waig nimmy fer hame gae fon da arwet. Now nem doh der Sylvanus Creitz fons Bohlen Gross un Moyers' glaider shtore tzum bei shpiel — un woh fer yohrra un yohrra g'shoft hut ons Kocha shtore, now weck garissa.

Der Sylvanus un sei Goldie hen fer yohrra gawohnt uf da Gordon shtross doh in da shtadt — un woh sie 'n aryie shaenie hamet kotta hen. Wie ow'r doh net long tzurick da Goldie ihra shweshter g'shtarva is in Trexlertown bei ihr'm Pap John Geisler, hut der Sylvanus un die Goldie fershprocha fer hame tziega.

Sof oft os der Sylvanus der waig gamocht hut fon da Gordon shtross die shtadt nei, un widder rous, het er bol gae kenna mit da auga tzuhut alla shrit fom waig gawist, un het net ferlorra gae kenna won er gawolt het. Ow'r now os er drous in Trexlershteddle dahame is — un arbadich noch so won er so'n guter freind wie der Ralph Wenner fon Walberts airsht hame nembt — noh kon aenich ebbes g'shaina.

Wel aenicha waig, wie der Sylvanus der Ralph ob galawda hut kot, wor die maining fer grawd ains gons hame gae. Fermuthlich won die Goldie dabei gawest wear, weara die socha net g'shaina, ow'r so is der Sylvanus ewwa g'fohrra un g'fohrra, un des da langer os er g'fohrra is, des da fremmer hut die londschoft g'sheind. Allas wor iwwerrous shae, ferol os die waiga wenich grum worra, un sin hard im gringle rum gonga — 's wor ol iwwer shae graws, shaina bame, un fiel blumma.

Der Sylvanus hut yusht net ous mocha kenna woh er sei maich'd, un fer die socha ols noch shlimmer mocha, worra naryads ken waig weisser — un aw ken mensch rum os er der waig froga hut kenna. 'S worra 'n lot shaina anda rum, ow'r die hen net shwetza kenna, un won sie aw gakent hetta, hets k'harbert eb sie ebbes gawist hetta fon Trexlertown.

Endlich hut der Sylvanus ow'r mohl 'n mon aw gaaroffa, un hut g'shtopt, wunnerra woh er wear. Noh ferhoftich sei wor er ol die weil im Trexler Park, un gore net uf 'm waig nous noch Trexlertown. So wie m'r fershtaina, wil der Sylvanus die socha ow'r net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns wie arrick os er ferlorra wor uf 'm hame waig fon da arwet ons Bohlen, Gross un Moyers.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Soicha os gleicha fer windshiffer un so 's gleichas tzu sehna, sotta unna fail net fergessa fer heit odder morya ob shtoppa om AEB Airport on Shoenersville, woh alla hond fon sella socha tzu sehna sin.

MRS. WEIMER'S GIFT OF TONGUES

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

We are privileged to present to our readers one of Elsie Singmaster's early stories about Pennsylvania German life. As in a number of her early stories the scale is Macungie, which holds many fond memories for the author. To an earlier generation Macungie was known as Millerstown or "Millerschteddel." This story was published in Lippincott's Magazine for February, 1908 and is reprinted here with the kind permission of both author and publisher. —Ed.

"MOM, the sugar is all."

Louise Weimer, whose hands were covered with flour, raised her arm to brush the curls out of her eyes. No one could have accomplished the awkward gesture with more grace than Louisa.

Her mother gave no sign that she heard, save that the gleam in her black eyes became brighter. She continued to move about the table with a light step, and gently opened and closed the oven-door.

"Mom," said Louisa again, "shall I fetch some sugar?"

Mrs. Weimer still made no response, until Louisa, after having washed her hands, put on her sunbonnet and started toward the door.

"Where are you going, Louisa?" she asked, not in Louisa's somewhat halting English, but in Pennsylvania German.

Louisa's eyes were blue, but they could flash none the less brightly for that.

"I said I was going to the store for sugar," she answered, also in German.

"All right," said her mother pleasantly. "Bring cinnamon too."

The screen-door closed sharply behind Louisa.

"Always Dutch," she muttered as she went down the boardwalk. "This is the only place in Millerstown where it is now all the time everything Dutch."

Then, catching sight of her "company girl," Mary Kuhns, Louisa ran to join her.

Back in the kitchen, Mrs. Weimer went on with her work. She had her daughter's habit of talking to herself. Her speech was shorter, however, and delivered in German.

"I will not talk English, not if I live to be a hundred," she said.

She knew well enough that hers was the only house in Millerstown in which English was constantly frowned upon. Nor was it because she did not understand it. One could not help understanding it. One heard little else in these degenerate days. Degenerate they were indeed. The young people no longer obeyed their parents, they were extravagant, they must always be going to the county seat on the trolley cars — Mrs. Weimer hated the sound of the gong. These things had not been when she was young. They had all come in with the speaking of English, and as for her and her house they would not speak it, nor would she acknowledge that she understood it, even though such an attitude involved not a little inconvenience.

Louisa meanwhile was exercising her English to her heart's content. Her arm lay across Mary Kuhns's shoulder, and their sunbonnets were close together.

"I tell you," Mary was saying, "if you ever want to have your picture enlarged, now is your chance, Louisa. It don't make anything out what sort of a picture you have. He can put another dress to it, or a hat, if you want a hat, or he can take a hat off. And he can make a pompadour for you."

Louisa's heart leaped. The height of her mother's ambition was to own a crayon portrait of herself to hang beside that of her departed husband on the parlor wall, and another of Louisa to hang opposite.

"But how much does it cost?" she asked, her hopes suddenly falling.

"It is a special sale. It is only ninety-eight cents."

"Ninety-eight cents!" repeated Louisa. "Is he yet here?"

"Yes, and he will go round to every house."

Louisa slipped out of Mary's grasp.

"I must go hurry and tell my Mom."

She sped on to the store to accomplish her errand, then home. This time she spoke hurriedly in German.

Mrs. Weimer was as much excited as Louisa herself. Of course they could not afford to have the pictures framed at once, but they would not mind that.

"When did Mary say he would come?"

Before Louisa could reply, there was a gentle tap at the door. Both women turned, a little startled. Who was it who had come down the board-walk so quietly?

Before them stood a young and slender man, whom they would have guessed to be the crayon-portrait agent, even without the large portfolio which he carried under his arm. There was a metropolitan air about him wich impressed even Mrs. Weimer. His hat was in his hand. The Millerstown men did not go to the trouble of removing their hats when they rapped at one's door. His skin was very white, his eyes very black, his dark hair very smooth.

"Good morning," he said, in a gentle voice. "I hear you are interested in portraits. I have something here which is finer than oils."

"Yes," said Louisa, thinking regretfully of her soiled dress. "Come in and take a chair once."

"Thank you," said the young man, with a bow. "But can't we sit out here on the porch?" It was a warm morning, and the stifling air in the kitchen could be felt at the door. He held the door open, first for Mrs. Weimer, then for Louisa.

"If you will sit here, miss, and your mother here, I can show the pictures to advantage."

"What does he say, Louisa?" asked Mrs. Weimer. She always insisted that English be translated for her.

"He says you shall sit down," answered Louisa impatiently. Once more she was to be disgraced by her mother's German.

"Your mother don't understand English?" the agent asked politely. "But you do?"

"No, she don't, but I do. Pretty near everything is getting English. But Mom, she still talks Dutch."

The young man fanned himself with his hat, and looked at Louisa. Louisa in her close-fitting calico dress was a pleasing spectacle.

"It is a warm day," he said. "Now, I have here a very fine line of crayons, as you will see. These picture I will show you are some of the most beautiful young ladies of the county seat. This is a young lady on Fourth Street."

He held up before them the first of his portraits. No one could have dreamed that the original came from any place smaller than the county seat. The cut of her dress, the brilliant jewel at her throat, and, most of all, the towering pompadour, proclaimed her as city bred. Louisa gave an "Oh!" of rapture, and even her mother was impressed.

"Imagine how handsome the lady will look in a fine frame. And this is a picture of her mother. It is a fine black and white effect. She is a widow."

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Weimer.

"This is the young lady's mother."

"Would not your mother like an effect something like this?"

"I think it is grand," said Louisa. "Mom, how would you like such a picture?"

Mrs. Weimer's eyes glistened.

"Ask how much it will cost, Louisa."

Louisa translated her mother's question.

"You cannot buy such a picture anywhere else for less than four dollars. These are special rates. Ninety-eight cents is all the firm is asking. You will never have another chance like this. The firm is about to leave this section. You think you will take one?"

"He says, will you take one?" translated Louisa.

"Yes, if it is only ninety-eight cents."

Louisa translated again.

"That is our price. Your mother has a picture of herself?"

Louisa brought her mother's photograph from the album in the parlor. That she brought with her another did not escape the agent's eye.

"And now," he began, when he had put down in his note-book the directions for Mrs. Weimer's picture, "don't the young lady want one too? Excuse me, but you would make a handsome picture."

Mrs. Weimer saw Louisa blush.

"What does he say, Louisa?"

"He says, would I like such a picture?" Louisa clasped her hands. "Ach, please, please, Mom!"

"All right," consented Mrs. Weimer.

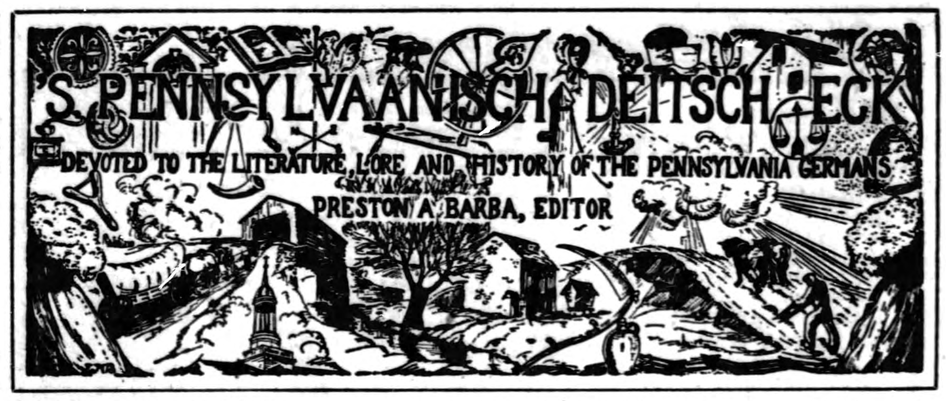
The agent held out his hand for Louisa's picture.

"Ah, this is a good one," he said, in his gentle voice. "But we must touch up these cheeks so they look a little more like what they do naturally. And what color would you like the dress to be?"

Louisa heaved a rapturous sigh which ended in the word "Pink."

The young man wrote down the directions for her picture. Then Mrs. Weimer expected him to go. He stayed on, however, asking Louisa for a drink, then, when she had given him some raspberry vinegar, lingering to show her some other pictures from his portfolio. Mrs. Weimer was disturbed because Louisa was neglecting her work. She herself went back to the kitchen and finished mixing the cake which Louisa had begun. Several times she went to the door, but Louisa did not turn her head. Mrs. Weimer decided that she did not altogether trust the young man. One could never be sure about these English.

To Be Concluded



DIE MAMMI SCHLOFT

(Mother's Day)

Die Nacht iss do, die Drauernacht—
Es henkt en Flor uff meinre Dier.
Die Mammi schloft! Der Welt ihr Pracht
Iss gans vergange, saag ich dir!

Ihr Aag hot mich es erscht erschaut,
Erscht hawwich ihre Schtimm erheert;
Uff sie haw ich die Welt gebaut,
Ihr Lewe waar mir alles waut.

Die Welt scheint leer un ohne Luscht,
Wann mer emol die Maemm verliert;
Des Kindheitskisse uff ihre Bruscht
Watt uns dann nimmi meh verziert!

Was weh geduh an yener Zeit,
Hot sie yo immer gut gemacht;
Mir sin verbei an annre Leit,
Bis sie gekisst un driwwer glacht.

Die Dreene hot sie abgewischt,
Des Weine waar uns glei verbei;
Die Sunn hot gscheint in ihrem Gsicht—
Ach yetzt kann es net meh so sei!

Die Wolke mache 'n dunkli Nacht,
Der Mond verschteckt sich im Verdries;
O, sei doch schtill, mach gaar kee Yacht,
Die Mammi schloft, sie schloft so siess!

Der Daag waar lang, die Aerwet schwer,
Die Pilgerreis waar hatt un weit;
So mied waar sie un matt so sehr,
Die Ruh iss siess in Ewichkeit!

Des Scheide awwer dutt uns weh,
Es fehlt do eens, es fehlt so viel!
Mer sehnt es net, mer heert's net meh—
Des Haz hot Schmaz! Des Graab iss kiehl!

Doch Feierowed iss yo do—
Die Mammi leit in ihrem Bett;
Im Kemmerli schloft sie recht froh;
Dann weck sie net, o weck sie net!

Mer saagt's net gaun—Mer muss es duh;
Des Haz, es henkt an seinem Gut.
Mer guckt noch ee Mol — yetzt mach zu!
Die Dreene nemme mir den Mut!

Ihr Aag iss zu, ihr Mund schweigt schtill,
Un kalt iss ihre Herzensquell.
Dann gudi Nacht! Mach's wie mer will—
Doch muss mer saagge — Farriwell!

ADAM STUMP

From the Pennsylvania German Magazine for May, 1908.

HIMMELFAHR DAAG

(Ascension Day, May 10)

In de gude alde Zeide, wie mir noch net so bissi waare, hen mir Feierdaagge gemacht aus etliche Daagge ass die Leit alleweil vergesse hen. Eens vun denne Daagge waar der Himmelfahr Daag.

Die Heilich Schrift saagt uff seller Daag waer der Herr Jesus uffgeschtiegge geegge dem Himmel. Glei hen sei Yinger ihn nimmi sehne kenne.

Uff der Daag hen mir als gar net meh gschafft ass mir hen misse. Mir hen gemeent, es waer en Sind fer schaffe uff der Himmelfahr Daag.

Do iss en Schtori ass die alde Leit als verzehlt hen. En gudi Fraa hot net en ganser Daag duh kenne unne gschafft. Nooch Middaag uff der Himmelfahr Daag hot sie wennich genaeht amme Schaz. Noh hot sie ihn verschteckelt.

Was hot's noh gewwe: Geegge Owed iss en Gewidder - regge uffgschtiegge. Hot des gewiddert un gegracht um ihre Haus rum! Noh hot sie an ihre Schaz gedenkt. Sie hot den Schaz naus in der Hof gschmisse. Noh hot's en hadder Schtreech gschlagge un hot der Schaz zu Rieme verrisse. Noh hot's gschtoppt gewiddere. Nooch sellem hot sie nimmi gschafft uff der Himmelfahr Daag.

Mir sin gange fische. Ich hab gsaat, fische. Mir hen net oft gfange, doch hen mir gfischt. En guder Fischermann kann daaggeweis fische, wann er aa nix fangt.

Bessere Leit wie mir Buwe waare, sin als in die Kaerrich gange. Ferwas net? Heidesdaags gehne viel Leit net in die Kaerrich uff der Himmelfahr Daag. Sie denke iewen net ass es Himmelfahr Daag iss. Zu ihne iss es yuscht widder en Daag.—

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Happy Decline in Polio

National reports on polio cases during last week were so favorable that the optimists already can express fairly well founded hope that the present year will show marked decline in the ravages of this disease.

A year ago 205 cases were reported to Washington from all parts of the country. The total during last week was 85, or a decrease of 60 per cent.

Of course it is too early to be predicting what can happen in the course of the next five or six months, the period during which the disease manifests itself most. And it is to be noted that the spring season has been retarded and that temperatures, except during a very few days, have been low. The breeding season for the disease probably has also been retarded.

But there is also good reason to believe that the effects of mass inoculation of children in the most susceptible age groups should be beginning to show in very positive statistics. However since only a small fraction of the total number of children, who should receive vaccinations, have been vaccinated up to this time, it is pertinent for parents everywhere to be inquiring about the status of their local programs.

Fear of the disease has been allayed, but it has not been removed. Complete conquest of the disease may never be achieved but the way now has been shown by which it can be held to greatly reduced volume. The way has been shown but much individual and group action is needed to place all our children on the way to immunity and thereby remove the threat to their futures that lies in the crippling potentialities of this dreaded disease.

Helping Millions—One by One

The high popularity gained in the United States by the Salvation Army in many areas during two major wars and by much civic service in the years of peace will be given opportunity for expression in tangible form during next week, which Mayor Donald V. Hock has set aside as a period for the observance of Salvation Army Week.

The Mayor would have our people know more about what the Army stands for in this community and the services that it is able and desires to afford for any and all who stand in need of such services.

Happily the Allentown branch of this world-wide organization is well equipped to carry out the original purposes of this religious and humanitarian project. Splendid citizens direct its activities as the representatives of our entire community. The public has provided one of the best equipped and one of the most useful buildings possessed by any local institution for community service. These facilities have never been availed of to a point approaching their capacity. The Salvation Army in Allentown is geared for higher performance than ever has been demanded of it.

When the public gets to know more about this splendid institution and the capable people who handle its work, more use certainly will be made of its excellent facilities.

It should be added that the work of the Salvation Army is almost entirely upon a personal basis. In announcing the national celebration for next week this work has been summarized in the phrase: "Helping Millions — One by One."

On this personal basis of reaching mankind, "one by one," the Army has gained its recruits over the years not alone among English - speaking peoples but among peoples of many other tongues. This wide experience has emboldened the organization to offer its services to the United Nations. In such offer it has pledged the five thousand officers and quarter of a million members in the United States to redouble their efforts "to bring peace and faith in God to all people; to the underprivileged, the ill and delinquent, regardless of race, nationality, color of creed."

To encourage the Salvation Army in Allentown is to encourage it in its nationwide and worldwide efforts.

Give Children Every Chance

What are people most interested in? Other people, a recent poll shows. The quirks of human nature are the most fascinating subject there is, both to the average person and to scientists studying human behavior.

For instance, John E. Gibson points out in the Catholic Digest, they've found out that your job may influence your children's intelligence. Children of doctors and lawyers tend to be smarter than the children of unskilled laborers. Generally speaking, it has been found that the more intelligent you are, the better your children are likely to be endowed in this respect. This is partly a result of heredity and partly due to the fact that parents with higher IQ's tend to provide an environment favorable to the development of ability.

But — and it's a big but — don't think that just because your occupation happens to be a routine one your children haven't a chance of being as smart as those of parents from the upper economic brackets.

"During World War II, more than 10 million men took intelligence tests in the army. And, although executives and professional men averaged the highest intelligence, it was found that there were hundreds of thousands of exceptions to this rule.

"For example, 25 per cent of the truck drivers were found to have more on the ball mentally than 25 per cent of the executives; and thousands of boiler makers made IQ scores just as high as the lawyers or higher. In most such cases, it was found that although the IQ was high, the educational background was lacking.

"The best thing you can do to assure your children of success is to give them the opportunity to develop all their potential abilities," Gibson concludes.

Try & Stop Me

A bunch of raw recruits lined up raggedly at the rifle range, and listened impassively to a tough old sergeant until he barked, "Now, men, when I blow this whistle, I want you to start firing at will." At this, one rookie broke ranks and ran for the woods. The startled top kick stammered, "What? Where? Who the blank - blank is that?"

"That's Will," a sad sack explained.

Most big shots like very low automobile license numbers, but there's one newspaper owner in the mid-west who fights for "131313." His explanation: "Who'd want to risk stealing a car with an unlucky number like that?"

An old settler from Arkansaw vows that his paw became tired of life so he lay down on the tracks three miles ahead of the fastest express train in the state —and starved to death before it got there.

The engineer of this express, incidentally, made one unscheduled stop every day to pick up a dozen fresh laid eggs from his cousin, who ran a farm 90 miles north of Little Rock. One day his cousin hailed him with the usual, "Hi, Cousin Abernathy," but this time added, "Ye'll have to keep them passengers waitin' a few minutes extry today. I got 11 eggs so far, but one hen is on the nest now and that 12th one ought to be along right soon."

(Copyright, 1956)

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

"BAG EYE" — O. B.

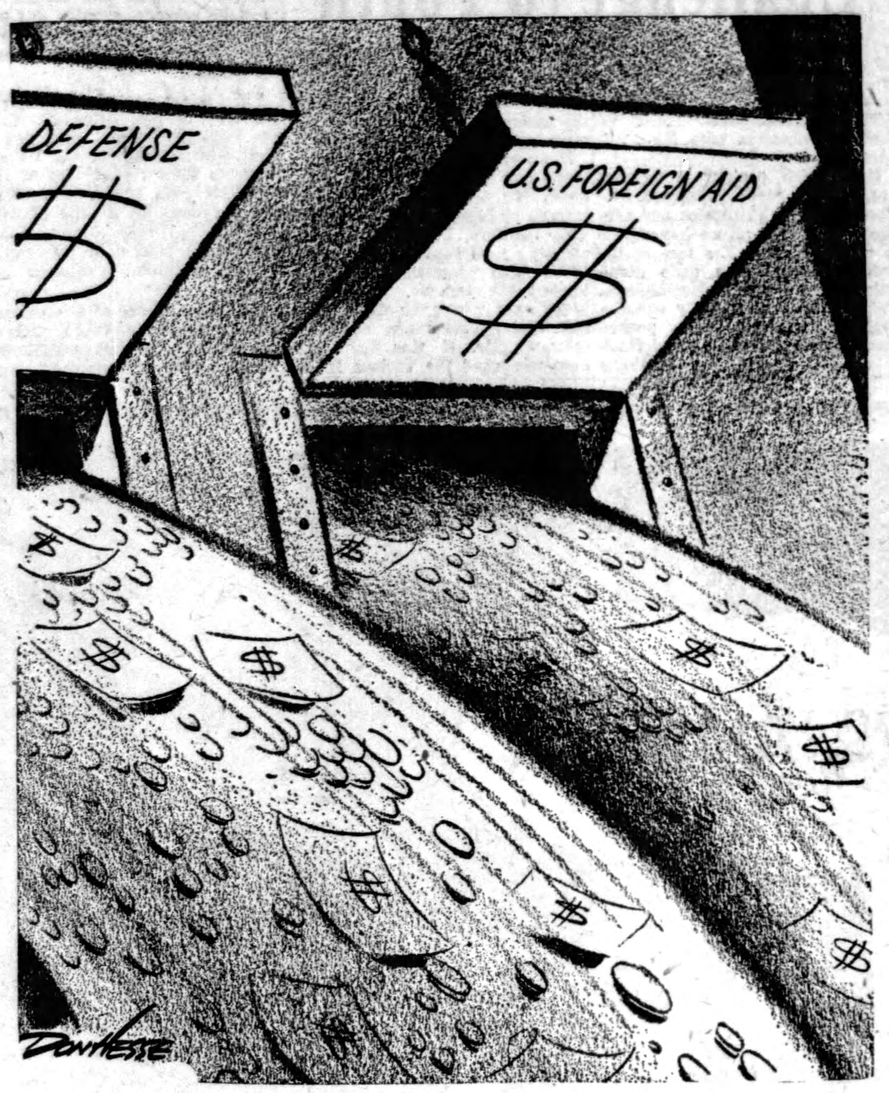
When "Stethoscope Pete" went over the sea,
He left my case with a smart O.B.
Who, early or late, ushers babies in
With a healthy smack and a hearty grin.
Now he orders the pills that I ought to get
But "Bag Eye," I'll say, hasn't spanked me yet.

I call him "Bag Eye." His eyes ashine
Have deeper and wider sacks than mine.
I have taken his shots in the hip and arm.
Not one of them did me the slightest harm.
But the tiniest pill on the nurse's tray
Took thirst and hunger for food away.

Now I know in part what all mothers new,
When a baby is planning to come go through.
With the strangest questions have I been tasked
Which I can't understand why I was asked.
And I wonder why "Stethoscope Pete" left me
In the care of "Bag Eye," the skilled O.B.

m(Copyright, 1956.)

The Gates Are Still Wide Open



President Sukarno's Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Sukarno of Indonesia is a likable person, but his speech to a joint session of Congress was astonishing for what it omitted.

Nowhere in the address was there even a brief mention of the biggest menace to the freedom and independence of Indonesia itself—namely, the potential threat of an aggressor coalition comprising Soviet Russia and Red China.

Is it conceivable that Mr. Sukarno purposely avoided all reference to the Communists and talked about political independence and how foreign aid should be granted his country without realizing that the whole western world is gravely concerned about the military situation in both Europr and Asia?



Pres. Sukarno

The Indonesian leader is confronted by 39 Communists in his Parliament, and there is infiltration by the Communists in the other political parties, too. In fact, money from Red China financed the campaign of the Communists in the recent elections in Indonesia.

Yet it is clear from Mr. Sukarno's speech that he has swallowed hook, line and sinker the Communist claim that America seeks to interfere in the internal affairs of his country when it grants aid. Unfortunately, too many so-called "liberals" in America and others who have been guilty of petty partisanship have criticized their own government by echoing this same Communist line not only as to Indonesia but other lands as well.

What could America possibly want of Indonesia except the new nation's own best interests—defense against the aggression of Communist Russia and Communist China? If Malaya goes Communist, the Soviets can soon begin to seize portions of Indonesia. The new republic of Indonesia is an island empire. It has no navy of its own. If it cannot rely on the navies of the west—Great Britain, France and the United States—how can it be protected, and how can its continuance as an independent country be assured?

Sukarno Reveals Distrust

Mr. Sukarno reveals his distrust of the west in the following paragraph of his speech:

"The approach to the question of foreign aid should be based upon different principles in different countries. Without adequate knowledge of those countries, and even if your motives in granting aid were solely the stability of this region, the results could be adverse, and the flow of even billions of dollars could lead only to strained relations. Certainly military aid is no substitute for Asian stability. It will only serve to make countires accepting it more dependent upon America, and their worth as genuine partners in the universal struggle for liberty, peace and prosperity will consequently decline."

When Mr. Sukarno says, "Even if your motives in granting aid were solely the stability of this region," it may be asked what other possible motive could the United States have? It's the Communists who have been spreading the propaganda attributing to America some selfish purpose in Indonesia—and this in the face of the historic fact that the United States has fought two world wars and has not annexed a single inch of terrirtory as a consequence. Meanwhile, the Soviet empire has annexed country after country and robbed many nations of their independence.

Certainly Indonesia would become dependent on America. In fact, it is dependent militarily today on the United States Navy, which is the only barrier between it and Soviet aggression. It will be recalled that the United States Navy was not powerful enough in 1941 to prevent the sweep southward of the Japanese fleet and the occupation of Indonesia.

Military facts are not erased by wishful thinking, and it begins to look as if those in this country who are opposing foreign aid now will have a very valid argument presented to them by the Sukarno speech. For it is evident he is not concerned about the military danger of Soviet agression and regards America's military defense operations as superfluous. In Congress economic aid is advocated primarily to bolster military aid—to make sure allied countries grow economically stronger.

As for building Indonesia's economy, this is not America's obligation at any time and certainly not if the new republic wants to embrace neutralism. For, unless the peoples themselves in the countries aided want the protection of the western powers militarily, there is no sense in offering economic aid.

Memories are short. The cruel aggression by the Communists in Korea, in defiance of the United Nations, is forgotten by President Sukarno. In the last 24 hours, Nasser of Egypt has shown that he also has forgotten that the United States is still at war with Red China. Why should aid for the Aswan Dam or any other project be given Egypt now that it has embraced America's enemy? The United States should never "buy" allies but should help only those countries which fully understand the Communist military menace and sincerely seek to join us in a common defense plan.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 11:19-30.

'The Church in Antioch' is the theme of the Sunday School lesson of tomorrow. There are two cities by the name of Antioch in the book of Acts; Antioch in Syria, 11:19, and Antioch in Pisidia, 13:14. The name is derived from Antiochus, a King of Syria. Because of the persecution of the Church in Jerusalem, many Christians fled that area, thus coming to reside in many of the larger cities round about, as in Tyre and Sidon in Phoenicia; some on the island of Cyrrus, and others in Antioch, v. 19, where they preached the Word. The Church in Antioch became the next important center after Jerusalem, for a great humber in that city believed, v. 21, and Christians were there so called for the first time, v. 26. News of the growth of the Church there caused the Jerusalem Church to send Barnabas to Antioch as a worker, v. 22. He was glad when he saw the grace of God working there, so he exhorted them all to cleave unto the Lord (His name means 'Son of Exhortation', that is, a man who knows how to exhort his fellow Christians). 'Full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,' he went to Tarsus, the home of Paul, to bring him to Antioch to help in the ministry of the Word. Later they also went up to Jerusalem with funds to take care of the poor in the Church there.

Horoscope

Substantial good fortune may come to you in the next year. A child born today is likely to be generous, but strong-willed.

The olive oil of Span is a triple-use product: It is fine for food, has several medicinal uses and is an ingredient of many cosmetics.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

G'SHWARL IM SHARNSHTAE: Won m'r aw in da shtadt dahame sin, is es net g'sawt os m'r net londs blessier howwa kenna — ungfare wie 'n neshd yunga g'shwarl im garaga sharnshtae. Fer 'n longie tzeit dawinder darrich, hen m'r tzwae g'shwarl sehna uf 'm garaga doch rum grodla, un sie hen aw grossa indressa ganumma im sharnshtae.

Ferwos m'r mohl sei lava 'n sharnshtae on die garage gamocht hen wissa m'r heit noch net. Ow'r tzurick in 1927 wie m'r 's gabei uf duh hen lossa, huts ols noch leit kot woh gamaint hen m'r mist mashina winders warm halta — un der aintsich'd waig sel tzu duh wor, fer 'n offa in die garage duh. M'r hen der sharnshtae gabout, ow'r sei lebdawg ken offa in da garage kot.

Wel aenicha waig, wie die g'shwarl awfonga hen indressa nemma im sharnshtae, hut der nochber Johnny Wagner blech innawenich iwwer die rohr lecher ganog'ld, so os sie net os 'm sharnshtae in die garage gae hen kenna. Fer wocha long sin sie ols fom rote bladderricha blauba baum grawd navich 'm gabei nuf ufs doch gagrodd'ld, un fon darta uf der sharnshtae. Da winder wies doch dick badeck'd wor mit ice sin sie driwwer nuf wie wons nix wear, un wie der shnae dief wor sin sie ols darrich gagrodd'ld os m'r yusht abissel fon da shwentz g'sehna hut.

Gaeich 'm freeyohr tzu is ow'r yusht may ae g'shwarl kumma, un m'r hen net gawist ebs die mommy odder der dawdy sei maich'd. Woh der onner hee kumma is wissa m'r net—ferleicht wors 'm tzu weit fer fom Fair grund ruf kumma — drei block weck, un ferleicht hut er aw 's glick kot wie paar omshla os free doh worra, un hen sich fershluppa wolla fom almae, in greena bame in leit ihr'm hofe. Wos hen die leit gaduh, os wie sin hinnich die ohrma omshla mit shibba un brigel, un hen sie net yusht rous gayawk'd, ow'r ainra aw der shwontz ob g'shloga, un sie so hard fergribb'ld os sie dote gonga is.

Der g'shwarl woh tzurick kumma is hut alla dawg paar mohl ob g'shtopt on da fegel ihr'm koshda nava on da garage, fer welshkern grease fressa woh m'r darta kotta hen fer die fegel. Etlicha mohl hen m'r 'n aw sehna gae, mit meiler fol graws un bladder — all'm noh fer 'n neshd mocha. Owets is er ols free ei g'shlupt un niemond hut gadenk'd os die g'shwarl familia sich fermehrra maich'd. 'S wor net bis bout 'n woch tzurick os die nochber'n Nellie Wagner fers airsht mohl tzwae glaina g'shwarlchr sehna hut owwa tzum sharnshtae rous gucka.

'S wor bol so fiel shwontz wie g'shwarl, un sie hen ols aryie g'shpass kot shpiela mit ihra shwentz. Wie die sun hous wor, worra sie owwa uf 'm sharnshtae, uns wor net bis geshter morya (Fridawg) os die alt mommy aenicher awshpruch gamocht hut fer sie fom sharnshtae griega. 'S hut weil ganumma bis sie nava nunner ufs doch gagrodd'ld sin, ow'r noh net long fer nous uf der baum groddla. Paar mohl sin sie fom baum in der hofe g'falla, ow'r die alt hut sie widder tzurick nuf ufs doch, un in ihra nesh grick'd im sharnshtae — un woh sie all'm noh alla weil leia shlofa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis aw net yusht g'sawt os m'r g'shwarl im sharnshtae hen — 's hut aw noch wilda haasa um unser fegelskoshda rum, un fegel sin om bletz sucha fer neshder baua.

M'r kenna ow's ols noch net driwwer kumma, os es leit hut os fegel dote shloga.

"He says the pictures are three dollars and ninety-eight cents."

"Tell him we do not want the frames. We only want the pictures."

Louisa repeated her mother's words.

"But we cannot sell the pictures alone. The firm have decided—" The young man seemed to be taking a firmer hold on the door-latch. He had never delivered crayon portraits before, and was new to the tricks it involved. "You see, you'll have to have the frames anyhow. You might as well have them now." He spoke as though he were reciting from a book. "They are the finest gilt on the market. The firm—"

"What does he say, Louisa?"

"He says we will have to have the frames anyhow, Mom," translated Louisa wistfully.

"I cannot afford frames. I did not order frames. You tell him to take his pictures from the frames and take his money."

"She says," repeated Louisa, "you shall take the pictures from the frames. We don't want the frames."

"But the firm—" The young man paused and laid a hand on each of the pictures. "The firm have decided that you cannot have the pictures without the frames."

"We cannot have the pictures without the frames!" repeated Louisa. "Are you not in your right mind? We ordered the pictures for ninety-eight cents. It was nothing at all said from frames."

"I cannot help it. The firm—"

"What does he say, Louisa?"

"He says he will not give us the pictures unless we take the frames." Mrs. Weimer's black eyes blazed.

"What will he do with them?"

"Take them along back with him, I guess. Perhaps he will show them round like the others."

"No, he will not."

"You are sure you do not want the pictures?" put in the young man. He had opened the door, then grasped the pictures again. "Both the pictures are very fine. You will never get any better ones. They—"

Louisa was aware that the pictures were fine.

"You are a cheat," she said suddenly.

The young man flushed from the top of his high collar to the top of his white forehead.

"I can't help it," he said angrily. "The firm—"

"What does he say, Louisa?"

"He says he will take the pictures away. He is a cheat." Louisa could scarcely keep her voice steady.

"Good morning," said the young man. He was trying vainly to push the door open without letting go of the heavy frames. The latch had dropped, however, and he was powerless.

"What will you do with the pictures?" asked Mrs. Weimer in German.

"I do not understand. I do not speak German. I must go. Good morning." He set one of the pictures against the wall for an instant, lifted the latch, seized the picture again, and pushed the door open with his foot.

Louisa burst into tears. It seemed as though she could not let the beautiful pictures go. Nor was her disappointment less keen than her mother's. Mrs. Weimer saw the young man's shoulders move through the door, and she stepped forward.

"Not so fast, young man," she said in German.

The young man winced as he felt his arm caught as though in a vise. He started to draw it back, and Mrs. Weimer opened the door wide enough for his arm and the picture to slip back. He was in a moment again wholly within the kitchen. There he flattened himself against the wall. Before him stood Mrs. Weimer, her finger shaking in his face, from her lips pouring a torrent of incomprehensible words.

"Let me go," he said weakly.

Mrs. Weimer talked on.

"I do not understand you. Let me go. I am English. It is not my fault. The firm —"

Mrs. Weimer caught the drift of his words. She had forgotten that he could not understand her. Her speech had all been wasted. For a moment rage held her silent; then her eyes shone.

"Louisa, you go into the front room," she commanded, in German — Mrs. Weimer did not lose her presence of mind in the greatest of excitement — "and shut the door."

Louisa obeyed, weeping.

"Now!" Mrs. Weimer surveyed the figure before her, from the wavy black hair which Louisa so admired, down to the tips of the pointed shoes. She wondered how any one could have such feet.

"You—" She looked around to be sure that Louisa had closed the door. "You are a humbug, that is what you are," she said in plain Millerstown English. "You are a fraud, you are a cheat, you ought to go to the jail, that is where you ought to go. That is where you will anyhow come some day. You ought to be thrashed."

The young man put up his hand as though to ward off some physical violence.

"Let me go," he said again.

"You are a thief," said Mrs. Weimer. "It isn't such trash in all Millerstown like you English. You are a robber and a swindler. You—"

"I will let you have them for ninety-eight cents," he said desperately. "Only let me go." His hands were busy with the fastening which held the pictures to the frames. "I'll take them out. I can't help it. The firm—"

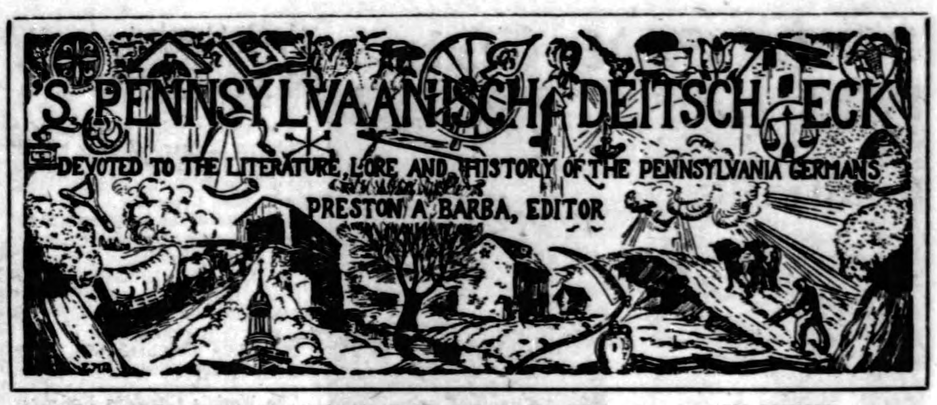
"Don't talk from the firm," said Mrs. Weimer sternly. "Here is your money."

The young man received the money in a shaking hand, then lifted the heavy frames.

"G-good morning," he falterd.

"Good-by," said Mrs. Weimer meaningly. "Good-by for always." Then she opened the door into the sitting-room.

"He is gone, Louisa," she said in German. "And here are the pictures. I settled him. And, Louisa," — she thrust her hands deep into her mixing-bowl as she spoke — "now you can see what it is like to be English."



MRS. WEIMER'S GIFT OF TONGUES

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

CONCLUSION

Our readers who have read the first installment of this story will remember meeting the young crayon-portrait agent with the metropolitan air who has invaded Millerschteddel, (better known today as Macungie). He is offering the natives crayon portraits made from photos at only 98 cents. Mrs. Weimer, who as a matter of principle speaks only Pennsylvania German, orders a portrait of herself and one of her daughter Louisa. They are delivered in beautiful frames, which of course cost extra. But neither the agent nor Mrs. Weimer had said anything about purchasing frames. Who will triumph in the ensuing combat, Mrs. Weimer of Millerschteddel or the slick metropolitan agent? We shall see.—Ed.

Millerstown talked of little else than crayon portraits during the next week. The women talked them over when they met in the store, the children whispered about them in school, until the teacher forbade all mention of the word "picture."

To Louisa the week seemed long. She had never seen any one so goodlooking or with such fine manners as the agent.

For some reason, the young man did not follow the same plan in the delivery of his pictures as he had in their sale. Instead of starting at the head of Main Street and going from house to house, he went, first of all, to the Weimers'. When he came it was just eight o'clock, and Louisa and her mother were half way through the week's baking. They did not expect him till afternoon, and they were both much surprised, and Louisa much annoyed. She had dreamed all the week that he would come in the afternoon, when she was dressed to receive him.

"Good morning," he said in his gentle fashion.

"Good morning," answered Louisa.

"This is a beautiful morning," he said hurriedly. "I have brought the pictures. Will you step out and look at them?"

Louisa moved toward the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Weimer.

"We shall go out on the porch to see our pictures."

"You tell him he shall bring them in here," commanded Mrs. Weimer. Then he would not keep Louisa from her work.

"You shall bring the pictures in here," translated Louisa unwillingly.

The young man bowed and backed out on the porch. When he returned he carried, not the light portfolio, but two heavily-framed pictures. One he leaned against the kitchen wall, the other he slowly uncovered.

"We didn't order frames, Louisa," said Mrs. Weimer.

"Well, perhaps these are not our pictures."

At first glance, indeed, the picture which he held up for their inspection seemed to belong to neither of them. It was the likeness of a young woman clad in the pinkest of pink dresses, which, however, was no pinker than her cheeks. Her eyes were blue, and her brown hair was piled into a high pompadour.

"But that is grand!" sighed Louisa. "But" — the admiration changed to bewilderment—"but — who—" Suddenly Louisa flushed a rosy red. "Is it me?"

The young man bowed.

"Who is it?" asked her mother, then saw her question answered in Louisa's face. "Is it you?"

"Of course," answered Louisa.

For an instant Mrs. Weimer said nothing. She looked from Louisa to the picture, and from the picture back to Louisa. Surely it did look a little like Louisa.

"But we cannot take the frames. Tell him that, Louisa."

"And this," said the young man, as he turned the other picture to the light — "this is your mother."

Louisa and her mother both exclaimed this time. There was no mistaking the likeness. The cabinet photograph had been exactly copied.

"Louisa, you go and get my purse," said Mrs. Weimer. The agent was already folding up the covers which he had taken from the portraits. Mrs. Weimer had her hands on one. "Not the frames," she said in German.

The young man shook his head. The jaunty air which he had worn on the occasion of his first visit had departed. He seemed a little frightened. When Louisa returned he was standing with his hand on the latch of the door.

"Give him his money, Louisa," said Mrs. Weimer. Perhaps — but no, they would never give away such beautiful frames.

Louisa counted out the money. The young man no longer looked pleasantly at her; in fact, he did not look at her at all. Suddenly he made an incoherent remark.

"What did you say?" asked Louisa.

"The pictures are three dollars and ninety-eight cents apiece. The firm have decided they cannot sell any without the frames. This is a fine quality of gilt, warranted never to wear off."

"What did you say?" demanded Louisa again.

"The pictures are three dollars and ninety-eight cents. The firm—"

"What does he say, Louisa?" asked her mother.

EN BLUMM

Es wachst en Blumm do an meim Paad,
So zimberlich un klee;
Doch schteht sie datt so schtrack un graad
Un wunnerbaarlich schee.

Die Blumm iss weiss mit bissel bloo,
Hot geel im center aa;
En mancher laaft des Peedel do
Un sehnt nix newe draa.

Un wann er's sehnt, 's iss yuscht en Blumm,
Un losst's an sellem geh;
ich kann aa drin en Seegge seh, dumm,
Ass er drin gaar nix seh.

Ya, 's iss en Blumm un lieblich schee,
Doch sehn ich meh dezu;
Ich kann aa drin en Seegge seh,
Gemacht fer mich un du.

Des bissel Bloo, gemaahnt uns Volk
An Himmel Daag un Nacht;
Un Weiss, an hie un do en Wolk
Wu dreibt der Wind so sacht.

Es Geel im center weist uns mol
Die Sunn im Himmel bloo;
Die Blumm, die schteht fer Himmel wohl
Uff unser Aerde do.

Vun Blumme graad wie die am Paad
Warr'n Gleichnis viel gemacht;
Sie gucken gut, doch sehnt mer graad
Wann mer sie recht bedracht,

Ass ebbes fehlt — ya, 's Lewe drin,
Wu Gott nur mache kann;
Wu ken Mensch weess, doch hot im Sinn
Browiere dann un wann.

Was waer des doch en groo-I Welt,
Waer'n gaar ken Blumme meh,
Wann waer nix unnich Himmelszelt
Wie Heiser, Land un See.

Ken Farwe geel un rot un bloo
Am Weeg, in Felder drauss;
Im Hof rumhaer un ewwe so
In gans neegscht allem Haus.

Wie dankbaar sett mir Mensche sei
Fer all die Blumme schee;
Fer all die Pracht sie bringen rei
Zu alle, gross un klee.

23 Sept. 1936 —RALPH S. FUNK

GLEENE GSCHPICHTE

Selwert Achting gewwe

Der Parre Zimmermann waar mol iwwer Nacht beim Joe Breneiser. Allemol dass der Parre darrich die Nacht wacker warre iss, hot er gheert dass der Joe eiferich am Bede waar. Maeryets am Disch frogt der Parre, "Ich bin froh zu heere, dass du so'n bedender Mann bischt. Ich hab gheert wie du em Haerr gedankt hoscht die letscht Nacht. Duscht du aa so bede darrich der Daag?" — "Nee, darrich der Daag kann ich selwert Achting gewwe uff mich," andwatt der Joe.

Er waar reffemiert

Es watt als verzeehlt vum Jerry Roth wie er in der Sembli waar in Harrisburg hett er mol en Brief fatt schicke wolle. Er hot eens vun de annere Semblileit gfrogt, wu mer Poscht Schtemps kaafe kennt. Saagt der Kall, "Sei net so dumm. Mir Semblileit griegge all die Poscht Schtemps fer nix. Geh yuscht datt niwwer an sell Fenschder un frog defor. Seller Mann gebt dir graad was 'd hawwe witt." Der Jerry geht ans Fenschder un frogt fer Schtemps. "Was fer en denomination?" frogt der Mann. "Ei, Deitsch Reffemiert!" hot der Jerry ge-andwatt.

Er hot uffgschtocke fer sei Schtadt

En Mann vun Allentown un eener vun Reading sin mol zamme kumme. "Mir hen die feinscht un bescht Schtadt," saagt der vun Allentown. "Hundsbambumble! Reading iss en viel besseri Schtadt wie Allentown," andwatt der vun Reading. "Guck emoll unser Drohtmiehl!" — "Ya, guck mol an unser Riggelweg Schapp." "Mir hen die groosse Seidemiehle." — "Huh! Mir hen die groosse Unnergleeder — un Schtrimp - miehle," saagt der Readinger. So hen sie fattgemacht. "Well, mir hen en hunnert dausend Eiwuhner un ihr yuscht halwer so viel," hot der vun Reading gsaat. Der vun Allentown hot sich mol bissel am Kopp gegratzt, noh saagt er, "Wann Allentown so viel Leit hett wie Reading, waer's ennichaus greesser wie Fildelfi."

As told by Lloyd A. Moll (1879-1944)

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Editorials

Sure, He Said It

As President Mr. Truman was a joy to the newsmen for he was the type of public man who "makes copy" for writers by pungent and uninhibited language in the expression of "hot-off-the-griddle" opinions upon any topic that is discussed.

His "give 'em hell" tactics, whether in a political campaign or in discussing the critics of his daughter's voice, made interesting reading. The newsmen, who like to get out of the doldrums of factual reporting of colorless events and strike out with some salty quotes from a well known public figure, found Mr. Truman entirely to their liking. He was rarely disappointing in what he said and how he said it.

Knowing this from their years of experience with the gentleman from Independence, Mo., it is likely that the American people will believe that he was correctly quoted when newsmen reported that he had described unnamed strategists in World War II as "squirrel heads."

It will be very difficult to believe that any newsman following him on his rounds in the course of his current European trip has the same ideas and the same vocabulary as Mr. Truman. The term "squirrel head" could hardly come from any but an American's lips. It sounds like Harry. The whole incident concerning the strategy which picked the Anzio and Salerno beaches as the landing place for the Italian invasion sounds like a faithful report of the former artillery officer's opinion that better spots could have been selected.

Mr. Truman's denial may satisfy Europeans. It will almost certainly not be accepted by Americans. They will believe, or will prefer to believe that ex-President Truman was just acting and speaking naturally; that he has had an opinion about the Italian invasion which was not favorable to the strategists who planned it and that he was ready to spout it forth at the first opportunity.

But so what? The Italian campaign completely succeeded despite the many difficulties of mountainous terrain and well entrenched defenders. Arm-chair generals always have a better answer for difficult military generations after the battles were waged. General Meade still is being told how he should have followed up his victory at Gettysburg, and just about all the losers in momentous struggles have been informed many years later how defeat could have been avoided.

There is however another side to the argument as to whether Mr. Truman used the word "squirrel heads" or did not. That is the fact that he may have caused ill feeling and brought hurts unnecessarily to friends of this nation in Europe by his criticism.

There is no doubt that Mr. Truman, because of his former exalted position, is regarded in Europe as this nation's current ambassador. While he is traveling in an entirely unofficial capacity he is nevertheless an ambassador plenipotentiary to the European nations that he will visit.

Mr. Truman has a keen political head. That has been demonstrated over and over. If repercussions from "squirrel heads" are felt by him to him to have been serious or just mildly irritating, the politician in him will tone him down in language from this time forth. He will be wary of interviewers and cautious with his words.

All the more pity! It is refreshing occasionally to have men like Truman around to light up the skies with a flash of verbal lightning. The American people sure do love it.

Fads and Frills Innocuous

There is criticism frequently that the so-called "fads and frills" in modern educational programs harm the development of basic educational skills, a development that was the pride of educators in the "good old days" of the little one-room schoolhouse.

For years the debate has been waging hotly as to whether mother and father got a really better education when they were tots than their children are receiving today. The debaters however have not gotten far because they had few facts and statistics to support their positions.

A hint is given however as to an answer to this question in a study which was made recently in Evanston, Ill., a Chicago suburb, by its superintendent of Schools, Dr. O. M. Chute.

He compared the results of tests given to present-day students in Evanston schools with results in the same tests that were given to students 22 years ago.

He found that today's students did as well or better in basic subjects than those in 1933. On the average, students of today are five months, or half a school year, ahead of similar pupils in 1933.

The tests which were given last September were given by the same teacher in 1933. She also made the conditions surrounding the examination as nearly like the first one as it was possible. Then the results of the two tests with an almost equal number of students, given 22 years apart, were carefully studied and compared by statisticians of Northwestern University which also is located in Evanston. Their study reached these conclusions:

1. The 1955 students were five months ahead of 1933 students in reading comprehension, vocabulary and arithmetic reasoning.

2. Present-day students were three months ahead of the last generation in spelling.

3. Both groups are on a par in arithmetic computation.

In commenting on the study, Dr. Chute said that modern teaching methods should not be judged on subject-matter alone. He added: "Areas such as citizenship, character, and intangibles of personality need to be taken into consideration."

Although advocates of modern education methods will be encouraged by this study, traditionalists will be quick to refute them. The contest will still be on. But one thing seems to have been satisfactorily established, namely that the fads and frills have not caused the basic skills to suffer.

On the Job—Safest Place

While life upon the highways is becoming more and more hazardous, life in the factories and other places of occupation is becoming safer. It can be said that men, and women, are safer in their places of employment than in their homes, or in their pursuit of recreation, or in travel.

Insurance companies which operate upon facts and not fancy, attest this trend. For example, the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York last week announced that it has eliminated or reduced extra premiums for almost five hundred of some 547 "hazardous" occupational classes which it covers under individual life insurance policies.

No extra premiums will be required henceforth for such jobs as telephone linemen, pile driver operators, police and firemen, mine inspectors and many others. These formerly were required to pay $2 more than the standard annual rate per $1000 of insurance.

The insurance company recognizes that there has been "marked improvement in working conditions and steady reduction of occupational hazards." Therefore the reductions.

Even steeplejacks, wrestlers and jockeys, as well as workers in electrical conduits, structural ironworkers and employes in the manufacture of explosives are going to get substantial reductions in the extras which they formerly were required to pay for insurance.

Now what the nation desires is some formula to reduce highway hazards. It has been shown that much can be done in just about all phases of employment. It should be possible to do something about highway transportation as well.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

QUATRAINS

FLIRTATIONS

She gave me that come hither look
And reached my hand to hold.
Right on the spot the hint I took,
For she was four years old.

SPRING

In the spring the younger, bolder,
Think of love and pretty lass.
But the sixty group and older,
Think it's time to cut the grass.

RULE

For all the brave and young of heart
This rule no guess is:
The bottom is the place to start;
Up high success is.

PRAYER

Pray for the strength to do the tasks
As you receive them.
Then with the courage duty asks
You may achieve them.

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The Great Demobilization



'Let Them Go Communist'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON — "Let them go Communist." This epitomizes a growing sentiment in Congress about the so-called "neutrals." It means that the United States must not allow itself to be blackmailed into foreign - aid programs by governments which under the guise of neutralism are really "playing both ends against the middle."

The case of Egypt is much discussed hereabouts. Nasser, an ambitious leader, is trying to play the Soviet Union against the United States. He wants the Aswan dam built. It's a very important project — it will take 18 years to build. It means needed irrigation for millions of acres of land. The Soviet Union has made a transparently weak offer to help finance the project, but Nasser implies he must take it unless Great Britain and the United States kick in with the desired funds.


Nasser

The Aswan dam and the canal distribution of the water, together with the hydroelectric work that goes with it, will cost at least 1 billion dollars. Irrespective of whether Nasser is a statesman or a Communist stooge, the dam means a lot to the future of the people of Egypt. Hence the American government wants to help, but can't be in the position of placing itself in the clutches of an ambitious dictator who claims he is undecided whether to line up with the West or with the Communists.

Reports from inside Egypt reaching here indicate that the Communists are making real headway there and are using Egypt as a base of military operations to stir up trouble for the Allies in Algeria and Morocco, and also to stir up friction through intrigue inside the Arab world.

There are some Americans here in responsible posts who feel that maybe the time has come to call the Soviet bluff — to let Egypt try to get along with Soviet funds alone — in other words, to take hands off and permit nature to take its course.

Thus far, Moscow seems willing to grant a 35-year loan of 200 million dollars to build the dam. But the huge reservoir itself would be useless without the projects to distribute the water throughout Egypt and the Sudan. These will cost 800 million dollars. There are many knotty problems still to be solved and meanwhile Nasser doesn't seem to be doing much in diplomacy to forward the cause of the people of his own country. He manages to insult the United States about every other week. His latest pact with Communist China flies directly in the face of America's friendship.

The willingness of Nasser, moreover, to accept the Communist scheme which seeks to establish a military foothold in the Middle East has aroused suspicion in the West. Thus, because of his arms deal with Czechoslovakia, and now with Communist China, the whole strategic problem will have to be reviewed by NATO.

Also by 1960 the Suez Canal is scheduled to come under complete control of Egypt. Will the western nations accept such a transfer if it means handing to the Soviets control of one of the most important waterways in the world? From a military standpoint, Egypt cannot be protected by the Soviets for they have no naval strength in the Mediterranean. The western powers, on the other hand, in time of war probably would not hesitate to seize control of the Suez Canal as a measure of self - defense. For Egypt would not be regarded then as "neutral," but as an ally of the Soviets.

Can Egypt afford to place herself within the Soviet military orbit — in an area which the West will have to consider hostile if war should break out? This is something Nasser will have to consider.

It's something also that Sukarno of Indonesia will have to take into account. Sukarno has accepted Communists into his government. He was careful in his speeches here to refrain from saying anything that would indicate he is disturbed by Russian colonialism. He criticized western "colonialism" and made just the kind of speech that pleases the Kremlin. He knows, of course, that this country wants Indonesia's friendship. But at what price? How much money does Sukarno really want from America?

None Gullible Congressmen

They liked the Indonesian's oratory on Capitol Hill but the large majority of the members of Congress are not gullible. The game of attempted extortion going on as "neutralism" becomes the camouflage of the so-called "uncommitted" governments. The tendency now in many quarters is to say "let them go Communist," and "let Soviet Russia actually come through with all the financial aid Moscow has been talking about."

Most experts here think the Soviet "competition" is a gigantic bluff and that if America refuses to be taken in, the newly arisen governments in Asia will some day discover that there are no strings attached to being friendly to America such as the Communists in Moscow or Peiping would impose.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DA YUNGA LEIT IHRA FROLLICK TZEIT: Kalt un rau wie die widdering shun wor so weit des free yohr, is harlichkate in dousanda fon yunga leit ihra hartzer 's lond iwwer. Sis net yusht die tzeit fom yohr woh die ard in unserra gagend sich glaid in da aller shanshda blumma, ow'r sis aw die tzeit fom yohr — die tzeit fon da yunga leit ihra shule lava tzu ma end kumt.

'S fergait ken monichie tzeit may, mocha hoch shula un kolleges tzu fers yohr 1955-1956, un die hocha klassa mocha ihra bicher aw tzu, graduata, un gain aintwedders nous in die welt fer ihra aiga lava mocha, odder fert, weiter in die shula. Fer ungfare tzaea, tzwelf yohr hen die yunga leit fohrraw gaguck'd tzu darra tzeit, un now os sie doh is, sin fiel so wie die shofe om barrick won 'n shtorm kumt — sie wissa net woh onna.

Wenich yunga leit wissa wor fer 'n shaenie tzeit fom lava os ihra shule dawga sin — sis net bis die shule dier tzum ledshda mohl tzu is, un sie shtaina drous im freia, os sie wissa wos fer guta tzeita os sie hinnerlossa hen. Unser gons lond, yar, die gons welt rug'd uf da oxla fon unserra maid un boova woh des free yohr fartich mocha in da shula. Wie sie sich bareit hen, un wie sie fershtain fer halt awshloga won ihra tzeit kumt fer 'n lava mocha, so wert unser lond ragiert in da tzeit tzu kumma.

Ebbes is fershtonna, un sel is ow die yunga leit fon heit, 'n graiser eisenhnass hen in die tzu kunft gaeich wos der fol wor ken so monicha yohr tzurick. Tzeitinga un magazines in da hameta, radio, TV, moovies, un mashina — ol helfa da yunga leit ihra auga so fiela free'r uf mocha tzu alla orta socha un erfohringa — monicha yunga leit heit tzu dawg wissa may won sie ous da hoch shula gaina, wie ihra elterra un gross elterra gawist hen wie sie ous da kolleges sin.

Sis fershtonna os monicha yunga leit 'n harder waig tzu gae hen, ferol os sie maina maiga 's kommencement in ihra hoch shule wear 's end fon allas —sie finna bol ous os sel yusht der awfong wor, un os die hardshda tzeita noch om kumma sin. Mit allas beshda winsch is unser hoffning os alla boo un maid'l woh graduate, der recht waig gae mawg fer folla nutza griega ous da larning woh die shule maishder so hard gabroviert hen na tzu gewwa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won numma ae helft fon da kinner in da shula wista, wie notewenich os es is fer 'n larning howwa, breichda monicha shule maishder sich net rau helsich shwetza, un elterra graichda ken groea hoar, bis die kinner darrich die shula sin.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Arnold Bennett once visited George Bernard Shaw in his apartment overlooking the Thames Embankment in London and expressed surprise that not a single vase of flowers was in evidence. "I thought you were so fond of flowers," chided Bennett.

"I am," responded Shaw abruptly. "I'm very fond of children, too. But I don't cut off their heads and stick them in pots about the house.

A red-faced cop caught up with a little lady driving in her coupe. "Didn't you hear me yelling for you to stop?" he demanded.

"Goodness sakes, officer, was that you?" asked the little lady innocently. "I thought it was someone I had run over."

George Gobel complained that he couldn't teach his prize boxer, Irving, not to chase automobiles. A noted dog expert assured Gobel, "Every boxer chases cars." "I know," said George, "but Irving catches them."

Horoscope

You should enjoy a successful year. Today's child should exhibit persistence, combined with sound judgment.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 13.

The 13th chapter of Acts is, from the standpoint of Church history, a very important one, for it marks the beginning of so-called Foreign Missions. The church at Antioch in Syria was a spiritually mature body of Christians. Under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, two of their company, Saul and Barnabas, were separated for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Gentiles. They sailed for Cyprus, formerly the home of Barnabas, who, no doubt, wanted his friends and relatives to have the first opportunity to hear the Gospel. Cyprus is much in the news these days. It has always been noted for its copper mines; in fact, the word copper (German, Kupfer) and the name, Cyprus, are related to each other. Here Paul gained his first convert, the Governor, Sergius Paulus, and from his name Saul may have derived his name, Paul (see v. 9); at any rate this Latin name would help him in Gentile areas, rather than the Hebrew name, Saul. From Cyprus they went to Asia Minor (the title of the Sunday School lesson for tomorrow.) They stopped at Antioch in Pisidia, v. 14, preaching in the synagogue with some success and much opposition. Because of persecution, they went on to Iconium. It will be helpful to study the map of Paul's journeys at the back of our Bibles.



EN BISSEL PENNSYLVANISCH VUN CANADA

New Writings by Andrew Schumacher

By HEINZ KLOSS

Writers of the Pennsylvania German dialect, but living outside Pennsylvania, will always arouse particular curiosity in the dialect's motherland, in **Pennsylvaani.** There was Tobias Witmer, from upstate New York (see ECK, July 3 and Nov. 6, 1948); there was William Horner, the Ohioan (see ECK, Nov. 26, 1938); there was the Ontario trio of Good, Rittinger and Schumacher. Of these three Canadian columnists, the last named seems to be the least known. It may therefore not be amiss to submit some more of his productions.

I told you about Andrew Schumacher in the ECK for February 4, 1950, but I omitted the date of his death, which occurred on May 17, 1935. I never met Andrew Schumacher, but for several years we exchanged letters. He procured for me copies of Rittinger letters like the one I reproduced in the ECK for January 28, 1950, and also specimens from his own writings. In one of his letters, dated September 7, 1932, he was apologetic about his faulty spelling, which was due to his lack of formal schooling; but he also displayed a hidden poet's pride. "It is (he wrote) not customary for poets to make a present of their writings, but I do so in order to please you and in the hope that through you my name may get known in Germany and that eventually I may draw some profit from my writings." (The original of this letter was written in High German). He had not always been so generous. His poems he gave away gratuitously, but for the copies of Rittinger's letters and of his own letters I had to pay dollars. I was in Allentown at the time I asked for them and he first demanded $30.00. When I protested that it was too much he explained that someone else had suggested so steep a price and that he would be satisfied with $10.00. But, he wrote, if I could not pay that much I had better no more molest him, for "Allentown ist nicht der einzige Ort wo Talent gesucht wird" (Allentown is not the only locality where they are looking for talents). His letter is dated May 19, 1931.

Schumacher got his money and I got the precious letters, so I must now no longer withhold them from the reading public in Pennsylvania. Here is a story telling the experiences of a little lad in the circus. The Berlin mentioned in the story is the present - day Kitchener in Ontario, which lost its former name in 1914; we may therefore infer that the story was written before that year, though "Berlin" may have lived on as a folk-name after the re-naming.

(In the following prose sketch we have retained the original spelling for the benefit of future students of the dialect. It is credible that if we here in Pennsylvania had remained confined to a limited language area as long as the Pennsylvania Germans who settled in Ontario at the beginning of the 19th century, we might be speaking and writing similarly.—ED.)

ES PHILIPLE

Ich glaab haerly, dasz es viel Buwe gewe hot vun elf Johr alt, was bessere Juhs g'macht hen vun ehre Aage un Ohre wie's Philiple. Wenn der ebbes Neies gsehe hot, not hot er's glei explehne kenne, was es is. Er hot's beguckt vun unne bis owwe un vun hinne bis vanne. Sei Aage hen geblitzt wie zwee search lights un sei Ohre hot'r noch'm Wind drehe kenne wie e army mule. Sei Mam hot als gsagt er haert die Floeh huhschte un die Micke schtolpre.

"Philiple," hot emol sei Dad gsagt, "du warscht alsfat e braver Buh un bisch noch nie vun daheem fat kumme, drum derfsch du Marje emol uf de Circus in Berlin gehe. Ich geb dir so viel Geld wie de nothwendig brauchscht. Du gehscht met's Grumbierejockels Buwe wo schun oefters dat wore un B'scheed wisse."

De naechscht Marje um 5 Uhr is 's Philiple schun ufgschtanne un is nuf zu's Jockels un glei druf sin die Buwe nach Berlin getraewelt. Wie's Philiple emol in die gross Schtadt nei kumme is, hen's Jockels Buwe e verderbte Teim mit em ghatte: Er wollt iwwerall uf emol sei un alles begucke, un wie die Parade kumme is, is er amme Ladenneposchte nuf wie a Katz wann e Hund dohinne her is. Sei Lunch wo er im Sack hot g'hat, hot er ganz vergesse un hot en ah widder heem getrage. Er hot juscht e poormol Wasser getrunke am Joe Zuwwer seinere Bump. Des wor alles was er gebraucht hot. Um about 5 Uhr wie de Circus un die Sideshows vorbei wore, sin die Buwe widde die 5 Meil heem getraewelt.

Wie's Philiple heem kumme is, war's hungrich wie a Wolf un noch'm Esse secht sei Dad: "Well, Philiple, jetzt verzehl uns emol was du heit gsehe hoscht. Was denkscht du nau vum Jumbo?" — "El," hot's Philiple g'aensert, "der is es greescht schtick Vieh, wo ich noch gsehe hab. Er is juscht about so grosz wie unser Haus un is ah grad so groh a'gschtriche. Dad, er hot im ganze net meh Hoor, wir Du uf Deim Blootkopp hoscht un so grosz wie er ah is, meen ich doch sei Ohre sin noch zu grosz un sei Aage zu klee; sie sin in fact net viel groeszer wie Bandy-aier. Er hot juscht zwee Zaeh un die schtehe outside vum Maul, net inside wo sie schtehe sotta. Sei Bee sin so dick wie unser Buttefasz un alle vier hen die Knie fanne.

"Er hot zwee Schwenz, ene hinne un ene vanne, awer der vanne is eegentlich ke Schwanz weil er inside hohl is wie e Tube. Mit sellem Ding dhut er sich selwert Hai un anner Dings fittere un wenn ihn die Micke zu viel baddere, nott dhut er sich mit sellem Ding, wo guckt wie a Rubber-hose, e ganzer Washtub voll Wasser iwer sei Buckel schpritze un jagt sie fat. Ich hab gemeent er is arich zahm, awer for all sell hen sie en an eem Hinnerbeh am a Schteek fescht gebunne, grad wie die Mam unser Gansert obindt.

"Es wore e ganze lot Kameel dat, wo so gehl sin wie unser Tiger, awer noch viel wieschter. Eene davun hot zwee Bickel uf seim Buckel g'hat so grosz wie e Schubkarch voll Mischt, un e wunner-schee Medel wor druf gsotze in de Parade. Ich hab sell schee Medel werklich gedauert weil sie so arich abgschtoche hot fun sellem dobbelbuckliche schtick Vieh.

"Imme grosze goldiche Keffich-wage wore vier Loewe gsotze un grad wie sie bei mir vorbei gfohre sin, hot de greescht davun a'gfange zu brille un do bin ich so verschrocke, dasz ich grad vum Ladenneposchte runner gebazzelt un ere dicke Fra de Bonnet in de Kopp gedrickt hab, dasz sie ehre Beschts gedhu hot fer so laut kreische wie der Loeb.

"Unser alte Bossy kann net so laut kreische wie selle Fra hot. Es wore so viel Geil dat, dasz ich sie net hab zehle kenne un sie wore alle viel greszer wie unser Jim un net halb so verdreht. In eem Wage wore sechs Ponies eigschpannt wo noch viel kleener wore wie der Nance ihre Hutschle.

"Die Zebras hemma abadich gut gfalle. Ob des Geil sei solle odde sunscht ebbes, weesz ich net, awwer sie sin braun un weisz gschtreeft wie der Mam ehre Sundagsscherz.

"Es merkwerdichscht schtick Vieh is awer doch so e Giraff. Des is vanne so hoch wie unser Schmokhaus un hinne is es so niede, dasz schier gor nix meh iwrich bleibt. Awer so en Hals! Wemmer dem en kummet olege wott, miszt mer en extension ladder juhse. Des kennt e standup collar besser wehre wie de dickbauchich Sepp drunne bei de Krick.

Jetzt will ich eich juscht noch vun de Affe verzehle, nott will ich in's Bett. Ich bin heit Owed emol arich mied. Ich wees jetzt, Dad, worum du als gsagt hoscht, 'Unser Philiple is so gscheit wie en alter Aff.' Die sin schur gscheidt un noch viel flinker wie a Wiselle. Jo, un grad so gscheidt im Schwanz wie im Kopp. Wenn sie sich schwinge welle, mache sie e Hohke in de Schwanz, henke sich uf dro un bamble hie un her, wie der Bermedickel in unsre Uhr. Sie hen grad gschpielt metenanner wie junge Kaetzlin, awer eener davun wor verderbt batzich. Wenn ihm so a Aefflin zu naechscht kumme is, hot's e Batsch an die Ohre kriegt, dasz es Bazzelbaam gschlage hot un dobei hot er so brotzich ausgeguckt wie's Bittersalze Baerwel wenn's Gscherr wesche soll. Ich weesz net ob die Mensche emol Affe wore, odder die Affe Mensche, awer mei Opinion is, dasz mer anyhow in der Freindschaft sin." —

The last remark has some wit of its own — particularly the hint that apes might be descended from men, and not conversely.

The reader will have remarked a certain High German flavor, which had disappeared from Pennsylvania German columns in Pennsylvania several decades earlier. (Perhaps because our Pennsylvania German cousins in Ontario continued to live in a more isolated "language island" than we here in Pennsylvania. —ED.)

That Schumacher had a feeling for animals may be seen from his poem "Der Aisel." While in his prose Schumacher always stuck to High German phonetics, in his spelling his poetry shows a curious mixture. Thus, the **ai** has the English sound value, and the **oo** has the German sound in **oora** (Ohre) **grooss, loo,** but the English one in **ferfloocht, coo** (Kuh), **goot.** High German **ei** has been retained (**dreiva**), but **ie** has been replaced by **ee** (**feela**), and **sch** by **sh.** This mongrel spelling is of course common to many of the Pennsylvania columnists who write in the dialect.

The following poem is from the original manuscript, one of Schumacher's gratuitous gifts to me.

DER AISEL

Ich bin der Aisel. En monnichy longi Wuch
War ich gadrickt fon Soddel un fon Yuch.
Ich bin denk awe gamocht fon Gott.
Ich war geguppt, ferfloocht, vershputt,
Ich war gekickt; uftmohls hare ich der Gneil,
Hob uft gemaint ich war shoon in der Hell;
Ich sawg der now des mocht ken Aisel fro,

Ich Kann Dich Net Verlosse

Lieb, ich kann dich net verlosse—
Wu ich geh bischt du aa datt,
Bleib ich do, do bleibscht du aa,
Kann dich hasse, schpeite, schiesse
Darrich Wadde, darrich Kiesse,
Bleibscht im Sinn, mei Draame aa,
Im Bludesschtrom machsht du mich matt—
Lieb, ich kann dich net verlosse.

WALTER E. BOYER
Pennsylvania State University

Our dialect literature is curiously deficient in love lyrics. We are therefore grateful for the above contribution.—Ed.

De Hell de hen de Aisel evva doe;
Dale Mensha ihre tsorn hut ken ferglich,
En aurmer older Aisel — sell is mich.

Ich bin der Aisel. Woo kolda Schtorm bloosa,
In Soomer Hits, in Raya un in Shloasa.
In Soona-shei un in der doonkia Nacht.
Ich bin uftmohls woo des poolfer grocht.
Dort in der Sid woo see der Tsucker raisa,
Ich wor ga-used by olla Sorta waysa.
Woo Shreiner shoffa mit dem Beil un Maisel,
Dort bin ich awe dabei. Ich bin der Aisel.

Ich shoff feel Aerwet, bin net immer grank.
Ich grick hen grooser Loo; grick yo ken Donk!
Hard shoffa doonich yo foon Tseit tsu Tseit.
War room ga-boompt fon olla Sorta Leit.
En monnich ainer hut net draw gadenkt,
Os mer en Aisel feedert udder drenkt;
Ferleicht hut ar mich on der line room gshnarrt.
Yaw well! Ich bin der Aisel, ich wor dort.

Ich bin der Aisel. Olt un gro un brawf.
Ich farricht neemond — Kanich udder Gschlawf.
Ich gay net in de Karrich udder Shool,
En monnicher dar maint ich wor en fool.
Ich bin net dar un ich bin awe net fet,
Ich do net immer usht grawd wos ich set.
Un won ich net do, warrich net ga-resht,
My Maishter dar doot awe net immer's besht.

En orriger gooter Maishter hovvich kot,
Ar hut mich goot gabutst, mich g'feedert sot;
Awwer ar is nimmy doe; ar is net gronk;
Ar huckt in Harrisbarrick uf ra Bonk.
Ar hut ken Coo, ken Hinkel un ken Gaul,
Fer eppes tsu shoffa, is ar yo tsu fowl.
Ar doot feel shmoaka un doot bissel shreiva,
On Harrisbarrick doot ar Aisel dreiva.

Do yetz do hovvich mull a nacht gadraumt,
Dar John wor cooma, het mich uf-ga-tsoomt,
Un het mich mit nuf in sell grosa Gabel,
Sell war owwer en Aisel-shire. Ei! Ei- Ei!
Sell war owwer en Aisel-shire. Ei! Ei! Ei!
No war nix may foon Gee, nix may foon Haw,
Breicht net may shoffa, we en oldy fraw,
Usht olsamohl my Ora bissel wockla,
In sellem gross Gabei mit feela Tsockla.

Ich wet en car-load Howver gaich en Droom,
De Helft foon ihna sin tsu doom
For Aisel fawra mit feer bay,
(De Aisel dorta druwva hen usht tsway),
Dort hucka see un gooke orrig fowl.
En Fardel-dawler Sigar henkt im Mowl.
See shreiva net mit Feddera foon Gens,
Meer Aisel hen oll Tawsla on da Shwens.

Ich sawg eich, Breeder, 's is gewiss en Shond,
We see dort druvva hucke on der Wond.
See tsiega ken Blook; see doona kay Misht fawra;
Sie wissa yo awe gawr nix fon dem Shpawra,
Kusht es tsway, drei, vier hunnert Dawler,
See greega's fon da aurma taxbatsawler.
Die hen yo immer blenty Geld—
Ich denk ferleicht de Mummy sheldt.

The discrepancies in spelling between the above verses and his prose would indicate that these were written at an earlier time before Schumacher recognized the futility of using English sounds in writing German words.

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Editorials

State, Federal War on Dope

The growing seriousness of the traffic in narcotics is being recognized by the American people and expression thereof is to be found in the efforts which legislative bodies are making to curb the criminals.

In Harrisburg earlier in the week Governor Leader signed a bill under which peddlers of heroin and other habit-forming drugs can be put to jail for life upon a third conviction for such crime.

Even more severe is the Act which was passed in the United States Senate on the same day that Mr. Leader signed the Pennsylvania bill. If this Act be passed by the House of Representatives and is signed by the President, drug peddlers can be given the death penalty for the sale of heroin to teen-agers or, upon a third conviction, of sale of the drug to adults.

The aroused conscience of the American people is indicated in the measures. The attack is being made especially upon the peddlers of heroin which has earned the name of the "slow death narcotic" inasmuch as it dooms its victims to certain death after years of degradation, poverty and crime.

Whether severity of penalties will stem the drug trade remains to be seen. Already they have been exceptionally severe for under former Pennsylvania statute a judge and jury could impose a fine of $6,000 and 10 to 30 years imprisonment for a third conviction. That should have been enough to deter the criminals but it did not. So one wonders whether increase of fine to $15,000 and life imprisonment for a third conviction is going to be more effective.

The difficult fact would seem to be that in dealing with this type of criminal, society is dealing largely with peddlers who are themselves drug victims, and who will lie, cheat, steal or do anything to keep themselves supplied with the costly drug. They themselves are powerless in the clutches of the narcotic which takes demoniac possession of them.

Sympathy for Peoples' Poet

Readers of the Morning Call join with the readers of hundreds of other American newspapers in regretting the illness of Edgar A. Guest and in hoping for his rapid recovery.

Despite recurring difficulties with a heart condition Mr. Guest has been keeping up with his journalistic commitments. He probably will be able or will force himself to continue his daily work so that his syndicated column may be supplied to newspaper readers thruout the country.

"Poet of the People" is a term which this famous Detroit newspaperman has earned for himself during more than sixty years with the same publication, the Detroit Free Press. He is an institution almost as famous and almost as widely known as a Detroit-built motor car.

Morning Call readers have enjoyed Mr. Guest's verse over the years. Many are the local scrapbooks that contain clippings of his work. His is a household name thruout this entire area in which the Morning Call circulates.

We suspect a lot of our readers will be sending Mr. Guest cards and other missives indicating their interest in his recovery and hope for early return to his office in the Detroit Free Press.

Univac's Bible Job

A lot has been written about UNIVAC, the machine which has been termed "the mechanical brain" and so it is interesting to know that during the early part of next year the machine's first book is to be published.

The fact is that the machine already has composed the book but since printing the book is another thing, the book will not be coming from the presses until about February next.

Hitherto UNIVAC has been put to work in solving a wide variety of mathematical problems. But recently a clergyman got the idea that preparation of a Bible concordance was a gigantic job for which this machine was especially fitted.

This minister knew that the best known work of this sort was prepared by James Strong during a period of thirty years before its publication in 1894. He also knew that the Strong work, monumental tho it is, was not absolutely complete, nor up to date.

The Thomas Nelson Publishing Co. accepted the challenge to make a well-nigh perfect concordance by employing UNIVAC. For eight months girls typed the Bible on a special tape. Then all the tape was sent whirring thru UNIVAC and in a matter of a few days copy for a Concordance (to end all concordances) was ready for the printer.

One does not have to page far into the new concordance to discover that even in his thirty years of work James Strong may have missed a good deal. Thus in the Strong volume there is no heading for the word "Abandon."

UNIVAC found six places in the Bible where the word "abandon" is used and seven where it occurs in the past tense, "abandoned." It must of course be observed that Strong used the King James version of the Bible while UNIVAC worked on the revised standard version.

U.N. Fires Reds on Truce Teams

Like the leopard which cannot change its spots, Communists cannot be anything but troublemakers and disturbing elements wherever they associate with representatives of other nations.

While warfare ended in Korea years ago, a cold war has been in progress in that country ever since a truce was agreed upon. The United Nations, which was hamstrung by Russia in that contest from the outbreak of the war, named Poles and Czechs to the truce teams. These were supposed, in a neutral capacity, to supervise fulfillment of the armistice terms.

Almost from the beginning it has been charged that the Poles and Czechs were anything but neutral. They were in fact Russian agents and provocateurs of constant violation of the truce terms by North Koreans and Chinese troops.

Always the other members of the truce teams — Swiss and Swedes — had their troubles with the Reds. UN patience was long-suffering but it broke a few days ago. The UN command ordered the Poles and Czechs to get out of Korea, and quickly. The immediate provocation was the continuing enlargement of the North Korean air force which is direct disobedience to the terms of the armistice.

Furthermore, the UN command announced it was ready to meet any attacks from the Reds in North Korea if there be such expression of resentment over the expulsion from the country of the Czechs and Poles.

If there has been any thought that Korea had been removed as a sore spot in international affairs, then it must be dismissed. The Reds still are there and they are just as mean and nasty, as ambitious and as grabby, as they were six years ago.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

When to the hospital you go
To do a little visiting,
Don't tell your ailing friend you know
A man who had the self-same thing.
Forget the aunt who had it, too,
And keep her every symptom hid;
And do not endlessly review
Just what she took and what she did.

If there's a doctor on the case,
He knows his trade, beyond a doubt.
Don't think that you can take his place
By telling cures you've heard about.
Sit quietly beside the bed
And say the weather's very nice.
But if some book of ills you've read,
Don't give the patient free advice.

Forget the day your grandpa died;
Forget the aunt who lived for years;
Don't tell the various pills she tried.
Let yours be chattering that cheers.
Admire the roses and the nurse
And say: "You're in a pleasant room."
But never make the patient worse
With tales of suffering and gloom.

(Copyright, 1956.)

Time to Make His Move?



Mobs Should Be Shaky

By VICTOR RIESEL

Today I returned to my office for the first time since the attack. It's good to be back at the old typewriter and on the old beat.

Gone is the searing pain of the burning acid. Gone is the endless parade of men in white.

Gone, too, is the moment when I crossed the line into the long darkness which holds not nearly the terror you think it has. That was the day of the "big four" — bigger for me than any international conference I've covered. They were the four world - famed specialists who were fighting to save my sight. They were there to tell me we had all lost the race against the concentrated sulphuric acid.


Riesel

I was blind. And for a moment I was alone. Then a reassuring, long familiar voice — a little lumpy in the throat — sounded softly. It was David Dubinsky, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union chief, who had come through some pretty rough days himself. We talked about the attack on me. We agreed on what must be the area, the rat nest out of which the night creature was sent.

Dubinsky chuckled when I needled him for "just a little exclusive story." I was back in business.

I was over the line between light and darkness and the men in white and their nurses were a little softer. But soon enough I was back to the wars. And wars there are.

The local police, the district attorney's office, the FBI and the hundreds of law enforcement officers throughout the nation are spreading the widest dragnet in years, I was told as I sat down at my old desk for the first time, fondled the old threshing machine of a typewriter, bumped into a few desks and made certain my staff had not hidden my old pipes.

The nightmare of the black-haired, acid throwing goon in those early hours of April 5 is history. The point now is to keep the nation, its police, its political leaders and the public from forgetting the arrogant thumbing of the mob's nose at all of us.

For all the weeks during which they washed the acid out of my eyes and gently poked at them with weird instruments, I've been itching to get back into this fight. Now it's beginning again, this very first day at the desk.

But the story of the fight on the underworld, the self-named "second government," won't be found on the news tickers booming like giant drums behind me or in the memos piled high on familiar chipped corners and stubborn drawers I've caressed a hundred times today in sheer joy at being back.

The story is in the Pandora's box the mob opened when it pitched that bottle of acid. The public now wants action. And it looks like it will get it. Not only from the police, the special grand juries across the nation, and the FBI, but from a stirring Senate and House.

It can be reported now that the mob, and even its elder Sanhedrin, long retired from the free-shooting days of Capone, Lepke, Gurrah and an almost unknown power named "Curley," will be probed under the glaring lights of the nation's press.

First there is the Senate Sub-Committee on Internal Security. Under the direction of its chief counsel, Bob Morris, the committee will come to New York on June 16 and 17 and put veteran pro-Communist operatives on the stand — Irving Velson, Jeff Kibre and others — under Morris' skilled questioning. These are the pro-Sovieteers who infiltrated the waterfront and worked with the underworld. They have already been subpoenaed.

Senate Probe

Then there is the Senate Committee on Government Operations. This tough investigating committee is ripping open the mob already and will also take on the waterfront racket crowd soon enough.

In the House of Representatives, Con. Peter Frelinghuysen Jr., of New Jersey, has pushed House Resolution 512 which demands a broad, full-scale investigation of labor racketeering.

This is the first formal resolution of its kind to be presented to Congress this year. In it the New Jersey congressman spells out carefully the conditions under which the anti-racket probe should be conducted.

It should be bipartisan, says Frelinghuysen, and should focus attention on unions saddled with racketeers, thus safeguarding the reputations of honest and well-run unions. The resolution also seeks to discover whether existing legislation is sufficient to combat labor racketeering and whether existing law enforcement methods are adequate.

These moves can help to tear the lid off the mob combine.

(Copyright, 1956)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 16:15-24.

Following Lydia's conversion, she invited Paul and his company to make her home their headquarters. The Lord had opened her heart, and so, with Christian hospitality, she opened her home to them. She 'constrained' them, it says, the same expression as in Luke 24:29. A woman of a different sort, in control of an evil spirit, operating under the auspices of a syndicate (note 'her masters' in v. 19), was trying to interfere with Paul's teaching. He ordered the evil spirit, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of her. Demon possession is a very real and serious condition. 'And he came out of her the same hour'. The loss of revenue caused the 'syndicate' to bring Paul and Silas before the magistrates under the charge of 'troubling our city exeedingly, and of teaching customs not lawful for us to receive neither to observe, being Romans'. This inflamed the people against them. Then the magistrates took off their clothes and commanded to beat them. Having been thus cruelly treated with many stripes (see 2 Corinthians 11:24-25), they were cast into the innermost prison by the jail warden, who also made their feet fast in the stocks. Thus we see Satan seeking to hinder the preaching of the Gospel. He hates it!

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Mrs. Bess Truman, back in her modest Independence, Mo., home after all those glittering years at the White House, took the change characteristically in stride. So did her distinguished husband. Mrs. T. did experience considerable difficulty in persuading the ex-President to resume operation of the power mower. "I spent the better part of our first summer back home trying to induce Harry to get out there and use it on the lawn," says Mrs. Truman. "Finally he heeded me — at exactly 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning, with all the Methodists and Baptists in town going by our house on the way to church. When I saw Mr. Truman cutting the grass on that lawn in his shirt sleeves, I was horrified. 'Harry! Come in here this minute!' I cried. There's not a doubt in my mind he planned the whole thing deliberately to save himself from ever touching that mower again. And he hasn't."

(Copyright, 1956)

Horoscope

You should gain a good deal this year. A frank and sincere character is likely for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIS NIMMY WIES OLS WOR: Geshter hen m'r fertzailt fon da "hexa dons" woh all 'm noh nimmy sin wos sie ols worra. Wel, grawd so gaits aw mit da fee kauferrei, darta sin die socha aw gons un gore feranner'd gaeich wos sie ols worra. 'M Dunnershdawg nommy dawg wors unser blessier der fee mon Luther Miller awdreffa im Macungie wertshous, un m'r hen fer 'n gutie lang gablauder'd fon da alta tzeita—bardich so weit os die fee kauferrei aw gonga is.

'M Luther sei Fodder wor in da fee bisnis fer ihn, un summers, uns yohr rum Somshdawgs, fon glain 'm aw nuf hut der Luther k'holfa in da bisnis. Wie sei Pap g'shtarva is unfgare 35 yohr tzurick, hut der Luther iwwer ganumma fon darta ob, uns wor ols gore nix fer fon 75 bis 'n 100 shtick fee—un alsa mohl mainer die woch kaufa un widder ferkaufa. Er is noch Langashter un hut fee kauft beim karload, uns gawainlich ob lawda lossa on Hamburg, un noch Macungie gadriva tzu foos weil die ferkauf leit die freight batzawlt hen bis noch Hamburg.

Noh hut der Luther aw fiel fee ei galawda un fert g'shick'd beim karload ous Macungie—fee os er ol doh rum kauft hut. Paar dawg hinnich 'm barrick in da Glaina Kofter gagend, un 'n dawg odder so darra side 'm barrick in da Danielsviller un Cherryviller gagend, un er hut ganunk fee bei nonner kot fer 'n drup fon 50 bis 'n 100 shtick hame driva iwwer die londs waiga. Alsa mohl hen sie fee wie sel ei galawda un fert g'shick'd in Macungie, un onnerra tzeita 's 'n dawg odder so shpaiter shunshd hee gadriva fer ferkaufa on fendua.

Der Luther is aw fiel iwwer der barrick noch Snyders, un woh er hee is mit shpotzier wegg'l un goul. In Snyders hut er freind kot woh noch 'n goul datzu gewwa hen, un sie sin gonsa dawga nous mit ra tzwae geils fuhr fee kaufa. Un won m'r sawga fee, don nadierlich huts geil, rins fee, kelver un si gamaint—in ol seinra tzeit hut der Luther yusht ae gase in hond kot—secht sie hetta 'm tzu arrick g'shtunka.

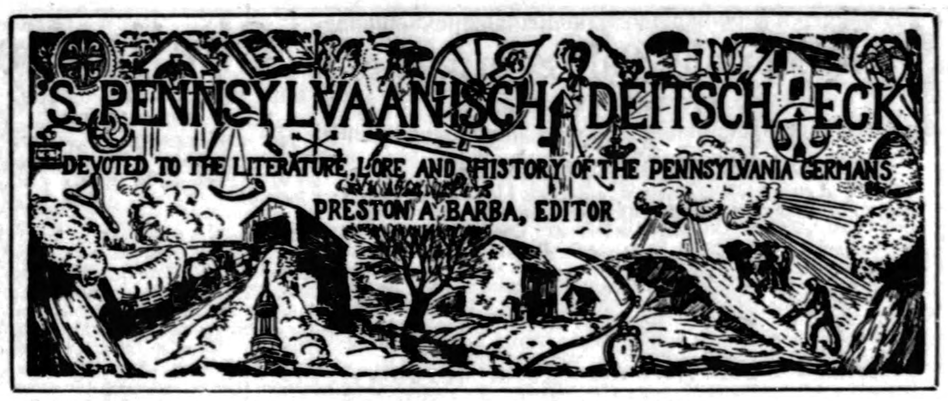
Tzitter os trucks sin hut der Luther immer 'n truck fers fee fohrra, un aw 'n truck os er sich ken tzeit shamma hut breicha dawaiga so weit os sarverichkate aw gait. Kartz noch dem os m'r gablauder'd hen hot mit 'm Luther, hen m'r sei grosser truck g'sehna uf da shtross, un er hut gaguck'd wie won er yusht ous 'm paint shop kumma wear.

Sei graishder ferlusht in da fee bisnis wor dale yohr tzurick wie die bulla ol awgabunna sei hen missa fer shicka in rigelwaig kerrich. Ebber in Langshter hut fergessa sel tzu duh, un ae bull hut ebbest wie 15 uxa dote gamocht kot bis der kerrich noch Fildelfy kumma wor. Ferol os 'n lot gelt tzu mocha wor in fee—un woh der Luther immerkauft hut iwwerhabt—odder ewwa uf 'm foos, wor aw glei 'n lot fert won paar shtick dote gonga sin. Fee kaufa is so'n g'sheft wie aenich ebbes shunshd—war mohl drin is kent nimmy weck dafon wons wot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzeita annerra sich—net long tzurick hut 'n shoffmon gagnutter'd wie der Luther g'sawt hut er sot mit 'm truck noch Cherryville gae paar shick fee hola—'s gaibt 'n shpote fireowet.

Tzeit wor woh der Luther moryets mit goul un wogga noch Cherryville is, un hut 'n drup fee tzu foos, hame gadriva kot bis owets.



ALLE SADDE WADDE

Ach, was hot's doch so viel Sadde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Wadde!

The list of items sold at a public sale in 1819 (see ECK, April 14, 1956) brought to our readers many unusual old German words for objects once familiar in rural homes and farmyards of the Pennsylvania Germans, words that are now for the most part forgotten or misunderstood. We chose the following as particulary challenging and have received the following definitions and interpretations.

DIE SCHWING MUEHL
DER HOHL DECHSEL
DIE HANF BRECH
DER STEIN KEITEL
DIE SCHNELL WAAG
DER GARGEL REISSER
DER FARB REIBSTEIN
DER SCHOEPF KUEBEL
ES BAERRL FASZ

die Schwing Muehl—Mr. Howard Mengel, Allentown, thinks it is a "threshing mill or cylinder;" but Mr. Robert R. Mitman, Nazareth, writes: "It is a scutch machine; so far as I can learn it was an apparatus to work flax or hemp for spinning."

der Hohl Dechsel Mr. George Land, Herndon, Pa., defines it as "a rounded cutting edged adze, in comparison to a straight cutting edge, to enable the cooper to cut curved barrel staves. It may be large or small for one or two hand operation. The bit is set perpendicular to the handle and beveled on the handle side only, similar to a broad ax. To facilitate sharpening, the handle may be removable. "En Hohl Dechsel watt heitesdaages net ge-yused meh." —Mr. Leo von den Driesch, Allentown, writes that it is a chisel used to hollow out wooden pipes used in the old well-pumps.— Robert R. Mitman definies it as a grooving adze and makes a sketch of it. He writes, "It was used to dress and notch logs for log houses, etc. I have one that my wife's ancestors used to build their first log house in Monroe County."

die Hanf Brech—Leo von den Driesch informs us that it is a tool (metal comb) to break the fiber of the hemp plant, same as for flax. Robert R. Mitman calls it a "hemp brake" and writes: "This definition is a hand-me-down from old people. Hemp, as you no doubt know, is the coarser part of flax, and was used for men's clothes while "leine" or linen was the finer fibre and was used for female clothes, etc. — (Perhaps our readers will not agree. Is the coarser part of flax not known as tow? And a question for Mr. Raymond Hollenbach: Did our Pennsylvania German ancestors ever cultivate hemp?)

der Stein Keitel—"a wedge to split stones," says Robert R. Mitman, and further says, "The old method was to build a fire on big rocks, then pour water on them while hot, when they would usually crack. The **Stein Keitel** was to help the cracks along if they did not go deep enough from heat and water. I have seen this done when I was a young fellow." — But Leo von den Driesch writes that it is "an iron wedge used in mining stone like granite, slate or marble. The wedge is driven into parallel-running strata to get slabs of certain size and thickness."

Die Schnell Waag — Howard Mengel, who has taken the trouble to give the English for most of the items listed by the clerk at the sale in 1819, calls **die Schnell Waag** a "spring scale." But Leo von den Driesch says the English is "steelyard, a scale which is worked by sliding a determined weight along the extended steel arm until the equilibrium is obtained." — Robert R. Mitman agrees: "It is a beam scale or **steel yard** commonly pronounced **stillyard.** I still have one that my people are said to have brought along from the cold country in the 1700's."

der Gargel Reisser—this word is entered in Lambert's Pennsylvania German Dictionary as a "tool used by coopers." But our special thanks go to George Land for the following explicit definition: "It refers to a croze plane of the barrel-or tub-maker. It is used to make the groove in the staves for the bottom and the top. In my old tool collection I have several hundred planes of various kinds, including several of these. They are convex lengthwise, straight in cross section, and about ten to fourteen inches long. Most of them have an adjustable side fence held in place by three one-inch diameter wooden screws or by a sliding block held in place with wedges. Since this plane works perpendicular to the grain of the wood it has two shearing irons set vertically in the plane to shear the wood in advance of the main grooving iron. The usual plane shaves off the wood, but this one shears or tears it off, hence the name **Reisser.** "En Gargel Reisser iss en baddichi Howwel fer die wu Fesser mache."

der Farb Reibstein — Robert R. Mitman thinks it is a pumice stone or block to rub paint to a smooth glossy finish. He writes: "Part of my family were wagon- and carriage-builders for many years. A buggy or carriage was given about 14 coats of paint, all flat, then each coat was rubbed after it was dry. First sand paper, coarse then fine; then steel wool; then very fine sand paper, and finally the **Reibstein,** or pumice. Then and only then the last coat was clear varnish." — Leo von den Driesch definies it as a slab of stone on which to grind and rub pigments used for painting.' — On the other hand George Land thinks it "refers to the crayon or chalk used by carpenters on their chalkline or stringline for marking purposes. This is rubbed on the string and the string connected between the two end points to be marked. When the string was snapped about in its center the colored chalk material was transmitted to the surface forming a straight line. En farb reibstein kummt hendich nei wann mer ebbes marke will. Es muss yuscht en baddicher Schtee sei, as schafft." — The editor is perplexed. Which of the above is correct? The High German **Reibstein** signifies **grind-stone.** But in the dialect we call it a **Schleifschtee.** In the list of items of the **Vendue** of 1819 a **Schleifstein** is sold at $1.00 and a **Reibstein** for 50 cents. Since these values multiplied by 20 give us some idea of values today, the **Schleifstein** was sold at an equivalent of $20 and the **Farb Reibstein** at $10. What is a **Farb Reibstein?**

der Schoepf Kuebel—Howard Mengel says it is a dipper.—Robert R. Mitman defines it more explicitly as a wooden dipper used at a well or spring, or otherwise, generally made of staves and bound with hoops. His accompanying sketch shows that one stave was left longer and used as a handle, and usually with a hole in it to hang it up.

es Baerrl Fasz — according to Howard Mengel it is a full-size barrel. — Leo von den Driesch writes "it is a wooden cask holding about 50 to 55 gallons (see Heidelberg Township applejack!), one-eighth of a ton. — The best explanation comes from Raymond E. Hollenbach: "Regarding the terms **klein Fasz** and **Baerrl Fasz,** (which both occur in the vendue list): a large barrel — that is one containing the regulation 31 gallons, or what is more common 50 gallons — was in our neighborhood nearly always called a **baerrl fasz** to distinguish it from a small barrel or keg which was called **en glee fasz** or **en fessel.** If one said simply **en fasz,** there was some doubt as to whether it meant a **barrel** or **a keg.** A keg of beer on the other hand was called either **en fasz beer** or **en baerrl beer.** The beer keg itself was always called **en beer fasz."**

LAH BISNESS

Who was the household poet of our Pennsylvania German grandfathers? There can be only one answer: Henry Harbaugh. In many rural homes the only reading matter was the Bible, Stark's GEBETBUCH, Baer's Lancaster Almanac and Henry Harbaugh's HARFE. Even today few poems in our dialect evoke such nostalgic memories as "Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick," "Der Pihwie" and "Heemweh." There is much old-fashioned sentiment in these poems, but humor such as is usually associated with our people is rather foreign to the temperament of Harbaugh, the clergyman and theologian. But in one of his earliest poems "Lah Business" Harbaugh recognizes the possibilities for humorous characterization inherent in the Pennsylvania German's attitude toward the law of the land. The poem appeared first in The Guardian for February, 1862, but was included in the collection published in 1870 as Harbaugh's Harfe. —Ed.

Zwee deitsche Baure, brav un gut,
Un ehrlich bis ufs Hoor,
Gans eenig, wie aus eenem Guss,
Die lebten am Catorus Fluss.
Beisamme manches Johr.

Der eene hot geheese Hans,
Der anner awer Dschaeck;
Dann unner alle Bauersleit
War's so Gebrauch um selli Zeit:
Der letschte Nam' blieb wek.

Die Baure hen vielfach Verkehr
Gehat vun Zeit zu Zeit;
Een hot dem ann're g'holfe gern,
So bei der Hoiet un der Aern',
Wie's is bei Bauersleit.

Sie hen enanner Sache g'lehnt,
Un dess un sell abkaaft;
Enanner b'sucht dorch Schnee un Schpeck—
Viel uf un ab gelaaft.

Ufs Wort hen sie enanner borgt,
Hen nie nix ufgesetzt;
Un ehrlich, uf der werri Dag,
Z'rick bezahlt, so g'wiss ich sag-
Do war kee' Bens verletzt!

Die Lah un Courts hen sie gehasst,
Gar kreislich, nemm mei' Wort;
Kunschtabler sin am Haus v'rbei,
Verloss dich druf, sie sin net nei'—
Kee Bisness hen sie dort.

Es ging wol gut bei Hans un Dschaeck,
So nooch dem alte Schlag;
Doch, wer net naus geht, kummt net weit,
Un lernt ah nix vun annere Leit,
Wie er es lerne mag.

Doch, wie m'r sagt: 'n blinde Sau
Find alsemol 'n Kescht.
So hot d'r Hans 'nmol, bei Glick,
G'lernt 'n wahres Meeschterschtick,
Ihm un sei'm Dschaeck zum Bescht.

Im Schpodjohr war er an dem Pool,
Am Dschenerel 'Leckschen Dag;
Do war 'n loh gesoffe G'schlecht,
Die kumme in 'n wiescht Gefecht—
Wie m'r sich's denke mag.

Nor'd hot der Een d'r Anner g'rescht,
'S is vor den Schqueier kumme;
Der Hans war g'sommenst, denk du dir,
Als Zeige in dem wieschte G'schmier;
Hot's iewel ufg'numme.

Uf Samschdag war die Suht beschtellt;
Mei' Hans war dort, net faul;
Wie hot er do die Achseln zuckt,
Un in d'r Affis rum gegukt,
Un ufgeschperrt des Maul!

Dem gute Hans war alles nei,
Er is verschrocke schier!
Was war do 'n gelernt Gemisch,
Mit grosse Biecher uf'm Disch,
Un Dinte, un Babier.

'S Zeigniss hot sie gilty g'macht,
'S war nix zu helfe da;
Nor'd hot d'r Schqueier gar kreislich scharf
G'sa't, dass m'r net fechte darf,
Eccording zu der Lah!

D'r Schqueier hot der gans Pack g'feint,
Sell hot sie dief affect;
D'r Werth hot sie gebeelt—wann net,
Dann het d'r Schqueier die Lumpe Sett
Grad in die Bresent g'schickt.

Dess hot d'r Hans ebaut gepliehst,
Wie m'r sich's denke kann.
"Mei liewer Schqueier," sagt er, "ei ja,
Ich seh dei' Schreiwes un dei' Lah
Bringt alles an d'r Mann!"

Nau Owets ging d'r Hans zum Dschaeck,
Un hot ihm alles g'sa't;
"Ja, unser eens" — so meent d'r Dschaeck,
"Sitzt do d'rheem un kummt nie wek;
In dem Ding hen m'r g'fehlt."

"M'r hen nau so viel Diehlings g'hat,
Un nix vun Dem gewisst!
Kee' Schqueier, kee Schreiwes un kee' Lah—
Ich glaab's gewiss — glaabscht du net ah—
In Dem hen mir's gemisst?"

"Juscht so, mei liewer Dschaeck," sagt Hans,
Sell is ebaut mei' Sinn:
Un weil ich nau d'r Schqueier gut kenn,
So, wann mir widder Bisness hen,
Dann reit ich dapper hin."

Sagt Hans: "Es fallt m'r ewe ei',
Ich brauch juscht nau 'n Ferd;
Ich glaabdei' schwarzer Dschim is feel,
Ich dhet ihn kaafe, meiner Seel!
Was meenscht du, is er werth?"

"Ei ja, d'r Dschim is feel," sagt Dschaeck,
"Ich hab jo sechs beseid;
'n hunnert Dhaler grad awek—
W'rhaftig wolf'l," meent d'r Dschaeck—
"Doch mir sin Nochbersleit!"

"All recht," sagt Hans, "Ich nemm 'n mit—
"Ich denk du borgscht doch mir?
Ich kennt 'n wol bezahle kaesch,
Doch in der Lah geht's net so raesch,
'S muss erscht uf's Lahbabier!

"Ich reit ihn morje naus zum Schqueier,
Er macht uns Schreiwes aus.
For unser alter dummer Plan,
Der bringt die Sach net an der Mann—
M'r kummt aus Heem un Haus!"

Der nekschte Owet kummt d'r Hans
Beizeite zu sei'm Dschaeck;
"Do is nau's Schreiwes, all compliet,
Gemixt mit Lah, dass alles biet,
Es hot kee' Fla' un Fleck.

"Well, les es vor," sagt Dschaeck zum Hans;
"Kann net!" sagt Hans zum Dschaeck;
" 'S is Englisch g'schriwe — seh mol da!
Weescht doch, es gebt in Deitsch kee' Lah!
Loss mir die Schpuchte wek!"

"Ich hab's geseint, sell is genunk:
Der Schqueier hot alles drin.
Wann die beschtimmt Zeit is verfalle
Muss ich die hunnert Dhaler zahle;
Dess is so 'baut der Sinn."

"All recht!" sagt Dschaeck, "Was dhut m'r nau
Mit dem schee' Lahbabier?"
"Ja, schur genunk," sagt Hans, "Well — hem —
Dess Ding is m'r doch 'n wenig fremm;
Ich wott d'r Schqueier waer hier!"

"Doch nau scheint mir die Sach gans klohr,"
Sagt Hans: "Ich kraeck die Nuss;
Ich muss 's b'halte, ohne Schtreit,
Nor'd kann ich sehne do die Zeit,
Wann ich bezahle muss!"

Sechs Monet nooch dem werri Dag
War Hans do mit dem Geld;
"Do sin die hunnert Dhaler grad,
Un do's Babier — nau nemm mei' Rath—
Die Lah biet alle Welt!"

"All recht," sagt Dschaeck, "Wo dhut m'r nau
Dess Lahbabierle hin?"
"Ja, freilich, Dschaek; doch ennihau—
Du b'haltscht's — es weist, dass ich dir nau
Kee' Bens meh schuldig bin!"

"Gans gut — do hoscht du recht, mei' Hans;
Die Bisness hot kee Fla'!"
Die Bauere hen g'seh' wie gut
Es geht wann m'r sei' Bisness dhut
Eccording zu der Lah!

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Editorials

President Sorely Stricken

The American people are deeply concerned about the illness of President Eisenhower who, during early yesterday morning, was stricken with an intestinal ailment that may require a major surgical operation.

Following so closely upon his heart illness nine months ago, immediate fears were that he might have suffered recurrence of that ailment.

Acting as it did in the President's illness last autumn, the White House has been frank, first in its immediate report that the President was ill and second in a sequence of reports thruout yesterday on the condition of the patient who had been taken by ambulance to the big Army Medical Center early yesterday afternoon.

From all points of the compass physicians and surgeons flew in to the national capital for examinations and consultations upon the many tests whichimmediately had been made.

These reports indicate that the President's heart is all right and that there has been no change in its functioning since the satisfactory reports by a corps of specialists a month ago. But there is an intestinal difficulty and the summoning of a trio of eminent surgeons to the President's bedside indicate the possibility that surgery will have to be resorted to.

Other conditions such as temperature, pulse and blood pressures are reported to be normal. Even in the face of probable surgery there does not seem to be undue alarm by the many physicians and surgeons who have been made completely conversant with all phases of the President's physical condition.

Apart from the immediate effects upon the President this new illness is bound to have nationwide political repercussions. With the national conventions near at hand, this illness can be the major determining factor in the activities of the two groups that will attend those conventions. It is the factor that may write the history of the nation during the next half year.

Liquor Aboard Airliners

It is not known how many serious accidents to airplanes and their passengers have been caused by drunken persons who were aboard them but it is possible that some of the mysterious crashes were due to inebriates.

Be that as it may, it can be taken as a fact that nobody who flies can feel entirely comfortable with drunks aboard as fellow-passengers.

So there is a lot of sanity in a bill which has been proposed in Congress which would ban the serving of liquor, free or otherwise, on airliners. It is a bill which has been provoked by some airlines which sell liquor aboard their planes. An excuse given for the practice has been that competing lines make such sales.

However it should not be necessary for Congress to enact such a bill. It would seem that, in the interest of safety, the Civil Aeronautics Board should immediately prohibit the serving of liquor aboard any and all planes.

It is bad enough that some passengers bring their own bottles and that they are passed around. But encouragement should not be given to drinking on planes by the general public thru its representatives, the members of the CAB.

It should not be necessary at any time for pilots to emerge from their cabin to squelch unruly drunks or for stewardesses to be subjected to insults or harm from such fellows. Such behavior certainly should not be given encouragement by the sale of liquor aboard planes. It certainly should be discouraged by action on the part of government and the people represented by the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Invitation to Tito? Why Not?

The current visit of Marshall Tito to Russia naturally is interpreted as a diplomatic victory for the Red leaders who engineered it. But they may have been set back a bit when, at a diplomatic party, report is that Tito angled for an invitation to visit the United States. The conversation with American representatives on this matter of an invitation was said to have been within earshot of the Russian hosts. They almost certainly got a word-for-word report on everything that Tito said at any and all times in the course of his visit from careful listeners, concealed microphones and thru the use of their own ears.

An invitation to Tito from the United States? Why not!

Lesser dignitaries of lesser states have come to the United States as official visitors and the red carpet has been rolled out for them. If Tito wishes to see this capitalist civilization with his own eyes and not trust to graphs and the reports of his diplomats in this country for the shaping of complete impressions, then by all means invite him to come here.

And, with the acknowledged importance of women in American life in all its phases, urge the marshal to bring his beautiful wife with him to see Americans and how they live and work.

PAL Off to Good Start

Organization of the Police Athletic League in this city on Tuesday evening marks the opening of another agency which is calculated to aid the youth of this community by affording it opportunities for interesting and wholesome activities. This, conversely, will afford them no time for engagement in mischief that all too often develops juvenile delinquency.

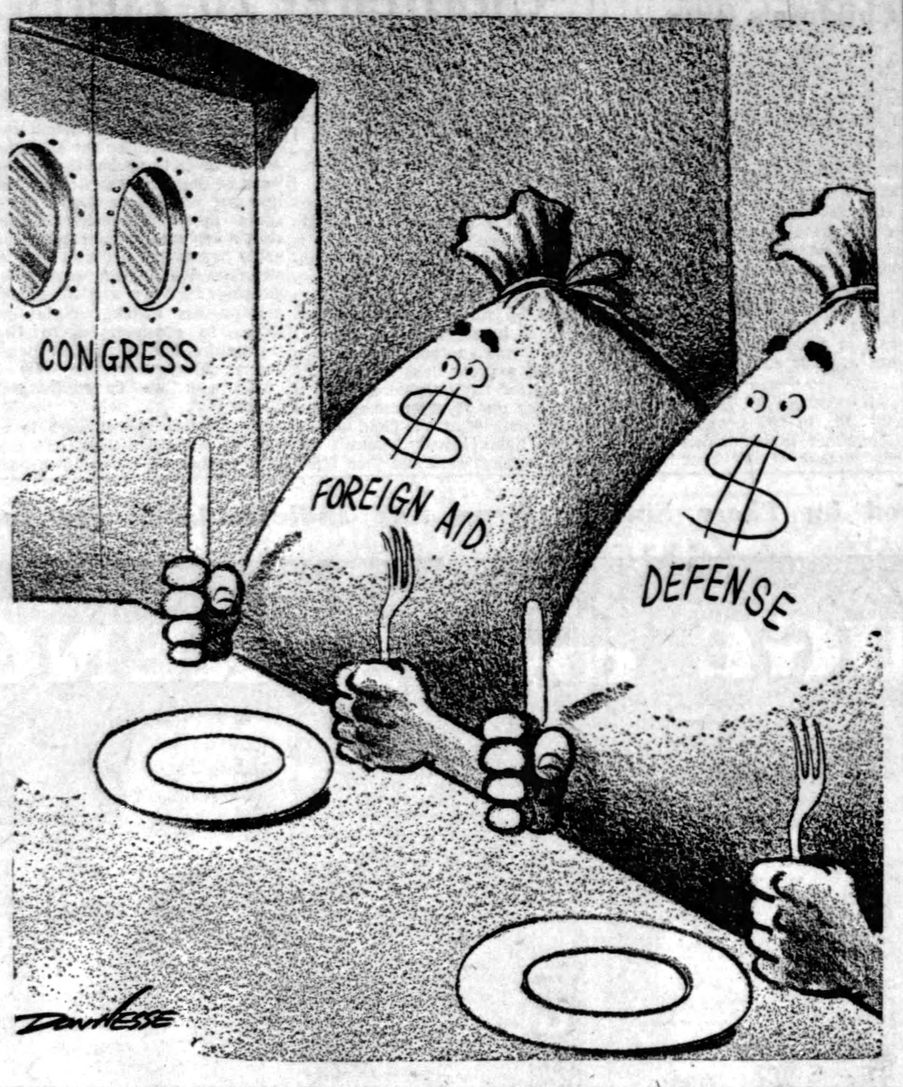
Very fittingly that recreation-minded citizen and public servant, Hon. Samuel W. Frank, was named chairman of the organization. Serving with him as vice chairman, will be Jack P. Houlihan whose civic usefulness has been evidenced consistently in recent years and in many enterprises.

As President of the Allentown Recreation Commission, Mr. Frank can be expected to bring the knowledge and experience of that body to the work of PAL. He can effect helpful coordination of PAL with other recreational activities.

The police of many cities have found high virtues in establishing branches of the Police Athletic League. They have thereby evidenced their helpful and friendly interest in boys. They have made their bid to youth to be its guide and mentor, its friend and not its enemy.

The more than six hundred men who already have taken membership in the organization believe that the police are on the right track in their plans and they desire to evidence this confidence and aid the police in their work.

Sweating Out the Kitchen



Foreign Aid Trouble

By DAVID LAWRENCE

President Eisenhower's foreign-aid program — mostly military and much needed — is in trouble in Congress, and this is due largely to his own mistakes in tactics.

Thus, the damage done by the President's offhand remarks at Wednesday's press conference is incalculable. Even the clarifying statemen issued Thursday afternoon does not erase the injury done when the President, in effect, encouraged "neutralism" and caused the many allies and trusted friends of the United States in Southeast Asia who have joined America in military alliances to wonder if they were being let down by Eisenhower.


Lawrence

The telephones buzzed with expressions of shock and surprise and at times righteous indignation as the news of what Eisenhower said on Wednesday reached diplomats who represent America's allies in Asia. On Capitol Hill there was consternation. At the State Department there was an obvious discomfort but a discreet silence.

To understand what happened, it is necessary to present here the text of the President's remarks at the press conference as authorized for publication:

"Now, today there are certain nations that say they are neutral. This doesn't necessarily mean what it is so often interpreted to mean, neutral as between right and wrong or decency or indecency.

"They are using the term 'neutral' with respect to attachment to military alliances. And may I point out that I cannot see that that is always to the disadvantage of such a country as ours.

"If a nation is truly a neutral, if it is attacked by anybody — and we are not going to attack them — public opinion of the world is outraged. If it has announced its military association with another great power, things could happen to it, difficulties along its borders and people would say: 'Good enough for it. They asked for it.' So let us not translate this meaning of the word 'neutral' as between contending military forces, even though the conflict is latent, and neutral as between right and wrong.

But, asked some of the diplomats who represent countries that have already joined America in military alliances: "Shall we tell our people now that they were wrong and that, if attacked, they 'asked for it'?"

The President heard from his colleagues inside the government who advised a public statement. Here it is in its essential part:

"It is obvious that in some countries of the world there are certain ideological, geographical or other reasons making military alliances impractical. Such nations may declare themselves to be neutral, hoping thus to secure the support of world opinion against attack from any quarter. Neutrality does not mean either disarmament or immunity from attack. We have had historical examples of this kind of neutrality for many decades.

"The President does believe that there are special conditions which justify political neutrality but that no nation has the right to be indifferent to the fate of another, or, as he put it to be 'neutral as between right and wrong or decency or indecency.'

"The President does not believe that association for mutual security with the United States will involve any country in added danger but, on the contrary, will provide added security on the basis of mutuality and scrupulous respect for the independence of each. As the President pointed out, the United States is not going to attack anybody; but some great powers have shown an aggressive disposition, and military association with such a power could lead to difficulties."

Why did the President plunge into such a delicate field of discussion, anyway, without going over carefully in advance with the Secretary of State the text of what he had to say? The answer is that, with the press conferences conducted as they are today, when a President's impromptu remarks are quoted directly without regard for the the sensibilities of governments abroad, tragic mistakes like this will happen. They have occurred before under previous administrations, too.

Unfortunately, Eisenhower is not "briefed" in advance as he should be. Many of his friends in New York and elsewhere who have access to him have been dinning into his ear statements about the Asian situation which seek to justify neutralism and the expenditure of billions by the United States to nations that tomorrow may become Communist.

Eisenhower allows such friends to influence him, and the State Department is often in the dark as to what is going on.

This intervention of a separate kind of "State Department" at the White House is a difficult thing to deal with, and it is amazing that a man with the President's fidelity to well - defined lines of responsibility in military life should tolerate an influence on foreign policy separate from the officials charged with responsibility in making it. For the same phraseology and argument used in his press-conference statements of Wednesday can be found in the writings and speeches of the clique which has access to Eisenhower and is known in many parts of the world as the "Real State Department."

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 17:23-31

Because of the many idols Paul saw in Athens, he told his audience that they were more 'religious' than other people he knew. What interested him most was that among all these idols, shrines, temples, altars, he saw an altar on which was this inscription 'AGNOSTO THEO', meaning 'to an unknown god.' This afforded him a good text, for he told them that he knew this God Whom they admitted they did not know. So he spoke to them of the true and living God, Who is the creator of heaven and earth, Who gave life and breath to all men, and Who made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth. This God is not confined within shrines made by human hands, and is not far from any one of us, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being, for we are His offspring, v.28, a quotation from the Greek poet, Aratus. Such a God cannot be represented by gold, or silver, or stones graven by man's hands. The God Whom Paul preached' ordained His Son, Who was crucified and was then raised from the dead, to judge the world in righteousness.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Big league pitchers rarely know how to hit, although occasionally a Don Newcombe or Red Ruffing prove exceptions to the rule. Most pitchers take their feeble and futile three swipes or looks at the ball — and sit down.

One of the worst batters in baseball history was the Yankees' celebrated relief artist, Wilcey Moore. In fact, Babe Ruth once bet him $300 to $100 he wouldn't make three hits in an entire season. Wilcey fooled everybody — the Babe most of all — by pounding out five singles that year for an average of about .088. Ruth, of course, had to fork over the $300.

Moore added insult to injury by buying two mules with the money. He named one "Babe," the other "Ruth."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N UF RUHR IN NEI SCHMIDTSVILLE: Heit 'n woch tzurick wor airsht 'n uf ruhr in Nei Schmidtsville wie der Johnny Stettler fons Fritza Garage owets so uhrra 10, noch ma hochtsich fesht gae hut wolla un hut net gawist woh hee.

'S wor shun weil dart rum gablauder'd der Johnny un sei Lillian darfta 'm Stirling Shoemaker un der Leola Werley ihra hochtsich fersht net ferseima. Der Johnny uf kours, wie immer der fol is won er shpotzierra gae wil, hut shier mainer eisa im fire kot os er gawist hut tzu glubba, un hut da Lillian shun free nommy dawgs g'sawt, sie sot tzeitlich owets gae, un er kaimt shpaiter noh won er fartich wear mit ol da kustomers os fershprocha hen kot fer kumma 'n sehna 'm Somshdawg owet.

Un die Lillian is aw gonga —hut 'm Johnny sei weedicher neier Ford ganumma, un der Johnny wor ol recht bis er 'm ledsh da kustomer ob gawort hut kot so on da 10 uhr owets, un wor ready fer aw noch 'm Shoemaker-Werley hochtsich fesht gae. Noh ferhoftich sei fers airsht mohl is es 'm ei kumma os er yoh fergessa hut kot tzu froga woh die g'shicht k'halta dade werra, un hut mohl wenich rote k'halta wohs sei maich'd.

Endlich is es 'm ei kumma er dade glawwa 's wear in Kutztown om Grange hall, un is darta nous so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna. Niemond hut ow'r nix wissa wolla fon ma hoshtsich fersht darta, un is noh nunner noch 'm Kutztowner fire hall, un darta wor 'n fesht om gae, ow'r er hut grawd g'sehna da mashina noh os es net wear wos er om sucha wear dafor.

Noh grawd wie sie ols sawga, 'm shoemacher sei kinner dada immer borefeesich lawfa, un 'm becker seinie hetta ken brode, ferhoftich sei won er net ous gas kumma is, un darta hut er k'huck'd nava om waig bis Bob Miller dawaig kumma is, un hut 'n noch ra gas bumb g'shova Dahame hen sie tzwae gas bumba mit immer blenty gas uf hond, ow'r sel hut ihn ken drei cent gabot.

Noh wie er widder gas kot hut fer fohrra, is er tzurick hame noch Nei Schmidtsville, un hut awfonga rum har fohna, sehna eb 'm niemond ous seim ael and helfa kent sawga woh 's hochtsich fesht wear. Iwwel odder wohl hut 'm ebber g'sawt wenich noch da elfa, 's wear im Trexlertowner grange hall nagshd on Wescosville, un ich kon eich sawga os may wenich graws gawoxa is unnich seina radder bis er darta wor.

Ferol os es shpote im owet wor, wors fesht noch eiferich om gae—sei Lillian wor aw noch darta, un der Johnny hut sich so wunnerbore gute blessiert, os er net hame kumma is bis da nagshda morya fier uhr. Yusht ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Johnny die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may wieter so os yoh nix dafon rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wons uf die Siva Shlaifer un Peter un Paul aw kumt im kalanner, gebts 'n shpotie arn des yohr—der airsht dawg is net bis der 27d Yunie un der onner da 29d.

"Der Peter un Paul," is ols die sawg, "mocht 'm kern die wartzel faul."

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE GROOM'S PARENTS

The parents of the groom are not
Required to wear the best they've got.
Should father wear his blue serge suit,
The flower girl will still be cute.
Should he run off with other men
He won't be missed from eight to ten.

The mother of the groom is seen
Approaching proudly as a queen,
But few there are will note or care
What sort of hat she chose to wear.
And once she's seated in her pew
The usher has no more to do.

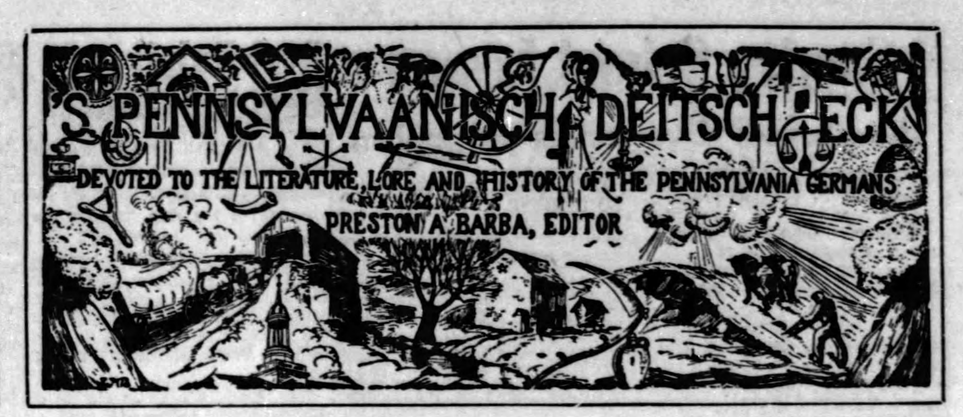
Be kind this month when roses bloom
To parents of the timid groom.
Speak gently to them when you go;
They're people you are glad to know.
For, if no son to them were born,
There'd be no wedding, night or morn.

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Horoscope

Happiness is foretold in love and domestic matters. A clever and good natured personality is probable for today's child.

Sleeping Bear Sand Dune, between Lake Michigan and Glen Lake in Leelanau county, Michigan, is the largest shifting sand dune in the world.



SEARCH FOR A LONG-LOST FRIEND

By EARL F. ROBACKER

IT had been an evening of small talk, largely dealing with the correct sign (zodiacal) in which to plant peas, not to plant peas, put in fence posts, burn brush, and the like. My host, a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, was well versed in the subject, and over the Cider Royal he always brought up from the cellar when my wife and I called, had been unusually expansive. Perhaps it was the insidious Cider Royal, or perhaps I was trying too hard to remember whether it was peas or beans that should be planted on Ascension Day; at any rate, just as we were leaving, I thought I heard him say, "You need a long-lost friend."

Before I could ask him to repeat it, his wife broke in sharply; "That's enough, Thomas. Leave it alone, I say." Obediently and somewhat sheepishly, he dropped the subject.

On the way home, sure by then that it had not been the potent apple liquor, I asked my wife, "What did Thomas mean about a long-lost friend?"

"I'm not sure," she said. "I've been trying to recall something I heard long, long ago about a long-lost friend, but it's very elusive. We might ask Henry. If it's in the realm of folklore, Henry will know about it."

So we asked Henry the next time we saw him, approaching the subject by devious circumstances. (We had long since learned better than to approach any Pennsylvania farmer with a direct, blunt question; such a thing simply is not done). As I remember the progression, our talk moved in a very casual fashion from the dry weather and how well his corn looked in spite of the drought to questions such as whether I might have an ear or two for seed, when did he figure was the best time to plant corn, and was the sign of the Ram a good one for corn planting.

Then, even more casually, I hoped, I put the question: "Henry, a man told me not long ago that I needed a long-lost friend to set me straight on things like planting. What did he mean by that?"

"Warts, maybe; not corn," said Henry, eyeing me narrowly. "Would you like some Early Harvest apples to take home with you?" And that was that.

The thing began to haunt me. Dutch Pennsylvania still kept alive some of the folk beliefs that were age-old before the first settlers came from the German Palatinate; that much I knew, even without Henry's unintentional slip about warts. For that matter, I knew about warts: Steal a damp dishrag, pass it over a wart, bury the dishrag under a drain spout, and when the dishrag disintegrates, the wart will disappear. Never having had warts, I had not been able to try the remedy, but I had heard of people for whom the method worked like a charm.

I made one more try, this time on Bill, an earthy young man who was spraying potatoes when I put the question to him: "Bill, according to the long-lost friend when is the best time to plant potatoes?"

"To hell with that," said Bill. "I wouldn't have one in the house, and the old folks would've been better off if they hadn't." His tone discouraged further questioning.

Somebody knew something he wasn't telling; that much was clear. If he wouldn't tell, why not? What was there to conceal? It occurred to me that Thomas, Henry, and Bill were blood relatives, but I attached no particular significance to the fact. I was wrong.

It was considerably later that I stumbled on the clue which not only answered my immediate question, but opened up a whole new section of folklore for me. I was idly leafing through a price list of early American imprints in the German language when a title leaped from the page: **Der Lang - verborgene Schatz und Haus Freund,** Johan Georg Hohman, 1820. "Earliest manual on black and white magic," read the brief entry; "translated from the Egyptian. Extremely rare. Price on request."

There it was, the **Long-Lost Friend.** Quickly the pieces began to fall into place in the jigsaw puzzle: black and white magic, **hexerei, braucherei,** powwowing. This was an original powwower's handbook, the source and font of all the mystic charms by which diseases could be cured, or inflicted; locks could be charmed open, or shut; run-away dogs could be made to return home, or kept away — that is, at the hands of a person having access to supernatural forces, these things could happen.

I wrote immediately to inquire the price of the book, but it appeared that no copy was immediately available, and no price could be quoted. Would I like an English translation for a dollar? And, **who was I, and why was I interested in owning an original copy?**

I sent the dollar, omitting the asked-for information as irrelevant. (Again I was wrong). I got the reprint by return mail; it was more than twenty years before a bona fide **Lang-verborgener Schatz und Haus Freund** came into my possession, and then only after I had been quietly and thoroughly investigated by methods which would have done credit to a Pinkerton detective. The book dealer was a Pennsylvanian who knew exactly what he was selling and could not afford to let such a book get into the wrong hands.

As I examined the little volume, it appeared that I had been stirring up a tempest in a teapot, even allowing for the awkward translations; the **Long-Lost Friend,** on the surface, at least, appears to be completely innocuous, naive, and at times rather ridiculous. For a taste:

To win a card game, says the little book, "Tie the heart of a bat with a red silken string to the right arm, and you will win every game at cards you play."

For epilepsy ("mother-fits"), "Take a turtle dove, cut its throat, and let the person afflicted drink the blood."

For toothache, "Cut out a piece of sod in the morning before sunrise . . . breathe three times upon it, and put it down upon the same place from which it was taken."

Among a hundred or more cures, preventives, "charms," and methods of doing things, nothing at all is said about planting in zodiacal signs. I wondered where Thomas got the idea that it did; that is, I wondered until, after years of sleuthing through other little mysterious books and papers, I finally arrived at what seems to be a fair picture of the whole situation.

Long before the time of Christianity there were whole ethnic groups who believed in "black" magic, the casting of evil spells, resulting in harm or death, and "white" magic, aid from a beneficent higher power through a human intermediary. After the time of Christ the old beliefs died out slowly, in many cases persisting concurrently with a professed belief in Christianity, particularly among the unlettered common people. Among those who found it hard to cast off the old faith in charms and spells, at the same time that they deplored the practices, were the ancestors of those whom we now call the Pennsylvania Dutch — folk from southern Germany, Switzerland, and nearby regions.

Both black and white magic had their practitioners in the Old World, practitioners of **hexerei** and **braucherei,** respectively, and some immigrants to the New World not only brought both Christianity and the two "magics" with them, but practiced them all. They found that the American Indians had a name for Christian occult practices, too: powwowing. In many cases the new name caught on, and is used to this day.

Somewhere along the way white magic or **braucherei** became partly identified with Christianity; in fact, much of the terminology in **Der Langverborgene Schatz und Haus Freund** is intensely religious. The identification may have taken place as early as 1250 A.D., when Albertus Magnus, the Franciscan monk, is said to have written his **Egyptian Secrets,** the work from which Hoffman drew his information and which served also as the inspiration for the title of his own little book.

Whether the practice of **hexerei** exists today is a moot question; the chances are that if it does, it is only in the most exceptional of circumstances. Even then it seems that the opprobrious term is sometimes applied to a situation which does not at all warrant it. **Braucherei** is another matter, although there are fewer and fewer practitioners as the years go by. The art of white magic today is hardly distinguishable from the cult of faith healing, albeit with a few of the ancient trappings. Persistence of the **braucher** into the contemporary scene is made more difficult by the fact that, according to tradition, the skill can not be acquired, but must be inherited through the maternal side of the family. The reluctance of Thomas's wife and of Henry and Bill to pursue the topic may possibly be explained by the fact that in an earlier generation of the family, a female member had been a **braucher** — and the later generation failed to distinguish between **braucherei** and **hexerei,** if indeed they knew.

Several **brauchers** in the last few decades achieved more than a merely local reputation. One of them was an eminent physician who would either prescribe or powwow for his patients, according to their wishes or sometimes according to his own best judgment. Another was a kindly, gentle old lady who was looked upon almost with reverence for the cures she brought about. In neither case could the skill be passed on. The physician could transmit it only to a daughter. The old lady had both sons and daughters, all but one son of whom had pre-deceased her, and the remaining son is an "unbeliever!"

The significance of "long-lost" in the title of Hohman's book is almost self-evident. The teachings of Christianity put a quietus on demonology, sooth-saying, witchcraft, and associated arts — at least to all intents and purposes. Yet, among the unenlightened and among those who may have been only partly converted to the new faith, the old beliefs were hard to eradicate. Apparently, none of the ancient teachings were really "lost," in the sense of "destroyed;" it remained for Hohman to bring back into print what had been lying dormant since the time of Albertus Magnus.

What of the signs of the zodiac, and their supposed influence upon human affairs? Are they a part of the business of magic? Probably not, since they are basic to neither the black nor the white categories; rather they would seem to belong to astrology, and merit about the degree of acceptance astrology usually does. Signs of the zodiac have always been standard in farmers' almanacs, and the almanacs were almost the only secular reading matter in many rural communities throughout the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth century. For an agrarian people, weather signs and portents are of the utmost importance, and if over a period of years there was heavy rain during the days when Virgo (always called "the waterwoman" in rural Pennsylvania) was in the ascendancy, it is small wonder that a farmer would instruct his son not to plow during that period. By making an easy association one can see why he **should** plant watermelon seeds in Virgo!

In Pennsylvania or out of it, we are prone to believe what we wish to believe, and if we are strongly steeped in the past some of the past is likely to cling to us. The Pennsylvania Dutch have a rich and powerful tradition, a heritage which cannot be matched by any other racial strain in the country. Let us not raise an eyebrow, then, when Thomas or Henry or Bill says, half facetiously and half in earnest, "The horns of the moon point up tonight; I'll start cutting the timothy in the morning." (When the horns of the moon point up, the rain can't get out, and the weather will necessarily be fair!) Over a period of years, has the batting average of the Weather Bureau been much higher than that of the horns of the moon?

From the New York FOLK LORE QUARTERLY, Spring, 1956, and reprinted with the kind permission of both author and publisher.

EN BLUMME SCHTOCK

En scheener Rhododendron Schtock
Iss in meim Hof, wu ich als hock;
Ich hab en mol datt hie geblecht,
Nau dutt er aa gewiss net schlecht.

Im Juni blieht er nau als schunt,
Grickt scheene Blumme, grooss un rund;
Des Yaahr hot er schunn fimfe ghatt,
Sell iss uffkors ken grossi Latt.

Ich hab en grickt am Barrig Bloo,
Datt hot's so viel, sie waxe schloo:
Hab en geblanst, er waar yuscht glee—
Verleicht en anner Yaahr gebt's meh.

1953 —D. GEO. KNECHT

DIE SIWWE SCHWOWE

Es waaren siwwe Schwowe,
Die gehn mol noch me show;
Es waar so voll mit Mensche—
Kennt sich verliere do!

Sie waar'n kens vun de dumme,
Wie oft die Schwowe sei;
Sie hen fer nanner gsarrigt—
Des weist sich zimmlich glei.

Sie hen so unnich nanner
Des ausgemacht vorhaer—
Wann sie vun nanner kumme
Un widder zamme waer',

Dann deed' sie Naase zehle,
Eb dass sie gingten fatt;
Noh kennt' sie noch rum suche
Fer den wu waer net datt.

So sin sie dann zum show nei,
's iss gschehne wie verwaart;
's waar yeders gans verlore,
Wie Fleeh im Gees seim Baart.

Doch endlich nanner g'funne
Un zu sehne, eb eens fehlt,
Secht eener zu de ann're:
"Do watt mol Nees gezehlt—

"Schtellt eich mol hie verschtennich,
Un bleiwen graad so schteh;
Nau ich bin mich, des wisst ihr,
Un weiters woll' mer seh—

"Eens, zwee, drei, vier, fimf un sex,"—
Hett er sie all erblickt?
Widder hot er Nees gezehlt
Un widder sexe grickt!

Sie waar'n gaar net zufridde,
Un's waar hoch Zeit fer fatt,
Doch hen sie net geh wolle,
Bis all waer'n widder datt.

Sin awwer naus so langsam
Iwwer die Kieh-weed zu,
Sehnt eens so'n brauner Blacke
Un weess graad was zu duh.

Secht: "Yeders macht sei Naasmark
Do in den Blacke nei,
Noh woll' mer widder zehle,
Eb all vun uns do sei."—

Wie gsaat, waar's aa glei geduh,
Des nemmt net arrig lang;
"Nau zehl emoll," secht eener,
"Es iss mer als noch bang"—

"Eens, zwee, drei, vier, fimf un sex—
Siwwe! Nee, niemand fehlt!
Nau waer der Deiwel waar net datt,
Wie waar vorhaer gezehlt?"

22 Mei 1945 RALPH S. FUNK

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Editorials

Swimming for the Multitude

It is a comforting fact for thousands of our people that at the height of the hottest period of the year so far, the many pools which communities have built for their people, together with facilities of similar nature either in public, group or private hands, will open during this weekend and be in operation thruout the remainder of the summer season.

This trend toward providing pools and other bathing facilities for the people, begun in this valley less than fifty years ago, has reached magnificent proportions. It is pretty safe to say that today there is opportunity for just about everybody who wishes to enjoy cooling waters and swim, dive or just play around in the water on every summer day.

Certainly the first notable development in this line was that by Catasauqua which established its large and satisfactory pool on the beautiful playgrounds. All who enjoy it again this summer well may recall with thankfulness that splendid personality, the recently deceased William R. "Butch" Thomas who was the principal figure more than four decades ago in the planning and construction not only of the playground system but of its continuingly popular swimming place.

Allentown was but a few years behind with its developments. These now include four magnificent pools, plus the beach at River Front Park. In addition to these supervised swimming and bathing areas are the miles of waterways — the Lehigh River, the Little Lehigh, the Jordan and Trout Creeks. Half the city's population could bathe simultaneously at these places if the numbers could be distributed perfectly.

Smaller local communities likewise have fairly adequate facilities, either in the shape of pools, public, semi-private or private, or in streams. In addition there is the surprisingly large number of farmponds which have been built hereabouts in recent years. A drowning in one of them on Thursday night attracted wide attention to one of these.

Virtually all these rural developments have been made not alone with the thought of a water supply in the event of fire but for purposes of recreation. Many thousands of ruralites, both adults and children, have opportunity for the enjoyment of water sports that can be as satisfactory as the enjoyment provided in the big, municipal developments.

All this is a happy development in our present state of society. It was a long time coming. And perhaps it would not have fitted exactly into public thinking about recreation half a century ago. Today it is part of the answer to society's possession of more leisure time and what to do with it.

One of the best answers as to what to do with some of that increased leisure time is enjoyment of healthy, wholesome exercise and sport in the cool, invigorating water of pools and streams.

More Coal to Europe

From that sage old labor leader, John L. Lewis, has come another great idea which the head of the United Mine Workers has submitted to all interests concerned and now is working out. This is the establishment by Labor and Capital of a big shipping company to handle coal exports, particularly to European markets.

While the search is on for new uses for coal in the hope that the decadent industry can be given a tonic and will revive, demand from Europe for coal suddenly is on the increase. The American coal industry is eager to take advantage of this demand.

However very often it was found impossible to get ships for the hauling of the coal exactly when needed. Mr. Lewis came up with the idea that all the interests concerned should own their own ships. So a $50 million shipping corporation has been formed by the coal producers, the labor union and the railroads.

The American economy has increased its demand for coal, but in addition to this, a Europe at peace is finding the need for more electrical power, which requires more coal for steam plants. Europe's industry also is expanding for the production of more goods. Europe's coal production, expecially that from the British Isles, has not been able to keep pace with the European demand for coal.

Now Mr. Lewis, and his combination with the coal companies and the railroads, believe they can deliver coal to Europe in successful competition with European coal. All of them want to keep American mines working and their half million miners employed.

If team work can accomplish this, Mr. Lewis and his rather odd allies, (all too often strangers to one another) are going to do it.

An Outrageous Strike

The delicacy with which so many affairs in our complex society are adjusted and the ability of trifles to throw the entire system out of order is emphasized when a minor accident in some out-of-the-way spot cuts off electrical power for large areas and thousands of persons experience a host of inconveniences.

It is also emphasized in the ability of small groups of willful men to disrupt production, distribution or transportation, expecially thru uncalled strikes such as the one that afflicted the people of New York City on Thursday.

In that city a mere handful of employes of the three large subway systems struck and paralyzed all sub-surface transportation for nine hours and brought inconvenience, discomfort and loss to an estimated 780,000 persons.

That number of people were stranded and were about as helpless as persons marooned on a desert isle. Bus and taxi service could absorb little of the traffic. These two kinds of transportation are not dependent upon subway strikes for a rushing business. It would have taken days for many of those who were stranded to reach their homes by going afoot. Even the railroad lines out of the city customarily are jammed and could handle little of the extra business that crowded upon them when the subways were halted.

The strike was an unauthorized one. It harmed nearly a million people. It will be proper if the municipality determine responsibility for this outrage upon so many persons and take steps to punish adequately those who were responsible.

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.

Ending of a Caste System

My dear Mr. Ruhe—

The editorial, "Butch Thomas," that appeared in The Morning Call on May 24, is a fine tribute to the work and character of the late William R. Thomas.

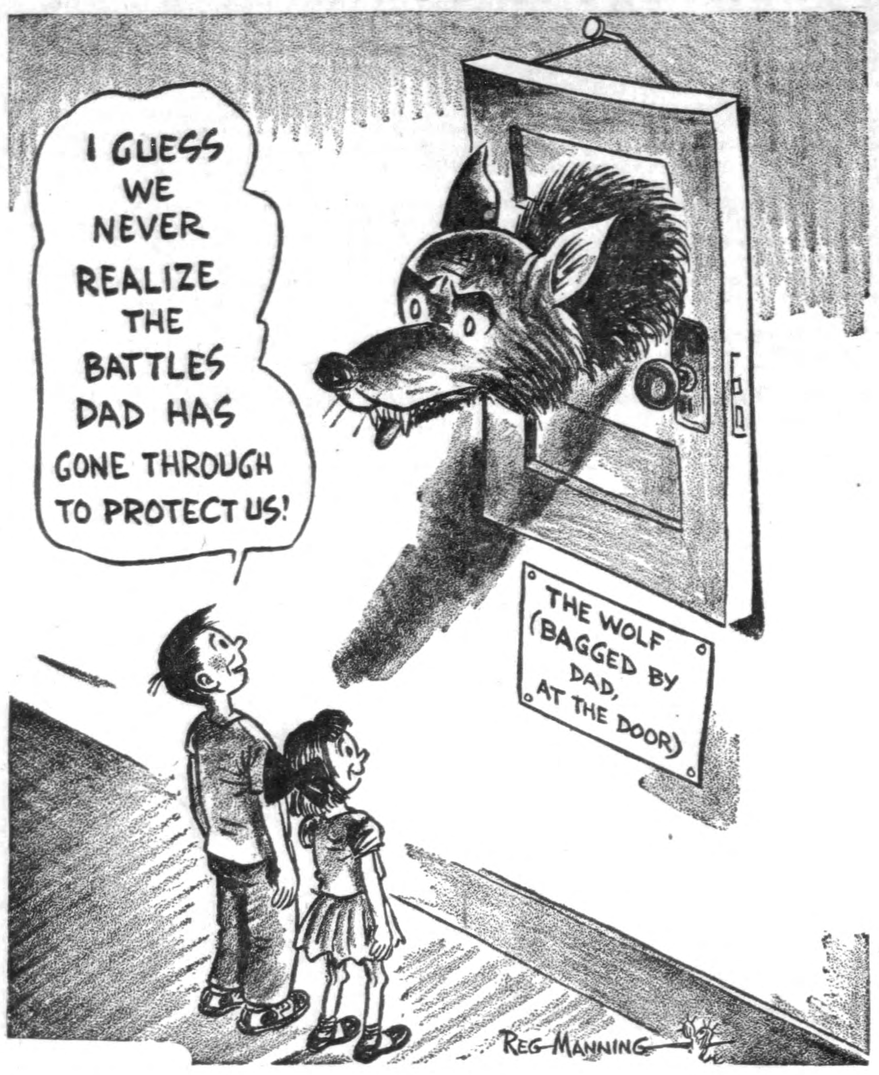
The comments in the editorial that pertain to the caste system have interested me. I do not recall that I have heard anyone apply that designation to the community life of the Iron Boro heretofore. Based, however, upon my experiences when I lived there during my early youth, I concur wholeheartedly with the editorial interpretation of the conditions that prevailed in that area at the turn of the century.

In my mature years, I have thought about the matter and have concluded that the decadence of the system resulted from the decline of merchant pig iron blast furnace operations in the Lehigh Valley and the concentration of the iron and steel business in great plants located in or near large industrial centers. The last vestige of the system disappeared completely with the advent of the New Deal.

May I thank you for the fine sentiments expressed in the editorial, and may I express, also my appreciation of the keen insight expressed by your analysis of the sociological atmosphere that prevailed during the years that "Butch" was struggling to carve out a place for himself in the business world. "Butch" was my uncle, and I shall miss him greatly. With my kindest regards

Sincerely yours,
Fred T. Agthe
1028 East Juneau Ave.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Father's Trophy Room



Peace Based on Freedom

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The biggest news story in the world today—and the hardest to write—relates to the grave danger of defeat which faces the United States and its allies at the hands of the Soviet gangsters who control the largest single military apparatus of all times.

It isn't solely a question of atomic bombs or intercontinental bombers or missiles. Even if the United States Congress appropriated all the money the Air Force is asking for, it wouldn't alter the situation. For the next war may never see atomic weapons of any kind used because of the danger of mutual destruction. Hence, the potential value of conventional armies with conventional navies and air forces and conventional bombs becomes more important than ever before, coincident with some form of counterstrategy to meet the infiltration of smaller countries by the enemy.

What stands out as the central fact about the whole problem is the virtual certainty that neither side will use atomic bombs or weapons because public opinion in all countries will prohibit their use. Nuclear war will not be tolerated. The threat of conventional war, therefore, will take its place. In this the United States and its allies are woefully weak. They have not awakened to the need of this deterrent, too.

Paradox

The truth is a paradox—General Le May is right in wanting all the air power he can get as a deterrent and Gens. Ridgeway and Taylor are right also in wanting all the conventional arms they can get as a deterrent. The three armed services are right on the whole in emphasizing the need for more of each of their respective forces. Their disputes reflect an honest groping for some solution to the most difficult problem America has ever faced.

The real factor of fear is derived from the prospect that, even though no international agreement exists or may exist, the aggressors will, of their own volition, refrain from the use of any nuclear weapons. Then what? Would the Western allies ever initiate the use of such weapons in defense and thus invite retaliation? Military men are confident that the answer will be "yes." Political governments — civilians who control them—will have the decision and the consensus of many civilian officials here and in Europe is that the answer will be "no."

The idea of "race suicide" and of "wiping the human race from the face of the earth" has been so widely advertised everywhere



that what began as a Communist propaganda line a few years ago—when the Soviet government was in an inferior and unprepared status with respect to the manufacture of superbombs —now has been endorsed inside the United States by high officials, scientists, spokesmen for the church and many sections of the press. It seems clear that no civilian government in the free world will ever authorize the initial use of atomic weapons.

All this means is that, as the chances of a nuclear war grow remote, due to the stalemate in superbomb strength and the state of public opinion on both sides of the Iron Curtain, the military control of the world will go to those governments which have the advantage in conventional arms.

As a result, Moscow and Peking will dominate both Europe and Asia. Western Europe, which has up to now considered itself protected by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, will discover in due time the fallacy of the "new look" in military organization. For the diminution of ground forces and the arming of remaining divisions with nuclear weapons merely emphasizes the danger that Moscow could conquer Western Europe without firing a single shot, because nuclear weapons would never be used.

The Soviets have offered to reduce their land armies by 1,200,000 men. This, however, is a small proportion of their total. It is a clever maneuver designed to get the West to deplete its far smaller armies. The Communists coincidentally have begun their "parliamentary offensive," which means infiltration in the parliaments of Western Europe and a stepped-up activity inside the United States, where already three Supreme Court justices say that Communist activity is just "another political party."

Thus, on the political front as well as on the military front, the Communists are threatening. The whole answer doesn't lie merely in spending more money for air power or in spending more money than ever before to mobilize ground armies — even though both are necessary. It lies basically in the principle reiterated a few days ago by Secretary of State Dulles, when he said:

"There is only one cure for the evils of the imposed Soviet dictatorship—that is government which derives its powers from the consent of the governed. This is a lesson that history teaches, that Khrushchev confirms and which needs to be applied if we are to have a world society of peace and justice."

This is but another way of saying that the peoples of the Soviet Union and the satellite states hold the key to peace. They must be persuaded to choose a free government. It's the only thing that can truly make the world safe for the continuance of democratic governments anywhere. It requires a job of infiltration and conversion through every avenue of moral force. It's a job which the West has all too long neglected.

(Copyright 1956)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Philippians 1:14

Not only did Paul's imprisonment have a direct influence for good upon his prison-guards, for he, no doubt, bore witness to them concerning his Savior and Lord, but Christians everywhere, who heard of his unpleasant experiences in his Roman prison, were surprised that he was as enthusiastic in spreading the Gospel under those circumstances as he had been when free to travel from city to city. So, in spite of every difficulty and obstacle, he was still doing so much for the Gospel he loved—the effect of which was to rebuke the lack of zeal of those who had unrestrained liberty of action. The man who works for Christ when everything is against him stirs up those who have no such difficulties. They who dare to speak for God, even to death, are the means of stirring others to heroic defence of the Gospel. Therefore, Paul says in v.14, many of the brethren were made confident in the Lord because of his imprisonment, and were much more bold to speak the Word without fear. Martyrs like Tyndale, Hus, Savonarola, and many others have been an inspiration to other 'heroes of faith.' (Read Heb. 11:32-40).

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

"Hey, Mom," wailed little Jeffrey. "I just knocked over that big ladder outside the door."

"Don't tell me," said mother. "Tell your father. He'll pick it up for you."

"He can't," answered jittery li'l Jeff. "Pop's hanging from the third storey window!"

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Horoscope

Great domestic joy and outstanding business or professional success are suggested. Born today, a child is likely to be good-natured and fortunate.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS 'N HUND: Bei jupps so wie die barichda yusht rei kumma sin, brouch m'r now nimmy tzurick gae in die fergongenheit fer guta hund shtories hoerra. Un so weit so weit os sel aw gait, so wie die socha uns fertzailt sin werra, sols die deitlich wohrhate sie — war 's glawwa wi kon.

Der Herb Bartman fron da Susquahanna shtross doh in da shtadt huts shun long im grub kot fer 'n guter yawk hounds kaufa. Ol die hund os er ow'r gawist hut tzu kaufa, worra aintwedders nix nutz, tzu dire, odder nix nutz, tzu dire, odder hen ken sharfa nase ganunk kot. 'M Herb sei fraw die Jane hut ken tzeit fiel hoerra wolla dafon — sie hut ols gamaint 's wear weck g'shmissa gelt fer 'n hund kaufa — ow'r der Herb wie ewwa der fol is won 'n mon die hunds gronket hut fer 'n hund kaufa, hut ols rum har gaguck'd bis er noch richda grick'd hut fon so ma arya gute yawk house os tzu kaufa wor in Kentucky.

Der Herb hut net yusht gamaint dier price werar recht, ow'r hut aw g'shick'd fer der huna un seina aigna auga shier net glawwa kenna wie shae os er wor wie der hund endlich kumma is in ra grossa box. Die Jane hut weiters net fiel tzu sawga kot — sie hut gamaint 's wear ewwa yusht 'n hund os ebber lose werra het wolla, ow'r der Herb hut onnishder gawist.

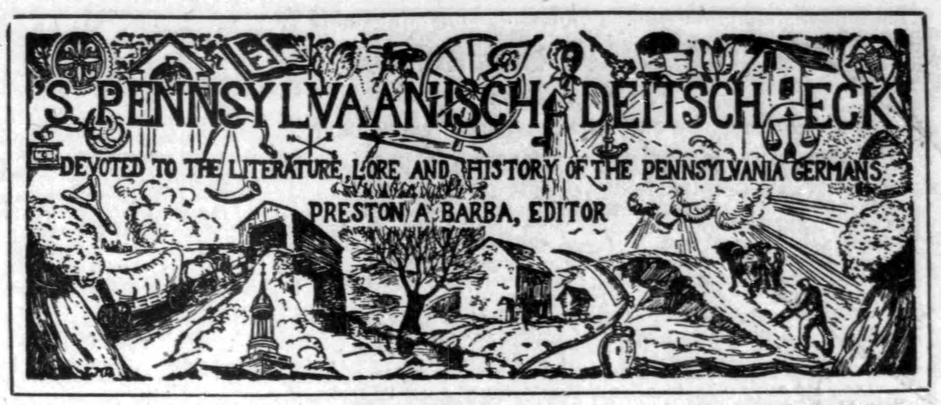
Doh net long tzurick sin die barichda, het er der hhund nuf uf der Lechaw barrick ganumma, uns nagshd os wor, het der hund paar blarrer ous galust, un wear ob om barrick nous os die hecka shier fire g'fonga hetta, so arrick is der hund g'shprunga. Der Herb hut grawd g'sehna os es 'n umiglichkeit wear fer 'm hund tzu foos noh gae. In blotz fom hund noh shpringa, is er hame un hut die mashine grick'd, ow'r ols ae ohr uf 'm hund k'halta fer sehna wella waig os er nous gang'd. Der hund is om barrich nous, un noh nunner gaeich da Lechaw tzu, un der Herb, mit da mschine, is iwwer die Lechawc uf da Hamilton shtross brick, noh niver gaeich Rittersville tzu, un aw nunner noch da Lechaw.

Yusht wie der Herb drunna on die Lechaw kumma is, hut er der hund sehna iwwer 's wosser riwwer kumma, un is rous uf die bank gagrodd'ld fer 'm minute odder so. 'S wosser is gahairich dief on sel'm blotz, un wos hut der hund gaduh, os wie is tzum wosser nei gadiffa, un fer gons nagshf finf minuta unnich 'm wosser gabliva. Wie er ruf kumma is, hut er 'n 20 pund katfish im moul kot, un wie der fish 's moul uf gamocht hut fer shnoppa noch 'm ochdem, ferhoftich sei won net 'n alter haws rous k'hupst is — der very same haws secht der Herb, woh der hund im arishda blotz uf gayawk'd hut drowwa uf 'm Lechaw barrick, nagshd om grossa shtae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'M Herb sei Jane hut now uf gaaigen'd os die Kentucky hund besser weara os sie gaglawbt het im awfong, un der Herb darf der hund halta.

Fer ae gonsie woch is die sawg, hetta 's Herbs' fish gessa, drei mohls dadawg.



ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

RURAL life among the Pennsylvania Germans, popularly called "Dutch," has become a field for literature in comparatively recent years. Among the writers who have taken advantage of this field are Helen R. Martin, "Georg Shock" (Katherine R. Loose), Dr. Fred Lewis Pattee and Elsie Singmaster Lewars. This is not a complete list by any means, for current magazines occasionally publish a story on the life of the Pennsylvania Germans by some new author. One of the most recent of these is Oma Almona Davies (Mrs. Eltse), an Ohio woman. Her writing is founded not upon the Pennsylvania Germans of Pennsylvania but upon a colony in Ohio of which she has made a thorough study. It is interesting to compare the life, ways and speech of the two so widely separated branches. Though Mrs. Eltse's acquaintance with Pennsylvania began only in 1928, the two cultures are so similar that many persons think her background is Lancaster County.



Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Loose, Dr. Pattee, and Mrs. Lewars have written not only short stories but novels which are well known. Each one of these authors sees the Pennsylvania Germans in his or her own characteristic way and their novels are more or less popular with the reading public.

Elsie Singmaster has been concerned mostly with the assimilation of this type by that composite American people which is recognized abroad as distinctly typical. She shows us the Pennsylvania German of the older generation, the German who is still a half-alien provincial, who scarcely sees beyond the bounds of his village or community. But she shows us also the younger generation going out into the world and "Making good" from the American point of view. Her attitude toward these rural folk is not that of one who holds them up to ridicule but who thinks and writes of them from a sympathetic point of view. She knows these people and has spent much of her life among them. She understands them in all their seeming peculiarities and superstitions. She looks upon the narrowness of the Dunkers, Mennonites and Amish as the narrowness of a great conviction and has always written kindly of them. In these curious sects with their plain clothes, their footwashing, their beards and their aloofness from the world and worldly things, other writers have found material for ridicule, but Elsie Singmaster has never held them nor their customs up to ridicule.

Elsie Singmaster was born at Schuylkill Haven, in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, August 29, 1879. Her father's family were all of Dutch or German extraction. One of her ancestors was a pupil of Martin Luther and lived in the Melancthon home. Her great, great, great grandfather was the first Lutheran minister ordained in America. Her father, John Alden Singmaster, was also a Lutheran minister. He was a writer of some note and an authority on church history. By those who knew him he is described as a fine looking gentleman, faultlessly dressed, brimful of stories, tireless in his efforts to advance the cause of the Lutheran church and also to advance the growth of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary, of which he was president for many years. In addition to all this he was possessed of a practical mind. Elsie Singmaster says of her father: "He likes to set things straight, whether it be a crooked road or a crooked character, and his advice, which is sensible and tactful, is often taken." (1—"Bird with a Broken Pinion," Atlantic Monthly, December 1912). Her mother, Caroline Hoopes Singmaster, transfers to her children, English, Irish and French traditions and blood. She was of a Quaker family. The Singmaster family consists of four sons, Arthur, John, Edmund, and Paul, and one daughter, Elsie.

Until she was four years old, Elsie Singmaster lived in Schuylkill Haven, then a town of about three thousand inhabitants. Her father's native home was in Macungie, a village in the Pennsylvania German district, near Allentown, with which the family maintained a constant connection, going there to live for a period of four years during which Mr. Singmaster was pastor of the Lutheran Church, and afterwards spending many summers in an ancient house at the edge of the village. In the village itself lived many kinsfolk. Macungie figures in Elsie Singmaster's books and stories as Millerstown. A dialect of German was the common speech of the community. In the Singmaster family English was spoken, but from their schoolmates and others with whom they associated, the children quickly picked up the interesting and expressive dialect.

An incident occurred there which she tells later in a magazine article. She says, "When I was four years old I started across my grandfather's barn yard. Suddenly with a swoop, a gobble, a roar, a turkey cock was upon me. Paralyzed, I fell prone upon the ground where the dragon perched himself upon me, beating me with his wings, claws and beak. Fortunately the hired man was at hand; he seized the beast by his hideous neck and bravely hurled him clear across the yard." (2—"An Avian Dread," Atlantic Monthly. March, 1912. Vol. 109. Page 423.) This caused her to have a fear of birds which she had difficulty in overcoming. It was not only live birds of which she was afraid but dead birds or birds' feathers, in feather-dusters, on hats or anywhere. Her brothers delighted in teasing her and sometimes they would place a feather in her table napkin or a mass of down in her sleeve with which she would come in contact when she ran her arms into it. She says she well remembers the night when they convinced her that there were efathers in her pillow. She would not sleep in her bed that night but lay on the floor.

Mr. Singmaster was next stationed in Brooklyn, New York for three years. By the time Elsie was ten years old they had made their home in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Here Mr. Singmaster preached in both English and German. In later years when his daughter was asked what impressed her most in Allentown at this age she said it was the old German church with its towering spire and high galleries, and the grand old German hymns. In the summer months the children were taken to Macungie to the ancient log house by the mill race. Here on the banks of the race the children found moss-covered wooden steps, by which converts of a German religious sect descended to be immersed. Thus very early in life and in many different ways Elsie Singmaster came in contact with many religious sects which found a home in Pennsylvania. Being a Lutheran, she could not understand what seemed to be the peculiarities of these religious sects but it was doubtless her father who helped her to tolerate and sympathize with these strange forms of worship.

From childhood she was an omnivorous reader. She says that reading, next to her home influence, was the most important factor in shaping her style of writing. From seven years of age she read whenever she could and whatever she could find. After she had exhausted the supply of Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne, Hugo, and many other authors from the shelves of her father's library, she turned to her brother's books and read Rider Haggard and Jules Verne. She read some paper-covered volumes picked up on railway journeys and pored over "Robert Elsmere" and the novels of "The Duchess." When the supply of all sorts of stories was exhausted she turned to Carlyle and Gibbon. Her story "A Courier of the Czar" reveals the fact that she knows Jules Verne.

She graduated from the Allentown High School at the age of fourteen. As she was too young to be admitted to college she was sent to the Normal School at West Chester. The Normal Schools then offered only two years of work and she completed the course at the age of sixteen. She had decided early in life that she wanted to be a writer. She knew the necessity of constant observation in order to be able to select her materials. But she had had so far very little training in composition and rhetoric to prepare her for this work. Much of the composition work in the public schools was very poorly taught. She cites an instance of a composition written on an opening day of school. The teacher did not have her schedule arranged; so she told the pupils to write their monthly compositions. These were to be on the subject of "Generosity" and each one was to cover three pages, one paragraph to a page. Composition writing was a common mode of punishment. For example, Jane was required to write a composition of six hundred words on "Cheating" because she looked on her neighbor's slate. And Ellen had to write five hundred words about "Peanuts" because she was caught eating in school. Much of her grammar and composition was studied under teachers who knew much about the Pennsylvania German dialect but very little about the English language.

To be continued

TO OUR READERS

More than a half century has passed since Elsie Singmaster's short stories first began to appear in Harper's, Century, Scribner's, and The Atlantic Monthly and other widely-read magazines of the day.

No other writer of fiction has portrayed the Pennsylvania Germans and depicted their lifeways with so much sympathetic understanding, and with so much integrity and art over so long a period of time as Elsie Singmaster.

For a number of years William L. Werner, Professor of English at Pennsylvania State University, has been assigning subjects for Master's theses in the field of Pennsylvania German. The first of these, "Elsie Singmaster," was submitted in 1929 by Mrs. Mary Rice Hess (since deceased). In the belief that this carefully prepared monograph deserves to be more permanently recorded we have through the courtesy of Professor Werner received permission both of the Pennsylvania State Unversity and of Prof. W. L. Hess (husband of the deceased author of the monograph) to publish the same in the ECK.

In her preface Mrs. Hess acknowledges her special indebtedness to Elsie Singmaster for information regarding her life and literary activities. Elsie Singmaster (in private life Mrs. Harold Lewars) is living today in extreme retirement in Gettysburg, Pa. We believe her many friends and admirers, especially those in this area where she was reared and which has served as **locale** for so many of her stories, will want to keep the issues of the ECK containing the installments of this monograph.—ED.

VORREDE

E deel vun unser Deitsche duh
Die Mutterschproch net lese;
Sie saagge sie kennt' net verschteh
Des Buchschtaabiere-wese.

Zu dem wu kummt des Buch zu Hand—
Geduldich duh's browiere;
Fer lanne Lese eenich Schproch,
Nemmt Zeit un deel Schtudiere.

Du weescht gaar net wie viel Blessier
Iss in dem Buch zu finne;
Fleicht meenscht du aa 's waer Zeit verseimt,
Schunscht deetscht dich net so b'sinne.

Wann'd meenscht des Lese waer Verluscht,
Hettscht ken Zeit iww'rich — ewwe —
Dann iss des Buch gaar net fer dich—
Meecht 's yuscht so wohl weckgewwe.

Nemm bissel Zeit ab vun deim Gscheft,
Vun in der Welt rumwiehle;
Les' bissel Dichtung, 's dutt dir gut,
Un macht dich besser fiehle.

7 Feb. 1943 —RALPH S. FUNK

These verses serve as a Foreword to a typescript volume of original verse by Mr. Funk.

Horoscope

Great domestic joy and outstanding business or professional success are suggested. Born today, a child is likely to be good-natured and fortunate.

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Editorials

Palmerton Back to Normal

There is joy in Palmerton. The 52-day strike of the workers for the New Jersey Zinc Co. has been settled and resumption of employment on a two-year contract began immediately for some employes. This will continue for a period of a month or more, or until the entire plant can be returned gradually to the full-time operation that came to an ending a little over seven weeks ago.

While it will take the workers a long time to recoup the losses sustained by almost two months of idleness, the terms of the new contract appear to be highly satisfactory. These terms include a general 10 cents per hour increase, three paid holidays this year and six in 1957, increase in accident and sickness pay from the former $26 to $40 per week and accrued vacation pay for employes when temporarily laid off.

While the strike was all too long for workers and for the community, it still was of much briefer duration than the strike in the latter part of 1949 when the workers were out for four months.

Pity it is that the strike was called and that it was not possible to arrive at a contract two months ago. Always in negotiations for the shaping of contracts there is a lot of jockeying by both sides in the negotiations. More is asked than it is expected will be granted. Less is immediately offered than what it is expected will be yielded in the final outcome. There may be little difference in these two attitudes from the very beginning of the negotiations.

Earlier compromise could have averted strike and the company could have continued its full-time production and men their full-time employment. Both sides have had to suffer grievously because understanding and compromise was not agreed upon earlier.

A New Look at Some 'Parks' (?)

There was a time in Allentown's history when land that was little fitted for any purpose was foisted upon the school district (and at handsome sums) as school sites. Just about any old "junk" in the real estate field was considered good enough for a school.

The practice seems to have been quite common in rural areas as well so that very few school buildings had additional land that was both adequate in acreage and suitable in terrain for playground activities. The thought of play hardly entered the heads of the politicians and "hard-shells" of those days many decades ago. And if there was to be play, why could it not be engaged in on hillsides and rough areas?

Somewhat the same idea seems to have persisted in another but related field as representatives of various branches of our municipal government who met in recent days to plan extensions for the park and playground system, learned. Then it was recalled that much acreage has been dedicated by building developments for park and playground purposes. These plots are scattered "all over the map" but their qualities and virtues for such purposes are suspect in many instances.

As dedicated properties they are off the tax list and yield nothing to the city's income. Because they have not been desirable as recreation areas for one or more reasons they have not been developed.

On paper, they look good. In actuality they are worth less than nothing. Instead of being assets, they are liabilities.

For the first time probably this entire matter now is to undergo careful survey and appraisal. The group of fine men and women who make up the municipal groups that are concerned now want to know what material they have with which to work and how to get additional material in the shape of suitable land with which to do their planning.

Of one thing they feel certain, namely that with careful and intelligent planning wholesome development of this city can proceed hand in hand with population growth and probably expansion of the city's boundary lines.

Hitherto there has been haphazard acceptance of land from developments. Henceforth the City, thru these bodies, wants to be the judge of the physical acceptability of such land and of its adaptation to the long range planning for the community and its people. Those considerations did not have any considerable place in public and official thinking during years gone by.

Joy on N. 7th Street

We believe this community feels happy, along with the merchants on N. 7th St., from Center Square to Turner, that the important street at their front doors is to be reopened for traffic early next week and that "business as usual" is the early promise, following a gala celebration on Thursday next.

For months this important segment of so-called "small business" has been marooned due to the rebuilding of N. 7th St. Every merchant operated under great physical disadvantages. Not the least of other disadvantages was the psychological effect upon shoppers who were discouraged from a visit to that area by the mud, noises, blockades and other inconveniences caused by the extensive reconstruction work.

With the reopening of the street the conditions will have disappeared. So the merchants plan a great day that practically means reopening and resumption of business after a long, long time of some of the most serious discouragements that any business group ever has faced in this city.

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.

Urges Ban on Lurid Magazines

Dear Sir:

Tonight I walked into my daughter's room as she talked on the telephone and found (and confiscated) one of those lurid "confession" magazines that "grace" our nation's newsstands. It was not the first time this scene has happened in our home. It has happened, perhaps, a dozen times before.

In case you're not familiar with the content of the "confession" type of magazine, this is the kind of "reading" that goes into them:

Novelette titles — "Date Crazy;" "My Shameless Man Hunt;" "Teen-Age Sin;" "Back Street Affair;" "I Loved in Sin."

Advertisements — six on what the advertisers call variously "sex technique," how to attain "sexcess," illustrated sex facts; one advertisement on "The Art of Love;" one on "How to Win and Hold a Husband;" one selling a pair of lodestones, to make wishes come true, of course; one on hypnotism (probably for the same goal); stimulated diamond and wedding sets for a dollar (quality stuff); and a batch of bust developer comeons.

I think you and every responsible parent will agree that this isn't the sort of stuff that makes innocent, wholesome children grow up into well - balanced, responsible citizens who work soberly at jobs and raise good families and build a wholesome community.

My daughter is 12. Tonight, as on other occasions when we found such magazines in her possession (she sees nothing wrong with them; "all the others have them"), she is staying in her room to ponder over the set of values we want her to learn to cherish. We think we are doing the best we know how.

But she must have many "sisters" and "brothers." How many children in her age bracket buy and read this unadulterated trash without their parents knowing? In all modesty, we think we keep a closer eye on our child than many parents.

But you don't cure the disease by treating the symptoms. The real cancer seems, at least at this moment, beyond most parents' reach.

Where does it grow? In the racks on racks of suggestively-illustrated covers of "confession" and "expose" magazines that line our newsstands. They are everywhere. And the best place to start cleaning up, you cannot but agree, is in our own back yard.

I object, and so must other right-thinking parents, to a newsstand operator's allowing a child to browse across the magazine racks, pick a magazine that suits his "taste" and whets his appetite for the unexplored. And we object to the operator's selling to children these wretched diaries of misguided morality.

There is no sign on the stands that reads "For Adults Only." (But then, they would have no appeal for decent adults).

As I see it, the fact that these sales can be made to children is the fault of the newsstand owner and operator. If

Continued on Page 7, Column 7

Getting Stung?



Harriman—Man of Wealth

By DAVID LAWRENCE

If Gov. Averell Harriman of New York is nominated on the Democratic ticket, he will be the wealthiest man who ever ran for the presidency. Estimates of his fortune vary from $80 million to $100 million and some people in the financial world say this is on the low side.

When Harriman's father — E. H. Harriman, the railroad king — died about 40 years ago, he left around $80 million to his four children. So, if the New York governor inherited $20 million when he was about 25 years old and hasn't increased that sum four or five times by careful investment since, he is an exception to the rule. The New York governor told a "Meet the Press" audience the other day on NBC Television that he would gladly reveal his assets if it was considered desirable to have all candidates make such a disclosure.


Lawrence

The possession of such immense wealth may not be a handicap at all to Gov. Harriman — in fact, it may prove to his advantage. The average man in the electorate wants to see integrity and honesty in public office and, if it is known that a public official has a lot of money of his own, the immediate assumption is that he is above corruption.

Theodore Roosevelt, after he left the White House, wrote an article for "Outlook" magazine, of which he was contributing editor, saying that anyone who took a responsible position in government should have at least $100,000 in investments so that the income from it would be adequate irrespective of whether or not he was in public office. The theory was that a man who had an independent income could afford to be independent of wrong influences that might arise to try to sway his judgment in a governmental office. Those were the days when an income from $100,000 at 6 per cent was a lot of income so far as purchasing power went.

Normal Prejudice

The normal prejudices in the electorate would be against a man of wealth if it be assumed that he has a viewpoint hostile to the man of low income. There aren't many men in America today who have such a viewpoint, though the use of the argument in class warfare remains because it has been found to be vote-getting demagoguery.

Gov. Harriman, on the other hand, has made it a point to criticize big business and powerful economic groups. He is known as more "radical" than Adlai Stevenson. The New York governor — whether because of a consciousness of wealth in a political sense or because he thought it was good politics in seeking the Democratic nomination — has painstakingly striven for the support of the labor unions. Having been an investment banker in Wall Street, Harriman says he has been in a position to know the weaknesses of his former brethren in finance. This may not be important now but, if a depression overtakes the country, presumably another "New Deal" or "New Vision," as Gov. Harriman calls it, might encompass some more reforms in the banking and business world.

What seems strange about Averell Harriman's strategy in assailing the "moderation" of Adlai Stevenson is that the New York governor or his advisers assume this is a period in which radicalism has a better chance than moderation. It might be the case in the preconvention battle inside a party which has a record like the Democratic party in recent years but, once the nomination is made, if Gov. Harriman is successful in winning it, he will probably find himself trying to woo the conservative or what has been called the "middle class" vote in the electorate. The large number of home-owning citizens and voters in the middle brackets has made this present era of prosperity one of conservatism, though perhaps "moderation" is the more euphemistic word to use for those who don't like "conservatism."

Income Up

The 1955 official figures of the Federal Reserve Board show there were 33,300,000 families with incomes of $3,000 a year or over. Of these, there are 7,400,000 families with incomes between $3,000 and $4,000 a year.

Taking two votes to a family, there is a bloc of 66,000,000 votes who are "rich" if the standards of other decades are considered. It is a little hard to see, therefore, where radicalism can make its appeal. It might really alienate some of the support in that rather large segment of "middle class" votes.

So it could be that, if Gov. Harriman is the Democratic nominee, his supporters will be found pointing to his large fortune with the argument that such a man would not sign legislation or take any action that would be inimical to the property-owning citizens of the country and that hence he might be regarded as a promoter rather than a destroyer of prosperity. The "curse of riches" would seem to be less dangerous in politics today than it ever was. There are plenty of millionaires in the Democratic party in Congress. Taft, Hoover, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt were all relatively rich men. Hoover gave most of his salary back to the treasury, and Harriman, if nominated and elected, might do the same.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Philippians 2:12-15

Paul is giving an interesting, as well as an important, injunction to his Philippian converts, urging them to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. This does not mean 'salvation by works,' for no one can be saved by his good works. We are not saved by good works, but we are saved so as to be able to do good works (So says Eph. 2:10). We cannot work out what is not in us, therefore Paul is careful to tell us in v.13 that it is God Who worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. It is an inspiring thought that God, by His Spirit indwelling us, and thus working in us for our salvation, is doing so in order that we in turn may work so as to subserve His good pleasure. Enoch had this testimony that he pleased God (Heb. 11:5), and of God's Son, His Father said that in Him He was well pleased — and that was because He was living so as to please His Father. If we are willing to live with this motive, to please our Lord, we shall be letting a light shine in the midst of a crooked, distorted, and sinful race — luminaries, light-bearers, v.15, kindled by Him Who is the light of the world.

Edgar A. Guest

BE CAREFUL

"Drive carefully," I say to all,
My visitors when we are parting.
"Be watchful of the children small.
That is a powerful motor starting.

"I shall be glad to know you are
At home and safe from hurt and sorrow.
If you are careful in your car
It will be fit for you tomorrow.

"The signs along the way obey.
Be watchful of the passing stranger.
Remember, that the right of way
Leads its defenders into danger."

I know they wonder when they call
Just why at parting I am prayerful,
And why I say to one and all:
"Remember, while you drive, be careful."

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Horoscope

You may improve your position in the months ahead by your own steady efforts. Clever and shrewd, a child born today should be successful.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS IS ER G'SHPRUNGA: Won aenich ebber maint derglae Richard Sobers fon Jacksonville, nagsht on Bath, kent net shpringa, het dabei sei solla wie er net long tuzrick fisha gonga wor uf da Shtawdt bauerrei nagshd on Weaversville, un die uxa sin hinnich 'm kumma. Der Richard is 'n aryer fisher—denk her huts galarnt fon seinra Mam; un woh doh gons kartzlich 'n paar hocha wiebsleit shtivel gawunna hut imma fisher kontest. M'r worra aw shun dabei os leit shtivel grick'd hen iwwer 'm fisha — ow'r sie hen die shtivel g'fonga mit da lina.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzum glaina Richard, er wil aenichie tzeit liever fisha gae os wie brode essa. Doh net long tzurick hut er 'n noshion grick'd 's het gawiss 'n lot fish dart in da grick woh darrich Weaversville lawft, un hut sich mohl gute fohr g'sehna mit warum. Er mus 'n gonsie g'wart warum kotta howwa, un woh er in ra bait box om hols hanka hut kot. Won die fish recht beissa gleich'd er immer fer die warum handich howwa so os yoh ken tzeit ferlorra gait.

Wel aenicha waig, der Richard wor om fisha, ow'r die fish huts g'sheind hetta ken hunger. Sel ow're maint nix tzu ma recht shoffenda fisha mon, eb die fish beissa odder net, 's gross ding is, fer om fisha bleiva, un sel is grawd wos der Richard gaduh hut bis die uxa kumma sin. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der Richard hut so shweara indressa kot om fisha, os er sich om shunshd nix bakimmert hut, un is shier ous da hussa gajump'd wie er warmie luft g'shpiert hut hinna im gnick, un 'n gorsser ux hut wedder 'm g'shtonna wie er sich rum gadray'd hut, un hut 'm 's hols gnick nunner g'shnouft.

Die grick wor tzu braid fer driwwer jumpa, noh hut der Richard ous gamocht fer die flucht so nemma, un is awfonga shpringa allas os er ous libe un sale rous shpringa hut kenna. Un dess da aryer os er g'shprunga is, des da aryer is der ux 'm noh woh nagshd ganunck wor fer 'n shlecka. Un wie die onnerra uxa im shwom der Richard un der ux sehna hen shpringa, sin sae aw dahinner allas os sie gae hen kenna.

Tzu all'm guta glick wor 'n fens nagshd ganunk os der Richard drunner darrich gae hut kenna, eb die drup uxa 'n ferwish'd hen. Fermuthlich won sie hetta, hetta sie yusht sehna wolla wos er in da galina box het woh er om hols hanka hut kot. Ow'r bis er unnich da fens darrich wor, wor nimmy ae warum in da box — er hut sie alla pieca fertzott'ld kot, un sel wors end for seinra fisherrei fer sella dawg.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Bei da tzeit os unser laiser des sehna in druck, sin m'r shun 'n gute shtick waig unna drous uf 'm Pennsylvania rigelwaig, uf 'm waig noch St. Louis, un noh fon dart gaina m'r noch Texas un Mexico.

Allentown's Pennsylvania German Column



ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

Continued

In 1898 Elsie Singmaster entered Cornell University to remain two years, specializing chiefly in English Courses. She tells of an experience while at Cornell which she felt brought great ignominy upon her. This was the second time that birds spoiled great experiences for her. The first occurred before she entered college. She went out walking with a young college student, her first walk with a young man. They traveled through a wood along a beautiful footpath. Presently they came upon a dead crow. Farther on they saw another and still another. She began to giggle hysterically and continued in this condition until she reached home. She says, "I made a perfect idiot of myself." The second time she thinks was more disgraceful than the first. She says, "I had become a student at a university where I was invited one afternoon to tea with Miss K., an alumna of the university, who was regarded by us all with great awe. After the third cup of tea, Miss K. offered to show Miss Singmaster her brother Louis's birds. She knew of his wonderful colored plates in magazines and books and had one in her room, a group of flamingoes. She thought it was his pictures which she was going to see but she was taken into a room lined with deep drawered cases and odious with disinfectants. She says, "I do not remember seeing my old friend, the turkey cock, that afternoon, nor yet an ostrich, but I saw all the other birds of the universe. I held a South American humming-bird . . . a partridge was laid in my lap, . . . from a deep drawer Miss K. brought . . . a flamingo, rosy, pink, mounted with hinges in his joints. Him she stood upright before me, and called upon me to admire. . . . The thing winked at me and I fell, sliding from my chair to the floor." ("An Avian Dread." Atlantic Monthly, March, 1912). The "brother Louis" was Louis Agassiz Fuertes, ornithologist and painter of birds.

At Cornell she became a member of the Delta Gamma Sorority. The members of this sorority are very proud of the fact that Elsie Singmaster is one of their number. She made many friends while at Cornell. Her writings are there received with interest and meet with very favorable comment in the "Cornell Alumni News."

In 1900 Dr. Singmaster was elected Professor of Biblical Theology at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and moved his family to this new field of work. In 1903 he was elected Professor of Systematic Theology and in 1906 was elected President of the Seminary. He continued in this office until his death in 1926. His daughter at once became a student of the battle-field and the historically important town. She had begun to realize the literary value of the Pennsylvania German life; she now saw in the Battle of Gettysburg many new themes.

During the early years of her residence at Gettysburg she worked on short stories which she later sold to the **Century** and **Scribner's** magazines. She then went to Radcliffe College and there graduated in 1907. While at Radcliffe she made many friends in and around Boston. It was during the years that she attended Radcliffe that **Scribner's, Century,** and the **Atlantic Monthly** began publishing her short stories. Her first story sold was "The Vacillation of Benjamin Gaumer" which was bought by the **Century** magazine and published in the issue of March, 1906. This was not the first story published, however. "Lese Majeste of Hans Heckendorn" was published in **Scribner's** November, 1905, and "Big Thursday" in the **Century** of January, 1906. Two other stories appeared in the **Century,** three in the **Atlantic Monthly,** three in the **Youth's Companion,** and one each in **Scribner's, Lippincott's, Booklovers', Reader, Harper's** and **Everybodys'** in 1906 and 1907. Her stories were about the people she knew so well, the Pennsylvania Germans. She was a reader and admirer of Sarah Orne Jewett who wrote in a somewhat similar manner of Maine villages.

In 1909 she made a trip abroad in company with several Radcliffe classmates and friends. Descriptions and references in her books and stories reveal the fact that she visited England, Italy and France. In "The Long Journey" the descriptions of Longdon and St. James's Palace appear to be from actual observation. In another article she speaks of her "recollection of the Bay of Naples or the purplish pink of England's moors." ("An Avian Dread"). Gertrude tells Phoebe that she met Miss Haldeman in the Louvre and proceeds to discuss some of the Rembrandts she saw there. (The Hidden Road, 1923).

This same year she published her first juvenile novel, "When Sarah Saved the Day." This first appeared as a serial in the **Youth's Companion.** It is dedicated to her mother, Caroline Hoopes Singmaster. This book reveals a very intimate knowledge of her dear Pennsylvania German people. It is filled with humor and yet it is a pathetic story of Sarah's trials after her father's death. Sarah evidently became very real to Elsie Singmaster for in 1910 she followed this story with "When Sarah Went to School." In this story she clearly reveals the fact that she attended Normal School. No one could picture the State Board of Examiners and Examinations as she does, unless they were part of one's experience. Houghton, Mifflin Company of Boston became the publishers of her books. They say that today her first book, "When Sarah Saved the Day," is one of her most popular juvenile books.

On April 17, 1912, Elsie Singmaster was married to Harold Lewars. Mrs. Lewars was a graduate of Gettysburg College and after teaching English in his Alma Mater, he devoted himself to music. Having studied at the Institute of Musical Art in New York he became a teacher of the voice in Harrisburg, where he and Mrs. Lewars lived. In 1913, the year of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, Mrs. Lewars published "Gettysburg," her first collection of short stories. Its sub-title is "Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath." It was after the publication of this volume of short stories that Mrs. Lewars received a very complimentary personal letter from Theodore Roosevelt. This same year she wrote a very vivid and accurate description of the Battle of Gettysburg which was published in the **Outlook** of June 21.

In 1915 "Katy Gaumer" was published. The scene of this story is Millerstown. It is a town located in a region of iron furnaces. Beyond the town is an eminence on which is a large rock and cavern called the "Sheep Stable." Thus far the book confirms the statement that the Millerstown of Elsie Singmaster's stories is Macungie. When the writer questioned a resident of that town about the setting he said, "Oh, yes, every boy in Macungie knows the 'Sheep Stable.'"

It was in 1915 that Mr. Lewars' death occurred. After this Mrs. Lewars returned to the home of her parents in Gettysburg. She again engaged in the activities of the community, and particularly of the Seminary on whose campus she lived. At various times she delivered brief courses in the history of church music and for several years played the organ at the daily chapel exercises.

She has a deep love for music, though she insists not much talent for producing it. She traces her love for Bach's compositions to the German chorales heard in her youth and to her attendance upon the wonderful Bach musical festival held annually at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In her article, "My Adventures in Criticism" (Atlantic Monthly, Dec. 1912), she says that people in general are content with poorer things when they might have better; they will not read Browning or listen to Bach. In the same article she says that when she objects to the organist closing an impressive religious service with variations on "Believe me, if all those endearing your charms" her friends tell her that she must not complain because if she had practiced as she should she might be seated at the console playing Bach's fugures to her own satisfaction. She says this is doubtful, however.

In 1916 "Emmeline" was published. This appeared first as a serial in the **Youth's Companion.** This book is dedicated to Miss Annie Wallace Horner, one of the finest and most beautiful characters in the history of Gettysburg. This is another of her very popular juvenile books. "Emmeline" is the story of a little Gettysburg girl who spent the three days of the battle within the Confederate lines. She learned that there were just as good men among the Confederates as among the Union men. In June of 1916 Gettysburg College conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature upon Mrs. Lewars. In 1917 she was elected to membership in the Radcliffe Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. This chapter was established in 1914.

A TESTIMONIAL

Thomas Penn, son of William Penn, and one of the later proprietaries, in 1738 wrote the following fine testimonial about the Germans who were then emigrating to Pennsylvania in great numbers:

"This province has been for some time the asylum of the distressed Protestants of the Palatinate and other parts of Germany, and I believe it may with truth be said that the flourishing condition of it is in great measure owing to the industry of those people; and should any discouragement divert them from coming hither it may well be apprehended that the value of your lands will fall, and your advances to wealth be much slower."

UNSER REICHDUM

Sie kumme vun alle Seite,
Die Kinner weit un breit,
Un fille e manches Schulhaus
Mit Yugendluschtichkeit.

Sie saagge uns iwwer un iwwer:
"Amerika iss grooss;"
Es scheint ass wann der Himmel
Legt alles in unser Schooss.

Doch Reichdum beschteht net in Felder,
In factories un Geld;
Die gewwe uns nix zu braegge
Iwwer annere uff der Welt.

Wann Amerika will beschtehe,
Braucht es en feschter Grund
Vun Schulheiser un Kaerriche
Voll Kinner braaf un gsund.

Un loss die Kinner lanne,
Dass Friede iss besser wie Schtreit,
Un Recht iss besser ass Kanone,
Un Lieb wie Deinameit!

—Louise A. Weitzel (1862-1934)

Mrs. Lewars dedicated her next book "The Long Journey" to William Black Lewars. The Lewars family are descendants of John Conrad Weiser and his son Conrad, the two principal characters in the book. The father brought his family to America from Gross Anspach in the days of Queen Anne of England. This book was published in 1917. This same year "The Life of Martin Luther" was published. This book was written in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's nailing his ninety-five theses on the Castle Church door at Wittenberg, October 31, 1517. In 1917 her "Story of Lutheran Missions" was also published.

From the year 1917 to 1919 Mrs. Lewars did comparatively little writing. She gave the greater part of her time to the work of the Red Cross. She was secretary of the Adams County Red Cross which had its headquarters in Gettysburg, and she spent a great deal of time in presenting this noble work in all parts of the County. It was when she was on one of these trips that the writer had the honor of having her as a guest at dinner. Camp Colt was located at Gettysburg during the World War and the Red Cross workers were called upon to help the soldiers who were there in camp, as well as to raise funds for work elsewhere. Also during the "flu" epidemic great demands were made upon the Red Cross throughout the County and in camp, Mrs. Lewars took the lead in this work and was untiring in her efforts.

Her next publications were in 1920. This year she published "Basil Everman," a story of a little college town near the Mason and Dixon line. According to the report of her publishers this book leads in popularity. She also published "John Baring's House," a story centered around the old Brough tavern near Gettysburg. This first appeared as a serial in the **Youth's Companion.** This novel is probably not so well known but in O'Brien's short biography of Elsie Singmaster he names "John Baring's House" as a representative book, as have also other authors of histories of American literature.

In 1921 "Ellen Levis" was published. This seems to be the least popular of her novels and at present is out of print. This same year, in conjunction with Katherine Scherer Cronk, she published "Under Many Flags," a collection of missionary stories. "Bennett Malin" appeared in 1922. The scene of the main part of this story is Cambridge, Massachusetts. "The Hidden Road," the novel second in popularity at the present time, was published in 1923. The scene of the opening of this story is Millerstown (present-day Macungie), but Phebe Stannard goes away to school, first to a Pennsylvania Normal School, then to a Woman's College in eastern Pennsylvania, and finally to Columbia University. "A Boy at Gettysburg," a juvenile book, the story of a boy at Gettysburg during the Civil War was published in 1924. Her second volume of short stories was published in 1925. It contains ten of her stories of Lancaster County under the title of the one story, "Bred in the Bone." In 1926 "Keller's Anna Ruth," the story of a miser and his family, was published. The scene of this story is Gettysburg, at least in part.

To be continued

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Editorials

Poles Cry for Bread

A long and a sour note has risen high over the sweet song that has been issuing from Soviet Russia concerning the happy lot of the several hundred million people under its domination. The inharmonious note is the voice of the common people of Poland expressing mankind's most primitive want and need. It is the cry for bread.

It is enough to shock the world to hear such a cry especially when it comes from a part of the world that has been boasting about its extraordinary recovery from World War II, and has been boasting of its intentions and ability to give the western world "a run for its money" in economic competition.

It should prove a shock even to peoples behind the iron curtain— providing of course that they learn about it — that, even tho they are plodding along with short rations and under generally difficult living conditions, there is a satellite people which has revolted under the urge of empty stomachs.

Nothing like this apparently spontaneous demonstration in Poland during recent days has occurred since the workers' brief uprising in East Germany just three years ago. That short-lived revolution was put down brutally. Similar demonstrations, which may have been thought of in other satellite countries, or even in Russia, may have died aborning.

Like the East German uprising the demonstration in Poland is being put down with the mailed fist of government that possesses all the arms and is ready to fight men, who are armed only with sticks and stones, by throwing against them the panoply of modern war — tanks that are moving fortresses, platoons of men armed with machine guns and planes armed to drop bombs or to strafe any assemblages.

To picture the scene of the uprisings of factory-workers and peasants in Poland against the brutal military might of perhaps the largest and most modern war machine in the world is to recall the pitiful attempts of Ethiopia to protect itself twenty years ago against the war machine that Mussolini had built in Italy and used for foreign conquest.

Explanation from the Communists of course blames "imperialistic plotting" and "Polish underground" action.

Whoever did the planning and set the place and the timing for the uprisings, not alone in Poland but in Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, did a good job as far as publicity was concerned.

The time selected was the closing days of a great trade fair in Poznan, a large city 175 miles west of Warsaw. That fair attracted thousands of people from all parts of Europe, including West European countries. Many of them were caught in the disruption to all business and transportation facilities. The uprising could not be hidden from them. Those who managed to make their way home across the borders are bringing a story to the western world that the Soviet probably would not have permitted to be told anywhere, either inside or outside the iron curtain.

The uprisings almost certainly will be put down. Siberia and forced labor camps will get new workers by the trainload. Firing squads will be busy in the jails. Most of the population of the cities where uprisings occurred will quaver in the fear that, even tho innocent of any participation, they will be dragged from their beds and from their homes as suspects and be treated as confessed criminals. Active participants will have learned that the reach of a fist, or a stick, or even a stone is hopelessly outdistanced by the grenade, the gun, the artillery shell and the plane-borne bomb.

"You don't shake your fist at a Russian," the angered Khrushchev shouted defiantly at a lot of Englishmen who demonstrated against him on his recent visit to their country. A minute before the demonstration he had been a smiling, cooing tourist of the good-fellow type. But the Britains had scratched a Russian and, as in the ancient proverb, they had found a Tartar.

So the Polish uprising in a demand for bread probably has already roused the Tartar in the unchanging Russian military and political system.

The western world has been surprised by this Polish show of resistance. It will be more surprised if the Soviet does not put it down with a fury equalled only by the behavior of the late unlamented Stalin whose name and memory his successors have been striving to bury during recent months.

Do You Want a Summer Guest?

The satisfactory experience fo scores of local families during recent years thru acting as hosts to children from the crowded tenement areas of New York City is indicated from the fact that when a carload and more of them arrive here on July 11 quite a number of the little people will be greeted by the same women and men who entertained them in other summer vacation periods.

In fact it has been noted by the Allentown Exchange Club, which annually sponsors this program, that some families have had the same delightful little guests during five or six successive summers.

Unbelievably large numbers of people never have experienced the kind of family life that children alone can give to adults. Childless couples have had a new and an enriching experience in other years thru participation in this "Fresh-Air Kiddies" program. Couples, whose children have "flown from the nest" have gotten renewed zest out of life by having children back in their daily life for a week or two.

While the Exchange Club's plans have been well developed for the reception here of the New York children, their program still is elastic enough to provide children for families or individuals who have not yet asked the Club for them.

To get a child for a holiday stay in this community, whether in the city, in a town or in the country, call former County Treasurer Donald B. Hoffman. He heads the committee that has made the local arrangements for this unique annual party.

Chill Begins in Steel

Only a few hours remain until arrival at the deadline for strike thruout the American steel industry and very serious and costly effects already are assured whether negotiations now in progress result in a satisfactory contract or whether the strike is called because no contract has been arrived at.

Already the chilling of vital elements of the big steel mills has begun. Cessation of work in these elements must be gradual because of the excessive heats at which they operate and the harm resultant from too rapid cooling. Likewise when operations are resumed they will begin upon modest scale and build up gradually to peak production.

Because the steel industry must go thru these throes during the present hours and then again when work is resumed, there will be loss of at least a million tons of steel production.

This is certain even tho there continues to be uncertainty about the stage of the negotiations in New York between Labor and Management.

Unhappily, after days of hope that negotiations could be completed well in advance of the strike deadline, (midnight of June 30), issues have not yet been resolved at the round table in New York. All too great are the fears that they will not be resolved.

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.

Argument Against Moving Monument

Dear Sir:

The attached news item in the Call 6-27 issue brought to mind the recent comment in the Call and Chronicle in reference to removal of the monument from Center Square, and I believe one of the reasons — mentioned is because it is a traffic hazard.

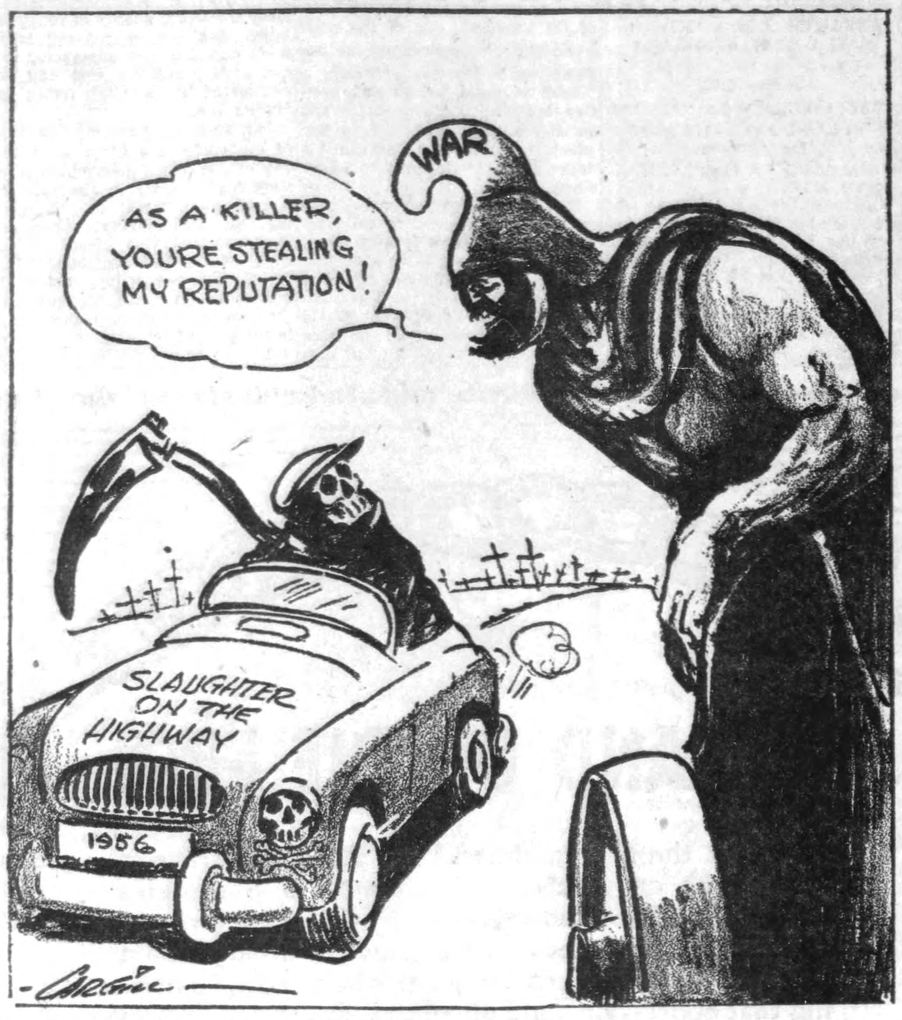
NEW YORK, June 26 (AP)— Broadway is giving its regards — with a monument — to George M. Cohan, the late minstrel who helped to make it famous in song.

A committee of prominent showmen, headed by Oscar Hammerstein II, said today a $150,000 memorial will be erected in the center of the Great White Way at 46th St. facing Times Square.

You will note they are not planning to place the monument in Central Park, or Bowling Green, and just between ourselves, we know there is a greater traffic problem at 46th & Broadway, than on Center Square. SO why not repair the SLIT in Miss Liberty's skirt, and leave the monument, where we folks of Allentown, have wanted it to be for more than FIFTY YEARS.

Very truly yours,
Edw. T. H. Hutchinson

Highway Robbery



Battle of the Kremlin

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What's going on inside the Kremlin? Nobody here really knows, but American intelligence sources can make some shrewd guesses.

There's a battle on. The struggle for leadership is between the former Stalin men and their opponents. Evidence of the conflict can be seen in the behavior of the Communist parties outside of Soviet Russia. Whoever still has these foreign instrumentali ties of Communism under control as if someone in the top ministry who handles foreign outlets of propaganda is in command — may have inspired the severest criticism of Khrushchev by the Communist groups outside Russia.



Lawrence

The outcry from "The Daily Worker" in New York, for example, and from Communist organs in other parts of the world is that the men in the Kremlin who stood by Stalin and didn't interfere with his cruelties are themselves to blame and must answer for their acquiescence in his crimes. It's really a political maneuver to get them out altogether.

Whenever dissension of such proportions goes on in any cabinet, there is bound to be a slowing up of certain activities and a speeding up of others.

In the case of the Kremlin, the speed-up is on the foreign propaganda side. A desperate effort is being made to win new laurels in the Middle East and in Europe. The drive is on to push the American military forces out of their bases everywhere in Europe and Asia. It has already succeeded in Iceland. The movement has intensified in Morocco and North Africa generally and trouble-making has been renewed by the Communists throughout Latin America. It looks as if the men in charge of the foreign office are seeking to establish a new prestige for domestic reasons.

Vigorous Pursuit

Meanwhile, the infiltration policies which have been pursued with considerable vigor lately are making some headway and causing the Western powers concern in France as well as Italy.

It's a mixed-up situation for the United States and her allies to analyze. For there is no certainty as to who is going to be on top next in the battle for supremacy inside the Kremlin. Whichever faction wins will be faced with internal weaknesses growing out of the fight itself.

The new outbreak of rioting just reported from Poland may or may not have been inspired by certain political strategists in Moscow but it looks as if the discipline usually exerted there over the satellite states has weakened lately. Hence, the people in Poland now are emboldened to take chances. Incidentally, it has always been assumed here that the overthrow of the government at Moscow would come about as a result of revolt initiated throughout the satellite states.

Suggestions

There have been some suggestions here and there that the entire course of events recently in Moscow has been artifically planned. But officials in Washington feel that the sensational speech by Khrushchev in February was forced on him as a maneuver in defense against his political opponents inside the Kremlin. It took many weeks for the text of that speech to leak out. The question is what happened in the interim.

What has been going on under the surface since the lines of battle between the pro-Stalin and anti-Stalin groups in the Kremlin were drawn? Certainly control of the Communist parties outside Soviet Russia is an important piece of influence for someone in the Kremlin to manipulate. Hence, the anti-Khrushchev propaganda let loose from New York and other centers carries special significance. The fact that the editorials from the outside organs of the Communist parties have just been reprinted in Moscow newspapers shows that whoever controls the press there wanted to use those same editorials as an influence inside the Soviet Union itself.

It's a desperate game, and perhaps soon the world will know more details as a purge of the higher-ups — maybe Khrushchev or Bulganin or both will go down — and the elevation of some new leader come to pass. Something is going on inside the Kremlin that means much to the outside world. Dictatorships work invisibly, and sometimes palace revolutions break out when the rival dictators cannot tolerate each other. It would seem that big events are in the offing.

(Copyright 1956)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Philippians 3:17-21

The Apostle Paul has just been referring to his own lofty ideal of Christian character. He denies that he had ever attained it, although, forgetting the past, he is pressing on. In the attitude of humility he exhorts his readers to imitate him and by the grace of God to strive for the same goal of Christian perfection in character, conduct, and service. He is disturbed by the presence of those who are the enemies of the cross of Christ, more interested in serving the lusts of the flesh, minding earthly things, whereas Christians are citizens of another world, that is, heaven, whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who, when He comes (at His second advent) will change our bodies of humilitation to be like His glorious body, by the power which enables Him to subject all things to Himself. The word 'conversation' in v. 20 translates a different Greek word from that in Eph. 2:3, for example, where, as in a dozen other passages it refers to our manner of life. But here, in 3:20, the Greek word is 'politeuma,' which means a commonwealth, of which Christians are citizens. Paul wishes all Christians to live worthy of such citizenship in this world, wherein we are but pilgrims and strangers.

Edgar A. Guest

THAT EXTRA DAY

When leap year comes, since time will vary,
They add one day to February.

To that there's neither rhyme nor reason.
It just extends the winter season,

And longer makes a month that's chilly,
Which seems to me is rather silly.

If every fourth year must be padded,
And one day to its sum be added,

You'd think, if rightly they'd observe it,
June is the month that should deserve it.
Cold February is the barest;
June's thirty days of all are rarest.

Speed up the time when winter closes
And give us one day more of roses.

Horoscope

A year of quiet and steady rather than spectacular progress seems in store for you. Today's child may be kind.

Forget the Worthless

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

A reader in Jacksonville, Florida, wants to know what I think of those "memory courses" that offer to train you never to forget your telephone number or the date of Louis XIV's ascension to the throne.

Oddly, on the same day, the Chicago committee which is arranging a celebration of Bernard Shaw's 100th birthday sent me a copy of a little-known Shaw lecture, in which he told college graduates:

"When your professors and tutors put some facts before you, your task is to evaluate them, keep the sound things and forget the rest as completely as possible. Then you will go about like an educated man; you will go about with a few things worth remembering. The man who keeps everything not worth remembering, often attains the highest university degree. The only thing you can do with such a man is to bury him."

A few people, it is true, may require a memory course; but many more, I am convinced, could do with a course in "Creative Forgetting." A mind stuffed with useless or irrelevant information is as prone to intellectual constipation as a stomach that is treated like a garbage can.

Clemenceau often described a colleague in French politics as "a man who knows everything and understands nothing," which is a harsh but often accurate verdict on those people who accumulate facts as avidly (and undiscriminatingly) as a vacuum-cleaner picks up dirt.

Many years ago, on the radio program "Information, Please," there was a fairly regular panel member who astounded the nation with his scope of information and his retention of thousands of facts, names and dates. He was generally considered to be a "brilliant" man.

Meeting him in New York one day, I formed the firm impression — which was reinforced by later meetings — that this man was much like Clemenceau's colleague. He had remembered everything he read, but he couldn't discriminate, evaluate or dismiss what wasn't worth knowing.

We can now devise machines that can remember much more effectively and thoroughly than any human being; this is what a machine is for. The human mind is for making judgments, for deciding on values, and for exercising the imagination. Memory is a useful tool, but the mind should not be reduced to the status of a tool-house.

(Copyright 1956)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER EILENSHPIEGEL UN DER BALLA KASE: Der Til hut sich mohl ferding'd tzu ma bauer fer kee heeda. So os er middawgs net hame kumma breich'd fer essa hut 'm bauer sei fraw 'n garrab garish'd mit alla orta ess socha —dabei 'n balla kase so gross wie 'm fousht.

Die weil os der Til 'om kee heeda wor, war sot dawaig kumma os wie der Divel. Nadierlich hut der alt hoka mon g'shtopt fer blauderra, uns nagshd os wor, wor der Drivel om brolla wie shtarrick os er wear. Fer weissa wie shtarrick, hut er nunner galong'd un 'n shtae uf k'hova, un 'n tzu shtawb ferdrick'd.

Der Til hut die socha ol shae ei ganumma, un noh g'sawt in seim aigna, druckna waig, "won duh mainsh'd duh wearsh'd shtarrick, duh mohl des, drick 'n shtae os die bree rous drubst."

Noh hut der Til in der karrab galong'd un der balla kase rous grick'd, un 'n gadrick'd os die bree 'm g'shwishich da finger rous kuma is.

"Sel is wos m'r shtarrick, hais'd," hut der Til g'sawt "now wos hosh'd duh tzu sawga darta dafon."

"Wel," het der Divel g'sawt, "sel beat allas os ich noch g'sehna hob," un is ob fert noch seinra hell tzu, so shtarricha os er gae hut kenna.



ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

Continued

It was due to the quality and popularity of Elsie Singmaster's short stories, and especially the historical ones, that she was asked by George H. Doran Company of New York to write juvenile histories. In 1926 this house published "The Book of the Constitution" and "The Book of the United States." "The Book of the Colonies" followed in 1927. "The Book of the Constitution" has been put into Braille for the blind by the Congressional Library.

"Sewing Susie," the story of a Gettysburg boy who was "stitching shirts for soldiers" during the Battle of Gettysburg, appeared as a serial story in the **Youth's Companion** from April 14 to May 26, 1927. In 1928 appeared "What Everybody Wanted." The scene of this novel is near Baltimore, Maryland. This book is an innovation in Mrs. Lewars' style. It is very popular and the publishers expect it to far surpass the sales of her earlier books. Her last book, "Virginia's Bandit," was published in January, 1929. This first appeared as a serial story, beginning in the July, 1928 number of the **Youth's Companion.**

Mrs. Lewars has written a great deal since 1920 but she has found time to continue her work with the Red Cross. She is at present chairman of the County Red Cross and devotes much time to the work of this organization. She is identified with practically every civic activity of Gettysburg, being connected with the Civic Nursing Association of Adams County, the Parent - Teachers' Organization of Gettysburg and other public enterprises. She is considered one of the most public spirited citizens of Gettysburg. An hour's conversation with Mrs. Lewars revealed to the writer that she is vitally interested in the affairs of the community and of the nation. She was an advocate of woman suffrage before women were given the franchise. She was an advocate of prohibition and firmly believes in the efficacy of the eighteenth amendment. She is not satisfied with her own observations on the prohibition question but has investigated the matter and has found that conditions are far better than in the days of the open saloon, regardless of "facts" that are given to the contrary.

When Daniel Webber comes to the Shindeldecker home and questions Betsy on her attitude toward the liquor question and in the answer to the question, "Are you for liquor or against it?" when Betsy says, "Am I for the devil?", we have an intimation of Elsie Singmaster's attitude on this subject. Her attitude on the suffrage question is reflected in Daniel Webber's arguments used in trying to lead Betsy to see that women ought to vote. Betsy says it is against her religion, remains firm and concludes her part of the argument with, "Nix cum Rous with voting." But that same night Tillie, who was too "crowd shy" to go any place but church, and Betsy, who would not go to vote, get up when they hear a noise a short distance from their house, dress and go to the sink hole. Here they find a truck of liquor fast in the mire and a guard, dead drunk, lying on the ground. They take away the stones which block the rear wheels and let the truck slide into the deep pool. ("A Sound in the Night" in "Bred in the Bone" 1925). Another reference made to the illegal liquor traffic is in "Keller's Anna Ruth." Anna Ruth's brother is killed by officers on the road along Lovers' Creek when he is returning from Pittsburgh with a load of liquor. ("Keller's Anna Ruth," 1926).

Mrs. Lewars is vitally interested in the young people of today. She has great faith in the college girl in spite of many rumors which have come to her of the dreadful conduct of girls. She thinks that there are still many well-behaved young people.

Mrs. Lewars and her mother live in Gettysburg in a beautiful colonial house built by her father shortly before his death. It is located on Seminary Ridge, facing Confederate Avenue and opposite the Lutheran Theological Seminary. Here many of the students of Gettysburg, boys and girls, receive a hearty welcome. Mrs. Lewars is visited in her home by many distinguished people who come to Gettysburg to tour the battlefield. A friend of hers once said that there is a continual coming and going at Elsie Singmaster's house. She rises early, does her writing in the forenoon and then devotes the remainder of the day to other interests and to her friends.

Many high tributes have been paid to Mrs. Lewars as an author and also as an exceptionally beautiful character. New honors are continually being bestowed upon this distinguished citizen of Gettysburg. The latest, perhaps, is the degree of Doctor of Literature which was conferred upon her in June, 1929, by Muhlenberg College at Allentown, Penna.

After studying the life of Elsie Singmaster, which has always been a busy one, we should not expect her to write books in the style of Dreiser, Cabell, Anderson, Lewis and many other contemporary authors, but to write books a great deal after the manner of her whole life.

Her reputation as an author does not rest entirely upon her books. In fact, many people know and admire Elsie Singmaster as a writer of short stories, and some do not even know anything about her books. This class of people is largely made up of those who confine themselves to magazine reading. All though the years that she has been contributing books to our literature, she has been writing many short stories. Over two hundred of these have been published by different magazines. We have already noted that her first two short stories appeared in **Scribner's** and the **Century** magazine in 1905 and 1906. She continued to be an occasional contributor to **Scribner's** magazine until 1920, and to the **Century** until 1925. In May, 1906, the **Atlantic Monthly** published "Millerstown Yellow Journal" and she continued contributing to this magazine until 1926. Her first story published by the **Youth's Companion,** "The Half-Acre Lot" appeared in the issue of May 31, 1906. Since then there have been very few years in which there has not been one or several of her stories in this juvenile magazine. Her stories appeared at different times in **Harper's** from 1907 to 1918. Other magazines which printed her earlier stories are **Lippincott's, Everybody's, New England, McClure's, Booklover's** and **Reader.** In 1911 she began contributing to the **Outlook** and the **Saturday Evening Post** and these magazines are still publishing her stories. **The Pennsylvania German** magazine, no longer in circulation, printed some of her writings. Other magazines in which her stories appeared and continue to appear, are **Good Housekeeping, Country Gentleman, Ladies' Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Woman's Home Companion, Bellman, Boston Transcript, Stratford Journal, McCalls, Holland's, Bookman, American Girl, Metropolitan, Colliers, Delineator** and **Housewife.** Even the **Farmer's Wife** and the **People's Home Journal** asked for contributions and their requests have been granted.

In 1926 there were nineteen of Elsie Singmaster's stories published in the various magazines. Six of these appeared in the **Saturday Evening Post** and four in the **Ladies' Home Journal.** This was her most prolific year in the short story. Every year since 1922 she has written and published from twelve to fourteen stories. "Survivors" which appeared in the **Outlook** of May 26, 1915, is included in E. J. O'Brien's best short stories of 1915 and "Penance" published in the **Pictorial Review** of October, 1916, is among his best short stories of 1916. He includes some of Elsie Singmaster's stories on his honor list every year from 1914 to 1926, except in 1921. In 1913, as we have previously noted, eight of her short stories about Gettysburg were published in book form under the title "Gettysburg," and in 1925 ten stories about the Pennsylvania Germans were published under the title "Bred in the Bone."

In addition to these short stories she has contributed nonfiction articles to different magazines. Of the familiar essay type she has written "My Adventures in Criticism," "The Bird with a Broken Pinion," "Our Illustrators," and "An Avian Dread." These are published in several numbers of the **Atlantic Monthly,** in the Contributor's Club. In the **Outlook** of June 21, 1913 is a descriptive article, "Gettysburg." "The Morning Mail" is an article which appeared in Brentano's "Book Chat." The New York **World** of December 16, 1928, contained her article on "Pennsylvania Witch Doctors."

II. LITERARY QUALITIES

1. Characterization

Elsie Singmaster's genius as a writer is expressed most fully in her characterization, both in her novels and in her short stories. She tells how her characters look, how they act, what they think and feel, even moralizes and jokes about their shortcomings until they become real and abide in the memory as a real acquaintance. When asked by the **Ladies' Home Journal** how she made and kept her characters real, her reply was, "In the beginning my characters have a somewhat shadowy personality, suggested by an acquaintance, or some of the traits of an acquaintance, or perhaps someone seen only for a few moments. They may have their origin in the exigencies of the plot in which they are to figure. As the story develops they develop with it until they become rounded beings. If they are suggested by a living person they are very apt to cease to resemble him or her, and become entirely different individuals. I think that photographic representations are rare; the created creature assumes his own personality. I often remember characters in my stories as I remember friends. If I have succeeded in making them real, to myself as well as to others, they sometimes have new adventures from time to time." (Ladies' Home Journal. Date Unknown).

The dialogue of her characters is natural, consistent and usually interesting. Their conversations reveal their nature at every turn. The actions do not always assist the plot but are simply character actions. We cannot help but become sympathetic with these living personalities in her stories, even those whom we at times dislike. As soon as the character is introduced into the story the reader's sympathy is aroused, and his concern is what happens to this new acquaintance. Then sometimes the reader's feelings are stirred by the characters being caught in the grip of circumstance and trying to fight their way out.

One thing contributing to the characterization in these novels and stories is the presence of a motive behind every act, consistent with the character and with human nature. The actions are probable. This is especially true of the principal characters. There is always one character in her novels which stands out as the central figure around which all the other characters are grouped. They are not all good, neither are they all bad; but an effect in character portrayal is accomplished by the mingling of lights and shadows. Another means which Elsie Singmaster employs is the delineation of the psychological processes in the minds of her characters. We understand Bennett Malin, as well as a number of other characters, because of these psychological revelations. The characters do not all think alike, neither do they all act alike. Throughout the novels under consideration there is a great diversity of characters and in several novels they are well contrasted.

After the characters are created, their treatment is sensitive, with an undertone of humor. Elsie Singmaster's wit, humor and pathos are expressed through some of her characters. Others reflect self-sacrifice, courage and the attainment of happiness through trials nobly endured. She oftimes throws these materials into relief against some darker aspect of life and these materials, combined with her vivid creative imagination, develop into living characters and scenes. These are the expressions of her highest literary art. Her interest is always in character versus environment.

To be continued

ZUM AADENKE

An all die deitsche Dichter wu
Nau schreiwen un hen gschriwwe
In unser scheene Mutterschprooch
Un sin re trei gebliwwe,—

An die wu in der alte Zeit
Hen uns der Weeg gewisse,
Un aus Erfaahrungsbuch fer uns
Deel Bletter raus gerisse,—

An die wu heit der Kunscht noh folgt
Un aa Gedichte mache,
Wu bringen Drehne alsemol
Un ebmols macht uns lache,—

An die schreib ich des klee Gedicht,
's iss yuscht en aarm Aadenke;
Ich wott ich kennt recht Ehr 'ne duh,
Wu so schee Sach uns schenke

Wie "Dengelschtock" un Deitsche Sens"
Un "Flax" vun Soot zum Schpinne;
Aa vun der "Aern," vun alte Reff,
Vun reche un vun binne.

Vum "Alte Schulhaus an der Krick"—
Des kann mer net vergesse;
Vun "Fassnacht Kuche," "Schnitz un Knepp"
Un so was gut zu esse.

Vun "Schlof-schtubb" un vun "Feierheerd"
Duhn sie so schee verzehle;
Vun "Heemweh" aa, fer Paepp un Maemm,
Wu dutt so schwer uns g'weele.

Vun "Miller" un der "Alte Miehl,"
Wu Wasser-retter drehe;
Vun "Kernfeld," wu en sanfter Wind
Dutt z'rick un vaersich wehe.

Vun Egenheit dem Mensche gschlecht—
Der Schuh dutt heit noch basse—,
Vun Kaerrich un so geischtlich Sach
Uns frischer Mut zu fasse.

Weil Dichter heit sin net so gut
Bekannt in alte Sache,
Doch singen sie yuscht graad so schee,
Wann sie Gedichte mache,

Vun "Model T" un "Mammi Gans" —
Die duhn so gut sich lese;
Vun "Gross Verennerung" um uns rum,
Un aa vum "Laaf Kaaf" Wese;

Vun "Friehyaahr," "Summer" un vun "Haerbscht"
Un vun der "Bortsche Rutsche,"
Vum "Daadi Haus" un "Kleene Schuh"
Un vun der alt "Mall Kutsche;"

Vun "Schatz" wu als der Mammi waar'n
Un aus der Schublaad falle;
Vun "Gaarde," "Boi" un all so Sach,
Wu vun der Heemet schalle—

Sie singen all vun Haze haer,
Vun unserm deitsche Lewe,
Un vun de Sache, wu fer uns
So viel Gedanke hewe.

Die Alte hen ihr Pflicht geduh
Un grosse Ehr iss ihne;
Maag's gschehe, ass die Neie aa
En gleiche Moos verdiene.

16 Juli 1939 RALPH S. FUNK

The above verses constitute the first poem in a typescript volume of dialect poetry by Ralph S. Funk, entitled BISSEL VUN ALLES. It is dedicated to our poets of yesterday and today—An all die Dichter, geschter un heit.—The dialect poems mentioned in these verses are by the well known Pennsylvania German poets Harbaugh, Fisher, Keller, Wuchter and Birmelin.

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Editorials

Drunkometer Sole Test

Announcement by the Police Department that it is using only the Drunkometer for the testing of motor car drivers suspected of being intoxicated is an indication of the satisfaction which has come from the use of this scientific device during the very few weeks of its local operation.

Hitherto, the Drunkometer had been used as an auxiliary to medical examination and tests of the physical condition of suspects. The latter constituted an old routine which smart defense lawyers found ways to discredit before a jury or managed to create doubts about it.

Altho it did not become necessary during the recent June term of Court to introduce the evidence of Drunkometer tests, knowledge of the results of those tests seemed to have had its effect in prompting pleas of guilty by those accused.

There will undoubtedly be a first time when the evidence of the machine will be challenged. It may come in September. But the likelihood is that fear of the truth which the Drunkometer tells in cold, unsentimental, scientific way will end most of the cases before there is chance to submit them to a jury.

The police, six of whom have been trained in the conduct of the tests, are confident about the value of their findings and the accuracy of the machine. Chief Christine shares that confidence. Accordingly every driver suspected of intoxication will be subjected to the test. And such tests will be made at any hour of the day or night for never will the machine lack for a trained operator.

Mischief in Near East

Matters are looking bad again on the troubled borders of the little republic, Israel, for it seems all too evident that her Arab neighbors are up to mischief and seeking an opportunity to renew the war that they initiated and lost eight years ago.

Charges have been made in recent days by Arab states that Israel was massing troops upon her borders. In answer to this allegation, Arab armies were moved by Jordan and Syria and perhaps also by Egypt to their borders.

However, the United Nations Commission, which keeps watch upon the borders, has reported that there have been no such massings of Jewish troops on Arab borders. In other words, the Jews have steered clear of the provocation which their neighbors would welcome.

These neighbors seek to continue the fiction that the Jews are spoiling for war and that they are in mortal danger of attack.

The fact would seem to be that these neighbors now believe themselves sufficiently united in purpose and sufficiently strong in men, armament and planes to beat the little nation of one and a half million souls. They wish to wipe out this young republic whose high standards in all phases of life are a thorn in the side of the feudalistic Near East.

Effort of course will be made to create the impression that Israel is the aggressor; that her neighbors must act in self-defense, and in addition must receive world support by condemnation of Israel. Such effort has been made in the charge that the Israelis are massing troops in threatening numbers and places. That charge already has been confuted by the highest authority in that part of the world, namely by the United Nations Commission. This neutral body in effect has told the Arabs that they either are badly mistaken and misinformed or are schemers and liars.

Another Lindbergh Case?

A crime with some parallel features that recall the celebrated Lindbergh case is agitating Long Island communities and also has horrified the American people in whose bosoms regard for children and parenthood is very high.

Left alone for but a few moments, a month-old infant was removed from a carriage outside the family home in Westbury on Wednesday. Left behind was a ransom note.

Almost immediately the widest publicity was given to the crime thru all possible media as the agonized parents appealed for help to the end that their child might be returned to them. All details of events following discovery of the crime seem to have been revealed by press, TV and radio as fast as they could be learned.

If the criminal was paying attention to the revelations of all the plans that were made to catch him it would explain his failure to turn up at the spot where the ransom money (only $2,000) was placed. Only a half-wit would have moved into the milling throng of photographers, reporters, police and curiosity seekers who made a virtual Times Square out of the spot directed by the kidnaper for delivery of the ransom.

Fears must be that the child, if ever found, will be found dead either thru neglect or violence. It may be that death has occurred even while negotiations for its return are in progress. It will be remembered that in the Lindbergh case the ransom was collected but the child was not returned because it was already dead.

The manhunt that now is in progress thruout the area of the crime may turn up the criminal. At the same time such a discovery may clear the mystery concerning another infant, kidnaped in that same general area a year ago and never found.

Better News From Europe

There is no reason to become complacent and to let our guard down, but from two very good sources the American people have learned in recent days that things are not quite so bad in American international relationships as some pessimists would have us believe.

Ex-President Truman came home from Europe with very definite impressions of wide friendship and regard by Europeans for the United States and its people.

General Nathan F. Twining returned from the annual Air Show in Moscow with a report that indicates that he is not afraid of the Soviet Air Force.

While the Air Force Chief of Staff was not highly voluble when he was interviewed by the Press immediately on his return, he did radiate confidence. He said he believes that American Air Force people know enough about the Red Air Force to assess its value. Their appraisal is that the American Air Force — Air Force, plus Army, Navy and Marine Corps — is ahead of that of Russia in quality at least, if not in quantity.

Of course there was good reason for some reticence on General Twining's part when the clamoring newsmen strove to get all possible information out of him.

The General was sent to Russia by President Eisenhower despite a lot of protest against the acceptance of Russia's invitation. It is to his superior that General Twining will report in fullest measure.

Then in a very few days the General will be an important witness before the air power subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee, of which Senator Symington is the chairman.

Whatever information the General possesses will undoubtedly be dug out of him, if digging be necessary, by this former Air Secretary. Mr. Symington has been an unremitting protagonist for increase in quantity and quality of this country's air defense system and he even may ride into the Presidency thru his determined battle for thoroness of such protection.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

PREJUDICE

He pricked his finger on a rose
And then went forth to warn
His neighbors of the bush that grows
A sharp and dangerous thorn.

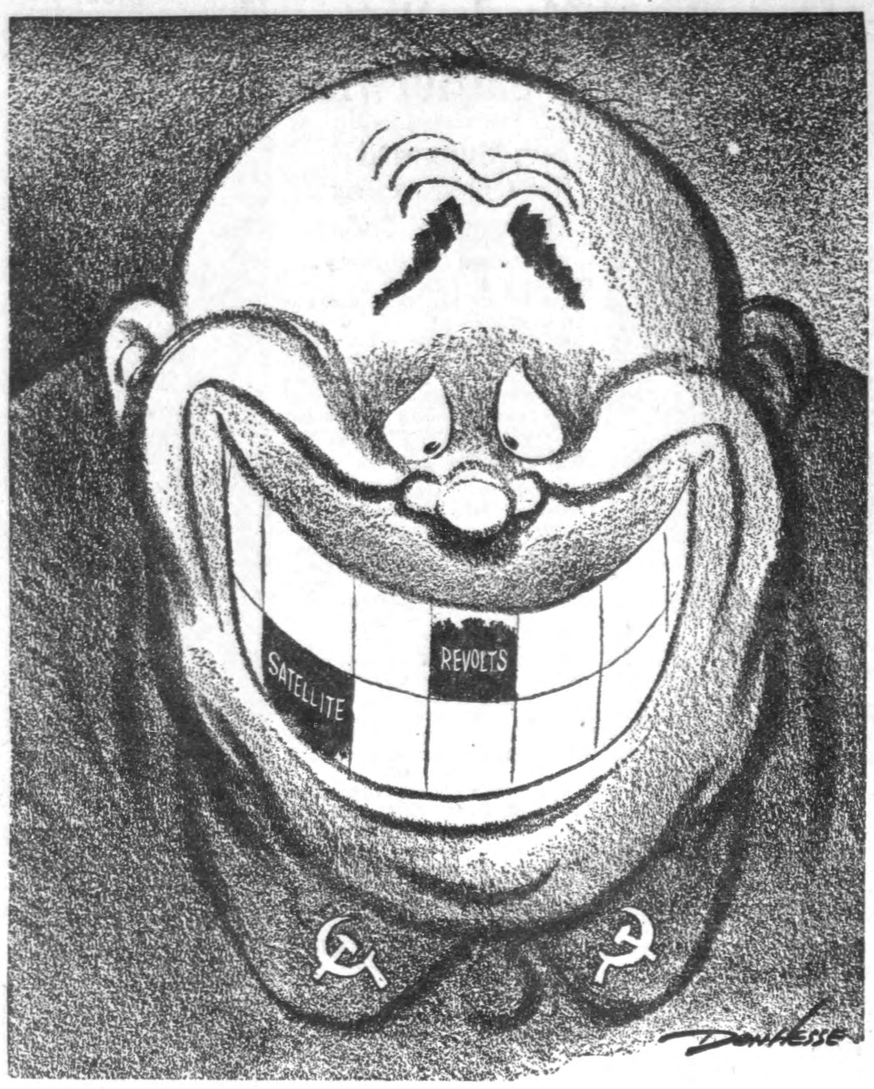
"Beware," he cried, "that little tree;
It is an ugly thing,
For once it sorely wounded me
And you 'twill surely sting."

And so he went along his way
Proclaiming loud his woes,
Advising every one to stay
In terror of the rose.
And there are men who walk about
With logic just as sound,
Of other fellows pointing out
The faults that they have found.

They bid us heed their cry of "thorn,"
And fail the rose to scan;
And they would blind us with their scorn
To what is good in man.

(Copyright 1956)

Flaws in the Smile



Aids to Monopolies

By DAVID LAWRENCE

What's good for the Eisenhower administration evidently isn't good for General Motors, after all. An antitrust suit has just been filed by the Department of Justice seeking to break up a monopoly which the big motor-car company is alleged to have in the manufacture of buses.

Presumably in this political year this will disappoint, if not frustrate, the Democrats, who have been taunting their opponents with a campaign slogan taken from an abbreviated version of what Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson once said about what was good for General Motors being good for the country and vice versa. The Democrats conveniently leave off the "vice versa."


Lawrence

But the real question now is whether what the Department of Justice has done is good for the country. There's nothing in the antitrust laws, for example, which says that if 80 per cent of the buses bought are products of a single company, as happens to be the case this time, then there's a "monopoly."

General Motors for years has been getting a larger and larger share of the bus-making business, and this has been just as true under the Democratic administrations as it is today. If one company makes a better product or if, because of skill and efficiency, it can sell products at a lower price than competitors, must the government step in and, in effect, compel the buyers to purchase some other products when they might not prefer them? Does the large company now call in its sales staff and say: "Don't try to sell any more of our goods, help the competitor sell his line"?

The allocation of business volume by order of the government could lead to a cartel system such as they have abroad and which in Nazi Germany gave state capitalism the whip hand.

Have Grievance

The competitors of General Motors would have a grievance if it is proved that General Motors has been pursuing any unfair trade practices. The principal allegation is that, since diesel engines are made by a subdivision of General Motors, these have not been available to other manufacturers of buses.

This is a point which presents some novel questions. Must a company which has invested its own capital in an enterprise share the fruits of that venture with a competitor? If so, then why shouldn't the government provide the capital for a joint enterprise in the first place and save the large company any of the risk or the costs of research and development, too? It's a question not easily answered without approaching the cartel system.

The principles, moreover, which apply to big business apply equally to small business, and that's why any decisions reached in the General Motors case can affect business practices far and wide.

The broad question, of course, which has been occupying the Department of Justice in recent years, is the size of modern businesses. Shall corporations be permitted to grow to the point where they have as much as 80 per cent of the business in a given industry? Do those corporations enjoy any privileged position in getting capital or in financing customers' purchases? How far shall companies be allowed to use their financial and economic power in a competitive way?

These points probably will be aired before the antitrust suit is adjudicated. But the way to more effective competition in America doesn't lie in the courts. Rather it is in the action that can be taken by Congress itself. Many members of the House and Senate talk a lot about "big business," but they are indifferent to the things that cause big business to get bigger and bigger.

Thus, under the Democratic regime big business got its best breaks. The excess - profits - tax laws were written in such a way that the larger corporations paid relatively little tax because they had the benefit of large capital in the first place, whereas the smaller businesses were penalized heavily and were unable in their best profit years to accumulate needed capital for future expansion.

Even today the tax laws favor big business. Likewise, neither political party leadership has the courage today to do anything about the fixing of production costs which is brought about by the concerted action of labor unions in a given industry. Although a company is small and trying to compete with the larger one, it is saddled just the same with the wage scales and "fringe benefits" and expensive provisions of labor contracts that the larger companies can easily absorb but which the smaller companies cannot.

It's harder and harder for small business to compete because big business and big unionism have all the advantages in existing laws. Antitrust suits can do little to cure the situation. They merely penalize efficiency while Congress forgets that its own laws prevent competition from growing as it should under the private-enterprise system.

(Copyright, 1956.)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A young mother-to-be, notes Herb Stein, visited her gynecologist for a routine check-up and was told that she would be blessed with twins. The doctor decided the husband should know immediately, too, so he had the nurse summon him out of the front seat of his car below.

"What's the big idea of dragging me here?" he protested. "I'm liable to get a ticket for being doubled parked outside."

"Well, son," said the doctor, gently, "You wife's in the same situation inside."

"What a wonderful age we live in!" signed a mother mosquito to her two daughters as they essayed a trial flight over the beach at Asbury Park. "When I was young, the only places you could sting those bathing beauties were the hands and face!"

An Annapolis lad who's going far was surprised by a very big portion of Navy brass who demanded, "Name three great naval figures in our history." Without hesitation the lad answered, "Farragut Jones — and, beg pardon, Sir, but I didn't quite catch your name."

A tourist watched with something akin to awe while the region's most famous moonshiner oiled his rifle. "Don't the revenue officers you've shot ever come back to haunt you?" asked the tourist. The moonshiner answered, "Only one that haunts me, mister, is the feller I missed!"

Red Buttons, invited to a dinner for humorist and humanitarian Harry Hershfield, had to break a previous engagement with his mother in the Bronx. "It's important?" she asked. "Sure is," said Red. "They're naming Mr. Hershfield the honorary mayor of New York."

"Fine," said mama. "It's about time we had a Jewish mayor here. We haven't had one since Governor Lehman."

Nick Kenny, who runs into all kinds of people, met one retiring lass who had kissed so many sailors her lips moved in and out with the tide.

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Horoscope

Happiness in love and domestic joys are confidently foretold for you. Look for a kind, sympathetic personality in today's child.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ezra.

We may suppose that not everybody has read the book of Ezra recently, as we turn back from Philippians in the New Testament to the Old for a few studies. Together with the book of Nehemiah, it is the story of the return on the part of the Jews from their Babylonian captivity. Naturally, it is a historical book, and one of real interest. The first of three expeditions of Nebuchadnezzar against Jerusalem occurred about 607 B.C, the second and third at ten year intervals after that. (read 2 Kings 24). Jeremiah had told the Jews that they would return to their land after a period of 70 years; so subtracting 70 from the date 607 B.C., we have the date at the top of the page on which the book of Ezra begins in our Bible. The book of Ezra is divided into two parts, the first one consisting of chapters 1-6 and the second one of chapters 7 to 10. The first part has to do with the rebuilding of the Temple under Zerubbabel; the second part with the effort of Ezra and his helpers to restore the observance of the Law, which had been neglected and violated. This book is followed by that of Nehemiah, who returned to rebuild the walls of the city of Jerusalem. Tomorrow we shall study the meaning of the name of Ezra, and a few others related to it.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER EILENSHPIEGEL HUT DER DIVEL GABUTTA: Der Til Eilenshpiegel un der Divel sin mohl ae dawg heftich shtreidich werra waeich dresha. 'S wor noch in da tzeit wie die bauer ihra frucht gadrusha hen mit flegel, un niemond hut nix gawsit fon dresherreia.

Der Divel woh immer flink sei hut wolla in allas os gaduh hut, hut 'm Til g'sawt er kent frucht shtaryer dresha mit ma guta hickory flegel os er sie fom borer runner shmeissa kent. Sel wor noch in da tzeit woh die bauer ihra frucht ous 'm feld hame in die shire g'fohrra hen, un hen sie hucka lossa fer dresha bis ol die onner arwet g'shoft wor.

Tzu hoerra os der Divel so'n aryer dresher sei wot, wor wosser uf 'm Filenshpiegel sei meal, un er hut 'n uf ganumma in da aller graishda fraida. Sie sin mit nonner noch ra alta blug shire — der Til mit ra govel in da hond, un der Divel mit 'm flegel. Wie sie noch da shire kumma sin is der Til uf der frucht borer gagrodd'ld, un hut awfonga die shabe runner shmeissa, un der Divel hut sie gadrosha so shtarrick os sie wunner kumma sin.

Wie der Til der aller ledshd shabe g'shmissa hut, is er tzu gleich mit owwa runner kumma un hut gagrisha, "Fartich," un der Divel hut der shabe ols noch tzu dresha kot.

Die sawg is, der Divel het der dresh flegel hinna nous ins dresh den g'shmissa, un wear ob fert so shtarrick os er gae het kenna. Allas os der Til 'n may hoerra het sawga wear gawest, "Duh shliffel hosh'd mich widder gabutta."



ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

Continued

Continued

Probably a clearer understanding can be gained of her methods of characterization by studying some of her outstanding characters. Sarah Wenner is the unforgettable character of her first two juvenile books. She is painted with a sure and firm hand. We see her taking her stand against her uncle and a whole family of relatives who wish to break up the home and separate the children after the father's death. With the aid of Miss Mifflin, the school teacher, she withstands them all and gains her point. She is a pathetic little creature but there is a great deal of humor expressed in her actions and speeches. All the characters in these two juvenile books are very skillfully drawn. In the graphic descriptions of the State Board Examiners any one connected with school work at the time "When Sarah Went to School" was written, can recognize Nathan C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in the brown - bearded chairman. In the illustration in the book he is pictured as a white-bearded man. This calls to mind what Elsie Singmaster says about such errors in "Our Illustrators." ("Our Illustrators." Contributors' Club, Atlantic Monthly, February, 1917). She laments the fact that artists do not study the content of the story in order that they may illustrate it correctly.

Katy Gaumer is a character which shows very well Elsie Singmaster's sense of light and shade. She is vividly pictured, and especially so, because she is portrayed in a story of injustice and its rectification. This story requires a diversity of characters and we find them in Katy's two lovers, David Hartman and Alvin Koehler; in these two boys' fathers between whom lies the injustice, and in a number of other characters which admirably portray the life of this Pennsylvania German community.

The character delineation throughout "Basil Everman" is successful. All the characters are very real. Mary Alcestis Leister is admirably drawn. She is a woman of the stern Puritan type, inflexible, dogmatic and thoroughly convinced that her judgment is perfectly righteous. She is pathetic in her suffering but she does not win the reader's sympathy because she seems too stupidly narrow - minded. Basil Everman, the main character, is exceptionally well portrayed in spite of the fact that he has been dead for twenty years before the story opens. Perhaps his inception was in a living character, perhaps not, but nevertheless, the name Everman belonged to an acquaintance of the author. After the book had been published she received a letter from a Dr. Everman who was a teacher in a western university, asking her if Basil Everman was at one time an actual person.

Before the reader has gone over many pages of "Bennett Malin" he has a well defined idea of the title character, of his virtues and of his drawbacks. It is not only the lack of certain human qualities that is intimated but also the other traits that can be expected in a man of his type. He is interesting but does not appeal greatly to the reader. Of the other characters in this book the New York Times says: "A word must be said for the consistency with which the author develops the various characters who surround her central figure. All of them are painted with a careful brush, and because of this care they stand out as breathing personalities before the eyes of the reader. It is this quality that is so great a part of the author's charm." (New York Times, June 11, 1922).

Of "the Hidden Road" the New York Times says: "It would be distinguished if only for the living, careful delineation of the Pennsylvania Dutch folk who crowd its pages." (New York Times, June 10, 1923). Phebe Stanndard, the main character, who is not altogether Pennsylvania German, is a girl whose mind is above the average but who has to be urged on in her studies because of her desire to captivate a lover. Her faults are not minimized but she is still a delightful girl. Phebe seems to be made a special case by the author but there is so much observation and so much of life compressed into the characterization that it causes the reader to generalize. One tries to distinguish the general from the special and to determine how much is similar or illustrates experiences common to most of us. After all this generalization Phebe remains a very real character. The subsidiary characters remain in the mind as vividly as Phebe. Many of them seem as if they are characters drawn from real life. Their types are certainly well understood by the author.

Keller, the miser, is perhaps one of Elsie Singmaster's best efforts at characterization. He is entirely real. He bends his entire family to his will. Anna Ruth seems to have inherited her father's hardness of purpose but she has enthusiasm, a capacity for enjoyment and a certain sweetness which seem to be her salvation. Almost all the people who lived on Duke Street were poor and not very intelligent. They are pictured as not entirely admirable but not entirely despicable. Hannah Kress, who is very curious and writes anonymous letters, arouses our pity rather than our contempt. Miss Harriet Dennison is not altogether lovable in spite of the fact that she was kind to Anna Ruth and Arthur Wynne. All these characters seem to receive the author's sympathy and love and are encouraged to speak through her. They are not puppets, however, which express her own convictions. It is only a remarkable imagination and skill that can bring a story with such characters and such environment to a happy ending which does not seem improbable. The New York Times says: "The life of Duke Street is put before us with a restraint, a sobriety and a fidelity to the balance of human character and existence which are very unlike the exaggerated praise or no less exaggerated condemnation American village life usually receives from American novelists." (New York Times, April 4, 1926). The interest in the book is due to the reality of the characters, the situations and the environment.

The chief attraction of "The Long Journey" is the portrayal of the Weiser family who are pious, home-loving people. These characters are well drawn in the midst of reverses and trials, but they are rather far removed in time to have the appeal which the more modern characters have.

"The Boy at Gettysburg" is a striking example of Elsie Singmaster's stories which are constructed around an actual character and actual surroundings. She has, of course, filled in parts of the story from her own imagination, but she had a personal interview with the "boy" himself, then quite an old man, and from him she received the facts for her story. The boy, Carl Mottern, and his friend, Philip Scoville are very real characters. Maggie Bluecoat is one of Elsie Singmaster's splendidly portrayed Negro characters. Her part in the story seems to be not only to cook the meals in the Scoville home, but also to relieve the suspense in parts of the story by furnishing the humor. A. M. Jordan in his criticism of "A Boy at Gettysburg" says: "Elsie Singmaster has drawn with vigor and distinction a period of profound interest to Americans. She has painted the true character of a sturdy and unpolished people with delicacy and understanding. She has enriched our children's bookshelves by adding a gallery of boys and girls, everyone with a genuine human personality." (A. M. Jordan, New York Tribune, March 1, 1925).

"What Everybody Wanted" — contains some sharply etched portraits. They are of Mamma, Marian, Arietta Lee, Mr. Obenchain and Alexander LeConte, the young musician. The situation may be an old one but the skill with which the characters are drawn and the humor of the story make it exceedingly pleasant reading. Marian wears a hat trimmed with a red bird. Elsie Singmaster seemingly used the red bird to make the hat seem out of tune with the wearer and the other characters and surroundings. This seems to be the only place in her stories where she uses birds, either dead or alive, in connection with her characters or indoor settings. It reminds one of her "Avian Dread." ("An Avian Dread." Atlantic Monthly, March 1912). The maid, Celeste Imogene, in her red rubber bathing cap, in preparation for her baptism, is a very vividly portrayed character. Alexander Le Conte's music sounds a deeper note in this light comedy, as do also his interview with Bergman, the great violinist, and his ambition to become a violinist of note. He and Marian are really the only characters with high aspirations. They become real personalities to us, while Lucien and Mr. Obenchain seem more like types.

Many of Elsie Singmaster's characters are musical, at least many of them, sing. Beulah Heimbach is a member of the choir and sometimes organist in the little church in Millerstown. Mr. Weygant sings with a tremulous voice. Hilarius Hersh and even the despised Ambrose Weidner are members of the choir. Phebe Stannard plays the organ very skillfully but without much feeling until after she has learned that the greatest happiness is not in seeking the lover whom she can adore but in being busy and helpful to others. Professor Bland, the music teacher at Leesburg Normal School had abundant technical skill but an entire lack of taste. He played elaborate fugues perfectly but they would have been played the same if founded upon the theme of "Yankee Doodle." (The Hidden Road, 1923).

Richard Leister plays Beethoven's and John Sebastian Bach's compositions beautifully. He plays for the great musician, Faversham, in Baltimore. Miss Thomasina Davis is a music teacher, and Eleanor Bent plays well but rather mechanically. The negro servant, Manda, and the small boy Richard, yes, even the grown up Richard, often sing on the back porch of the Leister home after Manda's work is finished. (Basil Everman, 1920).

Marian finds great pleasure in playing Mr. Obenchain's beautiful concert grand piano. She plays from Chopin, from Beethoven, from Bach and other great composers. Alexander Le Conte plays "The first movement of the Mendelssohn E Minor Concerto, and "Wieniawski — the Scherzo Tarantelle" for the great violin master, Berman (What Everybody Wanted, 1928).

Two of the characters exhibit a knowledge and an appreciation of art. Marian and Mr. Obenchain talk glibly of Vorstermann, Josse de Momper, Van Dyck, Hollar, Legros and other old masters and their paintings, as well as of the modern Brangwyn, and Benson and their etchings.

There is a host of interesting characters among those of Elsie Singmaster's short stories. Many of them appear in a number of different stories. According to her statement these must be very real to her, and they are to the reader also. Among these are the Kuhns family, Ollie, Susannah and Mary Kuhns; Billy and Sarah Knerr; the Weygants, the Neuweilers, the Schindlers, and above all, the Shindeldecker sisters, Tillie, tall and slightly stooped, and Betsy short and stout. The writer sees in Betsy, in her actions, speech and physique, a Mennonite of her own acquaintance. Tillie is also typical of the more retiring type.

When writing about the Pennsylvania Germans, Elsie Singmaster does not ignore their peculiarities but rather makes light of them. She chiefly leads the reader to reflect upon their sterling qualities of character, their sturdiness, their honesty of conviction and their general stability.

Old Flo, the negro character in "Pomp an' Glory" and similar negro characters in various stories are reflections of an old negro, Keziah Cuff, who was a well known character in Gettysburg. It is true that these negroes are not photographic representations of her but she has been the inspiration for the negro women created by Elsie Singmaster.

Many other characters seem so real that the reader feels sure that they must be drawn from real life and elaborated upon and changed slightly by the author's keen imagination and inventive powers.

To Be Continued

DIE HUNSDAAGGE

Die Hunsdaagge! Sie kumme alle Yaahr un bleiwe sechs Woche. Yeeglicher Hund hot sei Daagge un deel hen zwee. Viel Mensche hen Hunsdaagge, net yuscht allee, wann die Hunsstann am Himmel iss, awwer es gans Yaahr rum. Deel Leit hen ihre Hunsdaagge der erscht Abril wann ihre creditors kumme fer Note kolleckte, annere hen ihre Hunsdaagge noochdem ass sie heiere un ihre Geld watt all un sie misse ans Schaffe fer die Fraa un es Bobbli fiedere. In fact, schier eenich ebber hot sei Hunsdaagge. Der Bauer hot sei Hunsdaagge, wann er sei Weeze gut in der Bodde geduh hot un eckschpeckt en grossi Aern, awwer en hadder Winter gfriert's ihm raus, un was net rausgfrore iss, fresse die Micke. Der Doktor hot sei Hunsdaagge in der Nacht, wann eens vun unsere Ketzer am Barrick grank warre, wu ihm schunscht dreissich Daaler schuldich sin, un er muss eischpanne un darrich der Dreck un Felse rauskumme un ihn doktore. Der Loiyer hot sei Hunsdaagge, wann niemand schunscht sie hot — sell is wann alles recht geht unnich de Leit, wann ken Raawes un Maddes un Schtehles aageht, dernoh hot er nix zu duh fer die Deihenker vum Galye halde. Die Parre hen ihre Hunsdaagge, wann sie an en neier Blatz kumme un ihre Gemee findt aus ass der Wind sie net fiedert un ass die Wolke sie net gleedt. De Drucker ihre Hunsdaagge fange aa der erscht Yenner un ende uff der eenundreisischt Disember un der Boonastiel hot sei Hunsdaagge verhandelt zu der Polly sidder ass er sei "temperance pledge" uffgschmisse hot. Die Polly hot nau zwee Hund ihre Daagge. Der anner Daag hot sie em Hollerheck Watt gschickt, er dauft mir ken Licker meh gewwe un dernoh bin ich gange un bin gaar wedders voll warre, yuscht fer sie zu schpeide. Ich hab gsaat, sie hett ken recht mei Freiheit eweck zu nemme. Uffkors ich heess es Freiheit, awwer die fact iss, ich hab ken Freiheit meh. Die Schpinn vun Abbedit hot mich in ihrem Web un ich bin fescht. Es erscht waar yuscht ee Faade um mich rum un ich hett losreisse kenne, awwer ich hab gemeent, es waer ken Gfaahr, un hab gelacht iwwer Leit wu gsaat hen die Schpinn daet mich am End fescht wewe. Alle whiskey jigger waare en Faade vum Web, un heit bin ich gans iwwerschpunne. Ich nemm alle excuse fer voll warre. Ich bin die anner Nacht uffgschtanne un naus in die Scheier mit der Laddann un unnich em Kiehdrog geguckt fer mei Boddel, awwer der Billy Bixler hot sie ausgfunne ghatt, un es waar yuscht noch ebaut en Suppeleffelvoll drin.

Ich hab die anner Nacht die Saufgichtere ghatt un ich hab en grossi Ratt sehne am Offerohr runner kumme un iwwer en Dutzend vun der Polly ihre Fassnachtkuche uff ihre Schwans feddle, sie hot dernoh es Hinnerend vum Schwans ins Maul gnumme un iss widder es Rohr nuff — Kuche un alles. Wann sie noch oft kummt, dann geht der Boonastiel emool mit ihre es Rohr nuff.

BOONASTIEL (Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

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Editorials

Hope Still for Steel

While negotiators in the current steel strike, after being brought together again by The Federal Mediation Board, have adjourned their meetings in Pittsburgh until early next week, the very fact that they are sitting together provides hope that ending of the strike may not be too far distant.

This is the prayer that must be going up all around the country, even where steel is not a major element in the economy. Strike in the great industry has already had far-reaching effects. These of course will become greater with every passing day and the plunging into idleness of workers who indirectly are dependent upon steel for carrying out their operations. Mines, mills and transportation enterprises already have been affected to considerable degree. Many times the number of workers in steel are affected the moment that steel is not being made and shaped for they are the suppliers and the movers of the materials of which steel is made.

There is no reason for believing that any advance was made in recent days in the negotiations in Pittsburgh. There have been some brave words about desire to reach agreement but no concrete results have been attained. At least neither side in the negotiations has been willing to talk — a wise decision if there be really nothing of value to announce.

But hope can persist as long as the negotiators face each other as they have been doing and promise to continue to do next week. The dangerous situation occurred when the negotiators turned their backs upon each other and a long knock-down - and - drag out battle seemed to be acceptable to both sides.

This both parties full well know: Idleness in steel can seriously affect the entire nation if indefinitely prolonged. Neither side can desire to harm millions if they can prevent it. Both sides must want to see the national economy kept in high gear and not be the parties putting the brakes upon it.

Unsafe to Leave Germany

Occupation troops never can expect to be popular in a country and no matter how helpful such occupation may be — as in the current condition of West Germany — they are constantly the targets of demagogues who exploit this natural dislike.

This propaganda tool is a highly familiar one to the Communists who made use of it in Korea during the war and now would seem to be rehashing it for use in West Germany.

There during recent days prominent American officers have been receiving threatening notes that are "dead ringers," according to the officers, of the notes received by Americans in Korea only a few years ago.

Since their purpose, if served, would be to the advantage of the Soviet the likelihood is that they are Soviet - inspired. Certainly the Soviet will do nothing to discourage the Fighting Association for an Independent Germany, the signer of the notes.

West Germans know that just as the Communists control East Germany so they would like to control West Germany and make all of Germany an enslaved satellite like her neighbors, Poland, the Baltic States, Czechoslovakia, Romania and Bulgaria, to name the most prominent.

The United States has no great desire to keep thousands of soldiers on duty in Germany. They continue to be there by and with the consent of West Germany and as a ready arm of assistance against Communist aggression that would communize the rest of Germany as it long since communized East Germany.

It is up to the Bonn government to handle this rash of threats to the American forces for it is an act subversive to the interests of the West German government under Chancellor Adenauer.

West Germany is even more concerned in this matter than is the United States. West Germany does not want to be abandoned to the Russian wolves—the human wolves, which like their animal namesakes are on a westwardly march. The fierce animals are being attacked by the big game hunters of Eastern Europe during a current destructive invasion which occurs peculiarly about once in every century. The human animals are proceeding with greater cunning and stealth and are far more dangerous.

West to Finance Egypt's Dam

It is beginning to appear that Egypt, despite blandishments from Russia's foriegn minister, is turning to the United States and Great Britain for the financing of its huge, projected dam on the Nile—a project that will require twenty years in building and $1.3 billion in capital.

The position of a debtor always is one of responsibility and of some surrender. President Nasser probably has weighed all this and has concluded that since Egypt cannot finance and build the dam herself, she is certain to fare better with the United States and Britain as creditors than with Russia, which is inclined to drive full tilt thru any tiny door that may be opened to her.

It is precisely such a fate which the western world wishes to see Egypt spared. The western powers do not desire to see an expansion of Russian power into North Africa, and they also sincerely desire to see Egypt improved in the economic position which the great dam at Aswan on the upper Nile is expected to develop.

Egypt's teeming millions are concentrated in the Nile Valley which is kept green only thru irrigation by the Nile's waters. But she has millions of acres of deserts which could blossom like the rose if water could be poured upon them. The water is there in Upper Egypt but it must be conserved at the times of its greatest flow. With the water that the Aswan dam will impound it is estimated that Egypt's agricultural land can be increased by fully a third.

There is another important element in the country's economy that likewise will be served when the dam is built. This is the industrial element. Egypt has been backward in this respect but, by the development of hydro-electrical power, industry can be encouraged and thus round out the national economy. The neat thing about it is that every drop of water can be made to do double duty: Produce electricity and then irrigate the thirsty desert lands.

The Aswan dam can become one of the greatest factors in the development of a great country and the enrichment of a people which has outgrown its arable area. Egypt must find additional sources of food or perish.

Mr. Daubert Now Postmaster

Senate confirmation of James W. Daubert as Postmaster of Allentown has been long delayed but now is an accomplished fact and Mr. Daubert is due for hearty congratulations.

For more than three years Mr. Daubert has been carrying on the duties of the office under the title of Acting Postmaster. He has been doing an acceptable job. The character of that work, during what has been in effect a probationary period, could not have been anything but helpful to him in the appointment at long last to the important position and all that it means in life tenure and other advantages.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

STRANGE

He wishes he were the other chap
And had another's work to do.
He knew if he had such a snap
He could be rich and famous, too.

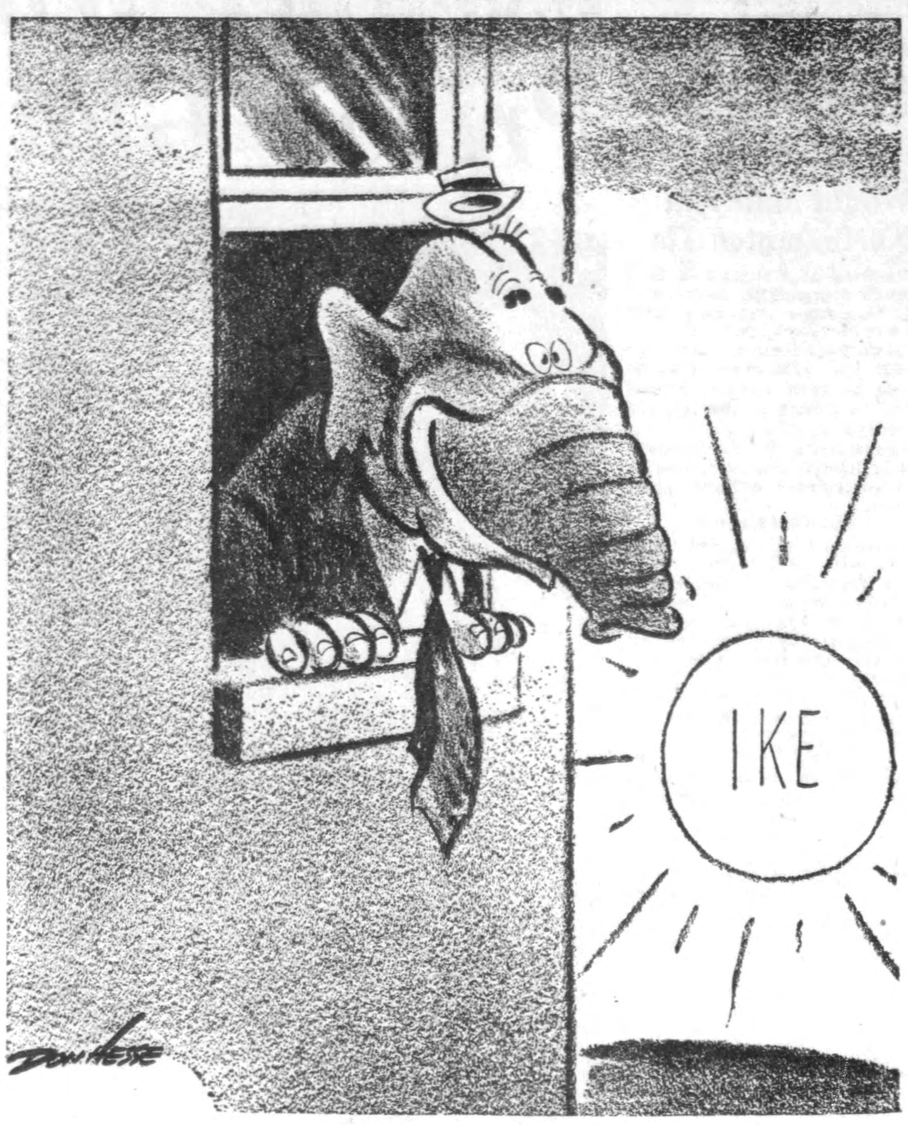
He wished that it had been his lot
To fill the station held by Brown,
Especially as Brown is not
Entitled to so much renown.

And had it been his luck to be
Appointed to the place of Green,
His very marked ability
Would very quickly have been seen.

And does it not seem strange to you
That one so skillful and so keen
Should keep, in what he had to do,
His cleverness from being seen?

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The Fog Has Lifted!



Ike Makes Them Unhappy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

These are unhappy days for Democrats, for Trumanites and New Dealers, for those who say they really "like Ike but—" and for those who say that, of course, President Eisenhower's health must be a campaign issue.

The unhappiness emerges largely because Eisenhower is still a candidate — the fates somehow have been kind to him and have preserved him for duty to his country. But here in Washington in one breath the Democrats say Eisenhower is sincere and doubtless believes what his doctors tell him, and then in the next breath they insist that, of course, it's all propaganda and that what his doctors said must necessarily be prejudiced.


Lawrence

The idea that medical men will not tell a man or his family the truth, that they will risk a life and let the patient do things he ought not to do for some remote political purpose, is a new one for the American people to read about. Yet there are great newspapers in the East and several writers unfriendly to Eisenhower who are asking the American readers to swallow such partisanship.

Whether Eisenhower is a good or a bad President, whether he deserves to be reelected or defeated, whether he has a lot of "reactionaries" or "left wingers" around his neck and can't shake them off, and whether he has let enough Communists back into the government to satisfy the so-called "liberals" or has fired enough of them to placate the anti - Communists—all this is beside the point.

The real question is whether Eisenhower as a human being is entitled to respect and consideration by those sections of the press which have always argued that "gutter politics" is bad and that American political contests should rise above personalities.

No Reason

There is no more reason to argue about Eisenhower's health than there is about the life expectancy of any of his opponents. The "adhominem" type of argument has been deplored ever since the days of the Roman Senate as something vicious used only in a debate where valid arguments on issues are scarce or unavailing.

Perhaps the most amazing comment this correspondent has read is in a publication called "Christianity and Crisis," which is issued bi-weekly by a group of so-called "liberals" in the ministry at the same address as the Union Theological Seminary in New York. It purports to be a "journal of Christian opinion," and not a political publication. It said in its July 9 issue:

"Almost before the President was out from under the anesthetic, competent medical authorities were announcing that the incident raised no questions with respect to his bodily fitness for a second term. But subsequently, other authorities — equally competent and equally medical — came foreward with a much more pessimistic prognosis.

"One might imagine that this situation would leave the genuinely concerned and honestly seeking public in total perplexity. But such is not the case. On the whole, honest Republicans believe one set of doctors; honest Democrats believe the other. In fact, one suspects that the honest opinions of honest doctors are not completely uninfluenced by the doctors' own political predispositions."

Honest Report

Is the foregoing an "honest" report of what happened? Did the President's doctors "announce" that the incident "raised no questions with respect to his bodily fitness for a second term"?

Who were the doctors "equally competent" to come forward with a "pessimistic prognosis"? Did any of them examine the President? Are the doctors who attended Eisenhower to become victims of character assassination just because they happened to be summoned to attend the President of the United States? Is a man in the U. S. Army Medical Corps the tool of a political party, or does he serve his country irrespective of party?

The record shows that the press conference was called on June 9 at the request of the newspapermen, that it occurred a long time after the abdominal operation and its anesthetic, and that Maj. Gen. Heaton, the doctor who was interviewed, did not take the initiative in making any "announcement." All he did was answer a reporter's long question, which inquired whether he thought that what the doctors had said on Feb. 14 with respect to the President's fitness to run for reelection after his heart attack was now to be modified by any medical reason. The answer was, "I certainly do not."

It wasn't the President's press secretary or any "honest Republicans" or "honest Democrats" in the medical corps who started the discussion of medical fitness in relation to politics.

For several weeks the distortions have gone on without receiving the slightest disapproving comment from those who all along have contended that innuendo and insinuation of guilt should never be employed in public debate and that no man should be wantonly accused of deviating from duty or ethics or loyalty to his profession unless there is conclusive proof thereof.

Maybe it's a sense of guilt that brings the unhappiness to the accusers of the President's physicians. And maybe trying to win an election for Stevenson by any means available—even condemnation of the nation's foremost medical men—produces its own cycle of unhappiness.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A refugee lady arrived in America after years of waiting. One of the thousand new things she saw on her first day here was a dial telephone. "It's no trouble at all to use it," her mentor assured her. "You just take the phone off the hook with one hand and dial the number with the other." The refugee protested, "That won't do at all. Which hand do I talk with?"

There was a big party at the French Embassy in Washington to commemorate Bastille Day and an eye-arresting chorus girl somehow got in on the festivities. Had herself a ball, too. She was overheard enthusing to the gent who escorted her, "Ain't this something? Say, who was that fellow Bastille, anyhow?"

"Take away Marilyn Monroe's blonde hair," proposes Jack Durant, "and what have you got?" Jack also supplies the answer: "The sexiest bald headed girl in America!"

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

At least average good fortune should be yours in your next year. Today's child may be too sensitive, and should be taught not to pay too much attention to the opinions of others.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

BOL GEBTS MUSICK IN EGYPT: M'r worra 'm Mondawg net recht dahame im Fegelskoshda bis 'n Fegelchie shun gapifa hut fon da arya tzeit os 'n drup Lodderisha weibsleit in Egypt net long tzurick owets kotta hen wie sie ebbes fon ra fersommling kotta hen on da kerrich — odder ferleicht aw in wos ols 's alt shule hous wor, un sie hen ken gloffier (piano) kot fer shpiela fer singa. Die weil os ken fohrsinger rum wor, hen sie noh net g'sunga, ow'r selawr druvel is now ol feriwwer — allas os sie duh breicha is noch ra gawissna hamet gae un woh sie 'n gloffier fernix griega kenna — un des so gore, im nahma fon da kloss fon 1898 ferkunfamiert in da Egypter Luddericha gamae.

'S wor so denna waig — un m'r missa sawga os m'r noch tzu fiel Mexico gadonka im kup kotta hen on da tzeit fer allas gons ous farshla wie m'r g'sol'd hetta, wies Fegelchie gapifa hut. Aenicha waig, die Flory Edelman, ferkunfamiert in 1898 hut hame wae grick'd ferdie alt Egypt kerrich, un die Stella Reinert garufa uf 'm fons, wons nochtmohl wear — sie wot mohl widder tzurick noch Egypt kumma fers nemma. Die Stella hut ra noh g'sawt sie hetta 's yusht kotta, un woh da Flory arrick laid gaduh hut.

Noh so im gablauder hut die Stella fertzailt fon da arya tzeit os sie owets dafor kotta hetta on ebbes fon ra kerricha fersommling, un wie sie singa hetta wolla, ow'r hetta ken gloffier kot fer shpiela. Die Flory hut net grawd ebbes g'sawt, ow'r hinna noh is es ra ei kumma, os sie 'n gloffier het woh sie shun long garn lose gawest wear, un hut ous gamocht fers da Egypter gamae gewwa fer nix — allas os sie tzu duh hen, is gae 's gloffier hola.

So weit os m'r wissa, is des es airsht os die weibsleit in Egypt ous finna wos die Flory Edelman duh wil, un woh sie dut im nahma fon ihrra kloss fon 1898 os ferkumfamiert sin werra dart in da Egypt kerrick.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit fier wocha der 4d Augusht is der dawg woh m'r der Hudson nuf gaina uf 'm shteamer Peter Stuyvesant — unser boat fer der dawg.

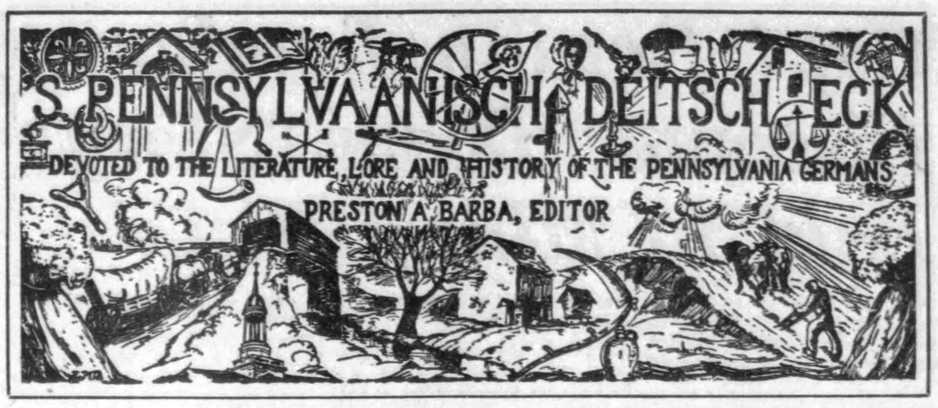
Des yohr hen m'r 's widder wie in fergongna yohrra — net wie farm yohr — sis niemond uf 'm boat wie unser aigna leit os niver noch Jersey City gaina uf da traina.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ezra 5:6-16

The leaders of the enemy then sent a letter to Darius, King of Persia, saying: 'Be it known unto the King, that we went into the province of Judea, to the house of the great God, which is builded with great stones, and timber is laid in the walls, and this work goeth fast on, and prospereth in their hands. Then asked we those elders: 'Who commanded you to build this house, and to make up these walls? We asked their names also, to certify thee, that we might write the names of the men that were chief of them. And thus they returned us answer, saying, We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and are building the house that was builded these many years ago, which a great King of Israel (Solomon) builded and set up. But after that our fathers had provoked the God of heaven unto wrath, He gave them into the land of Nebuchadnezzar the King of Babylon, who destroyed this house, and carried the people away into Babylon. But in the first year of Cyrus, King of Persia, he made a decree to build this house of God, to return the vessels which had been taken from the Temple, and yet it is not finished.' (The letter continues).



ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

Continued

2. Plot

For her novels and stories Elsie Singmaster has taken incidents from real life and has woven them into her plots in such an artistic way that we are given an illusion of life. If, as we read her novels, we are not looking for something startling we cannot help but feel that they are pictures of life, or at least true to life. She works out very carefully the incidents, episodes and situations so that there is a logical sequence of cause and effect. This is seen in greater perfection in some novels than in others. "Basil Everman," is a good example of a well developed plot. In the beginning the characters are introduced and as soon as Mr. Utterly appears on the scene and tries to find out something about Basil Everman, a feeling of conflict arises, Mrs. Leister, Basil's sister, does not wish anything to be revealed concerning her brother, who has left a legacy of a few magazine articles which had been published before his death, which occurred twenty years before the story opens. Mrs. Leister sees in Eleanor Bent a strong likeness to her brother, and as no one seemingly knows who Eleanor's father is, she is sure that Eleanor is her brother's child. She does not want others to discover this fact. Mr. Utterly's interest in Basil Everman's legacy and his insistence on finding out about his life, bring out Mrs. Leister's hidden fears and emotions, and little by little the true story of Basil Everman is brought out. The climax is reached when after worrying herself sick with her fears that Basil's estrangement from home and from the family may become known, in her weakness she goes to the attic, to Basil's room, unlocks the drawer in a desk where there are a number of Basil's manuscripts and begins to tear them to pieces. She is overcome by weakness, lies down on the bed and is found there by Mr. Leister who makes the discovery of the manuscripts. This tragedy of Basil's is the theme of the whole story and from this point to the end we learn more and more about him. But there is doubt to the very end as to Eleanor's father. Mrs. Leister still thinks it is Basil. When Dr. Green, a physician of the town, reveals the fact that he is Eleanor's father, that he had married her mother before he had gone to medical school, that after a short time they separated and he had lost all trace of her until she and her little daughter had come to Waltonville under an assumed name, the reader is as much surprised as Eleanor. Mrs. Leister no longer feels resentment towards Eleanor, and Arthur is allowed to resume his attentions to her.

In "Ellen Levis" the theme of the story is the contrasted lives of two medical students. The two young men were friends and each one plays havoc with his life by marrying an unsuitable young woman. It is around this theme that this rather interesting plot is formed. The outcome of the story is possibly unreal and sentimental.

The theme of "Bennett Malin" is the obsession of a man by the idea that he has inherited a literary talent. He devotes his whole life to writing without accomplishing anything and finally when his son achieves success in writing newspaper articles he realizes that his life has been wasted. The plot, based upon this theme, is very well handled. The action develops naturally and with power because of the characters reacting to environment. After the book is read, the impression left is that of a character study.

"The Hidden Road" is based upon a theme which is not particularly new — the spiritual pilgrimage of Phebe Stannard who believed that sexual love is the end of all existence. This pilgrimage is the search for her ideal man, the one she can look up to and adore. The plot is perhaps not worked out quite so well as some of her other novels, but leaves the reader much to meditate upon. "It is a ripe book of feminine wisdom, fruits of experience and meditation." (H. W. Boynton. Independent. August 18, 1923.)

The plot of "Keller's Anna Ruth" is based upon the faithfulness of Anna Ruth to her family. She says repeatedly "I have my father and my mother, and Roger and Juliet and Miss Harriet," and later she adds, "and Arthur Wynn." The real problem in the book is the effect of sudden wealth on Anna Ruth. This is followed by the discovery of the love letters which had been coming from Arthur who is in Peru, a dramatic and very unusual situation. The life of Anna Ruth, which is one of tragedy, is very skillfully brought to a happy ending. It may be called light popular fiction by some but it is certainly artistically worked out.

The theme of "What Everybody Wanted" is the three "Young" women and the men they marry. There is not a great deal of material in this book that may be considered part of a complicated plot but the material is cleverly handled.

The plots of Elsie Singmaster's juvenile books and short stories are just as well developed but, on account of their shortness, are not so elaborate. Many of them are based upon actual incidents.

In "A Man in the House" when the antique hunter comes to the back door Tillie cannot get out of the kitchen without being seen, so she makes a dive under the table. This was suggested to the author by an actual experience. An acquaintance, Mr. E. made an appointment with a woman near Ephrata, in Lancaster County, to come to her home on a certain day to see the antiques in her possession. She had dishes, cupboards, quilts, chairs and other articles much sought by antique hunters but which she would not sell. Mr. E. went to the house, knocked at the front door but received no response. The woman knew he was coming, so he thought she must be at home. He went to the back door and knocked but still no one answered. Through the window he could see the rare old dishes in the old - fashioned corner cupboard, the old chairs and rugs, and the samplers on the wall. And upon looking more closely he saw the woman's feet protruding from under the table. He appealed to a neighbor to use her efforts to persuade the woman to let him come into the house but was told it was of no use if the woman had taken that attitude. He had to depart without seeing these wonderful antiques.

The story "My Mister" was also suggested by a conversation with an old lady. This old lady lived alone in the country near Gettysburg. One day Elsie Singmaster had occasion to call at her house and in her conversation the old lady said at different times, "My mister did this," "My mister did that," or "My mister said so and so." Astonished at the variety of incidents and characteristics she exclaimed: "How can all this have happened to your husband?" Said the old lady proudly: "I have had four husbands." She is the character portrayed in this story.

"The Christmas Guest" is based on an incident which occurred in a household in Gettysburg, in which there lived a maid whom we will call Annie. She was not very young and had a friend of about her own age who did not have an abundance of this world's goods or pleasures. It was suggested to Annie by her mistress that she invite her friend Maggie to come to eat Christmas dinner with her. Annie was delighted with the idea of having a guest on Christmas and accordingly gave the invitation, mentioning the fact that the suggestion came from her mistress. Maggie took this as an invitation from the mistress herself and on Christmas day she came to the front door, rang the bell and was admitted by the head of the house. Taking off her wraps she sat down in the parlor and began chatting with the family. Her hostess at once grasped the situation. She went to the kitchen and told Annie that Maggie was in the parlor and that she should arrange a place for her at the table. Annie became very much excited and insisted that Maggie was to eat dinner with her and not with the family. Her mistress insisted, however, and Maggie ate dinner with the family, entirely unconscious of her misunderstanding. In Elsie Singmaster's version of this story the casual reader would probably not recognize the real episode for she has made from it a beautiful, pathetic little story. But when the tale appeared in a magazine it was recognized by members of the household in which the incident occurred.

3. Setting

Elsie Singmaster's reputation was established on her writings about the Pennsylvania Germans, and especially about those residing in and around Macungie and Allentown. She has since broadened her field to include more of Pennsylvania than Lehigh County for she writes of Lancaster County and of Gettysburg and its environs. She may be called a writer of stories about Pennsylvania localities although she has crossed the Mason and Dixon line for the setting of her latest novel.

Her books express a familiarity with all their settings, which can come only from residence in these localities or a careful study of them. Some settings are from her own school life: for example, Bennett Malin's life in Cambridge, Massachusetts; Phebe Stannard's and Sarah Wenner's Normal School life. Phebe Stannard's experiences in New York are not pictured as vividly as those at Normal School, nor should they be. Phebe was a girl who had never been in a large city before going to New York and the city contained many wonders for her which remained more or less the same through her several years of residence there. It is when Elsie Singmaster locates her stories in Pennsylvania localities that we have the most intimate descriptions and the background for her characters which are portrayed most naturally.

The novels which reveal the real Pennsylvania German settings are: "When Sarah Saved the Day," "Katy Gaumer," "When Sarah Went to School," "Ellen Levis" and "The Hidden Road." The last three books mentioned have scenes other than the Pennsylvania German scenes, although the latter are the outstanding portions of the books. The main characters leave their homes and go into other localities. It is in the above mentioned books that we find the greatest amount of local color. The stories could not have happened, or in some cases had their beginnings, elsewhere than in these localities. They portray the customs, superstitions, and idioms of the Pennsylvania German sections. Many of her short stories have the same Pennsylvania German settings. Among these are "Big Thursday," "Millerstown Yellow Journal," and "County Seat." These portray the life of the Pennsylvania Germans in Lehigh County. Her volume of short stories, "Bred in the Bone" are stories of the Pennsylvania Dutch in Lancaster County. These novels and stories are especially interesting because of their local color.

The scenes of the remainder of Elsie Singmaster's books, with two exceptions, are in and around Gettysburg. "Basil Everman" and the beginning of "Bennett Malin" could have happened in any college town, but "Emmeline," "John Baring's House," "A Boy at Gettysburg," "Sewing Susie," "Virginia's Bandit" and probably "Keller's Anna Ruth" could not be located elsewhere than in Gettysburg or the surrounding country. It is self-evident that her volume of short stories, "Gettysburg" could not have its settings elsewhere. Many of her short stories, such as "Pomp an' Glory," "Aged One Hundred and Twenty" and others are typical Gettysburg stories. "Escapade," a rather recent story, has its settings through the country between Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and Gettysburg. A reader of this story, (whose home is in this section) said that it must have been written by some one who knew the country well, at least that part between Chambersburg and Gettysburg. He had not noticed that the author was Elsie Singmaster.

"The Long Journey" is a story based on the immigration of the historic Weiser family. In the time of Queen Anne of England they leave their home, Gross Anspach, in southern Germany. They arrive in England and are forced to spend many weeks in a camp on Black Heath just outside of London. John Conrad Weiser and his son Conrad visit London. They meet several Indian chiefs and are also given an audience by the Queen. They finally reach New York. They wish to settle in Pennsylvania but they must work out their passage from England before they may leave New York. They are sent into the forests north of New York City to make tar. Finally the father and son reach the Schoharie Valley, in New York, the land of their friend, the Indian Chief. Conrad Weiser became an Indian interpreter extremely important to the life and safety of the Middle Colonies.

"What Everybody Wanted" is located in a Maryland town near Baltimore. This setting is typical of the smaller towns in this section of Maryland.

"Emmeline" is a story of Gettysburg during the battle. Emmeline leaves Gettysburg before the battle to go to her grandparents home which is south west of the town near Willoughby Run. This was within the Confederate lines. This book is considered a very graphic description of the battle in this particular section.

The scene of "John Baring's House is the old Brough tavern near Gettysburg which the author says she moved up along the Lincoln Highway above Cashtown.

The boy at Gettysburg lived at an old mill south east of Gettysburg. The mill is no longer there but from information which the author received from the "boy" himself more than fifty years after the battle, she reconstructed it in her imagination and has centered this very interesting little story around it.

The scene of "Keller's Anna Ruth" is doubtless Gettysburg but some of the descriptions are not of Gettysburg. Duke Street does not correspond exactly to any Gettysburg street. The Catholic church and the convent are not on the same side of the street, neither are they gray. Nor does one pass the college observatory to go from the center of town out the Lincoln Highway to the west. But the train that left Gettysburg for New York at 4:55 a.m. and returned again in the evening at 9 o'clock corresponds to Gettysburg's train time. The towns Laurel and Milltown seem to be Cashtown and McKnightstown, two small villages along the Lincoln Highway. Another place mentioned as being along the Lincoln Highway is "Underwoods on the hill" where there was a store and a gas station. This point is where the back road to Gettysburg joined the Lincoln Highway. This place is what is known as Kane's store and the back road is the road which goes through the Narrows along the Conewago Creek, in the story, Lovers' Creek. The flat rock in Lovers' Creek where the civic nurse and Anna Ruth ate their picnic supper is a favorite place for small picnicking parties.

To be continued

UFF ME GRAABSCHTEE
(after Shakespeare

Um Himmels Wille, geb du acht,
Ass yo ken Mensch mei Graab uffmacht;
Gelobt der Mensch mei Gnoche ehrt,
Verflucht iss der was die verschteert!

D. GEO. KNECHT

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Editorials

Meter Profits for More Lots

When City Treasurer Charles M. Russoli went to bank yesterday with bags bursting with nickels, somewhere in that amount of coin was the millionth dollar that motorists have put into parking meters since they were first placed in operation on July 16, 1947.

Thus the average yield from the little machines has been in excess of $100,000 per year. To this should be added probably as much as an average of $30,000 per year in fines paid for violation of meter regulations.

This million and a quarter dollars that are the direct and indirect yield of the meters has been paid without complaint for the most part by the motorists. They have purchased the convenience of an opportunity to park cars within reasonable distance of the places which they desired to visit for business or social reasons.

If meters had not been installed, the 1300 to 1700 curb parking places in the business sections would have been filled at an early hour of every business day with cars placed there by their owners for an all-day stay. It would have been a case of first-come, first-served. The thousands of people who come into the business areas for a few minutes or for a few hours would have been driven to park far out on the perimeter of the business district or upon the commercial lots.

The meters were placed to encourage rapid turnover in the use of spaces and thereby be a benefit to shoppers and to business. They have worked as it was expected they would and with supplementing by Park & Shop, by many commercial lots both large and small and by City-owned perimeter parking lots, the parking problem has been brought under quite satisfactory control.

This figure of $1 million and a quarter of a million for penalties must not be permitted however to take precedence and assume too great proportion in our thinking.

Allentown was not "after the money" when the meters were installed. It sought order thru regulation and the meters provided the answer. Money was secondary in all the thinking and planning and operations and it continues to be secondary.

Money was needed of course to purchase and maintain the operating condition of the meters and to police the metered areas.

That there has been a surplus after all these costs is of course satisfactory. The alternatives — an even break or a loss — would not please. Any deficit would have to be satisfied from the City's funds and therefore from all our taxpayers, admittedly an unfairness.

Profits from the operation of the machines can be expected to increase. During the past nine years they have been close to $100,000 per year. Chief of Police Christine expects this figure to be nearly double during the next five years.

This brings into earlier sight that other parking development which from the beginning has been expected to proceed with all possible speed, namely the establishment of perimeter parking lots under the Allentown Parking Authority, the purchase of which is expected to be made possible from parking meter profits.

Already the Authority has considerable holdings of land which is devoted to the easing of the parking problem. But always more can be used. The Authority must, if at all possible, be years ahead of the immediate demand, for the number of motor cars in the United States gives all promise of continued daily increase. Of America's sixty million motor cars, Allentown has more than its proportion. Room must be found for them and for double their present number in perhaps little more than a decade.

Cooperation with C. D.

The best local test which yet has been made by the Civilian Defense's system of warning to our people in the event of an air raid was conducted yesterday afternoon and, in the opinion of the Civilian Defense leaders, there was excellent public cooperation.

Altho everybody knew that the alarms were going to be given after the theoretical sighting of enemy planes at some great distances from theoretical local targets and it was an almost absolute certainty that no harm was going to come, the public went thru with the orders automatically following upon the alarms like school children in a fire drill. There was no questioning and no reluctance to obey the orders implicit in the sounding of the alarms.

Ours are a busy people. To halt activities, even for a few minutes is to occasion many inconveniences for them. Even the impatient accepted the discipline. All learned lessons that can be vitally important if some day and at some hour the sirens wail without a bit of advance information and a real attack by an enemy is at hand.

If Shoe Were on Other Foot

A cardinal function of the Public Utilities Commission comes to favorable local attention in its order on Thursday to the P.P.& L. Co. not only to reduce local rates but also to make a refund to its half million consumers for the past 17 months.

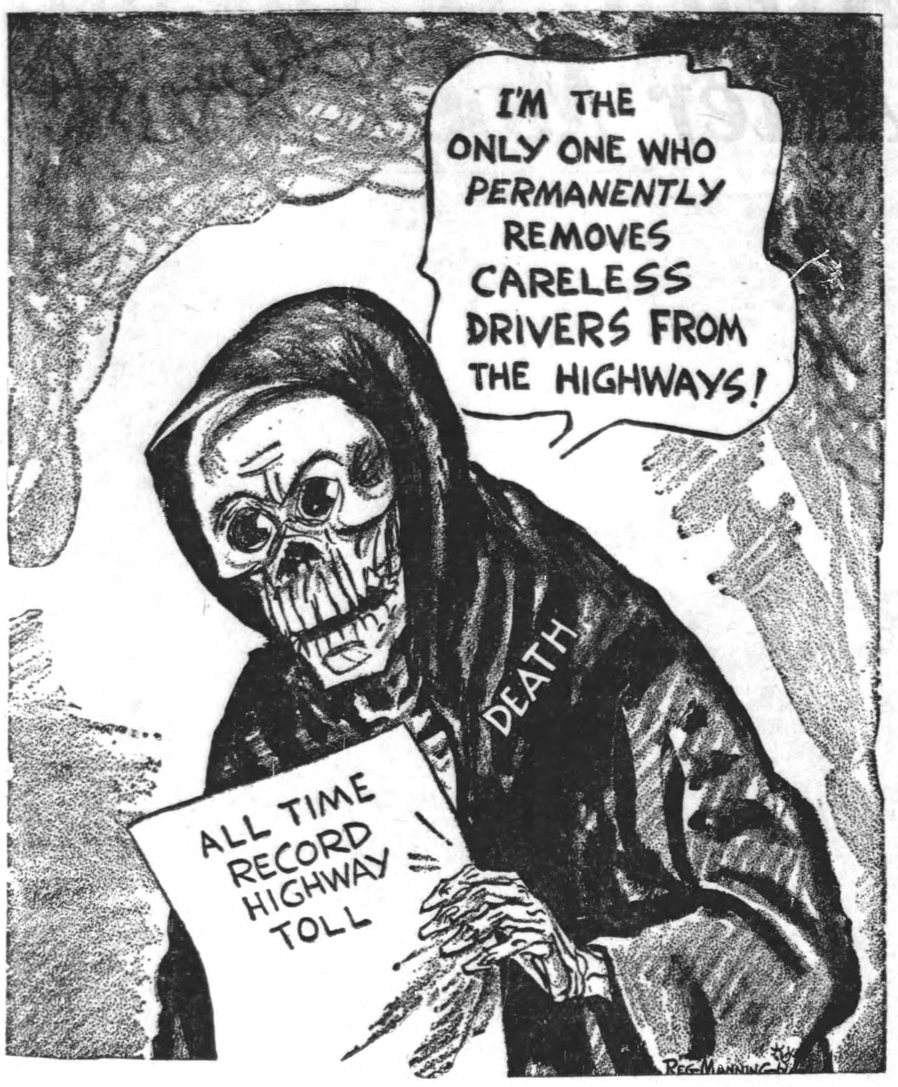
When the P.U.C. was established it was designed to protect the public as well as invested capital. Public utilities were to be protected against cutthroat competition such as had existed in the public utilities field but in turn the public was to be protected against overcharge for service.

Thus the public, thru the PUC has access to the books of all public utilities and the PUC is able to determine fair charges for service. It not only can say that rates for electricity have been a little too high in this section for the past 17 months and should be reduced. It could, if the circumstances were different, direct the company to charge higher rates to the public.

It cannot be said that the reduction will be a very great one nor that the refund is going to enrich the consumer greatly. Since it figures to be a reduction by only a little over one per cent, very few customers are going to get excited about it. There would be more excitement if the PUC had directed higher instead of lower rates. The examination of the company's books, which brought about the reduction order, might have brought the latter result quite as easily.

The important point is that in this regulation of public utilities by Government there is this concrete evidence of the fact that regulation is being carried out as the people and business agreed with Government it should be carried out. If the shoe were on the other foot, the public would have no reasonable complaint about its pinching.

Nobody Appreciates Me



Was Strike Necessary?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

A form of economic anarchy is revealed in the disastrous strike now being waged in the steel industry.

Innocent bystanders in industries and businesses not at all parties to the strike negotiations are being injured. Tremendous losses are being inflicted on other companies and their employes. Rail roads, trucking companies, construction firms and their employes have lost many millions of dollars a day because the steel companies and the labor unions prefer to battle it out with a strike instead of settling their differences either by mediation or arbitration or by mutual concessions in a negotiation.



Lawrence

The steel company managers cannot understand why the offer they made on what they considered very generous terms should have been rejected. Certainly the offer of a total of 45-cents-per-hour increase in compensation over the proposed contract period — representing actual increases in cost to the companies and various benefits copied from the important contracts just negotiated in other industries — indicates a desire at least to meet the growing demands of the steel union.

The steel managers sought a long - time contract with the union so as to insure stability in the industry and make possible forward planning. On the labor - union side, however, internal politics and the pressure of rival leaders evidently made it difficult for the proposals to be accepted without a strike. The story goes that David MacDonald, steel union president, was urged to stand out for a better and better settlement on the ground that he would outshine Walter Reuther and John L. Lewis as a master negotiator.

The damage done by the inability of the two sides to make an agreement is not confined to the present strike. It means that again and again, as the time for negotiations approaches, steel users will pile up inventories in advance so as to protect themselves against the stoppages in production. In fact, before the present strike occurred, such an artificial stimulus was given to steel purchases and, as a consequence, the industry runs into periods of abnormal peak and then recession as inventories are subsequently liquidated.

To negotiate a contract in a major industry today involves more difficulties than ever before. Clauses in contracts in other industries where conditions are different are insisted upon. Thus an industry which rarely works double time or triple time on week ends can afford to pay the heavy penalty, but an industry that must work frequently on week ends finds itself unable to meet the higher costs without asking many users to pay an increased price.

Instead of negotiating a contract based on conditions in one industry, the tendency is to demand uniformity irrespective of the differences in requirements. Likewise, inside an industry, the larger enterprises with more equipment and better facilities which can pay higher wages set the pace which the smaller businesses have to meet. It is little wonder that business volume gravitates to the larger units while the smaller ones are slowly but surely forced out of the competition. Then Congress wakes up and asks what's happening to "small business."

Bad Feature

But the worst feature of the economic anarchy is the use of economic power that is made by those who can wield it. The answer doesn't lie in government regulation or in government cartels or monopolies because none of these promotes the efficiency which the rate of American production in the past has achieved. It lies rather in a better exposition to the whole people of the facts involved in each controversy so that the public interest can be safeguarded through the processes of public opinion.

The workers themselves do not know today all the background of the struggle and how they are being compelled to accept the penalties of an unnecessary strike. A report by twelve major steel companies just issued shows that the workers lost $622 million and the companies lost 46.5 million tons of production in the three major strikes in the industry — 29 days in 1946 and 49 days in 1949 and 54 days in 1952. It looks as if the present strike will increase the losses in wages by $50 million and that two million tons of production will be lost each week of the strike.

But in the last big strike, for every man idled in steel, three to four other employes were thrown out of work.

Loss Great

The direct loss to the economy in the 1952 strike is estimated at more than $4 billion. The latest strike will approximate that sum if it continues another month, when conditions will really become acute. It must be settled by that time, but it will be asked why it was necessary to penalize so many people to get a contract.

Time was when the "public interest" could not be vitiated so readily by a major strike. But the steel dispute doesn't seem to have awakened much interest or concern. The President has discussed the matter with his cabinet. There is talk of invoking the Taft-Hartley injunction procedure, which means an 80-day truce and a vote at the end of that period taken secretly among the workers to decide if they want to accept management's final offer. It is unfortunate that such a vote could't be taken sooner so that the workers could express themselves, and it is too bad also that the workers in other industries cannot make their plight known to the workers who have delegated to a small group of officers the right to act for them.

Not all benefits that labor seeks can be achieved in one negotiation or in one year. The theory that each negotiation must result in a 100 per cent acceptance of union demands, especially when it threatens a cycle of inflation for the whole economy, can only in the long run mean something worse than economic anarchy — namely, economic collapse.

(Copyright 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

SUCCESS

This is success: to live beyond deceit,
Too big to play the liar or the cheat,
Too big to learn when burdens heavy grow,
Asking no favor from a friend or foe,
Standing to life and all that it may mean
With head erect and hands and conscience clean.

This is success: to live from year to year
Not asking always sunny skies and clear,
But wise enough to know and understand
Life never runs exactly as we've planned;
Seeking the best, but when the worst is met
Taking the blow without too much regret.

This is success: with all to play the friend,
Willing to give and glad at times to lend,
Laughing and singing whensoe'er you may,
But walking bravely through the rainy day,
Giving your best throughout the passing years,
Neither deceived by flattery nor by sneers.

This is success: the love of friends to win,
To tast no pleasure that may lead to sin,
To take no profit from the hand of shame,
But by a fair fight win or lose the game;
To get from life such triumphs as you can,
But still, through good or ill, to play the man.

Horoscope

Your prospects are excellent, so forge ahead. Look for keen intelligence, exceptional industry and probable success in today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER OS WOR IN RA FIX:

Ich wil ow'r bei jupps wetta os der Os Tallman, der alt wert doh fon da shtadt, un woh now gons drous uf da Highlong shtross wohn'd imma neia hous, aw fer 'n longie tzeit net fergess'd won ers ledshd mohl ei g'shlossa wor — un des noch so gore in die glansh'd shtub fom hous. Der Os un sei Isabella hen wunners gamaint wos fer 'n shainer, guter chob os der kontractor Harold Peters gamocht het mit ihrra neia hamet — uns sis aw 'n shaenie hamet, un ol der druvel is kumma darrich ae glae shluss on da dier fon selra glaina notewenicha shtub, woh der Os nei wor fer ruga — un ferleicht aw abissel tzeiting laisa — war wase.

Dis Isabella huts airsht on nix gadenk'd wie der Os net glei widder tzurick kumma is, ow'r enclich hut sie gamaint sie dade 'n aryads hoerra yohla, uns hut shier galoud wie won er aryads drin wear un kent net rous. Un wie sie mohl recht gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei won er net in sellie glae shtub g'shlossa wor, un ken guta un ken gaisa werta hen botta wolla fers shluss uf griega. Der Os wear langshd tzu ma glaina fenshter nous gagrodd'ld, ow'r er hut net nuf gakent, un won ers ferleicht mocha het kenna, het er net tzum glaina loch nous gakent, uns wear aw ordlich hoch gawest nunner uf der budda.

Der Os un die Isabella hen weil rote k'halta wie aw tzu gae, un endlich hen sie ous gamocht fer der Harold Peters rufa — er hets shluss in der dier gamocht, uns wear aw uf tzu ihm fers uf mocha. Der Harold is aw kumma — wor glei darta, ow'r huts shluss aw net uf shlessa kenna — ebbes hut sich inna wenich drin g'shteck'd kot, uns aintsich'd tzu duh wor, fer die dier ob hanka fo da bonda, un sel is der waig wie der Os endlich ous da-glaina shtub kumma is woh er gore net so long drin sei hut wolla.

Yar wel, so socha gebts alsa mohl. Doh net long tzurick wor aw 'n shule iwwer maishder doh im Lechaw Dahl da sama waig ei g'shpart fer 'n gonsie shtun, un uf unserra trip noch Mexico, uf 'm hame waig uf da train, hut aenie aw net ous so ra glaina shtub gakent. Darta wors ow'r net 'm shluss sei shuld, die fraw hut gamaint die dier sot nous tzus uf mocha, un hut g'shova fer nous, in blotz fon gatzoga fer uf mocha, uns wor gore ken wunner os sie net rous gakent hut bis 'n shwartzer porter kumma is un hut ra gawissa wie uf tzu mocha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R.

War da 4d Augusht mit der Hudson nuf wil besser halt sich on da heck — die tickets fonga aw gae wie haisa kucha — un m'r wolla 's boat net tzu fol howwa — 's boat is ol unser aiga fer der dawg, niemond druf wie unser aigna leit.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ezra 8:1-21

In the last verse of chapter seven, Ezra clearly shows that the encouraging letter Artaxerxes had written him was of the Lord, for he states in these words that 'he was strengthened' as the hand of the Lord his God was upon him.' So he gathered together out of Israel chief men to go up to Jerusalem with him. Their names are recorded in vs. 1-14 of chapter 8. Each one of these leaders was accompanied by many whose names are not recorded, only their number being given in each verse — all in all, a goodly company. A meeting place was appointed as a rendezvous, at the river Ahava. After living three days in tents, it was noticed that there were among the company no men qualified for the service of the Temple. After some effort, a sufficient number of 'Ministers for the house of their God,' v. 17, and Temple servants (Nethinim), v. 20, were found, who joined the original company. In v. 21 a season of fasting and prayer was observed, in order to ask God's blessing upon the journey, 'to seek of Him a right way for them, and for their little ones, and for all their substance.' It was going to be a long and difficult journey, to say nothing of dangers along the way. Verse 22 will tell us about this.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Heard about the kid from Texas who got all the way to the finals of a national spelling bee but then lost out because he couldn't spell "SMALL?"

"So you're a marriage broker," nodded a young man. "Let's have a look at photos of all your likely brides with dowries of $100,000 or more."

"I'm sorry," said the broker, "But we furnish no pictures of any of our ladies who have more than $10,000."

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ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

Continued

In all her writings, Elsie Singmaster does not tire her readers with long descriptions. They are made very clear in a few short sentences. For example, in "Katy Gaumer" she says, "To the east of the village the mountain rose somberly; to the south the pike climbed a hill towards the church and the school-house; to the west and the north lay the wide fields. To the north might be seen the dim bulk of the blast furnace with its great starlike bleeder flame." And again she says: "There are only three streets in the village, Main Street and Locust and Church, and all the houses are built out to the pavement in the Pennsylvania German fashion, so that the little settlement does not cover much ground." She describes the scene of "Basil Everman" as "Waltonville, a small college town a little north of Mason and Dixon's line." The scene before the old colonial house in Maryland is well described in the following paragraph: "The eye of the stranger gazed into her blue eyes, then over the heads at what was beyond her, then back at her. That which was beyond her was in its way as lovely as Mamma, an old brick house with white tall pillars and about forty ancient oak trees on each side. A brick walk led in from the gateway, and up this walk went Lee in her short ruffled white dress as though she were the fairy chatelaine. From out the door looked a black face above a white apron, irate when seen close at hand, but at this distance fitting into the picture. (What Everybody Wanted, 1928. Page 19).

Elsie Singmaster uses a great deal of color in her descriptions, both of her characters and scenes. This often intensifies the atmosphere of the story. Katy Gaumer, as a happy young girl can very easily be seen among other characters because of her red dress or red shawl. Celeste Imogene's red rubber bathing cap and the red bird on Marian's hat have been previously mentioned. "The Koehler house needed a coat of whitewash, the fences were brown" expresses the atmosphere which always surrounds the Koehlers. Bright colors are observed in the sky at sunset; the colors of leaves, brilliant in the autumn and soft green in the spring. The day that the Shindeldecker sisters are told that the world is going to come to an end, turns from a bright morning to a gray noon, "The whole out of doors was gray, the dresses of the sisters were gray, the cat was gray, and all the brilliant leopard's spots (on the rug) were hidden by the dog's brown-gray body." ("The End of the World" in "Bred in the Bone")

The social setting is always in keeping with the natural setting of the stories. The time of the story, the theme and the characters all seem to harmonize.

4. Local Color

It has been observed that Elsie Singmaster's novels are interesting because of her skill in characterization. Her plots are well worked out and the majority of them are constructed around interesting themes. The settings are those with which she is familiar both as to locality and people, which make her characters more real. To all these means of arousing the reader's interest she adds much local color which greatly enhances the charm of her stories.

Her stories of Gettysburg, in which there is no attempt to alter the setttings, contain an abundance of local color. They are replete with references to the battlefield, its monuments, observation towers and special points of interest, such as Round Top, Culp's Hill, Seminary Ridge and Cemetery Hill. She even brings in the omnipresent battlefield guide. She has also taken the negroes of Gettysburg and made of them vivid characters in her stories adding their dialect to her characterization. Maggie Bluecoat's song is typical of the negro's adoration of Lincoln:

"When I get to hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum,
Linkum, Linkum,
When I get to Hebben, goin' to see Marse Linkum,
Walkin' all over God's hebben."

(A Boy at Gettysburg, 1924). Aunt Flo is determined to see the Fourth of July celebration but when she is told to go out to the battlefield she says: "Ol' tree, youse 'bout as old's I is. You sheltah me dese many yeahs. You sheltah me some mo.' Unless — unless Ise worried to mah tomb befo' mah time. Ise one hundred an' twenty yeahs ol,' an' Ise likely to lib till one hundred an' fifty 'less Preacher Nestle gets me to jine de chu'ch. If I jine de ch'ch like's not I won' eben see de celebration." ("Pomp an' Glory").

A graphic description of Gettysburg after a Fourth of July celebration is found in Elsie Singmaster's latest book. "Gettysburg was not so attractive near at hand. Yesterday had been the fourth of July, and the litter of many visitors had not yet been cleared up. There were still hundreds of tourists driving about the avenues and through the town. Many persons were crowding into the Harrisburg bus." (Virginia's Bandit, 1929). This is the first of her Gettysburg novels or juvenile books in which there is a character who speaks the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect. Not that there are no people of this type in and around Gettysburg but they have never been introduced into her stories. When Mrs. Newhard calls Virginia over the 'phone, her part of the conversation runs something like the following:

"Is it you then, Wergie?
How are you?
How's your Mom?
How's your Pop?
I sink I have somesing to tell you." (Virginia's Bandit).

The stories about the Pennsylvania Germans who live in Lehigh and Lancaster Counties contain many Pennsylvania German customs, superstitions and idioms. The stories in "Bred in the Bone" contain many descriptions of the dress of the Lancaster County religious sects, and also many of their customs. Very kindly reference is made several times in different stories to the white cap worn by the Mennonite women. "The cap which was supposed to quench vanity by hiding the hair gave her (Mary) a delicate loveliness." ("Truth"). "To Betsy the cap with its narrow black strings gave an aspect of saintliness." ("A Sound in the Night"). "When the women lifted their black bonnets from their transparent coifs angels seemed to display lovely placid faces." ("End of the World").

Other references are made to the dress of the different sects of these "plain" people. William wore a low-crowned, broad brimmed, Mennonite hat. His coat was short like a boy's and he had a curling, reddish beard. Mary, his wife, had round her neck a kerchief of gray gingham like her dress. ("Truth"). Betsy's dress was of soft gray chambray, made with a full skirt and close fitting waist and over her bosom was folded a large neckerchief of gray chambray. On her head she wore a white cap with narrow black strings. ("Sound in the Night"). This was her "every-day" garb. On Sunday she and her sister, Tillie dressed in heavy gray poplin, new close-fitting, transparent caps upon their heads and gray poplin neckerchiefs folded on their bosoms. They also wore stiff black bonnets and soft gray shawls and black knitted mittens when they went to church. The men had shaven upper lips and bearded chins. ("End of the World"). William, Mary, Betsy and Tillie are New Mennonites which differ somewhat from the other Mennonites. Thomas Bashore, a Dunker, had a clean-shaven face but later in life he would shave only his upper lip. The Amishmen dress differently from the Mennonites. Martin Ebersole had a thick, curling, silky beard at twenty-three. His hair, cut square across his forehead, waved almost to his shoulders. His suit of thick gray wool was homemade, the short coat was held close round his body with hooks and eyes. The high - waisted trousers were fastened after the fashion of sailors' trousers. Martin's mother, Mahala, wore a white cap tied beneath her chin, a brown dress, a red neckerchief and a bright blue apron. Lizzie Funk who was forty, looked sixty or eighty; the stiffened sides and the little cape of her black bonnet hid her curling hair and her smooth, pretty neck. Beneath the bonnet was a white cap with inch-wide ties tied under her chin. The style of her clothing was prescribed but she could choose the colors. Her waist, skirt and shawl-like neckerchief were dark purple and her apron was dark red. Israel Funk, a preacher, was tall, stout and bearded like a prophet. Thirteen-year-old Isaac Herr wore long trousers and a little short coat fastened with hooks and eyes, and a broad felt hat. A baby of six months wore a dress of blue, her little neckerchief was red, her little apron and bonnet were pink, her tiny shoes and stockings black. Beneath her bonnet was a little white cap tied with white ties like her mothers.' ("The Amishman.")

In "Katy Gaumer" the Improved New Mennonites are mentioned. The head-dress of the older women is a short-backed sailor hat adorned with a Bible verse.

"Yankee" is a term of contempt among the Pennsylvania Germans. It signifies a cheater, a tricky, smart, good-looking person. But any person who was known not to be a resident of the community was called a Yankee or an outlander.

Quilting is a favorite pastime of the Pennsylvania German women. For ordinary use the Shindeldecker sisters' quilts are made of woolen materials put together in squares and diamonds and oblongs. But in their chests are quilts of muslin in many patterns. One quilt is made of tiny circles sewed together. Another has twelve thousand half - inch squares. Even the white material between the colored patches which form the design is cut into squares and sewed together. The quilting is a marvel of neatness. There are intricate circles, sprays of flowers, animals and graceful feathers. A quilt which is still in the frame has wreaths of roses mixed with sprays of pale blue larkspur. Under each green leaf and rose or blue petal is a bit of padding. The background is of creamy muslin quilted in feather pattern. ("A Sound in the Night"). Bright colored leaves and flowers are cut from figured material and appliqued upon a white background.

At the baker's stall in the Lanesville market there are many varieties of bread and cake peculiar to the Pennsylvania German sections. These are Schwenkenfelder cake, crumb pie, "rival" cake, "hutzel" bread, "kaffee krantz," "mondel krantz" and saffron bread. Cottage cheese, which they call smearcase, is a favorite dish with these people. Oftimes it is eaten spread on top of a piece of bread that has already been spread with butter and applebutter. A copious meal is prepared for serving after the Amish meetings which last from ten o'clock until after twelve. At Ebersole's it consisted of pies, bread, cake, applebutter, pickles, preserves, boiled ham and coffee, all in great abundance. ("The Amishman"). Elaborate preparations are made for funeral dinners also . . . Sallie Eshelman tells Betsy Shindeldecker about a big funeral and she says: "It was a good funeral but they didn't have enough milk in the mashed potatoes." ("Little and (Unknown"). Thoroughwort tea is a common beverage in these homes; other herbs are also used.

Elsie Singmaster speaks of the singing of these Mennonites. They enjoy singing and do a great deal of it in their homes and in church, all without a musical instrument. A hymn book containing five hundred hymns is printed with differently shaped notes, a triangle for g, a diamond for b, and so forth.

Tobacco is the principal crop in Lancaster County and is raised by Dunkers, Amish and Mennonites. There is very little objection made by these "plain" people to the growing of this crop. But Betsy Shindeldecker shook her head when she looked at the tobacco fields ("Little and Unknown"). And Thomas Bashore says: "I don't believe the Lord will forgive anybody who takes wheat land for tobacco" ("Salt of the Earth"). This was his conviction and was the direct cause of his wife's leaving him, because other crops did not bring enough money to buy for her the comforts and luxuries which other young women enjoyed.

"Big Thursday" gives the reader a very good idea of the Lehigh County Fair. These County Fairs are very popular in the Pennsylvania German communities.

To be Continued

FISCHE GEH

Wann ich nix in der Welt zu duh hett,
Dann gengt ich fer paar Schtunn
Mit Lein un Angel un aldi Gatt
Zu fische in der run.

Ich deet watsche die Wolke schwewe—
Vergesse was die Zeit;
Deet Bilder mache im Himmel bloo
Aus meine Luschtigkeit.

Ich waer freindlich mit de Weidebeem,
Mit Larrich un mit Feld;
Ich deet mei Seel sich schtrecke losse
Weit vun der raue Welt.

Ich glaab des deet ich schur genunk,
Wann ich nix zu duh hett do;
Schtatts muss ich schaffe den ganse Daag—
Sehn nix vun Himmel bloo.

Doch kenn ich Leit mit gaar nix zu duh,
So faul es dutt ne weh;
Sie schleichen rum der gans lieb Daag
Un duhn net fische geh!

Nooch'm Edgar Guest
20 Mai 1940 —RALPH S. FUNK

DIE GERM BISSNISS

Es iss gewiss erschtaunlich, wieviel gscheider die Welt watt alle Daag. Alle Sunnuff kummt en neier Wunner der Weg. Nau do iss die germ Bissniss. Fer alders hot mer nix gewisst vun so Gediere. Germs sin en kreislich Satt Ungeziffer als en rule. Hunsflee un Krautleis sin net naegscht so schlimm. Sie vermehre schnell. Iwwer Nacht kann en unschuldich Paar germs en gans Hausvoll madderliche Yunge rausbriehe. En nidderdrechticher germ, gans allee, kann mehner Deiwelschtreech, Verdruss un Elend ausrichte ass en Maus an re Kwilting-Paerdi.

Der greesscht germ ass ich seilewe gsehne hab, waar em Joe Hobich sei tape Warrem. Er hot en selwer gereest vun yungem uff bis er dreissich Fuss lang waar un so fett ass en Ool. Awwer 's iss net yeder ebber ass afforde kann die germ Bissniss dreiwe zu so re Leng.

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

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Editorials

Peace in Steel for 3 Years

Under terms of the contract arrived at in New York yesterday between the dozen major steel companies of the United States and their employes peace is assured in this important industry for the next three years. This guarantee of peace from strikes and disruption of production has been procured thru increase in wages of 10½ cents per hour during the first year, and additions annually for two years of 9.1 cents, plus a variety of other benefits for which the 650,000 toilers in the industry had contended.

Thus a strike of almost a month's duration will come to an end. Beginning early next week Steel will begin gradual return to operation by this complex industry. It should be a matter of only a few weeks until all the employes are back at their jobs, and, with them, return to employment by the thousands of men, and women, in mining, manufacture and transportation who were idled when the steel mills were chilled.

It is still too early to appraise the far - flung effects which this new contract will have upon industry in general and upon American business as a whole.

Increase in the price of steel is a foregone conclusion. Comparable increase is almost certain to be carried on all along the American business line.

Unfortunate it has been that, for nearly a month, more than half a million persons have been off payrolls in an industry for whose products there is enormous demand, and that their idleness has brought about the idleness of many others.

Now that the strike has been settled, the nation will join with the top negotiators in the wishes which they made yesterday.

Mr. D. and J. McDonald, speaking for the workers, expressed the hope that this is the last time that the steel industry will have been shut down by a strike.

John A. Stevens, speaking for Steel, said Industry does not want "foolish strikes" bur rather productivity and expressed the universal American wish that this new three-year agreement will "be a boon to everyone in the country."

Gestures of Good Will

The meeting of the presidents of 19 American republics in Panama last weekend was principally a talk-fest, centering around President Eisenhower. He was the undoubted lion of the hour and of a celebration of the 130th anniversary of the establishment of the Congress of Panama under the leadership of the Great Liberator, Simon Bolivar.

There were however some interesting side issues and, it is believed, some very important matters which were developed altho they do not show up in any formal pronouncements.

For one thing it is interesting to note that Mr. Eisenhower was the central figure at the sessions, not alone by reason of his headship of the principal nation in the Western Hemisphere but by reason of his personality. There also was high interest by his fellows in his recovery from an operation to the extent that he felt able to take part in the long planned Congress whose sessions had been postponed a few weeks because of his illness.

It could not help but he recalled that in 1826, when Bolivar presided, it was over sessions that did not include a representative from the United States. Transportation being what it was in those days, the Americans arrived in Panama too late for the First Congress of Panama. In these days, with air transportation, it was possible for Mr. Eisenhower and his entourage to reach Panama within a few hours of departure from the White House.

Mr. Eisenhower found opportunity in the course of the visit to do an unprecented act, namely to sign a measure on foreign soil. Under it the United States will finance and build a bridge across the Panama Canal and also increase the annuity to Panama for Canal Zone rights.

The acts were not a complete surprise for a treaty to this effect had been negotiated more than a year ago, but the consummation of it was dramatically carried out right on the scene that is to be benefited —namely Panama.

Originally the annuity to the little republic for the canal rights amounted to $250,000. In recent years it was increased to $430,000. Under the new treaty it is to be $1,930,000. To this the bridge is to be added so that Panamanians who wish to cross the Canal (now possible only by ferries) will be able to go over a modern bridge.

There could not have been more appreciated gestures of friendship by the friendly Colossus of the North on an occasion of amity and good will among all the nations of the Western Hemisphere.

A Lesson from Armenia

Almost ten years ago a group of Armenians who had settled in the United States got the idea that it would be nice to return to and resettle in their native land and that they could there find a better life. Lots of Russian propaganda encouraged them in such thinking.

Their complete disillusionment has just come to light with the receipt by President Eisenhower of a petition in which they ask permission to "return home." They acknowledge that they made a mistake, have paid a great penalty for it and that they have done their American - born children "a great injustice in depriving them of their right to live as Americans."

But for the recent visit of a delegation of Americans to their capital city, Erivan, their plight would still be unknown. Their petition still would be securely locked up behind the iron curtain for it has also become known that for several years they have made fruitless attempts to get in touch with the American Embassy in Moscow.

Upon a number of occasions it has become known that the Soviet is spending a lot of money and is exerting a lot of persuasion upon former nationals — refugees from Communist countries — to return home. In the effort there have been kidnapings and the use of other types of force. The same thing has been going on in European countries. The suspicion is that those who yield to blandishments and go back are propagandized as persons who have been disillusioned in the West and that the Western system is just as bad as they have been telling their people. It is probable however that those removed by force now are in prison or slave labor camps.

All who are being worked on by Soviet agents, and who may be wavering, well may take counsel of the Armenians. They are telling Mr. Eisenhower that instead of a happier life in the land of their birth, they have encountered "all manner of hardships and discrimination" and that they have found neither "freedom nor justice."

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ezra 10:1-8.

Ezra's prayer of confession, accompanied by weeping, was apparently heard by the people, who were much affected by his grief because of the sins of the people. In v. 2, one of the leaders said to Ezra: "We have trespassed against our God, and have taken strange wives of the people of the land; yet now there is hope in Israel concerning this thing. Now therefore let us make a covenant with our God to put away all the wives, and such as are born of them, according to the counsel of my lord (Ezra), and of those that tremble at the commandment of our God; and let it be done according to the law. Arise; for the matter belongeth unto thee; we also will be with thee; be of good courage, and do it'. Then arose Ezra, and the chief priests, the Levites, and all Israel to swear that they should do according to this word. And they sware. Ezra continued to fast and to pray, encouraged by the promise of help from a representative of the people who had been deeply moved by his sincere intercession. He and a leader named Johanan (the original form of our name John) asked that there be a mass meeting held in Jerusalem to discuss the matter of separating from their heathen wives.

Horoscope

Steady, even progress is indicated for you in the months ahead. Gain may come in various ways. A merry, philosophical nature should make today's child popular and successful.

Moroccan medicine shops rent dried cobra skins by the day. They are used as headache remedies. They are wrapped around the brow. For a sore throat, they are wrapped around the neck.

No Pullin'—Busy Eatin'



Congress Four-Way Split

By DAVID LAWRENCE

This was not a "do nothing" Congress. Nor was it a Congress that did a little about everything. It was a Congress in which what failed to be passed was as important an indicator of the real battle going on in America as the measures that did become law.

The real story centers on the four-way split in the political parties of today. It reflects a big tug - of-war between state socialism and the private - enterprise system.



Lawrence

The pressure in the Congress toward government ownership, government control, government subsidy and big-government domination of everything has been revealed as unremitting. Congress will be in adjournment only about five months, and the warfare will then be resumed.

Meanwhile, all the defeats and all the victories are temporary. The advocates of public power who really want to wipe out private utilities in America by extending the TVA scheme to other regions of the country were halted but not beaten. They were balked in their effort to see atomic power for plant use put completely into government hands. They lost out on a public-power project known as Hell's Canyon on the Snake River in Idaho, but they found administration support for construction of public dams on the upper Colorado River.

The administration's position is that government should do what private capital cannot and will not undertake. A Republican bloc considers this an opening wedge for socialism. Another bloc — mostly Democrats — is anxious to push government ownership on every side. They will not be happy till all food stores, all department stores, all retail stores, all steel plants, all factories are owned by the government. A minority block of Democrats is opposed. Most of the Democrats, however, are making the same steady drive toward nationalization of industries as the Socialist party has espoused in Britain, and which now is being repelled by the Conservatives in Parliament.

There are other major issues, of course, on which the division in the parties in Congress is not just between non-radical and radical but, for example, between those who differed on foreign aid. In the vote on the $4.1 billion Appropriation Bill in the Senate this week, 30 Democrats voted for it and 15 against it, while 30 Republicans voted for it and 15 against it. If it hadn't been for President Eisenhower's pressure on the Republicans who held the line for him, the measure would surely have been cut further, this was an acid test.

So it isn't accurate to blame these divisions on an alleged lack of "leadership" by the President. These are the familiar criticisms leveled at him in the propaganda of the Democratic National Committee and its allies. The truth is a bloc in the Democratic party has held the balance of power on many measures. Likewise, a bloc in the Democratic party has kept up a drumfire of criticism at Secretary Dulles as well as at the President. This partisan sabotage has been unduly publicized abroad and has encouraged there a defiance of some of the American government's policies.

A careful examination of the steady stream of speeches — some of them prepared at Democratic campaign headquarters — shows that the Democrats as a party have not made good on their pledge to the people to cooperate with the President on foreign policy, though a few like Sen. George, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, did go along with the executive. In the House Appropriations Committee, the Democrats recently lined up solidly against acceptance of the Eisenhower administration's foreign aid proposals. The Republicans in the committee stood solidly by the President. Yet, in the months to come, much will be heard on the stump to the effect that a Democratic Congress has cooperated with the executive on foreign policy and that the Republicans have not.

So, looking back on the record of the Congress, the only satisfaction that can be derived is that it wasn't worse and that the non-radical forces did hold the radicals at bay on some important measures. The school-construction bill failure has to be charged to the radical bloc of the Democratic party and the Southern bloc who didn't want Federal control of education. The agricultural program was adopted because the "soil bank" idea of the administration — a socialistic experiment — was too "popular "to be blocked by the Democrats. The Democrats succeeded, however, in pushing through the unsound expansion of the Social Security system over the protest of the administration. The "socialistic" features of the public-housing bill were successfully fought by a block of Democrats allied with a bloc of Republicans.

Fine Leadership

There can be no dispute about the remarkable type of leadership in Congress today — Speaker Sam Rayburn and Rep. Joe Martin in the House, and William Knowland and Lyndon Johnson in the Senate. Sen. Knowland, the Republican leader, is one of the outstanding personalities of this era in public life. He handled with finesse and good judgment the many complicated tasks entrusted to him by the White House. Sen. Johnson was masterful in handling his side. The two Senate leaders worked together harmoniously, respecting each other's differences but operating the whole legislative program as efficiently as possible considering the handicap of the four-bloc party system with its temporary coalitions and alliances.

Five months hence the battle resumes. Even if one party controls both the Congress and the White House, the four-bloc system will remain. It's an ideological cleavage. It will not end till the forces seeking confiscation of incomes and property, as well as government mastery of the lives of all citizens, are decisively beaten in an election by the forces that really believe in the basic principles of the Constitution. This means respect for the functions of a Federal government as defined in the tenth article of the Bill of Rights — namely, that all powers not specifically enumerated in the Constitution itself "are reserved to the people" and not to Congress or to the Executive.

(Copyright 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

THE GARDEN WALL

Around his garden he built a wall,
To shut all its splendor in,
But the climbing roses grew straight and tall
And they would not stay within.
The very best of their blooms they grew
On the outer side for the throng to view.

The lilies peeked through the lattice gate
And the vines climbed over the wall;
The loveliest things on that vast estate
Would not be imprisoned at all.
And those who passed on their way to town
Saw wisteria robed in her purple gown.

I talked with a guard as he walked about
And he said, with a knowing grin:
"I can easily keep all the strangers out,
But I can't keep the roses in:
For those madcap blossoms will never stop
Till they've climbed that wall to the very top!"

(Copyright 1956)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRISHDAWGS BALLA: Sis wol noch ordlich weil bis Grishdawg, doch won aenich ebber im marrick sei sot fer Grishdawgs balla — shaina grossa rota Grishdawgs balla, 'm mashinamon Paul Kelchner sei fraw die Miriam fon Neffs, hut dale uf hond. Wos noch mainer is, 's sin louder laedich hame garaisda Grishdawgs balla, un woh ous ihr'm gorda kumma.

Die Miriam hut immer 'n aryer shainer gorda, un gieich'd nix bessers tzu howwa os wie tomats os onner leit net hen. Fersel shick'd sie alla yohr fert fer ihrra tomats blonsa, un wie sie aw widder hut des yohr. Fon woh die tomats bei kumma wissa m'r net, un aw ken nahma. Aenicha waig, des yohr mus ebber sich all'm noh ferhudd'ld howwa in da orta — un ferleicht hut die Miriam aw mohl 'n onnerrie ort brovierra wolla, un hut Grishdawgs balla tomats grick'd.

Aenicha waig, die tomats worra shae om woxa wie sie un der Paul doh kartzlich, etlicha dawg noch Blue Heron Lake worra. Ebs die widdering wor darrich sellie tzeit, odder eb die tomats yusht 'n noshion grick'd hen fer recht arrick awhanka wil niemond wissa. Ow'r wies Pauls hame kumma sin un die Miriam hut mohl nous in ihra tomats shtick gaguck'd, hut sie ihrra aigna auga shier net glawwa kenna. Darta worra ihrra bei g'shickda tomats shteck graiser os wie sei lava, un nunner galawda mit wos g'sheind hut weara tzeiticha tomats os die neshd bol uf 'm budda k'honka hen.

Eb die Miriam gonga is fer 'n karrab fer tomats rubba wissa m'r net — aenicha waig, sie is mohl gonga gucka — un noh huts garobb'ld. Aina waig odder da onner hen die tomats sich gadray'd tzu glawsna Grishdawgs balla, odder ebber mit ra maining fer g'shpass howwa hut die tomats shteck ol bahang'd mit rota Grishdawgs balla. In blotz fon noh tomats rubba hut die Miriam Grishdawgs balla garubb'd, un noh fer die socha ols noch ferdreaslicher mocha, is 'n nochber dawaig kumma un hut gawunnert eb sie tomats tzu ferkaufa het.

Wie fiel Grishdawgs balla os die Miriam garubb'd hut wissa m'r net, ow'r die sawg is, 's het 'n ordlicher haufa gewwa, un woh sie tzailt fer tzu gelt draya. Der Paul hut gamaint sie wotta 'n balla mit yaderra mashine gewwa os sie ferkaufa dada, ow'r die Miriam hut noh g'sawt glei weara die mashina ol fert, un sie hetta ols noch Grishdawgs balla. Ferol os m'r wase, mawgs mohl ains fon da dawga 'n Grishdawgs balla fendu gewwa. Arya socha os sella waig g'shaina imma glaina shteddle won m'r net immer um dawaig is fer sehna wos aw gait.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Heit 'n woch is der dawg woh m'r der Hudson nuf gaima uf 'm shteamer Peter Stuyvesant — un des glawwa m'r gebt mohl ae yohr woh niemond ken uhrsoch hut fer glawga os es boat tzu fol leit weara — da oussicht noh alla weil harberts, ebs boat halver fol wert.

ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

Continued

The idioms of the Pennsylvania Germans in Elsie Singmaster's works are very interesting. When Sarah Wenner was twelve years old she caught her first glimpse of the Normal School. She said to her father, "What is that then?" His reply was, "That is the Normal and if you are good and if you study hard, you dare come here." Jacob Kalb thought Uncle Daniel should take the farm but Sarah said that would be stealing. "ei, Yi!" reproved Aunt Mena. When the children said they did not like Uncle Daniel his rejoinder was: "Like me! What dumb talk! It makes nothing out if they like me or not." (When Sarah Saved the Day. 1909). When William was taking Sarah to the Normal, her Aunt Liza came to the side of the wagon and said: "Here is something for Sarah. I thought while she was going off I would make her a little cake once and a little apple schnitz. She liked always apple schnitz." "Ach, I thank myself," was Sarah's reply. "And now I am not cross over nobody and nobody is cross over me. Ach, I know I am talking dumb again." Sarah was chagrined at school when without thinking she would use expressions such as "Stand up. It belled." (Get up. The bell rang). "Ach, couldn't we fix here up a little." "I am anyhow too dumb for anybody to learn me anything." (When Sarah went to School. 1910).

The following are expressions gleaned from the stories in "Bred in the Bone." "It was so much all the time going on I have not been for two weeks in the church."

Mary—"You don't think he'll do you anything, Pop?"

William—"What could he do me?"

"If you could have once a little patience."

"We want to see you once a little."

"You have right, this is not for nothing."

"It will give a cold day tomorrow."

"Sometimes it seems as though it ought to be a man in every house," but after the dog chased away the antique hunters Tillie said: "He's better than a man. He takes up less room and he can't talk and he'll do as he's told."

"Will you come once in and sit a little while by us?"

"It wonders me, will many be there this morning."

"I would n't like to have church where it smells of sauerkraut and how then can these women cook with people kneeling in the way? As little as I like to roll around (referring to the Holy Rollers) so little would I like to bow down to graven images. It gives those who do that." (Speaking of the Yankees) "They're all shussels (careless) that's what they are. Not outlander would I have. They don't bake, they don't snitz, they don't can, they buy their soap. "Herrs are good people. I believe it gives thousands of Herrs. There was Abbie Herr; her Pop was a Herr, and her Mom was a Herr and she married a Herr." These idioms could be multiplied many times. They are very cleverly used.

In "Katy Gaumer" there are a number of references to superstitions which are common in Pennsylvania German communities. Bevy Schnepp had an abiding faith in pow-wowing, and also in spooks and hexahemeron cats. She has named the squire's dog "Whiskey" so that he could not be bewitched. She planted her cabbage plants in the sign of the Virgin. When trouble threatened she used superstitious rhymes such as,

"Dulix, ix, ux,
Thou comest not over Pontio,
Pontio is over pilato."

When Katy spilled the salt Betsy thought that would put a hex on everything. When the chicken wouldn't "get," Bevy carried the pan three times around the house and then it "did fine" for her. She also said that it brought bad luck to use black pins on white material or to sew when the clock is striking twelve.

In the same novel the "Belsnickel" is mentioned. He is a "masked, fur-clad creature, the St. Nicholas with a pelt, who, in Daniel Gaumer's day, had brought cakes for good children and switches for the "nixnutzige' (mischievous)." There is also a short story entitled "The Belsnickel."

Perhaps the superstition which attracts our attention most is the belief in pow-wowing. This is mentioned in a number of stories but the story "Bred in the Bone" is entirely upon pow-wowing. Lydia Reinecker is called in the middle of the night to go for the pow-wow doctor to "cure" for her mother's erysipelas. It is snowing, and as she must go with the horse and small covered wagon, it takes her two hours to reach her destination. The pow-wow doctor and her daughter lived in a one room house which had a heap of bed clothes in the corner, a table, two chairs, a stove, and, festooned from the ceiling were ropes of dried herbs. The mother and daughter are repulsive to Lydia who shudders when the daughter says that she will ride on the seat beside her. Breakfast is ready for the women when they arrive at Lydia's home. They eat wolfishly with their fingers. The "doctor" is fifty years old but appears eighty, is haggard, toothless and feeble. When she is ready to pow-wow she first asks the name of her patient. Then she draws from her pocket a black string, which had once been red, and lays it around the inflamed portion. Then she says: "Begone, wild-fire! I charge thee, begone!" She mentions the name of the Trinity three times and each time repeats the same words. Then she carried a pan of live coals around the bed three times, mumbling as she walks. The mother is better the next morning and of course Lydia thinks it is the pow-wowing that has helped her.

The old pow-wow doctor dies but the daughter has her gift. She has moved to Lanesville (in all probability Lancaster). In the meantime Lydia has been married and has one child who is sick. He is nine months old and weighs only twelve pounds. He has the "taking-off." Lydia takes him to the pow-wow doctor and he gets well. Her husband does not believe in pow-wowing and forbids her ever to have anything to do with the pow-wow doctor. Later in life when they have become wealthy and their children have all married and left home, her husband becomes seriously ill. Two nurses are in constant attendance upon him. He is kept very quiet for his heart is very weak. Lydia thinks she is quite fortunate when she gets both nurses out of the house one evening so that she may telephone for the pow-wow doctor, who now lives in a large brick house at the edge of the city. Inside this house are large rooms which have the appearance of stores. It is unlawful for the "doctor" to ask for her pay in money and articles of furniture are given in payment for her services. The "doctor" arrives at Lydia's home at twilight and as three visits were impossible she gives three treatments in one, similar to the treatments for Lydia's mother. During the treatments the patient dies but Lydia does not know it until the nurses return and discover that he is dead. Lydia had heard him make a noise in his throat as if he were awaking while the "doctor" was giving her treatments. Evidently this grotesque apparition in his room in the dim light was too great a shock for his weak heart.

In the autumn of 1928 the attention of the world at large was called to Pennsylvania because of a "Witchcraft Murder" in York County. The Pennsylvania German population was receiving condemnation for their belief in witchcraft and pow-wowing. Elsie Singmaster undertook to champion the cause of her beloved Pennsylvania Germans in an article entitled "Pennsylvania Witch Doctors," which was published in "The World" (N.Y.) December 16, 1928. She first disproves that the murder was due to witchcraft. The people who believe in witchcraft and pow-wowing are for the most part timid folk and not desperadoes. The murderer was a man who had been an inmate of an insane asylum until just a short time before he committed the murder. She points out that all the early settlers in America, in New England as well as in Pennsylvania, brought many superstitions from their mother country. The belief in pow-wowing is perhaps not quite so prevalent as the reports of 1928 would indicate. The pastor of a church in this same community in which the murder was committed said that in his pastorate of ten years he had never before this come into contact with pow-wowing. She has made investigations concerning these beliefs and part of Elsie Singmaster's articles is well worth quoting. "The book so highly valued by Blymer (the murderer) and spoken of with bated breath by many Pennsylvania Germans was compiled at Reading many years ago. It is a smalll volume about three by five inches in size and possibly three-eighths of an inch through, including the covers. Its price is forty-five cents. It is a collection of ludicrous remedies, medical, legal, spiritual, agricultural and what not. Never, indeed, was such an assembly of cures for what ails you.

"Some of the prescriptions and charms are slightly blasphemous, more are simply disgusting. A benediction against worms in the soil runs as follows: 'Peter and Jesus went out upon the fields; they plowed three furrows, and plowed up three worms. The one was white, the one was black and the third was red. Now all the worms are dead, in the name of — this being the sign for the names of the Trinity.

"To cure the tooth-ache you simply cut a small piece of sward before sunrise, 'quite unbeshrewedly,' breathe upon it three times and replace it. To win any and all games you bind the heart of a bat to your arm with a red silken string. To extinguish a fire without water, you write these words upon a plate and throw it into the flame:

SATOR
AREPO
TENET
OPERA
ROTAS

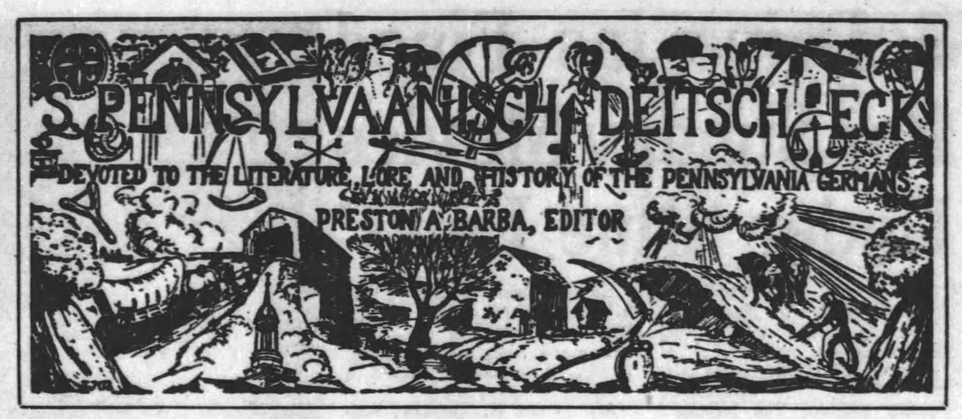
"You feed exactly the same words to the cow if you suspect that she is bewitched. There is still another volume called 'The Seventh Book of Moses,' which is highly regarded. In it the remedies form a small appendix, the bulk of the book being given over to magical formulas from the literature of ancient necromancy. The two volumes form the library of the witch doctors, many of whom, we suspect, would have difficulty in reading them."

She says that it is not difficult to find a witch doctor as newspaper accounts show. While visiting in a prosperous Pennsylvania German city, she expressed a desire to become acquainted with a witch doctor in order to find out for herself, if possible, whether her influence is hypnotical or whether she carried on some "Queer hocus pocus to impress the gullible." She was able to locate one easily and to make an appointment by telephone. She went to the central square of the town and inquired for the car that would take her to Vine Street. The car-starter said, "When the next car comes, get on; the conductor will tell you where to get off." Without a word or sign from her the conductor said, "Up there in the brick house is where she lives." The house she describes is almost identical to the house described in "Bred in the Bone." The "Doctor" came "Bare-footed from a garden at the side, inquired the patient's name and stroked three times the ailing arm, which was in reality sore from too much writing, mumbling meanwhile these words: 'Sanctustorius rex, call the rest. Here the mother of God came to his assistance, reaching out her snow-white hand against the hot and cold brand.' She ended each sentence with the sign of the cross made three times at the base of the thumb and directed a return at twelve o'clock, and at three, it being then nine." This "doctor" was not a Pennsylvania German but a German of recent immigration. She said that she learned the art from an old man whom she paid to teach her. There were nine or ten women in the house who had been treated once and were waiting for the hours of twelve and three. They were willing to talk with Elsie Singmaster after the "'doctor" had left the room. They told her that on any other morning (this being Monday), so many came that there were not chairs enough for all to sit down. It was not only the "plain" people who came for treatment but "high church" people and all others. The charm of the witch doctors may work upon some people's minds the same as other forms of faith healing. Doctors are very much opposed to pow-wowing but our author has knowledge of a noted pow-wower in Pennsylvania, whose father before him was famous, who has a medical degree. He combines his medical treatments and pow-wowing. She says that belief in pow-wowing is not confined to the Pennsylvania Germans alone but probably flourishes more among them because they are so self-centered and isolated from others.

She quotes from an article in the Century magazine, by Dr. James M. Buckley, an authority on this subject, who says that many theologians believe that it is the same superstitious belief which appears in modern spiritualism and is held by a multitude of Christians who believe that it is asserted in the Scriptures. He says that four-fifths of the human race are bound by this superstition. And in this four-fifths are included a majority of the citizens of the United States. He further says that he finds it among the negroes, among the southern whites, among foreign immigrants and even cropping out in some of the most learned sections of New England.

Elsie Singmaster concludes her article with the following: "What is the conclusion of the whole matter? In a moment of impatience one is tempted to say with William Penn of all soothsayers, clairvoyants, diviners, faith - healers, necromancers, astrologers, fortune-tellers, spiritualists, et al, in Pennsylvania and out, 'Let them ride.'" But the matter cannot be so lightly dismissed. There is no danger of our hanging witches, there is no danger of our murdering spell-binders, unless from other motives than fear of them. But ignoble fear of evil influences, refusal to ascribe to natural causes and to co-incidence their inevitable phenomena, and especially unwillingness to use for the healing of disease the remedies of science — all these make a mockery of the national enlightenment of which we are proud. If the tragedy in York County, for which a belief of witchcraft is in fact not responsible, calls attention to its foolishness, some good may result. Among the first to take heed should be those who fear the numbers thirteen, and who follow any boastful or confident statement with a rap on wood" ("Pennsylvania Witch Doctors." The World, New York, December, 16, 1928).

To Be Continued



En Sprichwatt

"Kumm ich heit net, kumm ich maerye"
Wann ich Geld hab, hawwich Saerye,
Wann ich kens hab, duhn ich baerye,
Wann der Schrief kummt, mach ich zu,
Wann der Dod kummt, hawwich Ruh.

— Aus'm John Birmelin seim Schprichwadde Buch

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Editorials

Safer Refrigerators Soon

How many children are going to lose their lives in refrigerators, in which they have hopelessly locked themselves, in the course of the next two years cannot be known. It is one of those matters which are said to be "in the laps of the gods."

But after that time, there is almost absolute certainty that the death toll will be reduced after August 3, 1958, according to a bill passed by Congress and signed by President Eisenhower, it will be illegal to make interstate shipments of any such piece of household equipment if it does not possess doors easily opened from the inside.

Within the two years the manufacturers can be expected to change their designs and incorporate safety devices in their manufactured articles equipment. Since the makers, probably without any exception, dispose of their products thruout the country, they will permit nothing to stand in the way of such interstate business.

In the meantime however all the already manufactured death-traps will continue in operation. There will continue to be people who will discard old pieces of equipment. There will continue to be children who will enter them and either lock themselves in or be locked in them by their playmates.

It is up to an alert public to appreciate the hazards that this equipment offers, whether in or out of use, whether discarded on some junk pile or on some back porch. It is then up to the alert public, whether parents or not, to call the attention of the police to a dangerous condition and have it eliminated.

Even after two years the problem will not be solved. It will simply be eased in that there will be fewer such death traps and therefore fewer opportunities for the kind of tragedy that has saddened so many families and their communities.

Hope Rises for the Circus

Announcement comes from Stroudsburg that the circus which became stranded in that community almost a month ago has secured a new tent to take the place of one that burned in Middletown, Conn., and thereby compounded the organization's woes.

There is suggestion in this action and in the refinancing of what had been known as the King Brothers Circus that historians may not have to chronicle the demise of the American circus as having occurred in the summer of 1956. New life blood has been pumped into the concern now known as Maley's Three-Ring Circus.

More important upon the American scene, because it had become a national institution, is the Ringling Brothers — Barnum & Bailey Circus, and the fair prospect that, while it is now lying in a coma in winter quarters in Sarasota, Fla., it may be completely revived for next season.

The Billboard — mouthpiece of the American entertainment business — recently printed a story that minority stockholders in what for years had been termed very properly "The Greatest Show on Earth" are going to take action for the institution's revival, if they can get control of it.

In this action there is evidence of a family fight, or misunderstanding, about the management of the great show and what management mistakenly has done to spoil the old-time type of circus.

The minority stockholders hold 49 per cent of the company and therefore are known as the Forty-Niners. While legal action has not been begun, it is indicated that if and when it is done there will be some very strong pressures to restore the old-time show, principally by bringing back to it the management and the brains that made the show. These men were fired by the 51 per cent interest, in favor of Broadway and Hollywood people.

Among Allentown circus fans it has long been known and regretted that the old-time circus men were being dumped one by one and that new people, with entirely different ideas of showmanship, were being brought in to take their places.

Like any other business, the circus cannot be operated without brains. For the circus the brains must be those of specialists in this field. The 51 per cent interest, represented by John Ringling North, has been prodigal in throwing away circus brain and substituting Hollywood glamor and Broadway tinsel. Undoubtedly this wrecked the morale of the show.

It will be remembered that when the show moved out of New York into Boston it was followed by a host of performers who had gone on strike and operated their own show parallel with that of Mr. Ringling in the Bean City.

Much of what had been fundamental in circus business went out the window. Then circus business waned to the point that its tents were folded silently and like the Arabs in the poem as silently stole away to Sarasota from Pittsburgh where its last show was given.

The minority stockholders want the circus to be put back in the hands of people who know how to run a circus as the American people are believed to want a circus to operate. They do not agree with Mr. North that it can be an exclusively indoor exhibition but that it is one for the outdoors in a tented city.

It is not to be overlooked in this connection that one considerable American circus, Hunt Brothers, has been going steadily for 63 years and on its annual trip north from Florida to Maine is doing good business. It is said of this show that it maintains the old traditions, including the pre-performance parade, has no tawdry sideshow, abus gambling and shell games and gives a part of each day's receipts to some local charity.

There may be in this some ingredients for a formula to revive and keep alive The Greatest Show on Earth.

Summer Vacation?



Why Ike Is Running

By DAVID LAWRENCE

There are some people who claim to love Ike so much that they aren't going to vote for him because they hope he will then live longer. Then there are those who are going to vote for Ike but somehow feel he has served his country well and merits a rest.

Perhaps the best answer to all this solicitude came from the lips of Eisenhower himself at his press conference of last Wednesday.

The President was told by one of the newsmen that around Gettysburg many of his neighbors were saying they would vote for him but they wished he wouldn't run because they feel he has done enough, and they are afraid he will not live another four years. Here was Eisenhower's comment as officially recorded:

"Well, sir, I would tell you, frankly, I don't think it is too important to the individual how his end comes, and certainly he can't dictate the time. What we are talking about here is the importance to the country, and it happens that at this moment the Republican party apparently thinks I am still important to them and to the country. And since I believe so much in the Republican party, and I believe that it needed rebuilding so badly — an effort which I have been making, as you well know — I said I would continue to try.

"But this is a decision that the American people are going to have to face. I am flattered by what you tell me about my friends and neighbors at Gettysburg, but I have made up my mind this is the thing I should try, and we will see what the American people have to say about it."

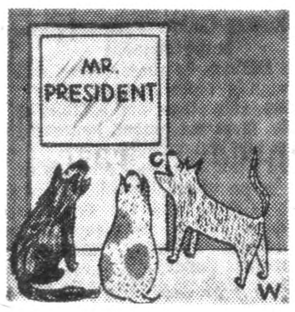
Masterful

The foregoing is a masterful statement of a soldier's point of view. His life is dedicated to service. As long as he can be helpful to his country, he keeps on taking risks. It is for the greater authority — the people — to say whether he shall or shall not have the opportunity for further service.

Members of the Cabinet who have talked intimately with Eisenhower about his philosophy say the prinicpal reason for his desire to serve on is a belief that he can do something constructive toward world peace. He is convinced that this is a critical time in world affairs and that as a soldier he must not think of risks to himself but of the cause that can be of the largest benefit to mankind.

The President's comments, moreover, disclose something else — he has not been forced into a decision by the politicians. He wants to run because he thinks he can be useful to his country.

Nothing could be more depressing than to read of the bad taste of two British newspapers in recent weeks. Under date of July 24, the United Press reported that the "London News-



Chronicle" said that "if the suspicions were ever proved well-founded that a great political party was ready for its own ends to hound this man (Eisenhower) beyond physical endurance, it could never be forgiven."

The Socialist newspaper, "Daily Herald," of London said bluntly: "The effort may well kill Ike. If it does, we who like him — and all Americans — will curse the Republican party. If Ike is President again, it's a near certainty that his stablemate, the unspeakable Richard Nixon, will finish off his term. The truth is that Ike is in no state to run again as President."

To understand the foregoing, it is necessary to note that these British papers reflect a fear that a conservative Republican regime in Washington will not be as generous as the Eisenhower administration in providing foreign-aid funds — and Nixon is supposed to be on the non-giving side. Stevenson is really the favorite in Europe.

The British newspapers in question might well have taken to heart what a weekly periodical, the "London Economist," of July 21 reported from Washington: "Mr. Eisenhower's first reason is the same as that which kept Sir Winston Churchill so long in office. It is the sincere conviction that because he provides a personal link with the wartime spirit, he can, if given time, make some great stroke for peace."

Printed Nothing

One wonders why these same British newspapers, which were so considerate in the case of Sir Winston Churchill's illness, cannot give equal courtesy to the President of the United States. From June 27, 1953, when the Prime Minister suffered a paralytic stroke, until he himself announced that fact on March 2, 1955, in the House of Commons after he had convalesced, the British press printed nothing about it — a period of more than a year and a half.

The illness, Churchill revealed, had interfered with a trip he had intended to make to Washington after Stalin's death to arrange for a four-power conference. It was a time when he had to suspend much of his official activity.

What Eisenhower said this week ought to be published widely in Britain — for he isn't being "hounded" by anybody. He himself wants to run. He is appreciative of the chance to serve his country — and he knows his own mind. It's the same mind which commanded the large allied force that helped to save England in the last war and one that deserves better treatment from those newspapers in Britain.

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ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS
Continued

The appeal of Elsie Singmaster's novels is due largely to her style. It is difficult to describe its charm. It is smooth, flowing, and is not marked by any extravagant phrasing. Its clearness grows more marked with each of her works. "She is an exceedingly healthful influence in American fiction. She leaves us an example of beautiful, deft workmanship, and of appeal without sensationalism." (Dorothea Lawrence Mann, State Journal, Columbus, Ohio, April 26, 1926). Each novel she writes shows an advance in originality and workmanship. The quality of her prose is straight-forward and simple. There is never any suggestion of vulgarity or of cheapness in her writings.

The foregoing statements concerning her style apply to her very first novels as well as to the later ones. "Katy Gaumer" is natural and simple. It is vigorous in the expression of the healthful normal life portrayed and is a worthwhile contribution to the best type of fiction. In the clear, straight - forward style of depicting her characters, she is unique. "Basil Everman" is carefully and skillfully written. It shows a restraint and finish far different from the usual hasty, slip-shod compositions of so many writers of contemporary fiction. It is artistic and exhibits a high degree of workmanship. The care and dignity with which it is told gives it distinction. It is a quietly truthful picture of the life of people in a college town whom the author makes interesting to us by combining a keen sense of humor and the knowledge of how to develop a situation and bring it to an unexpected issue. These qualities have been exhibited in her short stories previous to this, and are more fully developed in this agreeable novel.

"Ellen Levis," the novel that has proved to be the least popular, was considered by many critics to be an advance on "Basil Everman," both in power and workmanship. It was considered her strongest novel written up to this time. Its lack of popularity can hardly be attributed to its style for it is distinctive in style. The action shifts from one group of characters to another but this fault is rather common among our greatest novelists. It is probably rather solidly and conscientiously written, but it has an elastic style, a certain freedom and freshness of view, and much quiet humor. The observations are so definite and sometimes so rich that the stiffness of the construction is forgotten.

"Bennett Malin" shows a clear advance over "Ellen Levis" as to the author's competence. It exhibits the same careful style, the quiet humor, and the same freshness of imagery as her other novels. Isabel Paterson says: "It is pleasant to come across a tale so well thought out and soundly balanced as this, in an era of literary incoherence and sloppiness." (Isabel Paterson, New York Tribune. June 18, 1922).

"The Hidden Road" ranks high as a well-written, genuine work of art. It was considered one of the best novels of the year. Readers of Elsie Singmasters' novels have learned to expect sincerity in style and a substantial narrative rather than a brilliantly executed story, and this novel does not disappoint the readers. It maintains all her former standards of style. The theme itself carries a certain amount of interest which is greatly increased because of the author's art as a novelist. Again we find restraint in the writing, for the most part, evidently that there may be no excesses of style or action. This causes the novel to be an extremely natural genre study. There is also excellent work both in description and in the acute study of character and temperament.

"Keller's Anna Ruth" possesses the quiet skill exhibited in all of Elsie Singmaster's novels. We find in it the careful reticence of style, the strength and delicacy of construction characteristic of the author. There are no dramatic scenes but there are many moments of pathos and tragedy. All these situations are told with delicacy and not too much excitement.

"What Everybody Wanted" is a radical departure from Elsie Singmaster's former style. This book is a social comedy. It is a modest and polite satire. The story has little depth but it has charm and interest above the usual because of the artistic way in which it is told. There is a keen sense of humor throughout the story. "The encouraging thing about Miss Singmaster's writing," says one critic, "is that she does not mumble or maunder, indulge in the diffuse autobiographical reminiscences so much in vogue, but marshals her materials swiftly, paints up each scene and speech and gets all she can out of them without turning them over and over and inside out." (Times. Hammond, Indiana. Sept. 28, 1928). She is very effective in presenting all her material whether of the lighter vein, as this last novel, or the more sombre material of her other novels.

Elsie Singmaster's juvenile books contain the same careful workmanship, the same strict and ordered style, and the same deep understanding of human nature that have made "Basil Everman" and "The Hidden Road" such popular books. She does not theorize about what young people should read but she thinks that books should not be made too simple for them.

"When Sarah Saved the Day" and "When Sarah Went to School" have a strength and originality that will make the reader remember them. Probably no story has been written with more exquisite workmanship nor one more touching than "Emmeline." The pathetic and interesting story of "The Long Journey" is told simply and eloquently. "John Baring's House" is written in the same simple and straightforward style. "A Boy at Gettysburg" and "Sewing Susie" have vigor and distinction. Her histories have the same simple style as that of her other books. "The Constitution" is especially noteworthy for its simplicity and clarity.

The author exercises the same care in writing her short stories. Concerning the stories in the volume entitled "Gettysburg" one critic says: "Elsie Singmaster writes with a restraint and a sense of fitness in mood and work which keeps her clear of exuberance and sentiment with which our magazine fiction is wont to 'exploit' similar material." (Nation. June 26, 1913). Of the volume of short stories, "Bred in the Bone" the New York Sun says: "Elemental truth and purity being the quintessence of their (Mennonites) humble lives, it is in keeping that Miss Singmaster's little fiction dramas should be quiet, prosaic creations, rising occasionally to emotional intensity, but seldom to so crucial a pitch as permanently to alter the lives of those affected." (New York Sun. November 21, 1925).

6. Spirit.

The spirit of Elsie Singmaster's novels clearly reflects her life and character. She writes as she lives and acts. She appeals greatly to the reader's emotions but it is an appeal to the better emotions. Her style exhibits a self-restraint in the emotional appeals. She does not exaggerate her characters or situations, but the life pictured in her books and stories is so real that it is sometimes difficult to realize that it is fiction. After reading "Katy Gaumer" one cannot help but sympathize with all the characters. They are types of people who command our sympathy in real life. We cannot forget that Phebe Stannard has many counterparts among the young folks about us. The same is true of almost all her characters in her novels and stories.

Elsie Singmaster's attractive personality is revealed in her writings. J. K. Singleton evidently observed this when he read "The Hidden Road" for he says in his criticism, "If I had a motherless daughter, say sixteen or seventeen years old, I'd give a good deal to know that she might count on a friend as kind and as wise as the author of this book." (J. K. Singleton. New Republic. June 27, 1923).

One sentiment which runs through her books is sympathy and regard for elderly people. This is expressed through the younger characters in her books and stories. It is prevalent not only in her juvenile stories but in practically all of her novels. There is a kindly feeling exhibited toward all her characters. None are altogether bad. Even Keller, Utterly, and other unlovable characters have some good qualities.

There is nothing positively gloomy in these novels, neither is there a silver lining to every cloud. They are all based upon some universal principle or principles which the characters in their environment work out or demonstrate. This principle could probably be called the moral of the story but Elsie Singmaster never preaches in her novels. If these principles are morals they are never thrust upon us but the characters express them. Some critics object to this moral tone in her novels. It is true that we do not find a great deal of it in the present day novels but, nevertheless, there are many people who shape their lives according to a common moral code and it is morality of this sort which is expressed in these novels.

We feel that Elsie Singmaster insists that her characters conform to certain moral laws and religious principles. "Bennett Malin" stresses the religious idea more than any other of her books. These ideas are considered old-fashioned by some critics, and because of this "Bennett Malin" has received some unfavorable criticism. We might enumerate many of the fine characteristics of Elsie Singmaster which are revealed in her books, but suffice it to say that her view of life is tonic, not cynical or gloomy. She has a broad-minded, deeply conscientious personality, and she expresses all these qualities in the spirit of her novels.

To be Concluded

DER SUMMER

Die Sunn iss hoch, die Daagge lang,
Un arrig grooss die Hitz;
Sin dunkle Wolke himmelwatts,
Gebt's Regge, Dunner, Blitz.

Wann als en guder Regge kummt,
Des wessert gut die Aerd;
Neehrt all Gewex im Blansereich,
Waxt Frucht un alle Graut.

Un wann die Frucht all zeidich iss,
Noh kummt der Schnidder bei;
Un sammelt alles uffem Feld,
Faahrt's in die Scheier nei.

Die Daagge warre katzer nau,
Un kiehler iss die Sunn;
Nau kumme ball die Reife aa,
Noh iss der Summer rum.

—D. GEO. KNECHT

NOOCH DER AERN

Mit dem ass der Wind nau iwwer die Hawwerschtobble blost un die Nachte warre kiehl, zu kiehl fer allee schlofe, fangt der Bauer aa kansiddere, wie er schteht. Wie waare die Krapps?

So viel Acker hot er drauss ghatt in Weeze, so viel in Kann, so viel in Hawwer, un so weider. Wie guckt's nooch der Aern? Loss uns emol arnschtlich driwwer denke.

Paar Woche zerick, datt vun der Scheier drauss, waar en Feld Weeze. Des hot leibhaftig geguckt wie en gross Schtick Budderbrod, so geel ass Gold. Datt waar en Feld Kann, wu die Wolke ihre Schadde druff gschmisse hen, un alle Wind ass driwwer iss, hot der Schadde gschockelt hie un haer, wie en Schiff uff em See. Un der Hawwer, wie en groosser greenback frisch aus der Benk, was hot er doch die Geelsucht grickt, wie die Sunn die annere Felder vergolde hot!

Bei daere Zeit sin die Felder blott gschore, mit nix ass schdruwweliche Schtrohschtobble ihre Nackichkeet verschdeckle, awwer em Bauer sei Scheier iss die Mahlkischt vun der Welt bis widder en Aern kummt.

Un des iss net all. Es schteht noch uff alle Hiwwel, un alsemol drunne im Deich, en groossi Aern Welschkann. Des watt der Keenich vun de Bauere Krapps gheesse. Was hebt er sei Taasle so hoch! Was en langbeenicher, feigebauter Keenich, ei, er schteht hoch iwwer der Poschdefens, un sei Bels reecht noch em Himmel.

Sei Seck schtehne naus, gschtofft mit runde Knibbel mit goldne Knepp drum rum, verschteckelt in Seide. Datt schteht er, wie en frischer, yunger Soldaat, so schtracks ass en Schnur. Roi uff Roi, Regiment uff Regiment, Felder un Felder voll Welschkann, all mit goldne Knibbel in de Seck fer Hungersnot aus em Land halde.

Un datt gschwische de Roie — beguck yuscht emol selli groosse, runde Budderballe! Datt sin scheene, geele Karrebse, dick voll ungeborne custards. Was en Luscht, was en Freed!

Un's neegscht kummt es Buchweeze Feld. Iwwerwennich iss es gfleckt mit kleene weisse Blumme un guckt leibhafdich wie'n Summer Schnee gans iwwers Feld. Do duhne die Ieme sich uffdrenke mit Hunnich un drehe die Saft vun de Blumme zu Goldwasser.

'Es scheint die Nadur iss immer am Gold Mache. Die Polly saagt, wie Gott die Aerd erschaffe hot, hot er en goldner Boss ins Haz vun de Blumme. Un nau, wann der Bauer sei Saame naus dutt, dreht alles zu Gold.

Wie die Frucht uffkummt, gekisst bei Regge un Sunn, fange die Felder aa glanse. Ken Haus in der Schtadt, mit gepallischte floors un deiere Pickters rum henke, iss neegscht so schee.

Die Bauerei iss en mechtich Palascht im Summer. Alle Feld iss en Schtubb. Do iss em Bauer sei parlor, mit griene Axminster un Wilton caerpets uff em Floor un frische rode Gleeblumme drin rum. Datt iss en Schtubb bedeckt mit Gold, un do eens belegt mit Silwer. Die Blumme sin sei Pickters, graad wie Gott sie aagschtriche hot. Un drunne in der Wiss, wu die Baddriesle peife, un do am Haus wu sei Welbli singt, heert er Musick ass diefer ins Haz reecht ass mer heere kann in der Schtadt.

So, wann der Wind iwwer die Hawwe schtobble blost, un er bedracht wu er schteht, saagt er: "Mir danke dir, liewer Vadder im Himmel!"

—Der Solly Hulsbuck
(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WELSHKERN IN MEXICO:

Dale leit hen shun bahabt welshkern, odder wies aw alsa mohl k'haisa wert, "maize" het sei awfong kot in Mexico. Wie sel is wissa m'r net, ow'r fon wos m'r g'sehna un k'hoert hen die weil os m'r dart drunna worra 'n mohnet tzurick, is welshkern ains fon da habta socha os garais'd wert uf da bauerreia. Un won m'r secht bauerreia, noh maint m'r net yusht shae ava lond, ow'r aw hivla un barya bei da hilly un filly.

Wie in da welt os sie on da shebba barya nuf kumma fer ihrra welshkern blonsa wissa m'r net — unser fuhrmon hut g'sawt, sie dada 's welshkern in flinta lawda, un roya weiss in der grond sheesa. Ow'r 's lond mus aw ol rum gamocht sei fer blonsa, un sellie arwet wert fon hond g'shoft. M'r hen naryads ken Mexigawner sehna shtarrick shoffa, ow'r sie sin drous in da felder mit grubhocka un shibba, un shtarra der grund rum da beshda waig os sie kenna. Un sie shtarra aw net yusht im grund rum, ow'r wenich welshkern felder hen graws odder ungrout — on monicha bletz hut m'r gonsa familia g'sehna drous in da welshkern felder om grawsa un ungrout rubba.

Welshkern is tzu finna fon aim end fon Mexico bis ons onner. Ferleicht mawg 'n welshkern feld yusht paar hunnerd foos eckich sei, odder 's mawg gae so weit os m'r sehna kon. Unnershittlicha gagenda hen unnershittlicha waiga, ow'r alla blotz mawg m'r sei woh m'r wil, hen sie feshter owwer ewwa fiesta, in ehr tzum welshkern. Sie hen 'n fiesta wons welshkern gablonst wert, darrich der summer fers om woxa halta, un so aw shpote yohrs won die arn kumt. Un die feeshter, odder ewwa fiesta, werra net yusht k'halta uf 'm grund wohs welshkern onna gablonst wert, ow'r aw so gore in ihrra kerricha. Ken Mexigawner bauer so wies uns fertzailt is werra, dade denka fer sei welshkern arnda mit ous dale dafon noch da kerrich nemma fer donk sawga tzu seim Gott fers welshkern woxa lossa.

Welshkern is ains fon da habta socha os die ohrma Mexigawner essa. Tzeit wor woh yader familia sei aigner maul shtae kotta hut fers welshkern fon hond tzu male draya. Fiel bahelfa sich ols noch da sama waig, ow'r onnerra widder hen ous g'funna fon meala os m'r fon hond dray'd, un woh die leit now ihrra welshkern onna nemma fers maula lossa. Kinner sehna lawfa mit kessel foe welshkern wor gons gute bakont, un woh ol uf 'm waig worra fer aryads onna gae 's welshkern maula lossa, wie aw ols die nochberra tzu uns kumma sin wie m'r 'n grutzer worra, fer welshkern grease maula, uf da glaina maul meal woh der Grampap kauft hut kot.

Die welshkern shtangel werra gayus'd fer heiser bauam, un die bladder fer 'n hunnerd un ae socha. So gore 's bleat fon da welshkern shteck hut sei nutza in Mexico, uns bosh'd woh die kolva drin worra gebt glaider, shpiel socha, odder wert uf g'shoft tzu rugs fer druf shlofa. Fon ol da blonsa os woxa in Mexico, nix is haicher gaeshdamiert, os wie welshkern.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

On aim blotz hen etlicha in da drup, 'n welshkern feld g'sehna hoch drowwa omma barrick, gablonst os wie 'n grosskreitz.

Ohrm un dreckich wie fiel fon da londs Mexigawner sin, Grisndendum maint 'n lot tzu na — won sie aw net laisa un schreiva kenna.

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.

Teenage Prayers to Parents

To The Editor:

The Ten Commandments of the Bible have been very effective in the majority of our lives, and I thought perhaps the Teenage Prayers to Parents listed below might be an appropriate article for all parents to take stock of themselves and find out just how much they know about their children.

I am the mother of a teenaged daughter and these are our commandments:

1. Don't let your children raise you — parents are to raise the children.
2. Go to church or Sunday school with your children. Just don't shove them out the door like a herd of cattle.
3. Set a definite time, according to age, when your children must be home — then stick to it.
4. Take plenty of time to listen to your children's problems regardless of how trivial they may seem.
5. Children of all ages need plenty of love and understanding. Harsh words or severe punishment never solved any problem.
6. Have your children's friends come to the house. Don't let them congregate on street corners.
7. Know where your children are when they are away from home. Don't sit back and ask yourself, "Do I know where my child is tonight?"
8. Friends are important to all children. Be sure they pick the right ones — parents have good judgment.
9. Give your children a sense of security. Keep them free from danger and fear.
10. If your child drives impress upon him to slow down. An excessive rate of speed or taking chances is a sure way of inviting the undertaker.

Very truly yours
M. Zimmerman
Allentown

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The head of a Wall Street brokerage firm observed, "When I stroll through the typing department, it's like a piece of uranium approaching a battery of Geiger counters. The closer I get to those girls, the faster they click!"

Dick Harrington knows one of those fussbudgets who's always making mountains out of molehills — and when he makes a mistake, of course, it's a butte.

Harry Lang tells about two overweight hypocondriacs (they had been exceeding the feed-limit) who sat down for a nice, long hurt-to-hurt talk.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 2:13-20

Up to the time that Nehemiah had made his night-time ride on mule-back around Jerusalem to survey the dilapidated walls of the city, he had not told the rulers, not even the Jews themselves, what his purpose was in coming back home from Persia. But, having made his survey, he told them (vs. 17-18) that he realized the distressing conditions under which they were living, that the city was a waste, and that even the gates of the city wall had been burned with fire. He then proposed that they build the wall, so that they should no longer be a reproach to the people round about them. What interested the people most was Nehemiah's account of how God had prospered his plan and his purpose, especially in that He moved the King's heart to grant him the furlough he had requested to visit the land of his fathers and to rehabilitate the devastated city of Jerusalem. This so inspired the people that they exclaimed: 'Let us rise up and build.' When the leaders of the enemy heard of this proposal, they laughed them to scorn, charging them with rebellion against the King. But Nehemiah defied them in the name of his God.

Horoscope

This may be a year of changes, so avoid quarrels and cultivate goodwill, and much good is likely to eventuate. Today's child may be good-hearted and sincere, with some dramatic or musical talent.

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Editorials

Dutch to Go A-Visiting

Announcement from the Pennsylvania Dutch Folk Center in Bethel that it will sponsor and direct a tour of localites to Canada, beginning in Kutztown on the 22nd, calls attention again to the likelihood of exchange visits of Pennsylvania Dutchmen of Allentown and vicinity with Pennsylvania Dutch of Kitchener, Ontario. This exchange is planned for 1957.

The Dutch who will be leaving Kutztown have offered as a highlight of an entirely interesting trip a visit to the community of Lunenburg, just a few miles from Halifax. As the Morning Call's Phil Storch learned during recent visit to that city and to Lunenburg, the people of the latter community have a deep affection for the Pennsylvania Dutch country and its people. They speak much as we do, farm as we do and in many respects show that the present generation has not fallen far from the ancestral Pennsylvania Dutch tree.

Somewhat similar is the Pennsylvania Dutch settlement in Kitchener whose name was changed during World War I from its original title, Berlin. That community was settled by Pennsylvania Mennonites. The religious character of this people and their agriculture distinguish the community to this day.

Within recent weeks the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of that city visited this section of the state in order to plan sightseeing trips by his people early next year. At the same time there is expectation that tours will be arranged from this section of the State to Kitchener and the many intervening points of interest that will please tourists.

Such reciprocal goodwill trips across our nations' common border cannot help being wholesome and informative for all concerned.

Great Loss for Phoebe Home

The death in Bedford on Tuesday of Rev. Sidney S. Smith after a traffic accident on the nearby Pennsylvania Turnpike shocked and saddened many, especially the community of Northampton to whose people he ministered for more than a score of years prior to his appointment in 1953 to the superintendency of the Phoebe Home in this city.

His loss will be seriously felt by the local institution and its large number of guests who had come to love this capable and sympathetic administrator of the affairs of their home. His loss will be felt especially by the board of trustees which three years ago, upon the retirement of Rev. Dr. Franklin H. Moyer, was happy to find an ideal successor right at home here in St. Paul's charge, Northampton.

It was a most promising appointment for Rev. Smith had been the superintendent of another of the Reformed Church's institutions—the George W. and Agnes Hoffman Orphans Home in Littlestown, Pa.—early in his ministerial career. He had made a most favorable name for himself in that administrative capacity. He was a natural appointment when vacancy developed in the superintendency of the Phoebe Home.

Already in his brief tenure of the local institution great progress had been made under his vigorous hand and the Home has expanded its usefulness and extended its vision for the care of more and more aged folks.

Inspiring leadership like that which Rev. Smith brought to the Phoebe Home cannot readily and certainly be replaced. A great void has been created and it will be difficult to fill.

This will be especially true as to the host of friendships which this personable man made during a brief pastorate in Palmerton, his longer pastorate in Northampton and then the recent and comparatively brief service among the large family that is the population of the Phoebe Home, its trustees, officers and closest friends.

Mr. Truman as 'King-Maker'

Like the Earl of Warwick, who in the 15th century in England was known as "the king-maker," ex-President Harry S. Truman has marched upon the scene in Chicago and the American people today await his word as to the man who is to be accorded the Presidential nomination by the Democratic Party.

If the jaunty and cocky first citizen of Independence, Mo., were only 62 instead of 72 there would be no question as to the nominee or of his willingness to take up the fight that he loves to wage. In fact, there are those who still believe that he could and might stampede a convention in his own favor if his fighting blood were roused sufficiently and he were to give the go-ahead sign to a victory-hungry convention.

Under the importunings of the army of newsmen already on the scene and the sponsors of the leading candidates for the Presidential nomination, Mr. Truman has promised to keep no one waiting very long. At 4:40 this afternoon he will announce whom he favors for the nomination. In the present situation the candidate who gets his nod can be expected to sweep the convention.

Without any question Mr. Truman is his party's leader and most powerful political figure. As he nods, so the Democratic convention is almost certain to go next week not only as to candidates but as to platform and program for the conduct of the coming election.

He is the party's leading "elder statesman," whether he likes the title or not. He is the "king-maker" if he chooses to wield his power and exert his powerful personality. He has indicated that he expects to do this very thing in the convention next week. He will not keep the American people in the dark until then. He will leave them know today.

The Poet of the People

LITTLE BIG LEAGUER

"I like that little player," said
the manager one day.
"He's always working for the
team, with not a word to
say.
He's playing baseball all the
time; it's plain he's out to
win.
He always does the best he can
to bring the runners in.
But if the pitcher strikes him
out, he never comes to me
To make excuses, saying that
the umpire couldn't see.

"He makes a lot of errors, but I
notice in his work
He gets a lot of hot ones that
the other fellows shirk;
And if he drops a liner or he
boots the ball around,
He never says a pebble gave
the ball an ugly bound.
He simply does the best he can
and every chance he takes,
But when he fails, excuses for
his faults he never makes.

"It may be there are players
far more wonderful than he,
But that faithful little worker's
plenty good enough for me.
He knows he's there to get them
and he knows the dangers,
too,
And ugly bounds will happen,
he's experienced a few;
And when he makes an error he
keenly feels the shame,
But he never makes excuses—
never tries to shift the
blame."

Ah, life is baseball, after all,
and often we are prone
To try to shift on other men the
fault that is our own;
And unexpected obstacles in life
are often found,
And there are times when easy
things will take an ugly
bound.
If you are out to win in life,
just do the best you can
And when you make an error,
face the music like a man.

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Factographs

Stone tools found in the Yukon form a cultural link between ancient tribes of Siberia and the Indians of the American southwest.

About 90 per cent of all American home accidents strike people who live in separate, private homes.

The weird dragon tree of Spain's Canary islands sometimes reaches 50 feet in circumference.

The National Cathedral in Washington, D. C., is the first large Gothic cathedral to be built since the 14th Century.

Napoleon, certain he would conquer England, had a bronze medal cast to commemorate the event.

For its size, the kiwi bird of New Zealand lays the largest egg known. A four-pound bird may lay a one-pound egg.

History records that Herodotus gave author's readings in Athens about 446 BC.

Belshazzar was the king of Babylon, 590-539 B.C.

O'Course We Need Workers—



Season of Double-Talk

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The season of double-talk is on. It's a time when politicians say what they don't mean and never say what they do mean.

If anybody had predicted a few months ago that the great at its national convention would be hesitating to endorse or approve in specific terms in its platform the Supreme Court's decision on segregation, he would certainly have been regarded as a poor prophet.


Lawrence

Yet this very week the weasel words are being beamed from Chicago to the Southland and back. The professional politicians among the Democrats from the South were amazed to read that Adlai Stevenson, in an impromptu interview, said the Supreme Court's decision should be endorsed. Immediately his managers disavowed any attempt to "dictate" to the platform committee and said that any "compromise" plank adopted would meet with his approval.

A subcommittee of compromise - writers from among Democratic senators and representatives, especially equipped with the best synonyms and euphemisms in the dictionaries of modern politics, will try to draft phrases which will keep the Negro vote in the Democratic column in Northern cities and at the same time avoid estranging the whites who normally vote Democratic in the South.

This is quite an assignment. But it will be accomplished. There will be oratorical outbursts from both sides at the convention and the whole "civil rights" controversy will be rehashed. Gov. Harriman will be paraded as the staunch supporter of "civil rights," while Adlai Stevenson will be portrayed as a wobbling "moderationist."

Yet this is about the only issue that separates the two leading contenders. The public has not been given any clear difference between their points of view on other issues, if indeed there are any other differences.

It looks now as if Harry Truman will cast his influence toward the candidate he finds out ahead of time is sure to get the nomination. That's normal behavior for a professional. It's no secret that Truman dosen't want Stevenson renominated but will nevertheless campaign vigorously for him if he is chosen. The former President likes Gov. Harriman and is beholden to him for extensive campaign contributions, especially in 1948 when he needed them badly. But there are stories that Truman hasn't dismissed the possibility of a deadlock out of which might emerge his friend, Sen. Symington, as a compromise.

The political facts today show that Stevenson has the edge and isn't going to be sidetracked. The Harriman vote will go to Stevenson instead of to Symington if it is apparent that the New York governor can't win.

The public thinks, of course, that the nomination is really going to be contested for by rival delegations. Actually "rival bosses" would be a more accurate description of the true contestants. About a dozen men control the votes of enough states to win a Presidential nomination for their favorite candidate. It has been that way in most national conventions of both political parties for a long while.

Can Rebel

The only time the rank and file of voters come into the picture is after the conventions have been held. If the Chicago meeting results in a platform plank which offends the South, it can be taken for granted that there will be a split in the November voting.

A "walkout" of Southern delegations is not likely to occur at the convention unless some flagrant offense to the Southern Democrats is committed. With the experience of the revolt in the 1948 Democratic National Convention still vividly in mind, the professionals feel they can avoid a recurrence. They now have as allies some Southern politicians who are themselves candidates for re-election to Congress and naturally do not want to see the voting procedures in November messed up.

There will be a drive, however, to get "write-in" votes on Election Day, and it will be stimulated by the failure of the National platform to denounce the Supreme Court's decision on segregation, which the South feels is an unconstitutional usurpation of power by the high court. For the Democratic National Convention, even by inference, to applaud what the court has done is to fan the flames of fury in the South.

So ambiguity of phrasing could keep the professionals in the Democratic party harmonious next week, but it could also be the fore-runner of a split ticket in many states, causing electoral votes for the Democratic nominee to be placed in jeopardy.

(Copyright 1956)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 5:14-15

Nehemiah was the kind of a man who practiced what he preached. In v. 14 he says that he was the governor appointed over the Jews in Judah for twelve years, evidently appointed to that office by Artaxerxes, King of Persia. Notice at the end of the verse that he says that he and those closely associated with him had not eaten the bread of the governor, that is to say, he served without pay, which reminds us of our former President, Herbert Hoover, who placed his salary at the disposal of charitable organizations and institutions. The governors who preceded Nehemiah were wont to require provisions for their extensive households to be supplied by the people over whom they ruled, v. 15. He did not exact this customary demand, but lived from his own purse. Perhaps he had been well paid for his service as cupbearer of the King before he returned to Judah, and therefore had a considerable amount of money. Because of the fear of his God he refused to oppress the people, although even the servants of the former governors had taken advantage of their position to domineer over the people.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Spike O'Shaugnessy, toughest hombre in the Five Points section, always swore that if he ever was blessed with a son, he'd raise him to be a heavyweight champion. Mrs O'Shaugnessy finally produced an heir, and the blissful Spike dumbfounded his pals by naming the boy "Clrence." His explanation was simple. "Wid a monniker like dat," smiled Spike, "de little so-and-so'll have to know how to fight by de time he's four!"

Toastmaster George Jessel says a speaker has to capture his audience in a hurry. "If you haven't struck oil in five minutes," he advices, "Stop boring."

General Jimmy Doolittle tells the story about a famous novelist commissioned a colonel during the last war. In an exposed sector he came upon a sentry reading on duty.

"Did you post him for court martial?" asked the general. "I could hardly do that," admitted the colonel. "He was reading my book!"

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

An auspicious anniversary; you may win promotion, thanks to brilliant work and clever ideas bringing you profit. Today's child probably will be one of Fortune's favorites.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'M ERNEST ANEWALT SEI LIED: Net long tzurick hen die monsleit fon da beavel kloss on da "First Evangelical and Reformed Church," Palmerton show k'halta, gawainlich gakent ols 'n "Neager Show," odder ewwe 'n minstrel. Eb sie sich gablack'd hen wissa m'r net, ow'r der Porra William Longsdorf hut uns net yusht barich'd wie gute os es show wor, ow'r aw wie gute os der Ernest L. Anewalt guduh hut mit ma Pennsylfawnish Deitscha sing shtick os er selwar g'schriva un g'sunga hut.

M'r gewwa 's shtick grawd wie der Ernest 's g'schriva hut, un wie sie darta on da kerrich 's rum gadruck'd hen fer nous gewwa tzu da fiela leit os g'frok'd hen dafor.

THE E. AND R. SHANTY
By Ernest Anewalt
(To tune of:
A Shanty in Old Shanty Town)

De Refamearede Karich iss woo ich he ga,
Se hen yuscht gaboud un es is so shay;
Se hen blendy g'spend, un sin net am end,
De Sundaag Shool iss fadich, auver nat unser Karich.
Da Longsdorf iss Parra fa unser gamay,
Au brediched so common ich kan ihn fashtay;
De Dottie iss butz frau, se hald ollas so shay,
In de Karich woo ich Sundaags he ga.

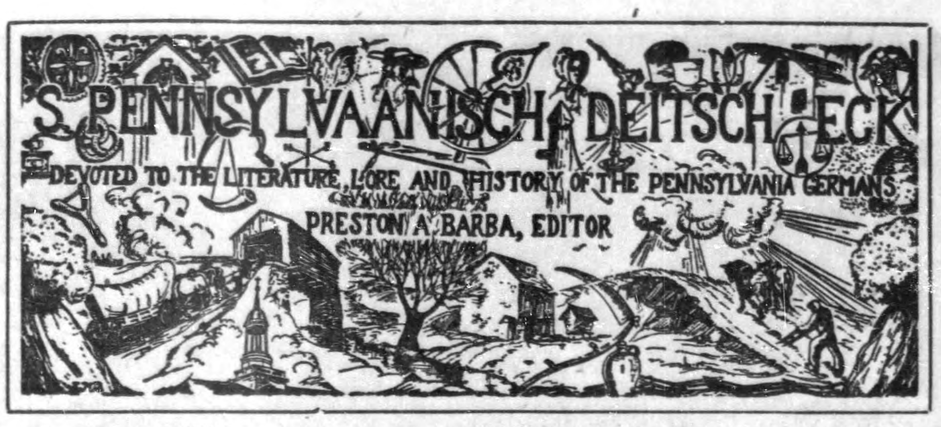
De Refamearede Karich iss dei un se is mie;
De Weibsleid se baka un hen fressarrie;
Se macha gude essa, un baka gude pie;
De Mannslied mocha grundness, un dale moles french fries.
Da Paul spield der origel mid de hend un de bay,
Aa spield olla Sundaag un dale moles feel may;
Meer hen au drie choirs, un se singa so shay,
In de Karich woo ich Sundaags he ga.

(Translation)

The Reformed Church is where I go to;
They have just built and is it so nice.
They spent plenty, and aren't finished yet;
The Sunday School is finished, but not our Church.
Rev. Longsdorf is Pastor for our Congregation;
He preaches so common I can understand him.
Dottie is Cleaning Lady; she has everything so nice
In the Church where I go to Sundays.

The Reformed Church is yours and is mine,
The Ladies bake and have dinners,
They make good food and bake good pie;
The men make peanuts and sometimes french fries.
Paul plays the organ with his hands and legs;
He plays every Sunday and sometimes a lot more.
We also have three choirs, and they sing so nice
In the Church where I go to Sundays.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R
Unser hute is ob tzum Ernest Anewalt, un hoffa er lust sei blei iwwer bobier nous, un schreibt noch mainer so sing shticker.



IM AUGUSCHT

Im wolke-faule Monet.
Fiehlt mer wie en "doughnut;"
Eisserlich heiflich schwer,
Innerlich greislich leer!
Un doch wann der Dunner gnallt
Un darrich Lechaa schallt—
Wie lacht des welshkarn no!
Macht uns vun Haerze froh!
—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

Bally, Pa.

HARDSHIPS AND EARLY OCCUPATIONS OF OUR PIONEERS

This interesting narrative is reprinted from "The History of Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh Co., Pa., 1732-1947, also Centre Valley, Pa., as I found it 75 years ago" by the late Albert Ohl. Facsimilies of this decorated manuscript have been made by The Lions Club of Coopersburg, Pa. from whom copies can be purchased.—ED.

NATURALLY the first settlers in this country had to endure many hardships, having to pass through a large strip of country still unoccupied by settlers between them and Philadelphia. Over those unoccupied regions there were no roads, only paths and Indian trails. The settlers put up temporary huts covered with bark, leaves, dirt, etc., as some shelter. Some even lived under rocks or caves if they found any, and some found shelter with families that had come earlier. They soon hunted out a place that suited them. They always sought out a place at or near a spring for locating their hut, after that was built, they marked off a tract of land by marking along the lines around it. Some marked off large tracts some times from 400-600 acres, but they soon got notice. They had to pay for the land, which they refused for a long time, claiming that the agents told them that they could have the land free gratis if they would only come and settle on it. After some argument they started to make application for warrants, asking for from 50 to over 100 acres.

The rules were that after a settler had found a site that suited his fancy, and was unoccupied, to make application for a warrant, which was granted by the proprietaries upon the condition that the settler pay a certain per cent as purchase money. The price was 15 pounds, 10 shillings per hundred acres with 6 per cent allowance for roads later on, thus the settler paid for 100 acres and got 106 acres. In U. S. money this amounted to $41.33 or $4.13 per acre. During the Indian troubles in 1762 and 1763 the price dropped down to 9 pounds or $24 per hundred, or $2.40 per acre. After taking out a warrant the settler had a presumptive title to his lands. The warrant was really an instrument giving the Surveyor General authority to survey the tract asked for by the settler, then at the convenience of the settler he could pay the balance, which sometimes happened not till after 15 or 20 years. Then and not sooner did the settler get a deed patent. Thus the settler was in full enjoyment of his lands for many years without making settlement. Some of the settlers never made settlement, but sold their warrants to a second party at a good price, and located in some other place. Some settlers later on wished for more land and took out another warrant or even two or three, before settling up the first warrant. This looseness was permitted by the Proprietaries to encourage more colonization. After gaining possession the settler went at it with might and main to clear land for agriculture. The first duty of the settler was to clear a space for a house and garden. The permanent houses were built of logs, the interstices between were filled up between with saplings and clay; if no clay was obtainable any kind of mud or even cow dung would serve its purpose to keep out the cold of winter. The roof was thatched with straw, later boards or split shingles. About the same model was used for all the houses in the neighborhood. The houses were one and one-half stories high. On the ground floor there were two rooms, the larger was the kitchen and dining room and for all general purposes. The smaller was a bedroom, which opened to a still smaller room called the "Kammer," which was without a window. This small room was used by the "Boss" and the good "Hausfrau" as a bedroom. In the kitchen was a large fire place in the partition between the two rooms and a large stone chimney reared itself from the middle of the roof. On the right hand a bake-oven was inserted into the fire place and chimney. In the loft over the oven was the smoke-house for drying meat. The loft was all one room reached by a ladder, used by the children as a bedroom, where many a pillow fight was staged off before retiring. The loft was also used for storing grain, flax, teas, herbs, etc. Small windows with four panes of glass, but ofttimes instead of glass, greased paper was used, were let into the walls. Heavy doors made of planks guarded from outside assaults by the Red Men. In the loft were loopholes, to repel the attacks of savage Indians. The furniture, simple and roughly made out of logs, consisted of heavy boards for a table and several rude benches and bedsteads. They next began building barns also of logs, and other out-buildings and the same time clearing more land. Thrashing floors were made of clay beaten down hard, where the thrashing was done with flails.

Rye or buckwheat was raised for the first two crops followed by wheat or corn. Corn was their most valuable crop as a food crop for man and beast. The corn could be eaten in the milk or roasting stage, also dried for winter use. The ripe corn was also made into a meal, Indian fashion, by stamping it in a stone mortar. The fodder, green or dried, was fodder for the stock. Rye and buckwheat were used for flour for making bread. If mills were available, which was often a journey of 50 or 60 miles. The first few years their main dish was corn mush, game and fish. The creeks were teeming with fish and the forests were full of game, deer, bear, wild turkeys, ducks, grouse, quail, doves, rabbits, groundhogs, squirrels, wild geese, etc. were in abundance. Flour was the scarcest article, owing to breakneck roads one could only bring a small quantity at a time on horse-back. Rye flour was exclusively used for home consumption — as wheat was the only commodity they had passing current as money. Flax was also raised, but only in such quantity as needed for clothing which with wool was the only material used, which was spun by the women and woven by the women and older children.

The greatest want was clothing. Those they brought from Europe were soon worn out. Skins of wild animals served some purposes. They bartered with the Indians for bucksskin which they paid for with corn or beans. Buckskin shirts and coonskin caps were much in fashion. They bought some goods in Philadelphia, used for sails which was very coarse, and cold in winter and it cost money, and their supply of the coin was running low, so they started raising flax. Later they also raised sheep. The wool was interwoven with flax. Spinning begun early in the fall and continued till spring. Looms sprung up and increased until about every tenth home had a loom and soon warm garments were made from wool alone. The mixed cloth was called, half linen or linsey woolsey; the all flax was called linen. It was used for summer wear such as men's shirts, bed sheets, feather bed-ticks, pillows, etc.

Some of the settlers had learned trades in the old country, hence there were tailors, blacksmiths, carpenters, furniture-makers, masons, millers, shoemakers, weavers, etc. which made the settlement quite independent.

Physicians were wanting for many years. The strong German nature helped itself. A few domestic remedies such as teas, roots and herbs were all they had for medicines. Honey and whiskey also were a good remedy for colds, chills, etc. Fevers were very common and were treated with soups and patience.

Boots and shoes were another headache for the first years. They walked barefooted the greater part of the year. Sometimes they could barter with the Indians for moccasins; boots could be bought in Philadelphia, but high in price and hard to get. To go to Philadelphia took five or six days. All they needed was got there and all the products they wished to exchange for money were taken there.

When children were born some of the old ladies in the neighborhood acted as midwives because of the absence of doctors. Before their churches were built they buried their dead on their own land, hence the many old cemeteries found on farms.

ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS
Continued

III APPRAISAL

Many good qualities of Elsie Singmaster's novels and stories have been discussed in the preceding pages but in all these discussions perhaps full justice is not accorded to her. There is a charm to these books and stories that can not be expressed. It is felt by the reader after he has read her pages, learned to know her characters, and caught the spirit and atmosphere which is in all of her writings.

As a novelist, Elsie Singmaster is not ranked with the greatest novelists in English and American Literature, but critics see in her novels qualities which are accorded to great authors. "Katy Gaumer" suggested to one critic Frenssen's "Jonn Uhl" or certain of Hauptmann's less somber novels. "The sketching is intimate, the sincerity of the attempt to characterize the young people of the German - American countryside indubitable, the design of the narrative expressive of a sense of light and shade; and it is something to have achieved the surface traits of the profounder studies." (Nation. March 4, 1915).

"When Sarah Saved the Day" is Dickenslike in its humor." (Review of Reviews. December, 1909). There is a moment in 'Bennett Malin' when the reader will be reminded of A. A. Milne's excellent play 'The Truth about Blayds.'" (New York Times. June 11, 1922). As a study of character it will recall to many readers of an earlier day Robert Grant's 'Unleavened Bread.'" (Literary Digest. August 19, 1922). "It follows the path blazed many times by Howells." (Boston Transcript. June 14, 1922).

Elsie Singmaster's realism in 'Keller's Anna Ruth' is truer, if less startling than that of Dreiser or Anderson." (Dorothea L. Mann. New York "Herald Tribune.'" May 30, 1928). "Keller is a modern Silas Marner." (Ibid).

In "What Everybody Wanted" the characters "are slightly reminiscent of Zona Gale's work in the same field. She manages to steer with skill between the Scylla of Pollyanna and the Charybdis of Schopenhauer." (C. Ross Smith. Philadelphia Record, September 8, 1928).

The stories in "Bred in the Bone" produce an effect upon one critic which he likens to that of the master-pieces of Vermeer or Millet which picture the quaint peasant folk of Holland and France.

The New York "Evening Post" says that Elsie Singmaster is like May Sinclair, a professional novelist in the finest sense of the word. And Miss Mann says that she feels about her as about Ellen Glasgow, that she is something fine and firm and true.

Elsie Singmaster's short stories have won special recognition by Edward J. O'Brien. Many of her short stories have met his requirements for classification among his best short stories. His test of substance is: "How vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. His other requirements are embodied in the following paragraph: "The true artist, however, will seek to shape her living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skillful selection and arrangement of material, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization." (Dr. Fred Lewis Pattee. Development of the Amer. Short Story). He said of "The Christmas Angel" and "The Flag of Eliphalet": "They add two more portraits to the pleasant gallery of Elsie Singmaster's vivid creations. Although her vein is a narrow one, no one is more competent than she is in its expression, and few surpass her in the faithful rendering of homely but none the less real spiritual circumstance." (Edward J. O'Brien. Best Short Stores of 1917); and of "The Release" he said: "One more memory of Lincoln uniting the tradition of the Civil War with the tradition of the present-war is evoked by Elsie Singmaster in this story. There is very little action in "The Release" of a physical kind but the spiritual values are dynamic and the story is told with a professional dignity attained in other stories only by this author." (Edward J. O'Brien. Best Short Stories of 1918).

Elsie Singmaster has always been favorably criticised for her characterization and selection of material. "From book to book she has shown an increasing grip on her medium and a persuasion in handling it. She is one of the few among contemporary novelists who have studied their limitations as eagerly as they have tried the wings of their powers. She does not attempt what is beyond her ken or enter fields in which she would be a stranger. She stays at home and reflects the soul of a community. And by doing so she attains a richness, a depth, an effect of security and of being rooted in the hearts of her subjects — virtues often absent in greater writers." (From a newspaper clipping).

The study of Elsie Singmaster and her writings has given the writer of this paper a great deal of pleasure, and it has brought to her very forcibly the realization of the worth of the author's work in the field of literature. There are, perhaps, no books on our shelves which are more wholesome reading for young and old, no histories for young people more interestingly written, and no stories in our magazines more charming, than those written by Elsie Singmaster.

A list of Elsie Singmaster's many books, short stories and articles will be published in the next issue of the ECK.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE MORNING CALL

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Editorials

Democrats Readied for Fray

The Democratic party has concluded its national convention. It has adopted its platform and sounded its slogans. It has named as its ticket Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois for the Presidency and Estes Kefauver of Tennessee for the Vice Presidency. Candidates and party now are all set and ready to go into the 11-weeks campaign which concludes on November 6.

Few indeed are the persons who could have foreseen the results of the stirring convention in Chicago. Even after several days of the five-day meeting, few even of the delegates and visitors in attendance could have been certain of the outcome.

Up to Thursday night, after Governor Stevenson had been renamed by his party, there had to be much guessing about the headship of the ticket. Then, when Mr. Stevenson tossed aside his privilege and prerogative of naming his running mate and welcomed an open race for that honor, the convention again was up in the air of doubts and uncertainties.

Speedily however, the convention yesterday afternoon was able to arrive at results. After a close race with Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts, Senator Kefauver received reward for his years of hard political work. Thus his carefully nurtured ambition to head his party's ticket, as manifested in two national conventions, has taken him to the second highest place in the gift of his party.

It was a great convention, and probably one of the best in respect to the almost complete untrammeling of individual and group action. Mr. Stevenson had undoubtedly gained the greatest support at the level of State primary elections and therefore had received endorsement from the mass of the Democratic voters in those states. In democratic fashion that endorsement was registered by the delegates. Then, when Mr. Stevenson declined to name his running mate, it was asking the delegates in democratic manner to select his partner.

It was a great week for the folks back home for millions of them enjoyed much or virtually all of the convention. They were able to dash in and out of the convention with even more abandon than did the restless delegates. And they did not have to be chased to their seats by "Swinging Sam" Rayburn, nor cleared out of the aisles by the sergeants-at-arms nor asked to become silent.

The really big convention hall was not the one near the Chicago stock-yards. It was the American hearth and fireside where mother and father, sister and brother sat in comfort, day by day and night by night and watched the representatives of the great party gird themselves for battle in the coming election.

Lessons Learned From Flood

This is the anniversary of the descent upon this area of a devastating hurricane a year ago, of the inundation of great areas in the eastern part of this state by torrential rains and then the rise of the streams to heights never experienced before in their areas since the advent of the white man into these parts.

In the course of the year, remarkable recovery has been made in the country which was wrecked by the flood waters. Congratulations go out to the brave people who achieved such recovery. There also is no forgetting the magnificent work of the many religious bodies, civic organizations and government agencies which rushed to the aid of unhappy people in their distress.

It is important that something has been done in order that not only this section of the state, but any communities anywhere, may be spared the sorrows and tribulations of great floods if ever they occur again.

Congressman Walter, in a statement issued yesterday summarized what has been done in Washington and which he terms "a memorial to last year's floods — a comprehensive program of flood insurance." This has been achieved thru legislation which was enacted by Congress and signed by the President.

Under this legislation, Mr. Walter points out, it is going to be possible to secure insurance against flood damage. "Previously" he points out, "it has not been possible for individuals or businesses in distress areas to obtain insurance against their losses. The insurance companies have contended that because such catastrophies are restricted to limited areas of the country, such insurance would be purchased only by the people living in such areas and that the premiums, therefore, would be prohibitably expensive .

"The only feasible solution was to provide for a Federal program of reinsurance to stand behind the private companies so that they could issue policies at rates that were economically practical."

Such a Federal program has been established as a result of legislation which Mr. Walter introduced in the House of Representatives in January. It provides, in essence, that whenever insurance cannot be obtained at reasonable rates from private firms, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare is authorized to provide necessary insurance directly or to reinsure the private firms. Beyond this, Federal loans will be available to persons who have suffered loss because of floods. Continuing study of flood conditions to determine whether additional protection is required is being made.

As a result of this legislation the people of the 15th district, and other disaster areas, can look forward, despite the continuous threat of calamity in the future, with a sense of security that has been denied to them in the past.

In addition to this, Congress has appropriated $1,000,000 for a study of flood conditions in the upper Delaware and last, but not least, the funds to build the Lehigh River flood control project.

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.

Defense of Arabs and Sabotage

Dear Sir:

The article, "Sabotage in the Near East," which was on the editorial page of Aug. 15, expressed the sign of prejudice, inconsideration, as well as the lack of factual knowledge.

I strongly detest the writer's point of view. It is true there may be sabotage and other deeds of destruction done by the Arab people, but are they at fault, or are they to blame? Precisely not!

Is such a threat of sabotage and destruction of material more dangerous than the threat of the British army which has been mobilized to crush the people of Egypt and deprive them of their rights? Are we supposed to overlook the rights of the Egyptian people and side with the unlawful act f England, or side with Israel and overlook the 900,000 homeless Arab refugees, or side with France and overlook the slaughtered Algerian and Moroccan people who are seeking nothing more than any man wanted, FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE?

The Near East situation is critical. Unless we, Americans, help the Arab people and other small nations to the way of survival and democratic rule, we will lose them to the Communist camp. The loss of one nation leads to the loss of another, until it reaches our own United States.

To guard our own rights, we MUST help others to guard theirs.

Yours truly,
James N. Koury
953 Fernwood St.,
Emmaus

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

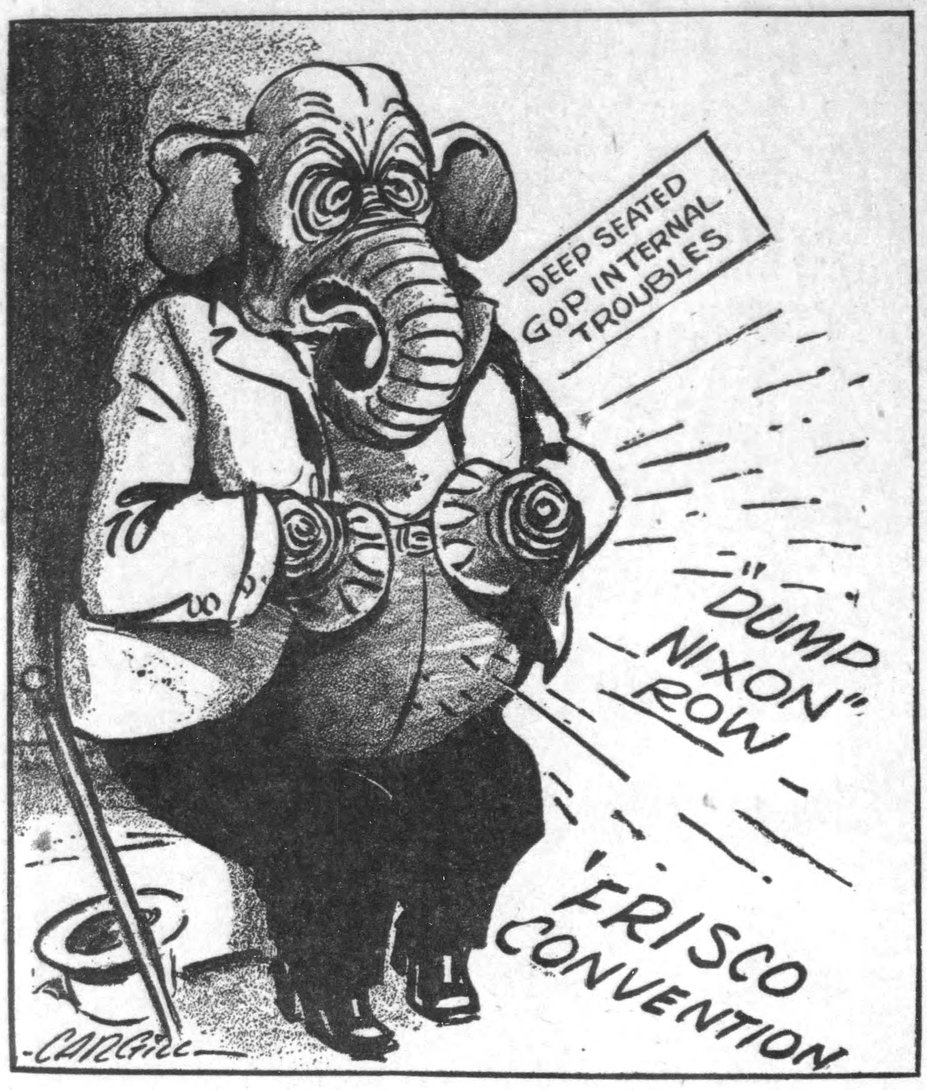
John Mason Brown is one of the nation's most talented and successful lecturers today, but when he was first breaking into the game he experienced the usual difficulties. In one hall, where miserable acoustics added to his troubles, people started slipping out long before he was finished. Only a handful was left when an attendant slipped him a note marked "urgent."

Brown paused in his peroration to read it. "If you ever finish," it said, "please turn out the lights, lock the door, and leave the key with the cop on the corner."

Funny thing happened when the local golf champ married a girl who loved auctions. In his sleep, he hollered "Fore!" His bride countered with "Four twenty-five!"

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The Doctor Is In—He Hopes!



Individualist and Politics

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Wayne Morse, former Republican, now a Democrat, really belongs to no party because he is an intense individualist who calls himself a Constitutional Liberal. His speech at the Democratic Convention was, in a sense, out of place because it was too elevated, too literate, too considered, too philosophic for his audience who applauded at the wrong time and, as the television demonstrated, paid little heed to him. I telephoned to a delegate to discuss Morse's speech; he told me the noise was so distressing that where he sat not a word could be heard.

Wayne Morse was used on the program to help him win his Senatorial seat in Oregon despite his violation of American tradition against mugwumpism. This must have been true about all those Senatorial candidates who read planks of the platform while caucuses were being held on the floor. Radio and television reduces the delegates to sweating robots; the speeches are made for the television audience.

Did What?

Morse did two things in his speech: he attacked the entire position of the Southern Democrats by denying the right of the Southern states to place any restrictions upon specific American citizens, namely, Negroes. This he did at a Democratic Convention where he appeared for the first time. Secondly, he spoke up for Federal aid to education which would be popular among Democrats, but his insistence upon using off-shore oil for education is not so popular among Texans, for instance.

It was a courageous thing to do, but the reason that Morse could deliver this particular type of address, which over the next four years will have a greater influence upon the course of events than many other events at Chicago, is that he does not regard himself as a Republican or a Democrat but as a Constitutional Liberal which is traditional Americanism. He may find several Republicans who hold to the same position.

It is interesting historically that Wayne Morse's conception of American political life was George Washington's who, in his Farewell Address, said:

"I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discrimination. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

"This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature,



WAYNE MORSE

having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy."

Washington regarded the political party as leading to despotism. He said:

". . . The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty."

Of course, this forecast has proved to be true in some countries in Central and South America and it was true in Italy, Germany, Soviet Russia and other nations where personality triumphed over principle, where party mastered the people. But it has not been true in the United States where whether the President was a powerful or a weak man, no dictatorship either of party or individual asserted itself. Washington possessed the power of prescience, for he was able to foresee many dangers to his country, among them this one:

". . . It (party loyalty) opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another."

Wayne Morse dared to appear at a Democratic Convention and to denounce "Party-firsters," namely those who never think of their country but only of the advantage to their party. He did not attack Herbert Hoover, as Sam Rayburn did twice, Rayburn apparently not realizing that Herbert Hoover has not run for the Presidency since 1932. Morse dealt with the real issues that face the United States not the phony personal antagonisms which do not actually exist but are articulated only for public consumption.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 8:1-6

The congregation which had assembled to hear the reading of the Law consisted of men, women, and all that could hear with understanding (meaning, no doubt, all the children old enough to understand). We might ask at this point how many of the children of a community like ours assemble on the first day of the week to hear the Law of the Lord, that is, to study the Word of God. As a general rule, juvenile delinquents are not among those who do so, especially if their parents are not interested in them. Before the audience, Ezra read from morning until noon — ten minute sermons did not interest them, for, the Law having been neglected, the reading of it was really interesting, in fact, 'the ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the Law.' From verse 4 it is evident that a specially high pulpit of wood had been constructed for the reading. From it Ezra could be seen by all the people as he was reading, and could be heard the better, for in those days there was no public address system! The people also stood in reverence as God's Word was being read, exclaiming Amen, Amen, as they showed their approval of the Word read to them.

Horoscope

Look for gain to come to you through unusual methods and people. Your own hunches should help. A strong-willed character, but generous and charming, is indicated for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA WEST PENN FAIR:

Da onner dawg worra m'r fer 'n gons kartzie tzeit on da West Penn Fair on Andreas. 'S wor free nommy dawgs, uns worra so paar leit darta os es g'sholl'd hut won m'r darrich die fair gabeier galoffa is. Uf gamocht wie die fair is fon yusht paar townships dart im dahl, huts des yohr net g'fail'd on gorda socha fon alla orta, un sie hen aw arya shaina grumbierra gawissa. Allas fon da bauerrei un hamet wor darta, un drunna im unnerda dale fom grossa gabei, om end fon da ess shtub, hen sie ihrra gawainlich blumma show kotta. Sis ershtounlich wos shaina farva os die nadure in die blumma dut — un woh immer tzu finna sin bei da hilly un filly on da West Penn Fair.

Drous uf 'm grund wors wie immer — on da brick niver wor der donklements shtand mit aenich ebbes un allas in g'frase woh leit gleicha mit hame nemma fon ra fair. Fiel fon da onnera shtander worra fol mit bletz woh leit ihrra glick brovierra hen kenna marrick sheesa un so weiter fer wenich ebbes griega fer gons awenich gelt. Der bingo shtand wor aw darta, ow'r 's wor noch tzu free im dawg fer binsis duh, un monicha, os ferleicht gaglicha hetta tzu shpiela, sin draw ferbei galoffa un hen shofe auga g'shmissa noch da koch kessel, ponna, un so onnerra kicha waisa os ebber gawinna hut kenna.

'S bauerra garaidschoft wor gons owwa drous, uns worra may sales leit darta os wie leit fer kaufa. Free nommy dawgs is ow'r tzu free fer noch ra fair wie sel tzu gae, 's recht lava kumt net onna bis noch sun unner gong. Ol iwwer woh m'r darrich is uf 'm waig noch da Fair worra die leit eiferich on da arwet drous in da felder—ow'r wies supper gessa wor dahame, hen sie die familia in die mashine galawda un sin ob noch da fair tzu. So wors aenicha waig dawgs dafor, un so sin m'r aw shure os es 'm Dunnershdawg owet widder der fol wor on da West Penn Fair.

Die pickter ob nemma worra aw darta, un so aw paar rides, ow'r woh ainer dafon shun fer shier tzwae dawg om shoffa wor fer sei g'shicht ons gae griega, un wor ols noch net fartich in nonner wie m'r ferlossa hen—ungfare so on da halver fierra rum. 'S wor ains fon sella rides woh kerrich uf longa arm huckka, un woh im gringle rum fliega wie won die ledshda tzeita om kumma weara.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

So wies uns g'sawt werra is mawg des ferleicht 's ledshd mohl gawest sei os fair wor on Andreas — die fair leit sin hard om kunsiderra fer 'n neier fair grund uf duh im Mahoning dahl —der blotz woh dale maina os die nagshd yohrs fair k'halta dade werra.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

PREPARATION

Here's the world, and you are in it.
Look about you for a minute,
Look about you and consider
What it is you want to be.
Just what sort of a position
Marks the height of your ambition;
Pick the kind of work you fancy
From the many that you see.

Do you fret at preparation,
Call your study a vexation?
Do you sigh for soemthing easy
Which untutored minds can do?
Do you want to be a waiter,
Or a deckhand on a freighter?
Is street-sweeping a vocation
That's appealing unto you?

There are countless posts and places
Needing little that embraces
Constant study, and their duties
Very easily are learned.
But the higher your ambition
And the higher the position,
The greater must your skill be
And it's harder to be earned.

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ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Mrs. Hess's valuable account of the life and works of Elsie Singmaster would not be complete without a list of the author's published works. In 1929 Mrs. Hess presented this material as requirement in part for the degree of Master of Arts at Pennsylvania State University. The list appended to the thesis therefore included only such works of Elsie Singmaster as had been published between 1905 and 1929. Through the courtesy of William L. Werner, Professor of English at Pennsylvania State University the list has been brought down to date.

The list of books, articles and short stories that follows here is evidence of Elsie Singmaster's great literary productivity over many years. The names of the magazines in which her many short stories have appeared themselves speak indirectly for Elsie Singmaster's great popularity. Among her books those of her latter years, HIGH WIND RISING (Houghton, 1942), I HEARD OF A RIVER (Winston, 1948), PENNSYLVANIA'S SUSQUEHANNA (J. Horace McFarland Co., 1950) are a notable epilogue to a long and illustrious literary career.—P.A.B.

1. Books

1909—When Sarah Saved the Day. Houghton, Mifflin Co.
1910—When Sarah Went to School. Houghton, Mifflin Co.
1913—Gettysburg. Houghton.
1915—Katy Gaumer. Houghton.
1916—Emmeline. Houghton.
1917—The Long Journey. Houghton.
Life of Martin Luther. Houghton.
Story of Luther Missions. 105 E. 21st St., Baltimore, Md.
1920—John Baring's House. Houghton.
Basil Everman. Houghton.
1921—Ellen Levis. Houghton.
Under Many Flags (In conjunction with Katherine Scherer Cronk). Missionary Educational Movement.
1922—Bennett Malin. Houghton.
1923—The Hidden Road. Houghton.
1924—A Boy at Gettysburg. Houghton.
1925—Bred in the Bone. Houghton.
1926—Keller's Anna Ruth. Houghton.
The Book of the Constitution. George H. Doran Co.
The Book of the United States. George H. Doran Co.
1927—"Sewing Susie." Houghton.
The Book of the Colonies. George H. Doran Co.
1928—What Everybody Wanted. Houghton.
1929—Virginia's Bandit. Houghton.
You Make Your Own Luck. Longmans.
1930—Little Money Ahead. Houghton.
Cloud of Witnesses (M. H. Lewis, N. Cambridge, Mass.)
1930 (31?)—Gettysburg; Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath. Houghton.
1932—Young Ravenals. Houghton.
1933—Swords of Steel; The Story of a Gettysburg Boy. Houghton.
1934—Magic Mirror. Houghton.
1937—Loving Heart. Houghton.
Stories of Pennsylvania. Penna. Book Service, Harrisburg, Pa.
1938—Rifles for Washington. Houghton.
1938-40—Stories of Pennsylvania. Penna. Book Service (see above).
1939—Bred in the Bone and Other Stories. Houghton.
Martin Luther, the Story of His Life (Originally pub. by Houghton, then United Lutheran Pub.).
1940—Stories to Read at Christmas. Houghton.
1942—High Wind Rising. Houghton.
1947—I Speak for Thaddeus Stevens. Houghton.
1948—Isle of Que. Longmans.
I Heard of a River, the Story of the Germans in Pennsylvania. Winston.
1950—Pennsylvania's Susquehanna; Interesting History, Legends, and Descriptions, etc. J. Horace McFarland Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

2. Short Stories and Articles

1905

Lese Majeste of Hans Heckendorn. — Scribner's. November.
The Vacillation of Benjamin Gaumer. — Century. March.
The Half-Acre Lot. Youth's Companion. May 31.
The Millerstown Yellow Journal. Atlantic. May.
The Miracle. Booklovers'. June.
The Persistence of Coonie Schnable. Readers'. September
Henry Koehler, Misogynist. Atlantic. November.
In Defiance of the Occult. Booklovers'. December.

1907

Firm Stand of Hans. Century. April.
The Restoration of Mellie Zeigler. Everybody's May.
The Retreat. Scribner's. July.
When Town and Country Meet. Atlantic. September.
The Long Courting of Henry Kamerant. Lippincott's. September.
The Chimes of St. Peter's. Youth's Companion. Oct. 17.
The Great Day. Harper's. November.
The Organ of Zion Church. Youth's Companion, November 21.

1908

The Unconquerable Hope. Atlantic. January.
Mrs. Weimer's Gift of Tongues. Lippincott's. February.
The County Seat. Atlantic. May.
Portrait of New England. October.
The Old Regime. Atlantic. October.

1909

The Ghost of Mathias Baum. Century. February.
Elmina's Living Out. Lippincott's. February.
The Third Generation. Scribner's. March.
Thousand Dollar Daggett. Lippincott's. May.
The Substitute. Lippincott's. May.
The Covered Basket. Pennsylvania German. July.
The Home Coming. McClure's. July.
The Dower-Ladies. Atlantic. August.
The Exiles. Harper's. October.

1910

The Rose-colored Acacia. Youth's Companion. May 26.
The Eternal Feminine. Lippincott's. July.
The Steamer Child. McClure's. August.
The Squire. Atlantic. September.
A Tale out of Season. McClure's. October.
A Veteran of Seventy-Six. Outlook. November 5.

1911

The Belsnickel. Century. January.
The Reichard's Boarder. Youth's Companion. March 9.
Dorothea. Harper's. May.
The Ways of the Fathers. Saturday Evening Post. July 20.
The Rebellion of Wilhelmina. Century. September.
Henry. Saturday Evening Post. September 2.
A Household Word. September 14.
A Visible Return. Outlook. September 23.
The Man Who was Nice and Common. Harper's. November.
The Merry Christmas Tree. Youth's Companion. Nov. 30.
The Bird with the Broken Pinion. Contributor's Club. Atlantic, December.

1912

Gunner Criswell. Harper's. January.
The Victor and the Spoils. Youth's Companion. February.
An Avain Dread. Contributor's Club. Atlantic, March.
The Bent Twig. Youth's Companion March 14.
Her Own Country. Lippincott's. April.
Benefits Forgot. Saturday Evening Post. April 13.
Their Great Inheritance. Lippincott's. May.
Mrs. Hunter to the Rescue. Youth's Companion. May 23.
Their Sentimental Journey. Youth's Companion. September 5.
Mary Bowman of Gettysburg. Harper's. October.
The Cure that Failed. Harper's. December.
My Adventures in Criticism. Contributor's Club. Atlantic. Dec

1913

Zion Church, Atlantic. March.
The Baccalaureate Sermon. Youth's Companion. June 5.
Battle of Gettysburg. Outlook. June 21.
The Site Fence. Harper's. July.
The Harvest. Youth's Companion. August 21.
Father's Day. Youth's Companion. September 25.
Rose and Lily Quiet. Youth's Companion. October 2.
The Picture Taker. Lippincott's. November.
The Man Who Shot Given. Good Housekeeping. December.

1914

The Device of Miss Betsy. Youth's Companion. Feb. 5.
The Millerstown Prodigal. Outlook. February 28.
The Ishmaelite. Century. June
The Saving Grace. Women's Stories. June.
The Child that was taken to Raise. Lippincott's. August.
The Eight Hour Day. Country Gentleman. October 31.
The Secret Christmas Tree. Outlook. December.

1915

The High Constable. Outlook. April 28.
A Place for William Youth's Companion. April 29.
The Survivors. Outlook. May 26.
A Pair of Lovers. Scribner's. November.

1916

In Cure of Mr. Boyer. Youth's Companion. May 4.
A Late Transplanting. Youth's Companion. May 25.
The Stutterer. The Bellman. July.
Penance. Pictorial Review. October.
When Gram'pop Voted. Youth's Companion. October 12.
No Friend of Santa Claus. Woman's Home Companion. December.

1917

Our Illustrators. Contributor's Club. Atlantic. February.
The Flag of Eliphalet. Boston Transcript. May 29.
Mother's Girls. Woman's Home Companion. July.
The House of Dives. Bellman. Nov. 10.
Zion Hill. Country Gentleman. December.
The Christmas Angel. Pictorial Review. December.

1918

The Music Lesson. Youth's Companion. February 28.
Grandmother's Bread. Country Gentleman. April 20.
Adrian. Bellman. May 4.
When a Man has a Son. Woman's Home Companion. June.
Miss Pomfret. Saturday Evening Post. June 22.
The Spirit of 'Sixty Three. Outlook. July 3. Jan. Sat. Evening Post. July 27.
Mrs. Pillow. Saturday Evening Post. Oct. 5.
Mine Luck Piece. Outlook. Nov. 20.
Recompence. Stratford Journal. December.
Salvage. Bellman. December.
Golden Mountain. Harper's. December.
The Release. Pictorial Review. December ?.

1919

"An Island Is." Outlook. February 19.
The Perfectionist." Outlook. Feb. 5.
The Hangman. Bellman. May.
A Late Confession. Outlook. May 28.
The Connor Charge. Outlook. July 9.
Old Vanity. Pictorial Review. August.
Shelved. Youth's Companion. Sept. 11.
A Batter's Ulysses. Outlook. December 31.

1920

The Copper Beech. Youth's Companion. January 15.
The Madness of Henrietta Havisham. McCall's. Feb.
The Piper. Outlook. March 10.
The Suffrage in Millerstown. Saturday Eve. Post, March 16.
A Sweater for Mabel. Woman's Home Companion. April.
Salvadora. Stratford Journal. April-June.
Miss Vilda. Scribner's. May.
A Clean Slate. Outlook. Sept. 21.
The Noah's Ark. Ladies' Home Journal. December.

1921

The Face in the Mirror. McCall's. May.
The Apple Country. Woman's Home Companion. July.
Mommy. Pictorial Review. Oct. 21.
The Magic Mirror. Pictorial Review. November.

1922

Belated Autumn. Holland's. March.
Neighbors. Woman's Home Companion. May.
The Benefactor. Holland's. June.
The God in the Machine. Outlook. August 2.
Singing Oaks. Woman's Home Companion. October.
Maria Rapallo. Outlook. December 20.

1923

The Dreamer. Bookman. January.
Chance. Pictorial Review. January.
Poor Thomas. Holland's. January.
An Assured Income. Outlook. February 7.
Brother. Outlook. March 7.
The Truth. Saturday Evening Post. March 24.
An Early Spring. Farmer's Wife. March.
Zion Valley. Saturday Evening Post. April 7.
The Glenn Diamond Mystery. People's Home Journal. April.
Open Windows. Youth's Companion. May 3.
The Messenger. Saturday Evening Post. June 2.
The Visit. Woman's Home Companion. June.
Nemesis. Outlook. July 18.
Tumbling Run. Pictorial Review. October.
Oh, Annie! American Girl. October.
Myrtle's Beau. Saturday Evening Post. November 10.

1924

A Sound in the Night. Saturday Evening Post. Jan. 19.
A Man in the House. Saturday Evening Post. February 9.
The Gift of the River. Youth's Companion. Feb. 21 & 28.
November the Nineteenth. Pictorial Review. February.
The Eye of God. Sat. Eve. Post. March 1.
An Easter Sunrise. Youth's Companion. April 3.
The Gray Suit. Ladies' Home Journal. April.
The Fire-Tower ?May (Prob. Ladies Home Journal. PAB).
His Wife's Money. Metropolitan. June.
The Ill Wind. American Girl. Oct.
Step on the Gas, Pop. Country Gentleman. Nov. 15.
Trapped. Outlook. Nov. 26.
Little and Unknown. Ladies' Home Journal. December.

1925

Our Family Album. Ladies' Home Journal. March.
An Easy Day. Ladies' Home Journal. March.
The Amishman. Ladies' Home Journal. April.
Salt of the Earth. Ladies' Home Journal. May.
The Crucifix. Woman's Home Companion. June.
The Supply at St. James The Less. Youth's Companion, July 23.
The End of the World. Collier's. August 1.
Elfie. Collier's. August 1.
Jilted. Holland's. September.
A Mother of Ten. Youth's Companion. September 3.
The Hero. Holland's. November.
Bred in the Bone. Pictorial Review. November.
Frau Nolte. Century. December.

(To be concluded.)

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Editorials

Great Detective Work

The mystery in the disappearance of a month-old infant from its Long Island home on July 4 has been solved by the FBI, the kidnaper and probable murderer is in custody and the remains of the hapless babe have been found.

After seven weeks this mystery, which sickened the hearts of mothers nationwide, is shown to have been the deed of a desperate person possessed of no other motive than that of acquiring money thru ransom. It is also shown to have been a crime committed, as we might say, at random. The kidnaper simply sallied forth on the hunt for a likely victim. Finding the little Peter Weinberger asleep in his carriage upon the patio of his parents' home and noting that no one was in the vicinity, Angelo LaMarca stole the child away without arousing any one's interest or being seen by any one. What happened to the Weinberger baby on that unhappy day could have happened to any one of many children in the vicinity of the area traversed by this debt-ridden taxi driver last July 4.

If there ever was chance of return of the baby alive, to its parents after the kidnaping it appears to have been destroyed by the kidnaper's early and easy discovery that not only did the police know all about the ransom note but that the spot for the delivery of the ransom was crowded with illy-concealed police and newspaper people. All were ready to seize him if in any way he identified himself and stepped out of his role as a taxi driver who was casually passing that way.

Perhaps the baby was alive in his car at the time, as he now claims. Perhaps it was already dead and buried in the woodland where the pitiable remains were found yesterday after the kidnaper had given directions as to how to find it. In all likelihood the kidnaper has not yet told all the truth and is seeking to make his crime appear less serious than it really is.

This however seems to be a certainty: The kidnaper has been found and the crime itself almost completely reconstructed because of some of the most painstaking work ever engaged in by our national law enforcement agents, the FBI men.

Early indications are that the thoroness of their work and its success must go back to the Lindbergh case for a satisfactory parallel.

In the recent case, among the very few clues that seemed to be offered to the FBI, was a peculiarity in handwriting in the two ransom notes. This prompted a search, which it is said covered more than two million pieces of handwriting, in the effort to find the one person who was in the habit of exhibiting this peculiarity in his writings.

Not until the patient investigators came across a signature "Angelo LaMarca" on papers of the New York U. S. District Court in an illicit still case that was heard two years ago did they come across this handwriting peculiarity.

Then came the search for LaMarca among the ten million people in the Metropolitan area. When found early in the week and confronted with the handwriting evidence, confession was made and the whereabouts of the missing child were revealed.

It was a piece of wonderful detective work and recalls the story of the ladder in the Lindbergh case where experts in wood trailed the ladder's materials back to a lumber yard and thence to the man, Bruno Hauptmann, the German carpenter who had bought the lumber and made the ladder for the carrying out of his crime.

Pools Open Until Labor Day

Swimmers of all ages best know that the present summer has been one of the most discouraging in all their years for enjoyment of their sport. There has been very little sustained hot weather with cloudless skies. The empty or nearly empty pools and favorite bathing places along the streams have eloquently attested to the fact that the weather this summer was decidedly unfavorable and discouraging to swimmers.

There was a bit of compensation for the short summer. This lay in the early opening of the pools in June when weather was more favorable than in July and August, the traditional vacation and swimming months.

A bit of additional compensation may be provided by the city next week. While the supervised programs on the playgrounds came to an end this week, the pools are to be open for the public until and including Labor Day. If weather favors, it may be possible for many swimmers to make up for the many disappointments that they experienced thruout this unusual summer.

Job for Back-Seat Drivers

Modern jokers and jokesmiths have poked a lot of fun at the "backseat driver," particularly the one of feminine gender. Like all generalizations this one has been faulty and in addition a lot of resentment has resulted from the use of the title with its usual connotations.

A determined effort however is being made to accord a place of honor to that "back-seat driver" by giving her, or him (as the case may be) something useful to do and assumption of certain responsibilities.

Mrs. R. I. C. Prout, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, takes the position that the backseat driver can be something of a co-pilot and that she can be a very real help in making this year's vacation (or any other driving experience) a safe one.

Mrs. Prout points out that the men do more driving than the women, and that the intelligent woman always strives to make any trip as comfortable and as safe as possible. But while the men are alert to driving conditions, it is the women who can do much to reduce hazards that occur from activities inside the car.

"A car driver has enough to do just to drive safely. He generally will welcome help with other safety precautions. That is where the co-pilot comes in," says Mrs. Prout. Then she goes on to offer seven rules for women to follow when they are passengers:

1. Make sure car doors are locked. This is a good precaution to take, especially when children are among the passengers.

2. Keep the children from distracting the driver. And see that they do not fiddle with door handles or push buttons.

3. See that the driver stops every 100 miles or two hours to stretch his legs, have a cup of coffee, walk around. Safety stops like this do much to combat the fatigue and monotony of long trips.

4. Give the driver a break. If you are a licensed driver, take a turn at the wheel.

6. Conversation is fine, as it helps keep the driver alert. But avoid worrisome topics. Above all, don't argue. It's better to lose the argument than to lose your life by upsetting the man at the wheel.

7. And help keep an eye on the speedometer. Don't fail to remind the driver to slow down and live.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At 2:20 a.m. on April 15, 1912, the liner Titanic sank on its maiden voyage across the Atlantic, after an iceberg had ripped out its bottom a few hours previous: 705 survivors were brought to New York aboard the rescue ship, Carpathia. Over 1500 lives were lost.

Walter Lord's "A Night to Remember" gives a graphic and unforgettable picture of the Titanic disaster. It also calls attention to an amazing coincidence.

Fourteen years before the Titanic sank, an author named Morgan Robertson wrote a novel called "Futility" which described a catastrophe at sea so prophetic as to seem almost unbelievable. Robertson's ship also hit an iceberg, it also was on its maiden crossing, it also was heralded as "unsinkable," it also carried enough lifeboats to care for only a fraction of its passengers. But most startling of all: Morgan Robertson's imaginary ship was named the Titan!

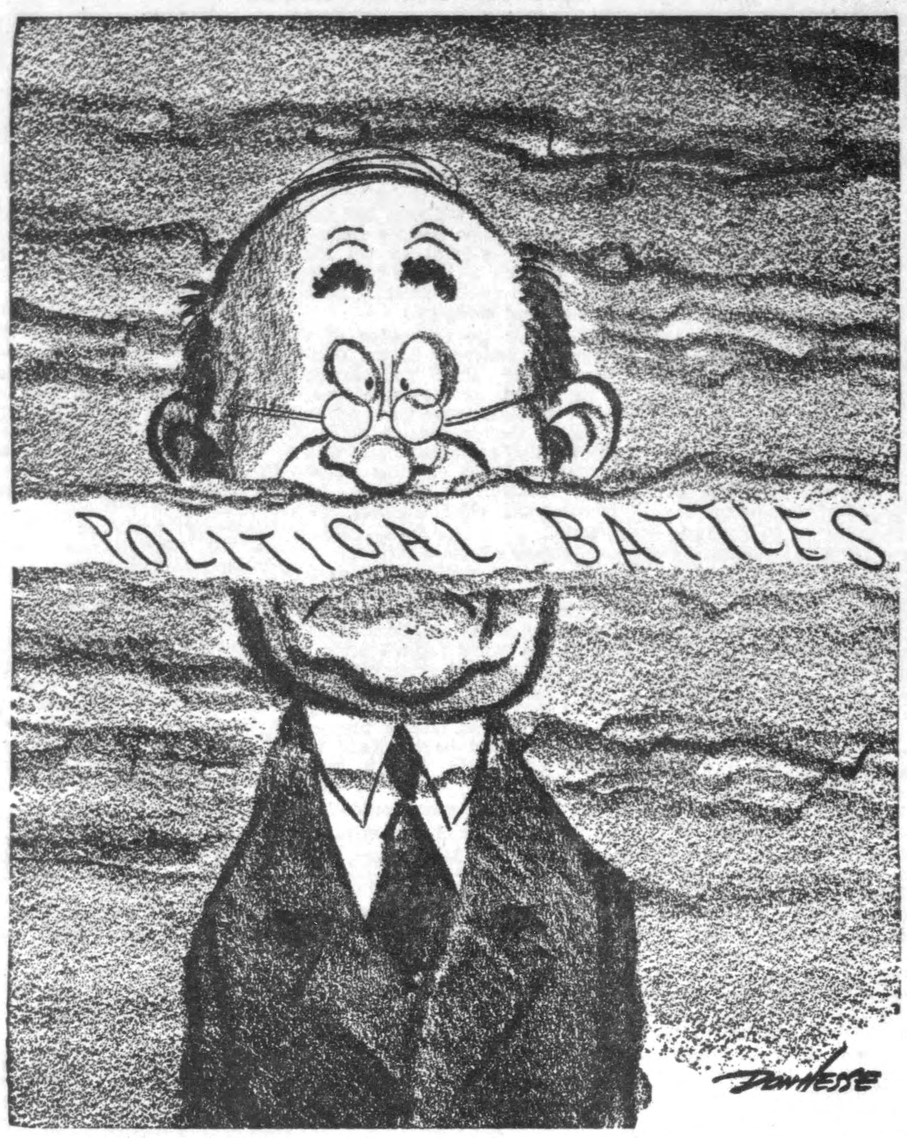
Correspondent at the Congressional Library in Washington vows he heard a Westerner in a broad-brimmed sombrero call to his wife, "Hey, Jennie, come over here and look at this Gettysburg Bible!"

The four-year-old daughter of Ad-man Philip Covington, outside Westport, Conn., asked her father how she might catch a bird. "Sprinkle salt on its tail," he advised. That evening she came home with four birds.

You'll never guess what U. S. A. daily calls itself "The World's Biggest Newspaper." It's the Nantucket Enquirer and Mirror! Bases its claim on its page size; not its circulation.

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Getting Closer



Wilson as Censor

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Defense Secretary Wilson has a new surprise in store for Pentagon officials returning from the Republican convention.

From now on, they must get approval before making speeches and statements.

The latest censorship edict is not directly related to the one issued last month aimed at the press. Purpose of Wilson's new crackdown is to prevent Defense authorities, both civilian and military, from becoming involved in political wrangles in the impending bitter election battle.


Wilson

The directive stresses particularly the elimination of "material . . . of potentially controversial political connotation."

Pentagon insiders explain that means such explosive subjects as the cutback in Army strength, the issue of providing funds for more bombers, and the size of next year's military budget.

All of these matters are certain to be hotly debated in the fall campaign, especially by the Democrats.

The new order does not indicate whether it applies to Wilson himself.

He holds the Pentagon record for tossing off political bombshells. Wilson's off-the-cuff quip about "hungry dogs" is still being angrily blamed by former Sen. Homer Ferguson (R-Mich) for his defeat in 1954.

The loss of that seat cost the Republicans control of the Senate.

Following is the crux of Wilson's latest censorship ukase:

"Certain speeches to be delivered by Department of Defense civilian or military personnel must be submitted before delivery to the Department of Defense for approval. This requirement applies to material which has an overriding national interest, such as a subject of potentially controversial political connotation. Such material must be coordinated with the appropriate officials."

Sweet Music

In direct contrast to the tumult and excitement of the two national conventions, there is sweet music in the air in the Capital these balmy summer nights. It's being provided by the four service bands permanently stationed here. The Army, Navy, Marine and Air Force bands, among the largest and best in the country, are giving a series of free outdoor concerts on the steps of the Capitol and in Potomac Park. The musical events are a big success, and are drawing large crowds of Washingtonians as well as out-of-town visitors . . . Something new is being added to the annual President's Cup Regatta on the Potamac next month. It is a Regatta Ball for the benefit of the D.C. Society for Crippled Children. President and Mrs. Eisenhower have accepted invitations to attend the party . . . Admiral Arleigh Burke, Navy Chief of Staff, and his wife made social history with an unusual party in their official residence. It was strictly for junior officers and their wives, and made a big hit. Navy oldtimers say this is the first time they can remember that the Admiral's House, as Burke's official residence is known, was the scene of such a gathering . . . Getting a big play at garden parties is a potent concoction called "Confederate mint julep." The ingredients seem to vary with the hosts, but they're always authoritative.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA KUTZTOWN FAIR:

M'r hen 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg wohrhoft gaglawbt der bauerra g'sharmon Fred Hagenbuch fon nagshd on Denver, dade fershpringa fon locha wie er un der Allen Green fon Walberts bei nonner k'huck'd hen blauderra, on da Kutztown Fair. 'S wor im gons unnera dale fom Fair grund wohs bauerra g'shar is os der Fred un der Allen's aller arrickshd g'shpass kotta hen. 'S airsht hen m'r gaglawbt der Fred wear om fertzaila fon da guta shows woh owets om gae sin net weit aweck, ow'r bis es recht druf un draw kumma is, wors fon da arya tzeit os der bauerra g'shar mon Charlie Snyder fon nagshd on Mantzville 'm Sundawg nommy kotta hut om Fred seinra summer hamet, seinra Sarah 'n boat ride gewwa.

Der Fred hut 'n wosser dom on seinra summer hamet, un aw 'n batow fer nous gae fohrra. Die Sarah huts airsht net recht mit gawolt, ow'r wie der Charlie ra fertzailt hut kot wos fer 'n guter paddler os er wear, is sie mit nous ufs wosser, un allas wear all'm noh gute ob galoffa wons net gawest wear fer 'n grosser shtae. 'S nagshd os wor is der Charlie midda uf der shtae g'fohrra, un darta hen sie k'huck'd, un hen net hinnershich odder farshich gakent. Der Charlie hut gapadd'ld un g'shova, uns nagshd os wor, ainer fon da paddles in da mid ob gabrocha, un sie dada ferleicht ols noch drous uf 'm wosser hucka won der Fred net 'n onnerer alter paddle g'such'd het, un woh er 'm Charlie gewwa hut fer sich fom shtae shoffa. Un die Sarah—wel so wie der Fred secht, hut sie g'shwetzt in siva unndershittlicha shprocha. Ken wunner mus der Fred so arrick locha won er fertzailt fom Charlie un da Sarah ihrra boat ride.

M'r worra 'n gons letzie tzeit on da Kutztown Fair—sis nimmy wies ols wor wie m'r dart drous in da shule warra—sel tzeit wora 'n dawgs fair. Now is es 'm owets—odder ferleicht sotta m'r aw sawga 'n nochts fair. M'r sin nous kumma so halb nommy dawg, un wohrhoft wons net gawest wear fer paar ess shtander, der keffer bree lotz, unna bingo game, het m'r denka kenna allas wear feriwwer—alla shtand un show wor tzu.

Die tzwae airshda bakonta os m'r aw gadroffa hen wor der Luther Bailer un sei Ruth fon Greenawalts, un hen sie aw gadroffa im kee shtol. So hee un doh hen m'r aw paar onnerra bakonta sehna lawfa—dabei der Harold Shissler, der Dr. Mahlon Miller un der Charlie Dimler fon Northampton. 'S dut em gawiss gute fer so alta bakonta aw dreffa fon hame, un arbadich so, won sie em sawga kenna fon ol da bletz os m'r da summer shun rum g'shtiert sin—un wie der Charlie un der Dr. Miller uns alla blotz banahm'd hen woh m'r worra—'s weiss'd os sie em sei brief laisa.

Ow'r wons aw wenich dote wor nommy dawgs n da Fair, m'r missa sawga, die boova woh die Fair om gae hen, hen allas shae in arder. Sie hen dale neia gabeier uf, un noh is der Fair Grund noch iwwer galoffa s mit fair socha—hen so gore 'n Carl Bieber sei grossie garage galain'd fer obsht, gorda socha, gadich socha, un FFA exhibits weissa.

Noh hen sie aw arrick shae fee darta, uns gross fair gabel is g'shtopta fol socha os shtore leit in Kutztown un fon da nochberschoft tzu ferkaufa hen. Ol in ol hen m'r uns arrick blessiert die kartz tzeit os m'r on da Fair worra, un hen aw noch tzeit g'funna fer paar game bingo shpiela uns hut gore ken lang ganumma fer gawinna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'r

So lare os es nommy dawgs wor on da Fair, so fol hen sie g'sawt dades owets ols werra—so fol wie ainer g'sawt hut, "os m'r net nuf longa kon fer die naus butza."

Edgar A. Guest

BAD GOLFER WHO WAS GOOD

"I'm a golfer, St. Peter!" the spirit proclaimed.
"And of much I have done I am truly ashamed.
I have flubbed and I've dubbed to my pitiful cost,
But I blamed not the caddie whenever I lost.

"I've sliced and I've hooked and I've been in the rough.
Twenty years I've played golf. I've had trouble enough!
I've cursed when in sand traps, of that there's no doubt;
But I covered my footprints before I went out.

"I'm a golfer, St. Peter — just one of the mutts!
My sins they are many; I've taken three putts
Countless times when I shouldn't. My record is black,
But always the divots I cut I put back!
"I'm old hundred shooter. I thought I was great
Whenever I finished around ninety-eight.
I was slow at the game, I confess it to you,
But I never refused to let others go through."

"Come in," said St. Peter. "Come in and sit down.
Come in and I'll give you a harp and a crown!
I've a welcome for you; with the saints you may dwell,
For it takes moral courage to play bad golf well."

Horoscope

A memorable year lies ahead, with a happy romance or domestic event possible. Today's child may prove to be an excellent conversationalist and popular.

Weather "fronts" are the leading edge of air masses which continually move across the United States in a generally easterly direction.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 9:21-24

God's dealing with His people as a matter of history continues: 'Yea, forty years didst Thou sustain them in the wilderness, so that they lacked nothing; their clothes waxed (means 'grew' or 'became.' It is the German 'wachsen') not old, and their feet swelled not. Moreover, Thou gavest them kingdoms and nations, and didst divide them into corners (probably meaning 'every corner,' so as to occupy the whole land), so they possessed the land of Sihon, and the land of the King of Heshbon, and the land of Og, King of Bashan (all this was territory east of the Jordan). Their children also multipliedst Thou as the stars of heaven, and broughtest them into the land (Canaan; Palestine; now Israel), concerning which Thou hadst promised to their fathers, that they should go in to possess it. So the children (of Israel) went in and possessed the land, and Thou subduedst before them the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites, and gavest them into their hands, with their kings, and the people of the land, that they might do with them as they would,' (Battles with, and victories over, the native tribes are recorded in the book of Joshua.)



ELSIE SINGMASTER

By MARY RICE HESS

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CHARACTERISTICS AND CUSTOMS OF EARLY GERMAN SETTLERS

From "The History of Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh County, Pa., 1732-1947, Also Centre Valley, Pa., as I found it 75 years ago," by our local historian, the late Albert Ohl. Facsimilies of his manuscript can be purchased from the Lions Club of Coopersburg, Pa.—ED.

THE PEOPLE who settled the Saucons were religious, sober, honest and industrious, and were therefore fitted to settle a new country. They were peaceful and friendly with the Indians. The Indians plaited baskets, made moccasins, showed them how to plant corn, etc., receiving in return from their white neighbors the necessaries of life, while the children of both played and grew up together. After the defeat of Braddock in 1753 in the French and Indian War, the murderous instincts of the Indians was aroused. They started to murder, scalp, and tomahawk settlers in the upper end of the county, although they never harmed the settlers of the Saucons, yet they became scared, and relations were less neighborly. It was customary for the settlers before retiring, rifle in hand, to ascend some high point near his home looking for burning cabins. There is no record of any Indian ever harming or molesting any white person in Saucon. It was often related by old people that a small band of Indians came up the Saucon Creek with a pack and sack every spring camping for a week or so on a trail crossing the creek, south of Friedensville. They would hunt and fish, and go around visiting the white neighbors, looking if there was any trading to be done; after that they would move up the creek to the head waters where they were lost and heard of no more until fall about the time the corn was in the roasting stage. That too was the time when the farmers were burning lime. The Indians loved to hang around those lime kilns and roast corn, which the farmers freely gave them; but they always gave something in return, some trinkets to the children, such as moccasins or perhaps baskets or ornaments made of shells, etc. When satisfied they departed down the creek towards their winter home, a big village at the confluence of the Saucon into the Lehigh River near what is now called Freemansburg. Their village they called Saucunk, or something that sounded like Saucoonk.

Some of the Indians even could talk Dutch. A certain farmer while plowing, finding turtles he would save them. Turtles were a delicacy to them. An Indian, the settlers called him Joe, would soon come around and ask, "Well, John, hoscht Shillgrotta fanga?"

One spring they came up the creek and were in an ugly mood, had their faces smeared with war paint and were murmuring and growling among themselves. They did not stop this time, and were never seen or heard after this. Nobody was harmed, yet the settlers were scared. The finest tomahawk that I possees I found at one of these lime kilns, which now are obliterated.

The settlers were very sober and religious till after the Revolutionary War. After their return from the war, the condition of the soldiers was greatly changed. Many of those who served in the war lost their habit of steady toil. After the excitement of a soldier's life they did not feel like working on the farm, or at the anvil or bench. Many had become habituated to the excessive use of strong drink. Whisky being plenty, nearly every farmer distilling his own whisky or applejack, and selling to anyone that wanted to buy, much drunkenness was caused among the people for a long time. People thought they could not perform a day's work without all the whiskey to drink they wanted.

After the civil war a tax was laid on all distilled liquors, which eased drinking a little for a while. Whisky went up to 10 cents a drink with a beer for a washdown. With whisky at $1.40 to $2.00 a gallon, more beer was used. There was a tax on beer too, and much grumbling and growling, but people drank it anyway. Much less was handed out to the day-laborers, except during haying and harvesting. Most farmers bought two or three gallons, which had to reach for the season — a morning bitters, a drink at 9 o'clock, another at 4 o'clock lunch, after supper around 6 o'clock another jigger, then to work again till sundown, which was the custom, but with some it went till the stars were out. I remember working for a farmer who made that a habit. When another boy working there remarked, "Harvey, I see stars," the farmer said, "You will see more before we get through," — "Not many more," said the boy, stuck his fork in the ground and went home.

With the easing off of giving whisky, all a man wanted to drink, the custom of giving breakfast also died out. So instead of the laborer being at the farm at daybreak, where the big pot-bellied bottle stood in the pump trough to greet him, took a morning bitters, and off to work till the farm bell at the house called for breakfast around 6 o'clock, he now took his breakfast at home, and started to work around half-past 6. Next the custom of handing out 4 o'clock lunch died a slow death, with supper around 6, often later, even sometimes at 7 o'clock, but no more work after supper. Later on the 9 o'clock morning lunch also died a natural death. With the advent of more and more machinery the day laborers had to seek new pastures, no more of handing out meals and drinks. The few that still hung on to help out a few days in seasons of haying, harvesting, thrashing and corn-husking brought their own lunch. They started work at half-past 6, with lunch at 11:30 and quit at 5:30, with no more midday siesta as had been the custom in other days, **"Die Ruhe Stund"** as they called it, which had lasted about an hour and a half.

DISCHPUDIERE BATT NIX

Die menschte Leit gleiche zu dischpudiere. Es macht nix aus, was mer saagt, sie duhne es eem graad wedderleegge. Sie glaawe eem gaar nix, wann sie aa so dumm sin ass en Kuh. Ya, wie dummer ass Leit sin, wie liewer ass sie dischpudiere.

Wann mer ebber recht schtelle will, wann er ebbes saagt, noh sett mer ebbes wisse vun was er am Schwetze iss. Wann mer nix weess un dischpudiert awwer als fatt, dann heere die Leit glei wie haagels dumm ass mer iss.

Die menscht Zeit batt's Dischpudiere gaar nix. Es gemaant mich an die Haase uff der Bauerei. Wann die Yaeger un die Hund sie uffgeyaagt hen, noh sin sie glei unner der Hoischtock gschluppt. Sie sin hie un haer unner dem Hoischtock rum gegraddelt un sin awer gemeenerhand am neemliche Loch raus kumme wu sie nei waare.

So geht's mit em Dischpudiere. Mer schwetzt hie, mer schwetz haer. Yeder bhalt sei eeggener Glaawe. Am End kummt yederer an neemliche Loch raus wu er nei iss.

Ich hab an des gedenkt kazlich. Ich hab en Zeiding grickt vun Deitschland, awwer in Englisch gedruckt. Die Zeiding hot ausgelegt wie die Russlenner dischpudiere. Des iss eens vun de Schtories.

Es hot eener der anner fescht schwetze welle. Er hot gsaat, "Do sin zwee Menner. Der Eent is sauwer, der Anner iss gruschdich. Weller wescht sich's aerscht?" der Anner hot gsaat, "Der Gruschdich." "Nee," saagt der Aerscht, "der Sauwer. Fer sell iss er so sauwer."

Glei hot er widder gfroogt, "Weller wescht sich 's aerscht?" Noh hot der Anner gsaat, "Der Sauwer." — "Nee," hot der Aerscht gsaat, "'Der Gruschdich, weil er gruschdich iss."

Noh hot er glei widder gfroogt, "Weller wescht sich's aerscht?" Noh hot der Anner gsaat, "Der Gruschdich." — "Nee," hot der Aerscht gsaat, "Kenner. Der Aerscht iss sauwer un brauch sich net wesche. Der Zwett iss gruschdich, un will sich net wesche."

Noch emoll hot er gfroogt, "Weller wescht sich 's aerscht?" Der Anner hot gsaat, "Kenner. " — "Nee," hot der Aerscht gsaat, "Sie wesche sich alle zwee. Der Eent will sauwer bleiwe un der Anner will sauwer warre."

Seller Weeg dischpudiere die Russlenner. Isd es en Wunner ass niemand auskumme kann mit ihne?

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Baby Play by Red Athletes

Five cheap pastel - colored hats that were on the bargain counter in the basement of a London store turned up without a sales slip, in the possession of a Russian giantess, who had come to the big city with a team of athletes. She was arrested and very nasty are the immediate results.

The Russians were about to participate in pre-Olympic contests in London. But the shoplifting incident has shaken diplomatic and athletic relationships to their foundations. One wonders what may grow out of it since all the Russians now take the position of persons who have been outrageously treated in the house of their presumed friends.

A mountain was made out of a molehill and as a result Russian participation has been called off and the entire team has been ordered to go home.

It was petty to begin with. The bargain counter hats had a value of $4.63 in our money. Cheap as they were, they apparently captured the fancy of the champion Russian discus thrower and Eve-like, she yielded to temptation and made off with the chapeaux without benefit of purchase.

Presumably the store detectives did not know the huge woman. They treated her like any one of the many shoplifters for whom they constantly are on the alert. Promptly after it became known in the Russian embassy in London that one of their prize athletic exhibits was in custody bail was provided. But, when the day for a hearing arrived, the prisoner was not produced. The conclusion was reached that Madame Ponomareva had taken sanctuary in the embassy and was taking advantage of diplomatic immunity, altho her passport did not give her diplomatic status.

Undoubtedly everything could have been cleared up simply and easily. Return of the hats or payment of their value and costs almost certainly would have satisfied the store detectives and their employers. But the Russians chose to make a big issue out of the whole matter. Speedily the propaganda was put forth that a "dirty provocation had taken place" against a member of the Soviet athletic team and that it was an attempt to "blackmail this world-famous sportswoman."

Then, to emphasize the "solidarity" of the team and as a sign of protest against the "dirty provocation," the Soviet delegation reported its refusal to take part in the international match and to go home at once.

It was an exhibition of the kind of baby play which can be expected in Melbourne at the Olympic Games in the late autumn. The Reds are going into those games with more political than athletic interest. They are determined to win at any cost.

Challenge Russia on A-Tests

For the second time within a fortnight, President Eisenhower yesterday made announcement that Russian scientists and military men have fired an atomic weapon of some powerful type.

So again, as was done at the time of the earlier announcement, it is pertinent to note that no information came from Russia on the incident. There was no advance announcement, such as the United States makes to the world prior to every important test, nor was one made after the test had been made.

For propaganda value, if for nothing else, it would seem in order for the United States to challenge Russia to make advance announcements. The feeling has been that the world feels just a bit easier when it is appraised of these tests and in short order realizes that no harm was experienced from them.

So Russia should be asked to make similar announcement. If she agrees and then carries out a promise, it will be to lift some of the curtain of secrecy with which she screens virtually all her deeds. If she refuses it may hurt her prestige with neutral nations.

Fitting Punishment to Deed

Young men in this city who often have a gay time during the late hours of the evening or early hours of the morning while kicking packages of garbage on the streets may well ponder an experience of their similar numbers in Quincy, Mass., particularly if Allentown police take a tip from their similar numbers in Quincy and fit punishment to the offense.

In Quincy the police came upon more than fifty trash barrels which had been kicked around on some 26 streets. Learning who the funny boys were, the police routed every last one out of bed. Then they supervised them for three hours until they had cleaned up every last vestige of the mess that they had made.

That is the kind of justice to mete out for such offenses against society. It is more effective than fines or even unfavorable publicity. There can be no complaint that it is harsh or unfair punishment. It is the kind of punishment that any offender should realize he is asking for when he commits an offense of this and similar kind.

All Eyes on Cairo Next Week

What might be termed a subcommittee of the London Conference on the problems created by Egypt's seizure of the Suez Canal is meeting with President Nasser in Cairo on Monday. From their negotiations should come solution of the issues that have been raised and a reduction of the fevers in the many countries that are concerned in the controversy.

That the situation is fraught with perils has been evident ever since the day that Nasser grabbed the important water highway between Europe and Asia.

Today Great Britain has strengthened the island fortress, Cyprus, with additions of airborne troops, planes and ships. To these France has added military forces. The combination is a menacing army, located within 300 miles of the canal.

Contrasting with this is the United States attitude, as expressed by President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. This is an expression of the belief that all the issues can be satisfactorily resolved for all the nations of the world whose shipping makes use of the great waterway.

The hope must be that settlement of the difficulties will arise out of the meetings that will be held in Cairo next week.

In Fairness to Lawyers

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers," suggests Dick the butcher in the second part of Shakespeare's Henry VI, as the medieval proletariat toys with ideas for improving society. Indeed, since Biblical days, the legal profession has been the target of comic proverb and philosophic satire.

That was long ago, yet the prejudice seems to survive. Attorney General John Ben Shepperd of Texas has told a meeting of bar examiners that the public ranks the legal profession "at the bottom of the list" in terms of contributions to society. This assessment is based on polls conducted in a number of states.

Granted that there are good and bad in every profession, this opinion seems unduly severe. Lawyers play a role of the greatest importance in the harmonious development of present-day society, in reconciling the varying progress on its parts within the established concepts of justice. They serve at their best as delicate feelers of the social body, giving advance notice of oncoming change and signaling the path by which that change can most auspiciously be encountered. They are the everyday arbiters in the struggle between principle and passion, and it is not by chance that so many statesmen spring from their ranks. Naturally there are opportunists among them, as Mr. Shepperd frankly admits, but lawyers everywhere have the right to be indignant about this judgment of the public. N. Y. Herald Tribune

His Silent Backer



After Cairo, What?

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The Menzies committee, which will now negotiate in Cairo with Col. Nasser, comes out of the London conference and in theory it speaks only for the majority of the powers. But on the question of the law of the Suez Canal, as distinct from the question of the operation of the canal, the London conference was unanimous. It follows, so we may suppose, that the first thing to do is to seek Egypt's agreement to the principles on which all the London powers agreed, and to find a way to write a modernization of the treaty of 1888.


Lippmann

On the foundation of such a treaty the difference between the majority and the minority proposals — between those of Dulles and those of Krishna Menon — are negotiable. That, if I understood him correctly, was implied in Dulles's press conference earlier this week. It is evident that the bargaining position of the Menzies committee will be all the stronger insofar as its proposals have the support not only of the Western powers and also of Pakistan and Iran, but also of India, Ceylon and Indonesia.

There is no telling what is the position of the Soviet Union. Its propaganda would seem to aim to prevent an agreement between Egypt and the London powers. But Soviet propaganda is not always an accurate reflection of Soviet foreign policy, and all one can be sure of is that Moscow is supporting neither the majority or the minority proposals. It seems to be keeping a free hand. It could be that it hopes to become the eventual mediator who sponsors a compromise agreement.

Softened Issues

Dulles in his press conference went a long way toward softening the issue between "operating" and "advising." Apparently, he will not insist that the operating board be "internationalized," in the sense that the leading powers be represented on the board. What he wants is that "the essential operating functions" be "performed in an efficient and impartial way free from the political influence of any government."

This requirement might be met by the formation of an Egyptian corporation or public authority, independent under its charter of administrative or financial control by the Egyptian government, and manned by its own civil service. This ought to satisfy Egyptian pride. It ought to do away with the suspicion that the Soviet propaganda is fostering, namely that Great Britain and France are trying to perpetuate the power they possessed in the days of the old Suez Company. It could also spare us the headaches, which would be big ones, of operating the canal by an international board on which the Soviet Union and India should surely sit.

There will be many who say that this all very well for the short run but that it leaves Nasser with his prestige inflated and his ambitions enlarged. I would not deny it. This is a case of making the best of a bad job, of working for the least bad of the choices that are open. For when Nasser struck at the end of July, he caught the Western powers off balance and unprepared.

For reasons which the historians will have to explain, Britain, under some pressure from the United States, agreed to evacuate the canal zone without asking for an agreement on the policy of the operation of the canal which was due to revert to Egypt in a few years. For some reason, moreover, none of th Western governments seemed to have anticipated the seizure of the company though, as Dulles said in his press conference, Nasser has been studying the seizure for two years. When the unexpected happened at the end of July, Britain and France had not the legal right to reoccupy the canal zone, and they did not have the military power to do it.

There was, in fact, no real alternative to the diplomatic negotiations which we have undertaken. It is imperative that we establish a position on a firm foundation of law, or right, and of agreement with the leading nations of Europe and of Asia. We are nearer to such a position today than we were a month ago, and if we can consolidate it, we shall be better prepared than we have been for what Nasser does next.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Almost everybody knows today that "blue chips" stocks have led the stock market, sometimes doubling and even tripling in value in the course of a decade. "Blue chips," in the words of a banker, "are shares of ownership in an enterprise known nationally . . . for its ability to make money and pay a conservative dividend in good times and bad."

But what about "blue chips" so eagerly sought that their market price soar beyond all reason? Then a blue chip, points out Broker Jacques Coe, might be defined as "a favorite of the investment trusts that sells so high and yields so little it is not worth buying now."

Investors might do well to bear always in mind Billionaire Baron Rothschild's formula for amassing wealth: "I always made it a rule to buy a little too late, and sell a little too soon."

John Straley comes up with a tale of three old card-playing cronies who were so plagued by a talkative kibitzer, they resorted to a strategem to rout him, inventing a brand new game as they went along. While the kibitzer looked increasingly bewildered, the dealer tore the deck in half, dealt three pieces to one crony, seven to another, and kept the rest himself, deciding "I have a mingle. I bet a buck."

The second player delcared, "I've got a shnorkel. I raise you two."

The third enthused, "You can't bluff me out. I've a farfel and raise you both ten!"

At this point the kibitzer pulled himself together. He shook the third player's shoulder and hollered, "Are you nuts? With a fooie farfel, you got the nerve to raise a mingle and a shnorkel?"

Television writers are subjected to frequent network censorship, some of it baffling indeed. For instance, one censor insisted that the word "avocado" be eliminated from a script. "Why?" demanded the writer. The censor answered coldly, "My dear fellow, have you ever SEEN an avocado?" and marched majestically out of the room. The writer is still trying to figure it out.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

Be watchful and turn the hostility of an adversary to your own advantage. Today's child may be quiet and retiring.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

PAAR ALTA SHTICKER:

Doh in kartz'm hen m'r etlicha alta shticker aw gadroffa —'s airsht hut die Charlie Roberts'n fon da Nord 6d shtross uns gewwa, un woh sie secht wear ains gawest so ihrra Mam ols g'sawt het longa yohr tzurick Des is es shtich.

"Reida, reida vesselchie,
Drunna shtaid 'n fesselchie.
Bubba hous,
Gucha drei bubba rous—
Aenie shpint seida,
Aenie flecht weida,
Un die onner mocht 'n ruck,
Fer der alt Joe Buck."

Sel is der waig wie ie Mrs. Roberts uns 's shtick gewwa hut, un woh m'r glawwa os wor fer ous tzaila won kinner games g'shpielt hen.

Noh hen m'r da onner dawg aw 'n shtick grick'd fom Jake Ebberts on da West End fair, un woh er secht wear fiel g'sunga un g'shpielt werra on lodwarrick parties wie er 'n yunger boo wor. Der aintsich'd druvel is, der Jake kon sich nimmy gons erinnerra wies game g'shpielt is werra, ow'r is shure os 'm ebber rous helfa kon dart on da Lizard Krick. 'S wor 'n ring game secht er, un aenie het sich in die mid uf 'n shtuhl k'huck'd, un die onnerra weara ousa wenich rum un hetta g'sunga:

"Die Eil hut g'sawt,
Sie wot 's wear nocht,
Dos sie tzu ihr'm shetz'l kent.
Sie huts ols g'sawt,
Sie sawg'ds ols noch,
Sie sing'd die gonsa nocht
Un shloaft die nagshd woch.
Hee Haw Will
Kum un setz dich uf my shose.
Geb ra 'n bus un los sie gae,
Habe sie net bis die hawna graya."

Un noh maint der Jake wear ainer fon da boova gonga un hets maid'l im ring gabuss'd, un 'n onnerrie het ihrra blotz ganumma. Alsa mohl maint der Jake 's game het aw g'fonga in English mit:

"Open the ring and let one in." yusht er is nimmy gons shure eb sel recht is. Won der Jake 's net ous finna kon, ferleibht kon ebber shunshd rous helfa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

On da Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties on Dorney Park glawwa m'r os des yohr mainer alta games g'shpielt werra os noch aenichie tzeit g'shpielt sin werra, in ol da yohrra os m'r die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha socha darta om gae hen.

M'r hoffa ol unser freind tzu sehna on Dorney's morya un da Mondawg.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 11:1-36

One problem during this period of 'restoration' was to get people to live in Jerusalem, which city had been terribly devastated by Nebuchadnezzar. So they began to occupy it again, the leaders of the people setting the example. Lots were then cast to bring one out of every ten of the common people to live in Jerusalem. Those who willingly offered themselves to live in the city were most highly regarded. Patriotism and religion combined to influence many to do so, for the Temple, now restored, and the wall, now rebuilt, brought to the minds and hearts of the new generation something of the glory of which they had heard from their fathers. So important was this matter, that a record was made of the names of those who came to live in the city, vs. 3-19. Beginning at v. 20, to the end of the chapter, we have a record of those called 'the residue of Israel', who lived in all the cities of Judah. The tribe of Benjamin, closely associated with the Jews, is mentioned in vs. 31-35. The Levites were distributed throughout Judah and Benjamin, coming to the Jerusalem Temple in their turn to perform their office.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

FISHIN' DAYS

Fishin' days, fishin' days,
Best days of the year for me.
Lazy days, loafin' days,
Happier I coudln't be.
Dreamin' under fleecy skies,
Hummin' love songs now an' then,
Till this summons I despise:
Time to go to work again.

Fishin' days, fishin' days,
Days of unalloyed delight.
Loafin' on a running stream
Where the big ones always bite.
Snaggin' out a bass or two,
Here's the king of sports for men;
Till the summons comes to you:
Time to go to work again.

Fishin' days, fishin' days,
Days when worry slips away.
Trouble never yet was known
On a river or a bay.
Put me somewhere on a stream
With a rod an' line, an' then
I'll be happy there an' dream
Till it's time to work again.

(Copyright 1956)



ZION CHURCH

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

BEAUTIFUL Zion Valley is an oval plain with hills surrounding it like the sides of a cup, and with a winding stream following the line of its longest diameter. In the center of the valley, with the graveyard and the winding stream at its back, and opposite it and across the road the house of Matthias Lucas, stands Zion Church. The house of Matthias Lucas is old; it was built, as the German inscription above the door bears witness, by Matthias's grandfather in 1749. Below the name and date, carved in the stone, are the words, "God bless all those who go in and out."

The church is a magnificent one for a farming community. It is built of gray stone, its style is Gothic, and its spire, a hundred and ninety feet high from the base to the golden ball at its top, seems to rise higher than the hills. The great church room measures fifty feet from the floor to the apex of the arched ceiling. There are no frescoes; the walls are gray; the straight pews and the strange high pulpit with its winding stairs are dark walnut; the woodwork of the high galleries is painted white. The windows are clear glass; they were kept bright at first by Matthias Lucas, who, after he had given the church, became for love of it its sexton; they are polished now by the women of the devout Pennsylvania German congregation. From some of the windows, one may see straight into the leafy hearts of old oak trees; from others one may look through thinner foliage out across the surrounding farms to the hills. From the distance, the gray mass of Zion Church dominates the landscape like the cathedral of Chartres upon the broad plain of France.

Zion Church is rich; she owns the broad stone house and the five farms of Matthias Lucas. She has no debt; her paint is always shining; the grassy lawn about her is always smoothly trimmed; her graveyard, whose mounds are covered with myrtle or lily-of-the-valley or clove-pink, is set with straight white stones on which no moss is allowed to gather.

Many of the graves are interesting to the antiquarian. There are several of Indians who were converted by the preaching of the first pastor, and there are many with German inscriptions. The inscriptions which are carved today are English; sometimes, added to those already on a tall monument, they form a record of the transition from one language to another. The grandmother of the Arndts was recorded, 'Sarah Arndt, geboren Peterman'; their mother was described as 'Ellen Arndt, daughter of Rudolph Hummel'; above the grave of their young sister-in-law, who died a year ago, is written, 'Elizabeth Arndt, nee Miller.' The Pennsylvania Germans have become cosmopolitan indeed! But the inscriptions on the Lucas graves are all German. Even Matthias, the last of his family, died before any one dreamed that the residents of Zion Valley would learn English.

It is three generations since Matthias Lucas in his middle-age cursed the congregation and the church and almost God himself, and went no more to service.

The Kirchen Rath (church council) met one winter evening, as it had met since the days of Matthias's grandfather, in the Lucas kitchen, an appropriate place, since, like his father and his grandfather, Matthias managed the affairs of the church. The second building in which the congregation worshiped had become unfit for use, the plans for a new church lay spread before the council on the old oak table. The members of the council, which had been in session from seven o'clock until midnight, had been arguing, and they were tired.

Then rose Matthias Lucas angrily from his chair. He was about forty years old, a man of powerful build and with a fine, ruddy color from working in the fields. He had inherited wealth from his father, and he was steadily adding to it. He meant to give largely to the new church, which was his own as much as was his great stone house or his farms or his wife and child. Devoted, generous, stubborn, Matthias Lucas might have said with conviction, "I am Zion Church."

"Who will have to build this church?" he demanded hotly, in his sonorous German speech. "Who will have to give most of the money? I will! Whose people gave the land in the beginning but mine? This—" Matthias laid his hand on one of the papers spread out before him — "This is the way it is to be."

The point under discussion was a minor one, some small difference in the height of the steeple, or in the work required on the foundation, a point on which there might easily be two opinions, both of them right. Matthias Lucas might have yielded, but he was stubborn and he had not been accustomed to having his judgements questioned. On the other hand, the church council might have yielded, but it had been looking at plans for five hours, and as far back as the mind could reach it had been domineered over by a Lucas. When a vote was taken, there were seven votes against Matthias and none with him.

Still standing, Matthias had his say.

"You will build the church alone, then. Not a penny will I give."

Peter Arndt rose and faced him. The candle-light made two bright spots of their white faces in the great, low room with its brown, raftered ceiling and its black shadows. The members of Zion Church were not rich. All the low arable land of the valley belonged to the Lucases, and the fine ore deposits on the higher, poorer farms lay still unsuspected and undisturbed beneath the ground. The loss of the contribution of Matthias Lucas would be calamitous. But Peter Arndt faced him bravely.

"Then we will build it alone."

Tired of their long meeting, certain that tomorrow Matthias would think better of his foolishness, the other seven members of the church council untied their horses from the fence along the land and rode home. Matthias laughed when they had gone.

"Build it alone!" he mocked. "Not while the world stands! They will build it my way, or they will not build at all. They have no money."

Matthias was right; without him Zion Church was not able to build. The old church was patched up and services were held there for ten years. Matthias, sitting in his front room on Sunday mornings, watched the congregation assemble, but did not join them. He listened in stubborn silence to the admonition of the preacher, he continued to contribute to the preacher's salary, but into the church he would not go.

"I will not risk my life in that old shell," he declared to his wife. "It will come down on their heads. When they are ready to build, let them come to me, and we will build."

But the church council did not come to Matthias. Presently, his wife and his only son died of smallpox, and, since even this isolated valley had begun to observe quarantine, their bodies were carried directly from the house to the burying-ground, without the customary service in the church. Thus Matthias did not have to break his word.

Aghast at the sorrow which had come upon Matthias, the members of Zion Church visited him and shed more tears than did the stern man sitting in his grandfather's armchair in his lonely kitchen. When the funeral was over, he went about his work as though nothing had happened. The preacher added admonition to his consolation, he besought and then commanded Matthias to return to his church. But Matthias's heart was not softened; it was then that he cursed Zion Church and said that as God has forsaken him, so had he forsaken God.

Almost at once, as though to add to his bitterness and anger, the walls of the new church began to rise. The deep ore-beds had been opened; great blast furnaces had sprung up through all the Pennsylvania German counties. The members of Zion Church had been saving their money in anticipation of building; now, as they began to sell their ore, they added to their original plan. They had for their church a spirit of mediaeval devotion like that of the builders of Amiens; they would erect the finest building in many days' journey.

Of their plans, Matthias would hear nothing. Again the preacher visited him; humbly the church council asked his forgiveness, and explained that all the details of their plans had changed; they had rejected their own plans as well as his. But he would not listen.

"You think you can cajole me," answered Matthias grimly; "but not a penny shall you have unless you come back and sit in my kitchen and vote to build the way I want it."

The walls of the new church rose rapidly, and Matthias from his window opposite, and from his farms and gardens, watched them rise. Sometimes he smiled.

"They will never pay for it," he assured himself with satisfaction. "Those who were fools enough to build for them will not get their money."

Presently the church was completed. By the day of dedication, the pastor had promises for all the money needed.

From his lonely house, Matthias watched the final preparations. It was October, the season of harvest-home, and into the new church were carried great sheaves of wheat and the tallest stalks of corn. Presently, when Peter Arndt drove up with his wagon loaded with fine apples and pears and vegetables, Matthias crossed the road to speak to him.

"You are my tenant," said he, harshly; "Nothing from my land is to be taken into the church."

Without answering, Peter Arndt drove away. Matthias's old friends had begun to be afraid of him.

There was to be communion at the morning service, and it had been ten years since Matthias Lucas had gone to the communion-table. If his heart ached and his lips hungered for the token to which he had been accustomed from his childhood, he comforted himself with hate. He sat behind his bowed shutters and watched the congregation of Zion Church rejoicing in its new possession. He saw the children come to practice for their exercises, he saw flowers being carried by the armful until the cemetery looked like a great garden, and his heart hardened the more within him. He said now that they had cast him off, and he believed what he said. He realized fully, with intolerable pain, that they could do without him.

That night, complete from floor to spire, fresh from the careful hands of its builders, decked with the fruits of the field as a token of thankfulness to God, with the white communion-cloth spread already on the altar, Zion Church, waiting for its consecration, burned to the ground.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

En reicher Mann greedy
Un en Sau im Kraut
Sin wie Brieder Zwilling
Yuscht sbaut.
Vum Solly Hulsbuck
Seine Kase Reima

BIN LIEWER DO DEHEEM

Ich bin schunn rumgekesselt deel
In meine kaze Zeit;
Fleicht net so viel wie Leit ich kenn,
Un fleicht aa net so weit.

Doch hab ich gsehne wie es Volk
Aa lebt in ann're Pletz;
Un wie sie hausen in ihrem Weeg,
Ob's recht iss odder letz.

Ich waar in grosse Heiser drin,
Uffgschmuckt in letschte Schteil,
Mit Blumme-lenner all drum rum,
Un Yaard gezehlt in Meil.

Un Hausrot aus em feinschte Hols,
Un Bilder an der Wand;
Klavier, Peiforgel, Kaerpet aa,
Wu kummt vum weite Land.

Hen fimunzwansich Schtubbe ghatt,
En marbel - schteenich Schteeg,
Wu waerwelt in me Gringel rum,
Inschtatts graad nunner schreeg.

Mit Marbel Damm fer Schwimme drin,
Un Beem vun weitem bei;
Un glaasne Heiser yuscht gemacht
Fer raare Blumme nei.

Un Autos, paar fer yeders, datt,
Un aa en Dutzend Geil,
Wu schpringen um der race track rum
So schtarrick wie en Peil.

Sie eeggnen blendi "Schtocks" rumhaer,
Im Keller blendi Schnapps;
Ihr Kleeder sin die beschte rum,
Un Geld iss aa net knapps.

Die Leit do sin alsmol deheem,
Un efters sin sie fatt;
Ich sehn ken Uhrsach un ken Not
Fer Pletz vun so re Satt.

Hab aa Wattsheiser gsehne schunn
So hendich ausgericht,
Mit beschte Esse, Schtubb un Baad,
Awwer koschten dich gedicht.

Hab net yuscht vanne neigeguckt,
Waahrhaftich aa datt gschtoppt;
Die machen Geldsack gucke graad
Wie'n Haahne blott geroppt.

Sin blendi Maad un Knechte wu
Duhn alles gans "correct."
Doch schtehn far Gfalle wu sie duhn
Un hen die Hend ausgschtreckt.

Doch saag ich dir, ich geb nix drum
Fer all des fancy Gfress;
Mei alt Haus iss noch gut genunk,
Ich guck aa net uff Greess.

Mei Yaard iss aa net yuscht so grooss,
Die Blumme drin net raar,
Doch gucken graad so gut zu mir
Wie aus em Blumme-schtor.

Mei Hausrot, vun Uhreltere haer,
Mei Bilder aus em Schtor;
Hab heemgemachter Kaerpet aa
Zu leegge uff der floor.

Die maple schtehn rings um mei Haus.
Un machen Schadde kiehl;
Fer schwimme datt iss aa der Damm
Hinnich der alde Miehl.

Mei Ford, en Rabbelkaschde alt,
Die laaft, ich weess net wie;
Sie schnaddert, huscht, un grext un schpaut,
Doch nemmt mich immer hie.

Vun Geld iss net so viel uff hand,
Un 's langt net alsemol,
Doch batt's nix ass mer grext un heilt,
Iss Iwwel odder Wohl.

Ich hab deel gude Nochbere rum,
Paar Freind mir bei zu schteh,
un heilt,
En gudi Fraa, verschtennich Kind—
Was kann mer winsche meh?

Kannscht hawwe all dei groosse Pletz
Mit alles rum genehm;
Ich bin zufridde, geht's wie's kann,
Bin liewer do deheem.

25. Abril 1940 — RALPH S. FUNK

POLEIT

Poleit — sell iss en recht kidhensching Watt. Ich hab's browiert uff die Polly. Es hot gschafft wie magic. Wie sie vorm Schpiggle gschtanne hot ihre alde Runsle begucke hawwich genotist, wie bedriebt un draurich sie guckt, wie sie eweck gelogge iss.

Sell waar mei Zeit fer es Watt "poleit" graad ans Marrick schicke. "Meind sell gaar net," hawwich gsaat, "Schpiggel heitigchsdaags sin nix waut, sie mache ken Glaas alleweil halwer so gut un schee, ass wie du yung waarscht."

Un bletzlich iss die Polly kumme mit ihre Maul grooss uff, wie en Poschdeloch un hot mer en Boss gewwe ass der Schpiggel in Schliwwere verschprengt hot.

DER SOLLY HULSBUCK

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Editorials

Polio All But Conquered

It has been noted frequently, and with deep thankfulness as well, that there have been no local cases of polio in this county this year and that cases in Pennsylvania have been very few in number.

Happier even is the fact that the disease has had fewer victims thruout the United States than in many years. During this year weekly reports from the U. S. Health Service show that the number of new cases has been lower by far than in 1955. Some of the weeks have shown figures lower than any recorded in corresponding weeks of eight to nine previous years. While there has been rise from week to week during this summer, the last week in August showed a decline. Accordingly, health authorities are inclined to believe that the peak of the disease period has been passed and that here will be continuing decline from this time on.

One of the significant facts in all this year's reports is that rare are the victims who had received Salk polio shots. So it is confidently felt that the success of this preventive has been established. It is felt that, with public cooperation to the end that almost universal use will be made of the Salk vaccine, the conquest of the disease can be made as certain as the conquests by Science over diphtheria, scarlet fever and other dangerous, communicable diseases.

This conquest is a triumph for the determined program that the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and other agencies established to find either a preventive, or a cure, or both preferably. The problem was attacked from every angle that scientists could conceive. Money was not spared. The American people were so deeply aroused that they and their Federal Government were ready to spend the cost of a military war, if necessary, to wipe out the disease.

Out of the University of Pittsburgh, one of the phases of this war, conducted by Dr. Jonas Salk, yielded the famous vaccine. Its results have been so spectacular that Basil O'Connor only recently made the prediction that polio as an epidemic diesease will be ended in the course of the next year, providing all hands cooperate.

Unfortunately however the entire problem has not been solved. In the wake of the disease's ravages during many years are thousands of incapacitated people. While means of rehabilitation in varying degrees have been developed by various types of therapists, no cure for their afflictions has been found.

Accordingly aid for patients continues to be a big problem for such organizations as the National Foundation, the societies for crippled children in thousands of communities and for the families of the victims who in most cases were children when smitten but are growing into adolescence or young adulthood.

The National Foundation alone during 1955, according to Mr. O'Connor's report, spent $27,624,000 on patient aid. It was almost twice as large a sum as was spent upon grants for continuing scientific research and for the purchase of vaccine and gamma globulin.

The thousands of handicapped children and adults continue as the accepted responsibility of the Foundation and the collateral societies. The number of polio victims still under such care—most of them carry-over cases from pre-Salk years — numbers almost 70,000.

A big job has been done in the discovery, development and mass use of the Salk vaccine. As Mr. O'Connor has observed, "it was a planned miracle." But a big job remains to be done with those who never had a chance because they were attacked by the disease before Dr. Salk and the world knew what to do about it.

Malaria Mop-up in Mexico

Yesterday there was begun in Mexico one of the greatest public health services ever carried out in any country, namely a nationwide drive to get rid of malaria.

Mexico, in all the history of the peoples who have lived there, has been plagued by this insect-borne disease. It has taken many lives and in addition has enervated millions. It has especially affected the poor and the helpless.

While malaria control has become an established practice, the program to effect it must be elaborate and costly if satisfactory results are to be attained. Not every nation has the organization of scientists and the money with which to wage the intensive battle that is required for success.

However Mexico a year ago entered into contracts with the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund, the United States International Cooperatioon Administration and the World Health Organization to organize and wage the campaign. Mexico appropriated $12 million. The Children's Fund put up $8.4 million while the other agencies agreed to provide the technicians to wage the scientific battle.

Beginning yesterday, the spraying with insecticides of Mexico from the Rio Grande to the borders of Guatemala was begun. In a preliminary campaign, upwards of a million dwellings and other buildings were singled out for special attack. Their interiors are to be sprayed twice a year during the next three years.

At the same time, thousands of malaria victims are to be treated and prevented from continuing to be the human blood sources for the disease-carrying mosquitoes.

Mexico's program is to be followed by Brazil, Guatemala, Salvador, Haiti and others. Argentina and Venezuela have plans for programs well under way while Ecuador, Nicaragua and Paraguay have begun some plans. Only Canada and Uruguay of all the lands in the Western Hemisphere are free of malaria.

Especially important will be Mexico's campaign because she has had the worst malaria record of all the Western nations. More than two million Mexicans can be counted on to be malaria victims every year and the annual death rate from the disease is close to 25,000.

If Mexico can conquer, or come even close to conquering this disease, every other country will be encouraged to go and do likewise.

In Midst of Jews' Holy Days

The people of the world are in the midst of the Jewish High Holy days, the period of 10 days that was ushered in at sunset on Wednesday and continues until Yom Kippur, or Day of Atonement, on Friday evening of next week.

We say that "the world is in the midst of these holy days" for wherever this widely dispersed people are to be found, there is an awareness on the part of the general public, regardless of religious beliefs, of the faithfulness of this unusual people to ancient traditions and to their deistic religion.

There may be laxness during other religious fasts and feasts but the High Holy Days find this people united in devotions in their synagogues wherever they may be scattered thruout the world.

This year a striking message came to American Jews from Lord Mayor Robert Briscoe, the first member of his religious faith to hold that office in Ireland's greatest city, Dublin. In that special message he said that "the matter of religion is a matter of private conscience; one is expected irrespective of faith to do one's best as a citizen for the welfare of the nation as a whole."

He said people must "recognize that moral things are of great importance, the morals of living as brother with your neighbor and the right of privacy in your home and in your way of worshipping Almighty God."

These are principles for which this people have stood thruout their existence. They are principles which they are reaffirming at this, the entrance to their New Year which in their calendar bears the venerable figure —5717.

Another 'Miss America' Contest



Ready for Battle

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Although, officially, the campaign has not yet begun, the location and the general shape of the battleground is already visible. So at least, at the risk of being proved quite wrong, it now seems to me.

The central contest is for the vote of the Democrats and of the independents with Democratic leanings, who in 1952 voted for Eisenhower, but did not vote for other Republican candidates. The object of the Democrats is to win back these voters — to get the full Democratic vote which, when it is polled, makes a majority. The object of the Republicans is not only to get the Republican vote — which they take for granted — but also to hold on to the extra non-Republican Eisenhower vote, without which they cannot win.



Lippman

This basic situation explains many things. For example, why "moderation" is the order of the day in both parties. The Democrats are avoiding anything which would make it harder for an Eisenhower Democrat to return to the party. Not only President Eisenhower but Vice President Nixon also are avoiding anything which could offend a Democrat who has voted for Eisenhower. For the Democrats, this means deflating Trumanism and keeping it at a distance. For the Republicans it means squelching their ripsnorters who lust after a relapse into McCarthyism. The Democrats and the independents who voted for Eisenhower in 1952, but did not vote for Republican governors, Senators and Representatives in 1954, are obviously, are, one might say by definition, "moderates."

Basic

Because of this basic situation, which makes it imperative that he hold on to a mass of preponderantly Democratic voters, President Eisenhower's personal campaign strategy differs radically from 1952. Then he attacked the Democratic record and what was alleged to be the Democratic philosophy. Now the record is not an issue. This year he is out to prove that he is making a new party which is to have a new philosophy called "the new Republicanism." It is to combine the best features of both of the old parties. President Eisenhower wants to hold on to the Democrats who left their party in 1952 because they wanted a change after 20 years of Democratic rule.

Gov. Stevenson, on the other hand, is not expecting to convert Republicans. Rather he is trying to win back Democrats. To do this, he must show them that if they come home, they will find not only the old Democratic party, which has been their party, but that party purged of what drove them away from it in 1952, and standing for what they wanted from Eisenhower — namely peace abroad and at home. President Eisenhower's method of campaigning is to minimize the differences and to fuzz up the issues, hoping the Eisenhower Democrats will stay put. Gov. Stevenson's method is to magnify the differences and to sharpen the issues which could rally the Democrats and bring them home.

The campaign is unusual in that the opposition party is almost certainly the majority party. Yet it is true that Eisenhower starts with a personal majority. The critical question is whether he can hold on to it against the undertow which will be drawing the Eisenhower Democrats back to their normal allegiance.

Big Issue

Because of this situation, Gen. Eisenhower personally will be in fact, whatever may be said in the speeches, the determining issue in the campaign. The San Francisco convention testified to this fact by staging a personal exultation and glorification of a mortal man which is not in the habitual style of the citizens of a republic. By the very vehemence and absolutism of the concentration on President Eisenhower personally, and how the fate of the world depends upon him personally, a high light was focused on the question of his capacity to live up to such great expectations.

The candidates will not speak much about them but the people will very surely be weighing the fact that he will be the oldest President ever inaugurated — that he has had two severe illnesses — and that he cannot hope to have even as much power in his own party during a second term as he has had in his first, because of the new constitutional limitation which makes it impossible for him to run again.

(Copyright, 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

TIME AND WORRY

Time and Worry met one day
Traveling along the way.
"I," said Time, "am gentler far
With my people than you are."
Worry smiled and said: "It's true.
You get blamed for much I do.

"You go lightly on your way,
Gently brushing hair with gray;
Wrinkles now and then you place
In some sweet and lovely face,
But you're blamed for many a line
And a furrow that are mine."

"You," said Time, "make people old
Long before my years are told.
I would keep folks young, but you
Bring on age before it's due.
I take years to furrow cheeks;
You accomplish it in weeks."

"Yes," said Worry, "that is true.
Rapidly my work I do;
You are patient, kind and slow;
Quickly to my work I go.
Many a sturdy back I've bent
Long before its strength was spent."

"Why," asked Father Time, "do men
Let you keep them company then?
Why are you allowed to stay,
Withering youth in such a way?
They could quickly bid you go."
Worry answered: "I don't know."

(Copyright 1956)

Factographs

Switzerland, Liberia, Ireland, Costa Rica and Ecuador have acquired fleets of merchant ships since World War II.

The University of Bologna, founded in Italy in the Eleventh century, is the oldest university in existence.

Texas leads the United States in petroleum production, California is second and Oklahoma third.

Number 10 Downing street is the address of England's prime minister.

A small species of butterfly is found in Ecuador at an elevation of 16,500 feet.

Horoscope

You should prosper during your next year by your industry and steady endeavors. Today's child may prove to be a hard worker, reliable and loyal.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRUNDSI IN DA SHWEITZ: Grundsi sheinds weara Grundsi die welt iwwer — des is, die fier baenicha grundsi woh m'r fin'd drous in da felder un nava on da hivla. Der Poora Franklin Slifer fon Topton, un woh alla weil im alta lond is fee darta niver nemma, hut uns yusht 'n shaenie kort g'shick'd mit drei grundsi fon da Shweitz. 'S sheind wie wons drei harlicha grundsi weara — aenie sheinds wear om locha — nut all'm noh der Porra g'sehna, un ous g'funna os er 'n glead is fon Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw.

Die Grundsi dart driwwa wissa all'm noh nix fon Grundsow lodges, ow'r der Porra secht 's wear wunnerbore tzu sehna wie sie lecher hetta dart driwwa in da hivla un barya fon da Shweitz. So weit os es bild aw gait uf da kort woh er uns g'shick'd hut, sehnt m'r die shtae un grund woh sie rous gaweal'd hen, ow'r glawb net os ae shivershtae dabei is. Gons hinna drous im hinner grund sehnt m'r aw die hocha barya fon da Shweitz ol badeck'd mit ice un shnae — wil wetta os der Porra un sei fraw 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit hen dart driwwa — un arbadich noch so , now os der Porra grundsi g'funna hut.

BOL GAITS WIDDER OB: Doh shwetza fon da Shweitzer Grundsi, kenna m'r net helfa os wie tzu denka on die Grundsow Lodges woh iwwer dem widder in der gong kumma. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, socha sin shun om avendich werra in unnershittlicha gagenda — Grundsow Lodge Rawd un Obtsleit hen fersommlinga fer blawna fer der kummend Grundsow Dawg, der 2d Harning 1957, un woh yusht awenich iwwer fier mohnet ob is. Whee woh kumt die tzeit onna — sel is wos uns wunnert.

So wohr ich labe, eb m'r allas recht weck hut fon da yohrs dafor fersommling, kumt shun widder die nagshd rum—maint miner sex net os es sei kent. Ow'r so sin die socha ewwa im lava — heit sin m'r doh, un morya — wel war wase wos noch uf dary'd bis sellie tzeit kumt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis heit ols noch tzeit fer noch da Lehighton Fair gae, un die nagshd woch so wohr so allas, is aw widder die Reading Fair doh, un woh m'r tzaila ei tzu nemma. Adv.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 13:21-28

The result of Nehemiah's firm stand against Sabbath desecration and of his threat to arrest the offenders was that from that time forth they came no more on the Sabbath. Nehemiah then commanded the Levites to come and keep the gates, and thus to sanctify the Sabbath Day. Once more, as in v. 14, he prays: 'Remember me, O my God, concerning this also, and spare me according to the greatness of Thy mercy.' Another problem confronted Nehemiah, for he found among the people Jews who had married wives from among the heathen natives, women of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab. The result was that children born of these marriages could not speak Hebrew, but spoke the languages of the heathen tribes. Nehemiah treated these offenders rather roughly, v. 25, citing the conduct of Solomon, who by similar marriages caused Israel to sin. Yet God was kindly disposed to Solomon, because of his great mercy, but by their conduct they were sinning against a merciful God. One of the sons of Joiada, of the priestly class, had married a daughter of Sanballat, the enemy of Israel. 'Therefore I chased him from me,' says Nehemiah in v. 28.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

There's a tricky three-par hole at Pebble Beach, Calif., that drives even golf experts to distraction. A tongue of the Pacific Ocean surges in between the tee and the green, and only a well-directed 200-yard drive can keep a player out of serious trouble.

Almost as disastrous as a drive into the briny is a hook shot on to the beach below the green. Bing Crosby found his ball there one windy day, and wasted seven shots trying to loft it up on to the green. The eighth try almost made it, but then the ball began rolling back, picked up speed, and hit Bing in the stomach.

Tossing his wedge to the caddie, Bing said, "That settles it, son. When your ball starts to hit back at you, it's time to quit!"

"The woman who doesn't gossip," points out Harry Wister, "has no friends to speak of."



ZION CHURCH

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

CONCLUSION

Matthias Lucas's maid-servant gave the alarm. The rosy light, reflected from the flames against the wall of the barn and thence into her attic room, wakened her, and she went, screaming, to pound at Matthias's door. By that time the church was a mere shell about a roaring furnace. The paint and varnish were fresh, and they, with the dried leaves and grain of the decorations, fed the flame to so fierce a heat that the walls fell outward with a great explosion.

From his window, Matthias Lucas watched. He heard the screams of his servant as she rushed down the road, he heard the panting of runners as they came in answer to her call, he heard cries of frantic inquiry and wild sorrow. He knew from whom each sound came; he could tell the voice of each of his old friends, who loved their church as they loved their souls: of Peter Arndt, and John Lorish, and James Baer, and many others. The silver communion service was in the church; Peter Arndt had to be restrained by force from rushing into the flames to find it. Watching them , listening to them, Matthias felt that he was almost like God Himself.

"They will come back to me!" he cried. "They owe this money, they will have to pay it, the law will make them, and they still have no church. They will come back to me!"

When he had had his breakfast and had looked after his stock, he went into his parlor and sat down by the window. His heart felt strangely warmed; he spoke gently to his weeping servant.

"It will be built up," he assured her, to comfort her.

Soon after nine o'clock the congregation began to gather. There were many from a distance who had not heard the dreadful news; as they came over the hill, they drew rein in horror, and then urged their horses on. Matthias could hear their cries and the galloping feet of their horses. A few who drove to the very ruins before they saw that their church was destroyed, sat dumbly, making no effort to dismount from horse or wagon.

"They will have to ask me to help them now," said Matthias again to himself, a strange peace in his heart.

But no one crossed the road to Matthias's house. The men tied their horses and gathered about the preacher, the women sat on the grass in the graveyard in the warm sunshine; they were helpless, homeless, distraught. From group to group went his weeping servant, telling what she knew of the fire.

Presently Matthias saw that they were going to hold a service. The older people found seats on the flat tombstones, the younger ones stood about. There, within that low stone wall, all the congregation of Zion Church was gathered, and there was crying such as had often accompanied the laying-away of the mother of little children, or of the strong man, dying in his youth. Only one of the living members was not present — Matthias Lucas, who waited in his house across the way.

Through the open window, Matthias could hear the preacher's voice, broken, trembling; he could see the preacher's hands, lifted in petition.

"Lord," cried he "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations!"

To Matthias, it seemed that the agonized plea was lifted to him. Then, with sobs and cries, the congregation tried to sing:—

Ach, Gott, verlass mich nicht,
Gieb mir die Gnadenhaende!

Involuntarily Matthias Lucas sang with them the words which he had learned at his mother's knee,—

Thy Holy Spirit grant;
And 'neath the heaviest load,
Be thou my strength and stay,
Forsake me not, O God!

They were in trouble, these foolish, headstrong people, but he would help them. He would not wait for them to come to him; he would go to them. Matthias rose from his chair.

But, as the members of Zion Church sang, a change came over them. The hymn rose as it had risen many times before from that solemn place, at first a cry of misery. But presently its tone changed. The God to whom they cried had sustained them always when they called upon Him thus; He would sustain them now. Their voices strengthened and became calm; the great music of the choral rose above the blackened ruins and floated out over the fields and hills to heaven itself. They dried their tears and took heart.

Then they drew closer together, and the preacher's clear voice, cheering and encouraging them, penetrated to the old stone house, where in his wealth and his bitterness, Matthias listened.

"We will begin to rebuild tomorrow," announced the preacher. "'God will bless us. We will take promises now. I will give a year's salary, if you will help me by sending me things from your gardens."

Immediately the offerings began, and steadily they went on. The debt was to be paid, a plainer building was to be erected at once, the congregation of Zion Church was equal to its trouble. They did not call upon Matthias, they did not think of him. Close to the graves of his wife and child, they made their plans; without the fold, alone, holding to his chair for support, stood Matthias in his desolate house.

Then Matthias went slowly out of the door and across the yard and the road to the churchyard.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "I have something to say."

He pressed close to his old friends as though he were pursued by a terror from which they must defend him, and they, thinking that he was smitten by disease or madness, drew away in fright. The minister went toward him, and the girl who had stayed in his house because she had loved her mistress and her mistress's child.

"Listen to me!" he cried again. "I will build you a church, a church of stone, to last forever, with a great spire. You shall have my farms to endow it perpetually. Do not draw away from me! You must let me do it, or I will die! **For in the night, I came over with a candle and set fire to the church you built without me!"**

The above story was published originally in The Atlantic Monthly for March, 1913. It is reprinted here by courtesy both of the author and the publisher.

THE KATYDID

Katy found the summer cool,
Then she said she didn't,
For, with Katies 'tis a rule
Stick to truth they needn't.
For, like all the Katie clan,
They are sometimes contrary,
When they argue with a man
They can be slippery, very!

They will sit up all the night
To argue on a question.
They are always in the right.
Avaunt the bare suggestion
That a Katie might be wrong,
If only for a moment!
Were all the Katies wise and strong
Pray, who would quarrels foment?

Whether they are right or not,
We even must forgive 'em,
For they brighten many a spot,
And so we may not grieve 'em.
Does it matter, after all,
Who speaks the last in meetin'?
Many giants great and tall
By little words are beaten.

Katie, stick to what you say,
And if you did it, say it,
And if you didn't, say so, pray,
And no one will gainsay it.
Chatter from the dark to dawn,
E'en through the day, if't please you,
None shall e'er upon my lawn
Dare to molest or tease you.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
1862-1934

Our most distinguished Pennsylvania German poetess also penned numerous graceful English poems, gathered in the collection A Quiver of Arrows, Lititz, 1908. The above poem was first published in The Lancaster Intelligencer for September 3, 1903.

DER LECHAA KRICK NOH

Ich wandle un wandle
der Lechaa Krick noh,
Sie weddelt un beddelt
un feddelt em so!—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Sie weddelt un beddelt
un feddelt em so!

Die Forelle sich schnelle
der Lechaa Krick noh,
Sie schteckelt un deckelt
un schtreichelt sie so!—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Sie schteckelt un deckelt
un schtreichelt sie so!

Die Ike Waltons datt hocke
der Lechaa Krick noh!
Die Forelle sie locke,
versuche sie so!—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Die Forelle sie locke,
versuche sie so!

Die Fisch un die Fischer
der Lechaa Krick noh!
(Un waer kann uns saagge
wel Beluchse iss do!)—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Die Grotte sie schpotte,
Es lechelt sie so!

Die Buwe, die Meed,
die gehne nanner noh,
Lauter Liebes-gschpass
der Lechaa Krick noh!
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Lauter Liebes-gschpass
der Lechaa Krick noh!

Die Traumlin, die Yugend,
der Lechaa Krick noh,
Zu Waahret siess drehe,
yeder eens watt so!—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Zu Waahret siess drehe,
yeder eens watt so!

Die Altheit finnt Zukunft
der Lechaa Krick noh,
Die Yaahre, Hunnich Yaahre
in Gottes Lieb so!
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Die Yaahre, Hunnich Yaahre
in Gottes Lieb so!

Der Himmel so bloo
der Lechaa Krick noh,
Sie schpiggelt, verwiggelt
un schtichelt em so!—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Sie schpiggelt, verwiggelt
un schtichelt em so!

Die Baerrye! Die Bingert!
der Lechaa Krick noh!
Vereinicht! Verbunne!
Die Drei singe so!—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Vereinicht! Verbunne!
getrei yuble so!

Ich wandle un wandle
der Lechaa Krick noh—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
So klingt sie,
So trinkt sie,
Un foddert mich naus!
So singt sie,
So dingt sie,
Yaahr ei un Yaahr aus!—
Yubel-lalla! Yubel-lalli!
yubel-lallu-yallo!
Die Heemet, siess Heemet,
gezwitschert em so!

(Can be sung to the tune of "Away in a Manger".)

May 14, 1956 DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

ICH KANN NET LESE

Wie unser Voreldre vun Deitschland kumme sin, hen sie ihre Naame im Keenich sei Buch schreiwe selle. Die Menschte vun ihne hen net schreiwe kenne. Darum hen sie yuscht en Kreiz gemacht.

Wie die Yaahre rum gange sin, hen sie Schule uffgebaut in dem Land. Endlich, wennich iwwer en hunnert Yaahr zerick, sin die Freischule kumme. Die Leit vun meinre Aelt hen all lanne kenne lese.

Deel Leit sin net so gut am Schreiwe. Sie wisse, was sie nunner schreiwe, awwer niemand schunscht weess es. Sie duhne alles verhogele un vergritzle, ass mer nix ausmache kann devun. En Lawyer hot me Mann en Brief gschriwwe. Paar Daag schpeeder hot der Mann der Brief zerick gebrocht zum lawyer un hot gsaat, "Les mol des." Der lawyer hot's weil beguckt un hot gsaat, "Sell kennt ken Sau lese." — "Sell iss awwer gschpassich, ass du des net lese kannscht, du hoscht's yo selwer gschriwwe."

Ich hab alde Leit gekennt, ass net lese un aa net schreiwe hen kenne. Sie hen als verzeehlt vun so eem. Er hot als gsaat, "Lese un schreiwe kann ich net, awwer liegge kann ich wie gedruckt." Ei! Ei!

Es iss so en alder Kall zum Aagge-dokter. Sie hen ihm gsaat der Dokter kennt eem Brille uff-fixe, ass eem helfe deede zu lese. Well, der Dokter hot dem alde Kall ebbes uff die Naas ghockt. Datt waar en Brilleglaas drin. "Was sin selli Buchschtaawe?" frogt der Doktor. "Ich weess net," saagt der Alt. Der Dokter hot ee Glaas nooch em annere in des Ding geduh, un hot gsaat, "Les selli Buchschtaawe nau." — "Ich kann net," saagt der Alt. Dann iss em Dokter en Gedanke eikumme. "Hoscht du in deim Lewe lese kenne?" hot er der Alt gefrogt. "Ei, gewiss net," saagt der Alt, "Fer sell will ich en Brill kaafe fer mir helfe zu lese."

En annerer alder Kall wu drauss am Barrig gewohnt hot, der hot als gsaat, "Ich kann net Leses lese, un ken Schreiwes schreiwe, awwer ich kann Schwetzes schwetze."

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News.

DER SCHOFBOCK

In der Zeit wie die Leit noch begraawe sin warre in leine Dicher gewickelt, waare mol zwee Dieb, die sin gange fer en frisch Graab zu raawe. Wie sie an der Kaerrichhof kumme sin, saagt der eent zum annere, "Des kann ich eleenich duh. Geh du un schtehl seller Schofbock, wu mir gsehne hen geschder. Wann ich's Duch hab, hock ich mich unnich die Dier do an der Kaerrich un waart fer dich." So hen sie geduh. Der eent Raawer hot unnich der Kaerriche-dier gsotze, wie en Mann verbei iss uff em Weg noch em Wattshaus. Der hot die Gschicht gsehne un wie er noch em Wattshaus kumme iss, saagt er denne wu datt waare, 's waer en Gschpuck unnich der Kaerriche-dier. Des hen sie sehne wolle.

Bei denne Kall am Wattshaus, waar en Gribbel wu net laafe hot kenne. Der hot aa mitgewollt fer's Schpuck zu sehne. Eens vun denne hot sich aagebodde fer den Gribbel uff der Axel zu draagge. Well, sie sin gange, un all wie der Gribbel hen Angscht ghatt weelch daere Gschicht wu unnich der Kaerriche - dier ghockt hot. Sie sin net naegscht gange. Der Gribbel uff em Mann seine Schuldre saagt die gans Zeit, "Neecher, neecher," un der wu ihn gedraagge hot, iss als ebissel neehcher gedabbt. Der Raawer unnich der Dier hot yuscht die zwee sehne kenne darrichs Duch, wu er iwwer sich ghatt hot. Wie sie schier bei ihm waare, saagt der Raawer, wu gemeent hot es waer sei Boddi mit em Schofbock, "Iss er fett?" Des hot den wu der Gribbel uff de Schuldre ghatt hot, so vergelschtert, dass er der Gribbel hie schmelsst un saagt, "Fett odder maagger, datt hoscht en!" Der Gribbel waar so verschrocke, dass er abgschprunge iss un vun sellem Daag iss er widder geloffe.

Verzeehlt vum Lloyd A. Moll (1879-1944)

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Editorials

No Place for Shivaree

It will be a quieter city today than on recent Saturdays when new, all-high records in noise-making by wedding parties seem to have been established. As the result of the frayed nerves of many people and, perhaps, of the police themselves, notice was given during the week that this infernal hymeneal racket must not be perpetrated again.

It is a somewhat sad restraint that has to be placed upon our lusty youth. In common with the spirit of the race and its behavior ever since there has been giving and taking in marriage, our young people become especially exultant and demonstrative upon these occasions. The motor car has come along to increase their din. That is about all the change that has come about in the extra-ritual ceremonies attendant upon and following upon marriages whether in church, public building or in the home.

The shivaree, as it is known in some sections; the charivari, as it is known in others, and the bullband, or calithumpian band, has never been noted for musical appeal nor for consideration for those to whom a babel of noises is irritating. Just about every wedding party could be expected to be greeted by such a strident organization if it did not even participate in it.

It is not however necessary that an entire community be upset by this undoubtedly joyful method of celebrating the weddings of young people. True it is that, for the race, it is a joyous occasion. But its importance can be celebrated in more temperate fashion. This the Allentown police say must be done.

What the police have not pointed out, but well might have done, is that in the ecstasy of the occasion, or whatever the wild spirit of these demonstrations may be termed, there has been a great deal of risky driving. The drivers in the convoys of wedding parties which have been complained about, sought out the main business section for their hullaballoo. In giving themselves up to their noisy demonstrations they have often been neglectful of the safety of themselves and of their parties. Only the care of other motorists has saved them from involvement in collisions in traffic jams that the wedding parties have done much to create.

Sprouting Wings Early

A lot of people, after reading about two boys of 11 and 13 who flew an airplane, will be wondering how they ever got the notion that it is difficult to learn to fly.

In the recent story from Mastic, N. Y., it is related that the two small boys in walking around the airport came upon an unattended monoplane. Unseen, they clambered into the machine. One of them started it and then took off into the "blue sky yonder" without arousing any question. At a height of about 2,000 feet they cruised around for an hour, swooped low in the vicinity of their homes and then returned to the airfield to make a perfect landing.

Even in landing they might have escaped notice had it not been for the fact that some CPA pilots saw what they thought was an empty plane moving along the runway. That called for investigation and the small boys, whose heads did not appear above the window levels, were found.

How did they do it? Read all about it in a book, according to the boy who admitted he had started the plane and then took it up into the air for a perfect flight and perfect landing.

The story may herald a rash of attempted thefts of planes at airfields. While resourceful youngsters as those of Mastic are likely to be very few in numbers, it is not to be overlooked that thousands of small boys and even girls learn how to drive the family car before they have even entered their teens. Among the children who are brought to the attention of police, thousands of them have been caught after stealing and operating cars.

'Fun' With Window Panes

Police of the City's juvenile department have fitted punishment to the offense in the case of five boys and two girls who had what they probably thought was a lot of fun while smashing windows. It will not be so funny when, under supervision, they will spend hours in replacing the panes.

Very commendably, the father of one of the boys has agreed to supervise the job and to assure its completion. He will be a wise father to his own son and a wise friend to the rest of the boys and girls if he does as little as possible of the work himself and if the boys and girls come to realize thru the performance of a tedious and a difficult job that vandalism is a serious offense against society. It also will be a salutary lesson if the estimated cost of the broken glass—$50—is paid by the young vandals out of their own savings or out of earnings by the sweat of their brows.

Finally, if these youngsters thru this lesson learn some of the art of glazing, it will be valuable to them thruout their lives. Everybody should know how to replace window panes. Almost everybody is confronted from time to time with the need for such replacements. It is not always possible to secure a carpenter and glazier immediately to perform the job. It is a job that every home-owner and tenant should be able to perform without calling upon outside help.

Compulsory Insurance in N.Y.

Every time that a victim of a motor car collision accident has to pay all his bills, and go thru all the suffering as well because an offending driver carried no insurance, the day of compulsory insurance for all motor cars is hastened.

Pennsylvania laws are leading rapidly to a situation almost as effective as that of a compulsory system. New York but recently went all out on the subject. After February 1, 1957, no registration and license will be accorded in that state for any car unless there be proof of insurance, or its equivalent.

The minimum coverage that will be accepted will be $10,000 and $20,000 insurance for injury of one or two persons or their deaths, and $5,000 for property damage.

The largest registration figures in the country are those of New York. A lot of national opinion is shaped by what goes on in the Empire State. For many years the compulsory system has been battled in that state. Now that it has been adopted, it can be expected to influence a good deal of thinking on this subject in states that have not yet been driven by bitter experience to adoption of a compulsory system.

Makes Him Buck



Parties Must Grow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Having had some opportunity to watch the Maine election campaign, I have a few notions about the results. One is that the President was almost surely mistaken at his press conference on Tuesday when he spoke as if the whole results could be attributed to the personal popularity of the Democratic candidate for governor. For that is to beg the question of why this Democratic Governor was first elected in 1954 — in the middle of the Eisenhower administration and in this normally Republican state — and has thus had a chance to make himself so popular.


Lippmann

Since the election Monday, there has been a good deal of plain speaking by Republicans, as for example by State Sen. Seth Low, of Rockland: "The Republican party must change its thinking before the next election and give the youngsters more of a chance in the political field." There, I think, is the crux of the matter, that as regards the state of Maine the Democrats have become the party of the rising generation while the Republican Party is dominated by the passing generation. Muskie's first election in 1954 reflected a popular reaction against Old Guard Republicanism, and his reelection this week by a spectacularly increased majority is manifestly due not to his personal charms, though they are very considerable, but to his having convinced masses of voters that the Democratic Party works effectively in the present and for the future.

The results, particularly in the Congressional Districts, must reflect, it seems to me, a marked increase in the strength of the Democratic Party. Four years ago the Democrats polled 33 per cent of the vote in the Congressional election. In 1954 they polled about 45 per cent of the Congressional vote. Now they have polled nearly 49 per cent. All this cannot be attributed to Gov. Muskie's personal popularity alone. It must mean that there has been a movement of voters toward the Democratic Party, that there is what is called a trend.

What is the nature of this trend? Judging by the campaigning in Maine, I would say that the real matters which have affected the voting are not the pros and the cons of specific issues but an overall feeling about being modern or behind-the-times. A new political generation is arriving at the posts of political and economic and social power. It is the post-postwar generation, and a significant number among them have turned to the Democratic Party. They have turned, I would suppose, to the Democrats in those states where, as in Maine under Muskie's leadership, the Democrats are manifestly the more modern party.

The outcome in Maine does much to confirm the view that the Democrats are the majority party, and that Gov. Stevenson's problem is how to rally all the Democrats to the national ticket. It indicates that he and his managers are right in their policy of placing such great emphasis on party organization. For if not too many Democrats split their ticket in favor of President Eisenhower, the Democrats have a chance to win not only Congress but the Presidency.

The obverse of all this, at least as shown in Maine, is that President Eisenhower has a long way to go in his efforts to modernize the Republican Party and to make it the agent of the future. There is no doubt at all that in Maine the Democrats under Muskie have done with their party what the President dreams of doing with the Republican Party. They have brought it abreast of the times.

(Copyright 1956)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Malachi 2:1-9

Here follow strong words spoken by the Lord through Malachi to the renegade priests of his time. What a compliment the Lord pays, by way of contrast, to Levi who headed the tribe from which the priests were to come to lead the people in the path God would mark out for them by way of a spiritual worship. In referring to the covenant made with Levi, we read that it was a covenant intended to give life qnd peace (important New Testament words also). Levi feared the Lord and revered His name. The Law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; He walked with Me in peace and equity and did turn many away from iniquity. For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the Law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts. It is a sorry situation if the lives of God's messengers, priests, or ministers, are not pleasing to Him, and no example to the people of holiness of life. So in v.8 Malachi says that the priests of his time had departed out of the way, having caused many to stumble at the Law. Thus they were discredited by the Lord and by the people also.

Factographs

There are some 50,000 passenger coaches on British railways, with a seating capacity of more than three million passengers.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, one of America's great health crusaders, was the father of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

Indians of New Mexico have no written language. Their myths have passed orally from generation to generation.

The mullet occurs on both coasts of America and in Europe. It is used fresh, salted and smoke-dried.

There are 420,000 miles of natural gas pipelines in the United States.

Visible sunlight comprises only one-sixteenth of the rays of radiant energy in the world.

More than 15,000 kinds of paper are manufactured in the United States.

Horoscope

Your outlook is good, even steady fortunes are foreseen, with the possibility of a happy, new friendship. Today's child will be well-balanced, with an even temper, refined and cultured.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DES HUT GAMOCHT: M'r wolla gei jupps wetta os der Amos Ackerman fon Bangor aw wase won 'n sow 'm 's ledshd mohl g'shwishich da bae darrich g'shprunga is. Wos noch mainer is, der Amos hut grawd on selra tzeit 'n bushel mose si shrote uf 'm buckle kot, un darta wor er — hut uf da sow k'huck'd wie won er om race rida wear on da Allentown fair. Der Amos wor fershrucka, un sei fraw die Ethel sin die barichda, het galocht os sie bol fershprunga wear der Amos un un die sow sehna mit nonner 's feld nous gae.

WOS 'N LEBDAWG: Yar bei jpps, 'n lebdawg is wos m'r 's haisa kon won ebber so uf g'shoft is wie die Elaine Acker fon Nei Schmidtsville da onner dawg uf g'shoft wor, wies Harry Millers sie ei galawda hen fer mit noch Altnatic City gae. Die Elaine un ihrra Pap der Henry Acker worra laenich dahame on da tzeit, — die Mam die Mildred, wor fert shpotzierra gonga. Der Henry huts ow'r net gaduh fer sawga os die Elaine mit fert kent — hut g'sawt sel wear uf tzu ihrra Mam, un sie mist worta fer 'n ontwert bis sie hame kaimt.

Noch wos g'sheind hut wie so'n glaenic aewichkeit, un noch dem os die Elaine die finger engel ob gagnavert hut kot bis tzurick ins flaish, is die Mildred endlich hame kumma. Ow'r die minute os die Elaine ebbes awfonga hut sawga fon noch Atlantic City gae, hut die Mildred g'sawt wie arrick os sie kupwae het, un hut da Elaine g'sawt, sie sot nous in die kich gae 'n kupwae pill hola, un aw 'n kupchie koffie.

Die Elaine is noh ob fert noch da kich tzu so shtarrick os sie gae hut kenna, un is endlich widder tzurick nous in die barshtub kumma woh die Mildred un der Henry om blauderra worra. Wie die Mildred die Elaine g'frok'd hut woh ihrra pill un koffie wear, hut die yung g'sawt," Oy du welt Mom, hosh'd duh die pill nemma wolla — ich hob gamaint ich sot sie nemma, un hob aw der koffie gadrunka."

M'r sin froh tzu sawga os die pill un der koffie da Elaine nix aw gabrocht hut, un die Mildred hut ihrra erlawbness gewwa os sie mits Harry Millers' noch Atlantic City gae kent, un sie hut 'n bommerawlishie gutie tzeit kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wohrhoft wons net shun widder Allentown Fair woch is — der blotz woh m'r tzaila 'n lot fon unserra friend un bakonta aw tzu dreffa in da kummenda woch.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

AGE OF WISDOM

At ten I knew that I was wise.
At twelve I'd learned a little more.
I viewed the world with brighter eyes
Than any man of forty-four.
I wondered how they'd lived so long
And daily being always wrong.

I loved my mother, but I thought
At times her mind had gone astray.
I criticized the things she bought
And nearly all she had to say.
I was her brilliant, little boy
She spoke of as her pride and joy.

My father used to shake his head
When he had heard a speech from me.
"If we can stand this phase," he said,
"Some day all right our boy will be.
If only patience we display,
He may know less from day to day."

Where there's a boy, as on a throne,
There sits a know-it-all of ten.
He's sure this busy world has grown
In spite of all the foolish men.
He wonders, since they're always wrong,
How they've contrived to get along.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A famous singing teacher accepted only particularly talented pupils — with one exception. He allowed this lady to enroll who couldn't sing a note, but was so rich that the money he collected from her made up for four deserving but penniless students he taught for nothing.

One day she insisted that he tell her what he honestly thought of her voice. "My dear," he announced gravely, "if you possessed in the upper register what you lack in the lower, you'd be starring at the Met this very moment!"

The sales manager of a large publishing house obviously was in a snit. "What's this I hear," he thundered to the trembling underling "about you going over my head?"

"Honest, Mr. Miller," insisted the culprit, "all I did was pray for a raise."

Later he told the appeased sales manager, "Being a salesman is sure the life for me! How I love being at a different motel every night and meeting the swell folks there. The only part I can't stand is calling on those beastly buyers."

A wealthy old gent was napping on his couch when two 6-year-olds barged in looking for his grandson. "Hey, Butch!" hollered one. "Ssh," cautioned the other, "I think grandpop's asleep."

The old gent kept his eyes closed, hoping the intruders would buzz off, but the next thing he knew, tiny fingers had pried open one of his eyelids, and a youngster's voice was piping, "Yep, he's in there, all right!"

A wealthy textile man in Greenwich, Conn., proudly exhibits to callers a closet full of woolen cloth and bolts of silk, explaining, "Rich as she is, my wife insists on making all her own clothes."

Next he shows guests five live alligators in the patio. It seems she also makes her own handbags.

(Copyright 1956)



FARMERS' WIVES

(Written some eighty years ago)

One of my "Dutch" neighbors, who, from a shoemaker, became the owner of two farms, said to me, "The woman is more than half;" and his own very laborious wife (with her portion) had indeed been so.

The woman (in common speech, "the old woman") milks, raises the poultry, has charge of the garden, — sometimes digging the ground herself, and planting and hoeing, with the assistance of her daughters and the "maid," when she has one. To be sure, she does not go extensively into vegetable-raising, nor has she a large quantity of strawberries and other small fruits; neither does she plant a great many peas and beans, that are laborious to "stick." She has a quantity of cabbages and of "red beets," of onions and of early potatoes, in her garden, a plenty of cucumbers for winter pickles, and store of stringbeans and tomatoes, with some sweet potatoes.

Peter R. told me that in one year, off their small farm, they sold "two hundred dollars' worth of wedgable things, not counting butter." As in that year the clothing for each member of the family probably cost no more than fifteen dollars, the two hundred dollars' worth of vegetable things was of great importance.

Our "Dutch" never make store-cheese. At a county fair, only one cheese was exhibited, and that was from Chester County. The farmer's wife boards all the farm-hands, and the mechanics — the carpenter, mason, etc. — who put up the new buildings, and the fence-makers. At times she allows the daughters to go out and husk corn. It was a pretty sight which I saw one fall day, —an Amish man with four sons and daughters, husking in the field. "We do it all ourselves," said he.

(Said a neighbor, "A man told me once that he was at an Amish husking — a husking match in the kitchen. He said he never saw as much sport in all his life. There they had the bloom-sock. There was one old man, quite gray-headed, and gray-bearded; he laughed till he shook." Said another, "There's not many huskings going on now. The most play now goes on at the infares.")

In winter mornings perhaps the farmer's wife goes out to milk in the stable with a lantern, while her daughters get breakfast; has her house "redd up" about eight o'clock, and is prepared for several hours' sewing before dinner, laying by great piles of shirts for summer. We no longer make linen; but I have heard of one "Dutch" girl who had a good supply of domestic linen made into shirts and trousers for the future spouse whose fair proportions she had not yet seen.

There are, of course, many garments to make in a large family, but there is not much work put upon them. We do not yet patronize the sewing-machine very extensively, but a seamstress or tailoress is sometimes called in. At the spring cleaning the labors of the women folk are increased by whitewashing the picket-fences.

In March we make soap, before the labors of the garden are great. The forests are being obliterated from this fertile tract, and many use what some call consecrated lye; formerly, the ash-hopper was filled, with a good lot of egg-bearing lye run off to begin the soap with, while the weaker filled the soft-soap kettle, after the soap had "come." The chemical operation of soap-making often proved difficult, and, of course, much was said about luck. "We had bad luck making soap." A sassafras stick was preferred for stirring, and the soap was stirred always in one direction. In regard to this, and that other chemical operation, making and keeping vinegar, there are certain ideas about the temporary incapacity of some persons, — ideas only to be alluded to here. If the farmer's wife never "has luck" in making soap, she employs some skilful woman to come in and help her. It is not a long operation, for the "Dutch" rush this work speedily. If the lye is well run off, two tubs of hard soap and a barrel of soft can be made in a day.

Great are the household labors in harvest; but the cooking and baking in the hot weather are cheerfully done for the men, who are toiling in hot suns and stifling barns. Four meals are common at this season, for "a piece" is sent out at nine o'clock. I heard of one "Dutch" girl's making some fifty pies a week in harvest; for if you have four meals a day, and a pie at each, many are required. We have great faith in pie.

I have been told of an inexperienced Quaker housewife in the neighboring county of York, who was left in charge of the farm, and during harvest these important labors were performed by John Stein, John Stump, and John Stinger. She also had guests, welcome perhaps as "rain in harvest." To conciliate the Johns was very important, and she waited on them first. "What will thee have, John Stein?" — "What shall I give thee, John Stump?" — "And thee, John Stinger?" On one memorable occasion there was mutiny in the field, for John Stein declared that he never worked where there were not "kickelin" cakes in harvest, nor would he now. Kuechlein proved to be cakes fried in fat; and the housewife was ready to appease "Achilles' wrath," as soon as she made this discovery.

We made in one season six barrels of cider into applebutter, three at a time. Two large copper kettles were hung under the beech trees, down between the springhouse and smokehouse, and the cider was boiled down the evening before, great stumps of trees being in demand. One hand watched the cider, and the rest of the family gathered in the kitchen and labored diligently in preparing the cut apples, so that in the morning the "schnits" might be ready to go in.

One bushel and a half of cut apples are said to be enough for a barrel of cider. In a few hours the apples will all be in, and then you will stir, and stir, and stir, for you do not want to have the applebutter burn at the bottom, and be obliged to dip it out into tubs and scour the kettle. Some time in the afternoon you will take out a little on a dish, and when you find that the cider no longer "weeps out" round the edges, but all forms a single heap, you will dip it up into earthen vessels, and when cold take it "on" to the garret to keep company with the hard soap and the bags of dried apples and cherries, perhaps with the hams and shoulders. Soap and applebutter are usually made in an open fireplace, where hangs the kettle. At one time (about the year 1828) I have heard that there was applebutter in the Lancaster Museum which dated from Revolutionary times; for we do not expect it to ferment in the summer. It dries away; but water is stirred in to prepare it for the table. Sometimes peach-butter is made, with cider, molasses, or sugar, and in the present scarcity of apples, cut pumpkin is often put into the applebutter.

Soon after applebutter-making comes butchering, for we like an early pig in the fall, when the store of smoked meat has run out. Pork is the staple, and we smoke the flitches, not preserving them in brine like the Yankees. We ourselves use much beef, and do not like smoked flitch, but I speak for the majority. Sausage is a great dish with us, as in Germany.

Butchering is one of the many occasions for the display of friendly feeling, when brother or father steps in to help hang the hogs, or a sister to assist in rendering lard, or in preparing a plentiful meal. An active farmer will have two or three porkers killed, scalded, and hung up by sunrise, and by night the whole operation of sausage and "pudding" making, and lard rendering, will be finished, and the house set in order. The friends who have assisted receive a portion of the sausage, etc., which portion is called the "metzel-sup." The metzel-sup is very often sent to poor widows and others.

We make scrapple from the skin, a part of the livers, and heads, with the addition of cornmeal; but, instead, our "Dutch" neighbors make liverwurst, or meat pudding, omitting the meal, and this compound, stuffed into the larger entrails, is very popular in Lancaster market. Some make pawn-haus from the liquor in which the pudding-meat was boiled, adding thereto corn-meal. The name is properly pann-haas, and signifies, perhaps, panned-rabbit. It is sometimes made of richer material.

These three dishes, just before mentioned, are fried before eating. I have never seen hog's-head cheese in "Dutch" houses. If the boiling-pieces of beef are kept over summer, they are smoked, instead of being prepared in brine. Much smear-case (schmier-kaes), or cottage cheese, is eaten in these regions. Children, and some grown people too, fancy it upon bread with molasses; which may be considered as an offset to the Yankee pork and molasses.

In some Pennsylvania families smear-case and applebutter are eaten to save butter, which is a salable article. The true "Dutch" housewife's ambition is to supply the store-goods for the family as far as possible from the sale of the butter and eggs.

We have also Dutch cheese, which may be made by crumbling the dry smear-case, working in butter, salt, and chopped sage, forming it into pats, and setting them away to ripen. The sieger-kaes is made from sweet milk boiled, with sour milk added and beaten eggs, and then set to drain off the whey. (Ziegen Kaese is German for goat's milk cheese).

"Schnitz and knep" is said to be made of dried apples, fat pork, and dough-dumplings cooked together.

Knep is from the German knoepfe, buttons or knobs. In common speech the word has fallen to nep. The "nep" are sometimes made from pie-crust, or sometimes from a batter of eggs and milk, and may be boiled without the meat; but one of my acquaintances says that the smoke gives a peculiar and appetizing flavor.

Apple-dumplings in "Dutch" are aepel-dumplins; whence I infer that like pye-kroosht they are not of German origin (a wrong inference; Kruscht is the HG Kruste — ED.)

In the fall our "Dutch" make sauerkraut. I happened to visit the house of my friend Susanna when her husband and son were going to take an hour at noon to help her with the kraut. Two white tubs stood upon the back porch, one with the fair round heads, and the other to receive the cabbage when cut by a knife set in a board (a very convenient thing for cutting kohl-slaw and cucumbers). When cut, the cabbage is packed into a "stand" with a sauerkraut staff, resembling the pounder with which New Englanders beat clothes in a barrel. Salt is added during the packing. When the cabbage ferments it becomes acid. The kraut-stand remains in the cellar; the contents not being unpalatable when boiled with potatoes and the chines or ribs of pork. But the smell of the boiling kraut is very strong.

Sometimes "nep" or dumplings are boiled with the salt meat and sour-krout. A young teacher, who was speaking of sour-krout and nep, was asked how he spelt this word. He did not know, and said he did not care, so he got the nep.

"As Dutch as sour-krout," has become a familiar saying here. In Lehigh County, if I mistake not, I heard the common dialect called "sour-krout Dutch."

Our "Dutch" make soup in variety, and pronounce the word short, between soup and sup. Thus there is Dutch soup, potato soup, etc.; scalded milk and bread is "bread and milk soup," bread crumbled into coffee "coffee soup."

Noodel soup (nudeln) is a treat. Noodels may be called domestic macaroni. I have seen a dish in which bits of fried bread were laid upon the piled-up noodels, to me unpalatable from the quantity of eggs in the latter.

"Dampf-noodles, or gedaempfte nudeln, are boiled and melted butter is poured over them.

The extremely popular cakes, twisted, sprinkled with salt, and baked crisp and brown, called pretzels (brezeln), were known in Pennsylvania long before the cry for "ein lager, zwei brezeln") (a glass of lager and two pretzels), was heard in the land.

One of my "Dutch" neighbors, who visited Western New York, was detained several hours at Elmira. "They hadn't no water-crackers out there," he complained. "Didn't know what you meant when you said water-crackers; and they hain't got pretzels. You can't get no pretzels."

We generally find excellent home-made wheat bread in this limestone region. We make the pot of "sots" (or rising) overnight, with boiled mashed potatoes, scalded flour, and sometimes hops. Friday is baking-day. The "Dutch" housewife is very fond of baking in the brick oven, but the scarcity of wood must gradually accustom us to the great cookingstove.

One of the heavy labors of the fall is the fruit-drying. Afterward your hostess invites you to partake, thus: "Mary, will you have pie? This is snits, and this is elder (or dried apples, and dried elderberries). Dried peaches are peach snits.

A laboring woman once, speaking to me of a neighbor, said, "She hain't got many dried apples. If her girl would snits in the evening, as I did! — but she'd rather keep company and run around than to snits:"

The majority keep one fire in winter. This is in the kitchen, which with nice housekeepers is the abode of neatness, with its rag carpet and brightly polished stove. An adjoining room or building is the wash-house, where butchering, soap-making, etc., are done by the help of a great kettle hung in the fireplace, not set in brick-work.

Adjoining the kitchen on another side, is a state apartment, also rag-carpeted, and called "the room." The stovepipe from the kitchen sometimes passes through the ceiling, and tempers the sleeping-room of the parents. These arrangements are not very favorable to bathing in cold weather; indeed, to wash the whole person is not very common, in summer or in winter.

Will you go upstairs in a neat Dutch farm-house? Here are rag carpets again. Gay quilts are on the best beds, where green and red calico, perhaps in the form of a basket, are displayed on a white ground, or the beds near brilliant coverlets of red, white, and blue, as if to "make the rash gazer wipe his eye." The common pillow-cases are sometimes of blue check, or of calico. In Winter, people often sleep under feather-covers, not so heavy as a feather-bed. In the spring there is a great washing of bedclothes, and then the blankets are washed, which during the winter supplied the place of sheets.

From Phebe Earle Gibbons' PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH AND OTHER ESSAYS, which has the distinction of having been the first book to be written about the Pennsylvania Germans by an "outsider." First published in 1872, it went through a second edition in 1873, and a revised and enlarged edition in 1882. The first essay in the book, "Pennsylvania Dutch," had appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1869.—ED.

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Editorials

Like Rip Van Winkle

The story of Rip Van Winkle who slept in the Catskill Mountains for twenty years, and was startled and veritably lost when he returned to his old community, has a striking parallel but with very different emotions in the recent story of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Gollatz who came to the United States and Coplay in 1906 and returned to their native land, Austria, in 1913, there to reside until recently.

After 43 years abroad, they have returned to the United States. Now they are voicing their astonishment at the changes which have come about in a little over two score years.

Only thru eyes like theirs can current conditions in the United States be appraised and then compared with conditions just around the turn of the century.

Americans now in middle life have gone thru all the changes, but they did so gradually. There has been daily adaptation for those who have lived with and grown up with the changes. Our present state does not appear so remarkable to ourselves as it does to those who have lived in the static state of society that prevails in a considerable part of the world.

The Gollatz pair can scarcely believe their eyes as they note the parade of motor cars on every street and highway, and when they learn that, almost without exception, American families own and operate motor cars. They are amazed that millions have television sets and a host of coveted improvements that are little known to and even less available to the vast mass of population in other lands.

It really takes a visit abroad or an experience like that of the Gollatz story to bring some realization to the American people of their favored place in the world.

One Allentonian, recently returned from a trip to one of the Aegean islands, reported that amid the thousands of families there only three refrigerators were owned. They were there because of Allentown Greeks who shipped them to members of their families. And there is the story of a family of German refugees who on arrival here was established in a dwelling equipped with a refrigerator. They did not know what to do with it since their domestic habits provided for consumption of all food on the premises by nightfall and replenishment of supplies from the food shops early the next day.

Few Americans can realize how greatly their domestic habits and their transportation facilities differ from those of other peoples, not alone those people in a primitive state of society but even those who live in some of the oldest and most soundly established civilizations. Few Americans are required to live according to these standards. But we are glad they are here. We like them. We would not wish to be without them. We wish that all other peoples, who would like to possess such standards, can ultimately attain them.

Right Thru to Chicago

Within recent weeks the last links in the great state toll roads that connect with each other and lead from george Washington Bridge in New York to Chicago have been completed.

It now is possible for a motorist to cover this distance of more than eight hundred miles without meeting a traffic light and cross-traffic and to travel legal rates of speed up to 65 mph.

Already some motorists have shown that they can cover the distance legally between the two largest cities in the country in time almost as good as that of the crack railroad trains. If it were not for the reduction in speed required of motor cars thru and into the central area of Chicago and New York, motor cars could equal or better the time of the fast trains.

But it is not important that a race course of sorts has been set up for motor cars. The point is that splendid modern highways have been built to connect the two great cities and to carry motor traffic into all the intervening area of the country at high but safe speed.

Construction of the highways on modern lines has reduced distances and grades and thereby money is saved for the traffic that uses it, as well as time.

Pennsylvania can take a great deal of credit for this important development. Construction of the Turnpike was the first bold step in this direction. It was the pioneering effort thru which road builders, financiers and legislators thruout the country learned important lessons. Since then the New Jersey link between Pennsylvania and New York as well as the cross-state roads of Ohio and Indiana have been built. All, linked together now and open for traffic, constitute the country's longest stretch of modern, thruway roads on which there never heed be pause except at the toll gates, and they are not great in number.

Check on Use of City's Cars

Action by City Council which places all city - owned motor cars under strict controls and forbids use of them by employes for anything but necessary and approved purposes is the result of a common human failing. This is expressed vividly and picturesquely in the proverb that speaks of a person who being given a finger, attempts to seize the entire hand.

Undoubtedly Council's action comes about in part as the result of discovery that while a few employes may have made some little use of publicly owned cars in border-line cases — partly in the city's interest and partly in the individual's — others have "hogged" it.

The greed and indiscretions of a few almost certainly stirred the action. The many are punished for the acts of a few.

The action was also prompted by the insurance companies. In this day and age when just about everybody is ready to sue just about everybody else at the drop of a hat, the City, which pays heavy premiums upon its cars, cannot afford having lawsuits brought against itself growing out of accidents involving City cars which are driven by unauthorized persons for unauthorized and non-public purposes.

The Problem of Records

There must be many municipal bodies who almost reel as they contemplate the growing volume of records that are accumulating day by day, and would like to get out from beneath the mountain of papers. Such bodies may be able to take a tip from Salt Lake City, Utah.

That city, like many cities, boros, townships, states and other municipal bodies, has saved its records since the earliest days of the territory. It was evident that there must be much of the paper that is absolutely valueless an dthat never will be sought out by anybody for any purpose. There has been keen desire to get rid of useless stuff. But the question in Salt Lake, as it will be elsewhere, is what classes of records can be sent to the paper mill and which should be preserved. Furthermore, there had to be state authority for any destruction. Indiscriminate destruction could throw property rights and many personal affairs into chaos that would not only prove costly but highly harmful as well.

But Salt Lake got the authority to get rid of records in some classifications. Then it weeded out tons of orders, requisitions, invoices of purchases covering a period of 55 years of state business.

This has made a considerable hole in the storage areas. Other records, which may be deemed equally valueless with the flight of time, may be cleaned out later.

Difficult—This Keeping the Peace



The President as Peacemaker

By WALTER LIPPMANN

President Eisenhower's reputation as a peace-maker was won, as I tried to show in a recent article, in the Far East. There, instead of war on three fronts — in Korea, the Formosa Strait and Vietnam — there is now a truce. It rests on compromises which involve the partition of Korea and of Vietnam and the containing of Nationalist China in Formosa and a few off-shore islands. The President's special contribution to this truce is that he has made the concessions on which these compromises rest acceptable in the United States, especially to the right wing of the Republican party, and he has cleared his concessions of the charge that they constitute appeasement of Communist China.

The Far Eastern truce is not a peace settlement, or even an approach to a peace settlement. It is an armistice in which both sides, China and its smaller allies, the United States and its smaller allies, have stopped fighting on lines beyond which neither can advance without a big, bloody and dangerous war.


Lippmann

In the Middle East the President has also been standing for the prevention of war, and in playing his part there he is following the same basic pattern as in the Far East. This is to make acceptable — this time to Britain and France — the best compromise obtainable without the risks of war. Once again, in the Middle East as in the Far East, his objective is a modus vivendi, an arrangement to avoid immediate trouble and not a policy which looks towards a settlement.

Just Estimate

In a just estimate of President Eisenhower as a peacemaker, one would have to say, I think, that his specialty has been the making of compromises to stop hostility and to prevent hostility from breaking out. But neither in the Far East nor in the Middle East has he done anything significant to form policies which are for the long term — what, for example, is to be the future of the two Koreas and the two Vietnams and the two Chinas, and how in the Middle East are we to work out a relationship with the Arab world which can endure?

In the absence of long range policies which look towards the settlement of great issues, the mere prevention of war — desirable as that is in itself — results in a kind of erosion, the giving up of one thing after another in order to avoid trouble. For lack of long range policies, the President does not have the initiative. He is not acting to make peace. He is reacting to the threat of trouble, and the basic reaction is to withdraw in the face of the inevitable and the unavoidable.

The historians may well say, I think, that under Eisenhower, and because of his prestige with the American people, this country has learned to accept two momentous but unpalatable historic developments. One is the emergence of Red China as the leading power in eastern Asia. The second is the recognition of Soviet Russia as the great power in the Middle East.

I do not myself think that any President could have prevented these two developments, or that there would be any profit or advantage or chance of success in resisting them irreconcilably. What worries me is that we are accepting them, not with some long view of the realities and of the future but because we cannot think of any way to stop them. We have no big objectives except to avoid trouble. We do not have, therefore, a policy which corresponds with the new situation, and what we are really doing is to improvise and to muddle through.

(Copyright 1956)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

On Da Allentown Fair
Da 21d September, 1956.

MY LIEVA LAISER: Die Gross froke on da fair heit wor, wie 'n grosser shawda os der frusht gaduh het drous im lond. O! hen g'sawt die decher weara shnae weiss gawest free moryets, un dale hen bahabt allas wear ferfrohrra. Des da weiter owwa runner os die leit kumma sin, des da harder huts g'sheind wear der frusht gawest. Ebs der frusht wor odder wos, wissa m'r net, ow'r 'n lot leit os heit doh sei hetta solla worra aryads tzu sehna. Ols 'n Fridawg, worra wenicher bakonta doh tzu sehna os m'r uns erinnerra kenna fer yohrra. Un so wenich bakonta os dog worra, so glae wor aw die drup nommy dawgs uf 'm grandshtand.

Die airshda bakonta os m'r heit aw gadroffa hen, wor der Lewis Oswald un sei Florence fon Rising Sun. So keel os die widdering wor, but der "Louie" sei aller beshd fladder mice necktie aw kotta, un die Florence hut shun 'n gonser ohr'm fol bobierra fon alla orta g'somm'ld kotta. Der wert un fendu groyer Lewellyn Guth fon Pleasant Korner hen m'r awgadroffa drunna im bush — ow'r net woh n'r ferleicht denka dade os 'n wert sich uf halta dade. Er wor hungerich, un hut ob g'shtopt ons Heckmans ess blotz uf radder, fer 'n eishter sandwich. Sei fraw wor dawgs dafon on da fair, un denk der "Wellie" hut sich selwar rishda missa wos er essa hut wolla, un sel wor os er heit awenich ous k'hunger'd wor.

Der Joe Albright doh fon da shtadt, woh im summer mit noch Mexico wor, wor shun tzeitlich damorya hin, 's same wie aw die Marion Markley. Die Marion hut 'n fire roter-koat aw kotta, un won m'r sie ae mohl g'sehna hut, hut m'r nee mohls ken druvel kot fer sie widder finna. Sie hut uns g'sawt squash mit bissel budder drin, gabocka im offa, wears iwwerrous gute. Die Schnecksville grange hut fon da greena squash kot os die Marion gleich'd tzu tzu rishda—secht ihrra Frank wear gons fernotter'd driwwer —ow'r sie mista gamocht sei mit ous tzugar.

Der welskhawna koenich Fred Sell fon hinnich Schnecksville drunna wor aw tzeitlich hin. M'r hen gawiss gaglawbt er het welshhinkle rei gabrocht, ow'r secht sel wear ihm tzu fiel wie g'shoft. Der Clarence Wehr fon East Greenville, un woh iwwer dem ready is fer noch St. Petersburg, Florida gae mit seinra fraw da Sadie, hut grossa indressa ganumma im midway —m'r hen 'n sehna nunner lawfa, un glawb wohrhoft net os ebbes wor os er et ei ganumma hut — des is, wos er sehna hut kenna fon ousawenich nei. So keel os es damorya wor, wolla m'r wetta os der Clarence shier net worta kon fer in sei hamet uf radder tziege in "St. Pete."

'N fair is 'n aryer blotz fer alta bakonta aw dreffa — ungfare so os wie der Sam Handwerk un die Ida Wotring nonner aw gadroffa hen om Wentza grawbshtae blotz woh der Sam shoft dafor. Der Sam un die Ida sin mit nonner in die shule gonga ins Hawka Shule hous — der blotz woh der George Hawk now sei wertschoft hut. M'r mus sawga os es em gute gaduh hut der Sam un die Ida sehna blauderra un locha iwwer die alta tzeita wie sie shule kinner worra. Die Katie Bieber fon Macungie, un ihrra sheweshter Maggie Berger fon East Texas, hen mohl rote k'halta eb sie 'n ride nemma wotta odder net uf selra funkle neia rig om unnerra end fom midway. Da Katie ihrra dochtermon, der "Chawduwock Copie," hut ow'r gamaint sie dada besser hunna bleiva, sellie g'shicht gang'd ordlich hoch nuf, un sie maichda ferleicht darmlich werra un runner falla.

Die geil sin shun bol ol ous gatzoga, un die kee, si, shofe un hinkle sin aw nimmy so long doh os sie shun dog worra. Noch ae dawg may — der dawg woh die mashina race fohrra uf 'm race track, un noh is allas feriwwer. So shae os die widdering so weit wor, wor des ains fon da keltshda fair wocha os m'r uns erinnerra kenna — 'n woch, woh, wie der Arley Haas im obsht gabei yusht g'sawt hut, os nix ferdick'ld is fon da hitz.

Edgar A. Guest

AUTUMN

The summertime has ended and
the fall has just begun,
And the roses in the garden
think their year's work fully
done.
The marigolds are swaying like
old ladies in their chairs
And smiling at the children,
who think youth will long
be theirs.

They call this the gay - time,
autumn, but I call it resting
time,
When the zinnias' bloom is fading and the roses cease to
climb;
When there's beauty all about
us, bits of scarlet, bronze
and gold,
Age has started in to wither
and we know they're growing old.

Winter, springtime and the summer came and laughed as
they went by,
Brought the hyacinths and tulips and the heat of mid-July.
Now the beauty of the autumn
for awhile is ours to share,
And when that has grayed and
faded there'll be snow
flakes in the air.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

A pleasant romance may be in store for you, but be careful not to provoke a sudden quarrel or you may find yourself in an unhappy adventure. A child born today may be impulsive but straightforward and good-natured.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Malachi 3:10-11

The Lord always wanted His people to acknowledge Him as the giver of every good and perfect gift. The offering to Him of the tithes of their incomes was intended to do this, which would at the same time sanctify and bless the nine-tenths. There are many Christians who are consistent tithers today and many give more than a tenth to their church, to missions, and to charity (meaning other worthy causes). There are those who have the experience promised in v. 1, where God says: Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat (food) in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the LORD of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the LORD of hosts. A promise this is to Israel, but it holds good for Christians also.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Hollywood's leading comics are generally good friends with one another, and when any one of them scores an individual triumph, he can count on dozens of congratulatory wires from his confreres. They go to great trouble, in fact, to make these wires original and amusing.

After a premiere of a Burns and Allen TV show, their pal Jack Benny worked very hard to make his telegram a standout.

Burns topped him, however by wiring back, "Don't worry, Jack. I promise I won't show your telegram to a soul."

Words of wisdom from Oliver Gogarty, Irish raconteur and wit: "Tell a funny story on every possible occasion, and tell it just as well as your know how, too. People will remember your jokes and forget your speeches. Monuments are built over solemn asses. People remember in their hearts the men who have made them laugh."



Die Bescht Breddich

Ich gleich en gudi Breddich,
Eens vun sellre Satt,
Ass immer graad ans Marrick geht
Un drefft die Sinder hatt.
Fer wann die Bredddich aernschtlich iss
Un schwitzt mich alsemoll,
Dann bin ich schur der Parre
Hot der Deiwel bei der Woll.

Awwer's watt somehow zu oft yuscht nau
Die Breddich abgelese,
Un selli Sattt verkammen
Iss en dod un drucke Wese.
So nemme deel die Kaerrich aa
Fer'n guder Blatz drin lofe,
Un ann're weil's die fashion iss,
Un ann're fer drin schlofe.

Nau, so waar's net fer alders;
Datt waar der Parre Grim—
Ich kann en heit noch sehne
Un heer sei larme nd Schdimm.
Wann er mol eifrich draa iss,
Un Gees un Schof verdeelt,
Do hot mer Schwewwel geroche,
Un kens hot er verfehlt.

Un halb-gebackne Chrischde
Uff selle raue Benk
Hot der Parre Grim die Waahrheit
Gaar hesslich eigebrennt.
Ich meind es waar mer iwwel,
Un oft waar ich im Schwitz,
Mit Druwwel arrig grooss im Haz
Un Schliwwere dief im Sitz.

Dann hot er gschwetzt vum Himmel
In so re siesse Schprooch,
Mer hen die Gees verlosse
Un sin em Parre nooch.
'S hot gscheint mer riecht die Blumme
Zum very letscht "Amen!"—
Die Rose un die lillies
Vum Nei Jerusalem.

Er hot die Schrift ausdricklich
Graad an der Mann geduh;
Der Deiwel hot er gschtrippt sogaar
Gans nackich zu de Schuh;
Sei Schwans gedreht gedichtich
Mit chrischdlich Aernscht un Schbank,
Un allemol sin Schliwwere
Unne ruff aus meinre Bank.

Un oftmols macht's mich wunnere,
Wann ich zerickwatts denk,
Wie gingt's in manche Kaerriche heit
Mit nix dass raue Benk!
Awwer sell iss zu alt-fashioned nau
Fer's Volk in unsre Zeit—
Es nemmt ge-cushioned Sitz aafangs
Fer unser gude Leit.

Sie welle brei un taffy nau
Im Parre sei Gebreddich,
Un zu viel kammni Schrift uffkors
Macht Brieder glei schtarrkeppich.
Un oft denk ich an Parre
In sellre very fix,
Un winsch ich waer en Schliwwer
In eens vun selle Sitz.

Ich bin en alder fogy, ya,
Un wa aa immer sei,
Ich gleich en gudi Breddich
Mit Feier-works dabei;
En Parre uff der Kansel
Ass halt am Deiwel nemmt
Un riehrt der rot-heess Schwewwel
Bis alle Sinder senkt!

Es very bescht Gebreddich
Nemmt graad am Deiwel halt
Un grickt en bei de Hanner
Mit alle Kraft un Gwallt.
Der Parre Grim hot immer gsaat
Es kannn net annerschter sei—
Der Deiwel muss ans Traewwele,
Sunscht kummt ken Engel bei.

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

SCHPAARSAM

Es hot Mensche ass nix duh welle, ass Geld schpende. Es macht nix aus, wieviel Geld ass sie hen, sie schmeisse es weck vun sich. Un sie schpende ihre Geld fer alle Sadde Dreck. Sie kaafe Sache ass sie nix badde, yuscht weil die Sache wolfel sin.

Noh hot's awwer Mensche die sin gaar net selle Weeg. Die bhalde all's Geld ass zu ihne kummt. Es hot moll so en Kall sei Backebuch uffgemacht paar Daag ver Chrischtdaag, un noh iss en June-bug rausgflogge. Sell hot gewisse wie oft ass er sei Backebuch uffgemacht hot.

So Kalls sin geizich. Sell iss awwer en wieschder Naame eber zu gewwe. Loss uns saagge, sie sin sehr schpaarsam.

So hot ver alders en Mann im Schtumpeschteddel gewohnt. Ich hab nie sei Naame gewisst. Er hot als en Latt Ebbel aus seim Baamgaarde grickt. Wann eber gfroogt hot fer en Abbel, hot er als gsaat, "Dihr darreft en Abbel gaern hawwwe. Awwer schmeisst die Schaale net weck. Ich will selli uffhewe fer mei Sei." Sell waar schpaarsam. Ich wunner was er gsaat hett zu mir. Ich scheel mei Ebbel net. Ich fress sie mit der Schaal, graad wie die Sei .

Noh waar en alder Kall der hot drei groosse Meed ghatt. Die Buwe sin vun alle Weegge beikumme fer die Meed karessiere, graad wie die Fledermeis schaffe fer an en Licht.

Awwer es waar noch ebbes shunscht, ass die Buwe eiferich gemacht hot. Der alt Kall waar schpaarsam. Er hot gsaat, wannn die Buwe bei seine Meed waere, misste sie es Inschlichlicht ausblose, es deet zu viel koschte fer's brenne losse en gansi Nacht.

Ich hab en alder Parre vun Allentown gekennt, der iss als naus zu me Bauer fer Buddermillich zu drinke. Er iss oft datt hie un hot sich als dicksack-rund voll gedrunke. Die Bauersfraa waar aa schpaarsam. Doch hot sie der Parre gegliche.

Ee Daag hot sie widder Budder gedreht. Der Parre iss net hiekumme bis der neegscht Daag. Wie er hiekumme iss, hot's die Fraa gedruwwelt. Sie hot ihn bedeierlich aageguckt un hot gsaat, "Parre, es schpeit mich ass du net eender kumme bischt fer Budddermilllich. Ich hab sie all zu de Sei gewwe. Parre, ich hett dir die Buddermillich graad so gaern gewwe ass wie de Sei." Der Parre hot net gewisst, was er denke sett.

—Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

UNKLE MIKE

Unknown Sage from the Saucony

By HEINZ KLOSS

In the 1889 volume of the **Kutztown Patriot** I once came upon a dialect columnist of striking originality. His true name I never found out. But he certainly was a master at dialect diction. What struck me most about his letters was what I might call a serene seriousness, which enabled him to discuss topics usually avoided by **Pennsylvaanisch** authors, without becoming graver and weightier than is fitting for a columnist.

For example, in the following letter Unkle Mike is telling about one of his contemporaries who is trying to harmonize the Pythagorean belief in reincarnation with modern Darwinism (Unkle Mike's spelling has been retained, if for no other eason then to add another to the motley array of attempts at spelling our dialect.—ED.):

An der Saucony,
Martz der 5 ,1889

On dar Patriot:

Ich hob eich de letshd woch net gashrivvah, ovver ich will now meim farshprechah gamase eich foom Ductor Pythagoras schreiwah: Dar Ductor war en badeitend dale foon dar yaeger-party woo ich eich schoon for dem gashrivvah hob dahfoon. Are war about footsich yore olt oon korts in pushdure. Are hut es liebscht gashwetst foon "antwickeloong" oon do mit is are so wide gongah dos es dar Darwin selwert arshdound het. We hut are oons ols so wolfel feelah mochah won are awfangah hut tsu grawvah om formilish bawm bis are die feinshdah wartselcher blose galect hut oon is nooner koomah tsoor ah oyster oon may sponge! Es war g'sawd foom Ductor are het so long gaward for de kronkhide sich tsu antwickelah bis sei potseandah in geishder antwickeld sin. Are hut bashdadicht wos Darwin g'shrivvah hut, ovver bei dam hut are duch dar Pythagoras gaglichah. Am letshdah sei saelahwondaroong hut are ga-Darwinized. In der ouswonderoong foon aim karper in dar onner, dooon saelah sich antwickelah, oon nemmah an haecherah shdond ei bei yadem weksel, bis se so wide sin dos se ins geisterlond koomah. De sael foom ah jack-of-alltrades is ane-ee woo longsom sich antwickeled, oon picked oof an nei hondwark mit yadem neiah karper. We dar Pythagoras, hut dar Ductor nuch gawist we sei sael in onnerah karper galaebt hut, oonich onnerah hut are gawist we se im oorshpringlichah karper war, woo galaebt hut in Aegyptah etlichah yore-hoonert-ah ub der yetsicha oonrecht-maesicha basitsar foom nawmah gaborah war. Won saelah oonwaerd gafoonah worrah sin in airah probetseit oder menshlichah tseit-poonct, sin sie tsurick gashmissah worrah oonich es dhier-reich oom es widder ivver tsu broweeerah. Tsu darrah klos haerah prize-fechter oon Congressmanner. Mit eenah war de fargongenheit an blank, an arfolglossee soom foon dar shlate gaweshah. Dar Ductor hut bahawbt das an shdovericher gowl ware yoosht an shdovericher mensh dar in an nidderer gashepf gongah ware. For des ouse tsulayah is are gatravelt fer tsu shdoverichah gile tsu shwetsah oon see tsu bannichah.

Ovver sei Aegyptische larning is farlorah gongah dorch de ivversendung. Sei roonerfollah, de kicks woo er grickt hut oon de bise han des gaprooved. Es war aw en Anglanner bei dar party. Are hut Muggs gahasah. Are war es gayahdale foom Tammany Sachem, are hut nix glawvah wullah wile dar Muggs olles g'shlookt hut. Dar Muggs hut shoon olles gawist foon oonserah United Shdates ub are se gasaenah hut. Won are an holvee chance kot het don het are am Indiawner may sawgah kennah foon seinem tsustond os we are selwer gawist het. Es war gons oonmaeglich for een noch ebbes tsu larnah. Sei roonder Britischer karper war so full foon oonwieder - shprechlichah facts dos es an onnerah karper farshprengt het. Im presidentah aw-ba-tsa, foom Alpha Washington bis tsoom Omega Cleveland, hut are oll de tricks foon oonserah rulers gawist oon are hut de kroomah wayah om Weisah House besser farshdonah os we oonser galarnter Jenkins. Britisher shleim war oom sei sael oon sei fies worrah in British ledder. Foon dar foossole bis off der shadel war are an Anglanner. Sei side whiskers sin yoosht so wide koomah oon net wider. Are hut sei H's farzutteld in seim gashwaets oof an gons noteerlich wake. Dar Sachem hut gamaend im Britishah a-b-c ware dar I so gross dos es kenn wooner ware won der H olsamole farlorah gingt.

Des dudes for desmole, es nakesht mole sawyah maer noch may foom Muggs.

Eier
UNKLE MIKE

Or listen to Unkle Mike in the following letter in which he takes up social problems, the growing tension between rich and poor, the lessening chances for the underprivileged masses.

An der Saucony
Awpril der 1, 1889.

On dar Patriot:

Es is so feicht dohoonah on der Saucony den moryah dos mare de finger shdeif warrah ivver em shreiwa. Es koomt mare ordlich fore dos es wetter so kiel is. De leit sawgah heit ware em Deivel sei gaboorts—dog oon dar is doch on so amah warmah blots dah-hame. For was hut are sich so en keelee yores-tseit gachooosed for gaborah tsu warrah? Dar Awpril mocht en moncher fraelich. Do koomah de interessah ei, oon es onner geld woo eem die Leit shooldich sin. En onnerah macht are drowrich, wile es oonmaechlich is for een es geld oof tsu dreiwah oom sei shooldah tsu batsawlah. En moncher kon sei rent net mochah wile dar fardinsht tsu schlecht war. En onnerah kon net wile are long kronk war oder farleicht sei fomilyah. En monchee ormee fomilyah hut dar fodder farlorah oon is waich dem in grosser droowel garodah. Oonerah hen widder oof an oonerah wake arah droowel. Es alend is ovver net oll oof dar side foon dah ormah, die reichah hen aw eerah droowel. Es is net ollamohl dar woo es mensht hut woo om glicklichshda is. Waer fiel hut, dar hut aw fiel soryah oon de shrift secht foon dam date fiel gafuddert warrah. Ovver es kon net galaegelt warrah dos em ormah mon sei chances ols wennicher sin oom sich ebbes tsurick tsu layah for en rayah dog. Etlichah yorah tsurick is an shdod Missionair dorch anes foon dah Nei Yorker parks galuffah oof dar Soondog. Dart hut are en glaener boo awgatroffah: "Was doosht doo doe, doosht du am Harr sei dog brechah? Doo sudsht in dar karrich sei, im Gottesdiensht onshdod dos doo dar Soondag brechshd." Dar orm boo in loompah hut offgagoogt oon hut gasawd: "Oh harr, es is orrig leicht for dich so tsu shwetsah ovver Gott wase es dos mare ormah chaps kan chance han."

Es g'feel sheint tsu wogsah in oonseram lond dos de tseit do is woo "'de ormah chaps" kan chance mae hovvah sullah. Es scheint woret drin tsu sei. De ormah sin net ousgashlussah foom an lavah tsu mochah, ovver dar grawwah waerd ols deefer oon weider tswishich dah reichah oon ormah. So wee oonser lond mae basettelt waerd, dood shorfee business entgagen-shdelloong de chances wenicher mochah oom reichdoom tsu arwarbah dorch de gawanelichah business wayah. Bei oll dam kon an mon sich in de hae shoffah won are sich so handich mocht tsu dam woo een on dar arwet hut das are een net shparah kon. Es sed yader yoonger mon oon yadee yoongee lady eerah mind oofmachah dos see es fornaemsht warrah will in dem foch woo se engaged is. Dah harter os mar sich blogah moos oom eppes tsu griegah, dah seeser is es, oon won es net oof es arsht mol longt, browierd mars nochamohl.

Eier
UNKLE MIKE.

Unkle Mike would seem to have discontinued as a dialect columnist in the Kutztown Patriot in the issue of May 11, 1889. I know nothing further of Unkle Mike. His identity remains a mystery to me, but I felt that he ought to be brought back to the knowledge of those loving the home-tongue of Eastern Pennsylvania. Every man and women who ever contributed to the printed output in the Pennsylvania German dialect deserves to be traced down and to be investigated. We know today that the number of occasional and sporadic dialect writers was much greater than anybody fancied 30 years ago. But few of them will upon investigation be found to be worthy of being brought back to print once more. Among those worthies Unkle Mike has his place, I am sure.

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Editorials

Parents Must Help, Not Hinder

In the handling of cases of juvenile delinquency police and aldermen often are shocked by the very positive encouragement which some parents give to their wayward children by outspoken defense for the actions of their offspring or absolute denial of what the police and aldermen think must be known by the parents to be the truth. That kind of attitude developed in the cases of several of the Dragons and posed the question to the authorities: "Who are the greater offenders, the kids or the parents?"

The attitude was manifested again in a recent hearing in which Liquor Control Board agents were witnesses in cases involving sales of beer to minors. In this case the father of one youth made himself particularly obnoxious in criticism of the agents for carrying out the work to which they have been assigned and which they perform in the interest not alone of the law but of society's interests. In this case, they were acting really in the interest of the family that included this particular father and his child.

Fortunately the father was a reasonable man and, when the facts in the case were developed and the thics of the matter became plain to him, there was satisfactory apology.

Unfortunately there are other parents who are not reasonable and who by their attitudes do not discourage and may encourage continuing misbehavior on the part of their young people. They do not know and apparently do not care to know the character of their children's companions; their whereabouts when they go out, especially at night, nor what they may be doing when they are away from home. If elders apparently approve, how can the youngsters be expected to do differently from what they have been doing!

Strange Bedfellows

What are the world's leading Communists up to? is the question that is puzzling the diplomats in the western world as they learned in Belgrade that Marshall Tito, after entertaining Party Secretary Khrushchev for a week, suddenly left the Yugoslav capital with the Russian for a reported holiday or period of "rest" at Yalta.

Is the Russian in trouble back home and did he go to Yugoslavia for help? Has Tito, the independent Communist who quit in the days of Stalin, gone to Russia to provide some support for the man who de-Stalinized Communism in Russia and opened the doors to more liberal treatment for the satellite peoples in Eastern Europe?

These are the questions for which just about every diplomat and every newsman in Eastern Europe and in the capitals of the western nations is seeking the answer.

Time was when such an episode would have had little more than local importance. Today, by reason of the powerful standing of the two men concerned and their potential for world mischief-making, the episode can be of momentous, even vital importance to the humblest man and woman in any part of the world.

Unless things have changed mightily behind the iron curtain in recent months there is power in the hands of Khrushchev which can release the military might of the atomic or the hydrogen bomb.

The world has not yet recovered from the effects of the ambitions of two dictators — Hitler and Mussolini — who were drunk with power. The world cannot consider itself safe when another boastful dictator, all too often drunk with vodka, grips the wheel of perhaps the greatest military machine in the world. And that machine has the mighty H-bomb.

Little Old Indian on Warpath

That little old man from the Republic of Colombia, reputed to be 167 years of age, is giving press and public a lively time in New York and belying his age while here for scientific examinations which are expected to establish the number of his years and remove the guesswork about it.

Like many other old folks in societies which are not given to the keeping of mortality statistics, or only in recent years have established such systems, Javier Pereira does not know exactly how old he is. He has no records concering his birth and early life.

But he does have his own ideas about some other matters. And it did not take him long after his arrival in New York for examination by medical authorities to make them known.

In the tradition of many of the news photographers a shapely blonde was produced to pose with the old man upon a settee. But the little old man saw in this a plot whereby the blonde was going to steal his gold ring. Altho little more than a midget physically, the Colombian Indian beat off the blonde, then attacked a photographer and "socked" a newspaperman who stepped in to halt the battle.

Pereira came to the United States for a trip and to satisfy scientific speculation about his age. He is not interested in the ballyhoo that the press would like to make about him. But in his almost savage reactions to all the demonstration made about him he provided more interesting copy and perhaps pictures than if he had calmly assented to the "cheese-cake" program with a blonde and had gone thru the familiar formulas of interviews with celebrities.

Apart from this, it can be said that a good deal of credence already is being given to claims for his longevity. He may not be 167, as is claimed, and therefore to be ranked with some of the Biblical patriarchs in the matter of age. But opinion is being expressed that he may be 150 years of age at least. Which is mighty "good going" for any man.

Hall Closets

By HAYDN S. PEARSON

That querulous muttering you hear on rainy mornings is father's reaction to the overstuffed condition of the hall closet. Psychologists periodically warn concerning the heterogeneous barriers that separate segments of our citizenry in this republic. The countryman feels that so long as the hall closets of American homes resemble each other, there is nothing fundamentally wrong. We expect the Democrats and Republicans will continue to find cause for dissatisfaction with each other; good men will argue over the merits of the Yankees and Red Sox; and alarums and excursions over scanty bathing suits will resound from the conservatives of our society.

The countryman has recently completed a cautious but comprehensive survey of his friends' hall closets and the summary is most encouraging. The average closet has a bulky mass of overcoats, topcoats, raincoats, jackets, windbreakers and sweaters. The floor is well covered with rubbers, overshoes, vacuum cleaner, carpet sweeper, two ball bats, an old tennis racket, Junior's snare drum and Sister's banjo. That big cardboard box is Junior's collection of native stones that he made two years ago in the seventh grade. The big pile of books is the 16 volume set of "The Earth's Wonders" that Mother bought from a slick salesman four years ago for $1.75 down and $2.30 a month for 27 months.

The shelf is a Leaning Tower of Pisa mass of old hats, empty candy boxes, unused vases, old gloves, two shoe boxes of Christmas decorations, an old box camera and that etching Aunt Emma sent from Paris in 1936. Mother periodically says she must get at it, reorganize, and clean up. We are not unduly ardent proponents of hall closets as they now are: but we feel that so long as American homes maintain hall closets in their present condition, we have a common tie that adequately binds all segments of our citizenry together.

(Copyright 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

SIXTEEN

"Steady," I call her, and steady I mean;
Wonderful, beautiful, reaching sixteen.

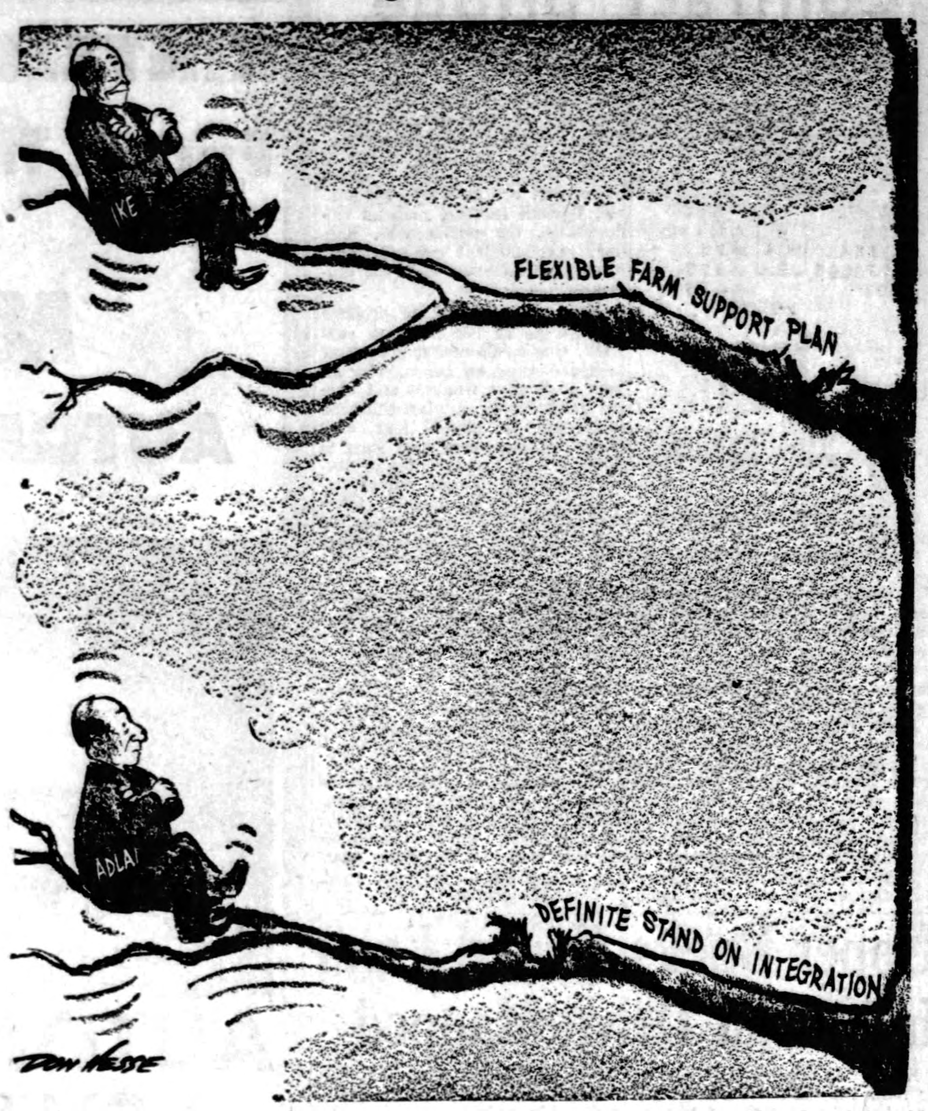
Here is a joy 'twould be tragic to miss.
Years have no day that's more perfect than this.

Looked for and waited for, saved for, for years;
Happy all hearts when at last it appears.

Ellen Elizabeth sixteen today!
What is there further to think of to say?

(Copyright 1956)

Dangerous Limbs



Suez Success Possible

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The Suez affair is being brought to the United Nations amidst predictions that nothing useful can be expected to come from the move. Must we take this defeatism for granted? That depends, I venture to think, on what is behind the move. Have Great Britain and France turned to the U.N. because they have run out of ideas, and cannot think of what else to do? Or will they, with the United States in the role of mediator on behalf of their interests, work out a Western policy which fits the realities of the United Nations?

The pessimistic predictions arise from the assumption that Great Britain and France will ask the Security Council to approve as the terms of a settlement the proposals agreed to by 18 out of the 22 nations who were at the first London conference. These are the proposals for international "operation" of the canal. As at least two members of the Security Council, the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, are expected to refuse approval of the Western terms, it would follow that little or nothing would then come of having gone to the United Nations.



Lippmann

Wise?

But is it wise to go to the United Nations with a proposal which we know is bound to fail? It seems to me that in going to the U.N. we are recognizing at least two compelling considerations. The first is that the Western proposals are not of such an ultimate and vital character that we would be justified in going to war to compel Egypt to accept them. The second is that the Western proposals are, therefore, themselves negotiable, and that we are in the United Nations in order that a negotiation can be brought about. The alternative — which is to treat the Western proposals as essentially non-negotiable, as in the nature of an ultimatum — would be sterile and certain to alienate the kind of international opinion which the West has gone to the U.N. to win. It will be better not to have gone at all then to refuse to negotiate when we got there.

A policy of negotiation inside the U.N. should have as its primary objective the working out of proposals which have wide and powerful international support. Great Britain and France, and in a measure the United States as well, are in a weak position which they must correct before they can hope to come to satisfactory terms with Nasser. They have exposed to all the world the fact that the military threats were mostly bluff. They have exposed it to the world that the talk about a boycott was based on no serious study and on no serious preparations for a boycott. It is plain for all to see that the 18 supporters of the Western proposals are not strongly or reliably united behind them. It is plain too that, owing to the way the Big Three played their cards at the first London conference, Nasser has the support not only of the Soviet Union but, for all practical purposes, of all the non-European powers.

Our primary objective must be to end the moral and political isolation in which we find ourselves. How is that to be done? By remembering that there were two plans at the first London conference, the Western plan for international operation and the Indian plan for international supervision, and then by offering in the U.N. to found the new negotiations on both of these plans. The differences between the two plans can be enormous or they can be small, depending upon how much the two sides want to agree.

This primary negotiation would not be with Nasser but in fact with India and with the Soviet Union. It is not possible to negotiate successfully with Nasser as long as we propose terms which the Soviet Union and all of Asia will back Nasser in rejecting. In the U.N. we have a chance to correct the mistake which we made, so it seems to me, at the first London conference. The mistake was to prefer a plan, which however desirable was impracticable, to a plan which has the support of all the nations concerned.

This is not to forget to minimize the ambitions of Nasser or the high probability that his act at Suez is only one in a series of such acts which are being planned in neighboring countries. On the contrary it is to be acutely aware of what we must expect in the Middle East, and to insist that we must not alienate ourselves now from the powers of Asia, that we must make the most and make the best of the collaboration which they are prepared to work out with us.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The latest Thirteenth — and Centennial — Edition of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations" is the best and biggest yet: 1068 pages, to be exact, with over 110,000 entries. Among the authors included for the first time are Douglas MacArthur, J. Frank Dobie, William Faulkner, Adlai E. Stevenson and Dylan Thomas.

John Bartlett didn't know what he was starting when, in 1855, he allowed himself to be persuaded to bring out in a 295-page book the collection of noteworthy quotations he had been amassing privately over the years. Cautiously, he limited the first edition to 1000 copies, and sold most of them himself at his bookstore opposite the Harvard Yard.

Returned from a hitch in the Navy during the Civil War, Bartlett joined the publishing house of Little, Brown. By the time he died in 1905—at the age of eighty-five—his compendium had made not only his own fortune but those of Little and Brown as well.

Say, we haven't had one like this in some time: Gail Benham insists that we tell you about a leopard who visited his optometrist to complain, "Every time I look at my wife, I see spots before my eyes."

"What do you expect?" scoffed the optometrist. "You're a leopard, aren't you?

"Sure," conceded the leopard, "but my wife is a zebra."

(Copyright, 1956.)

Horoscope

You may expect little change in your fortune and life in the year ahead. But use care in regard to property and depend upon your own intuitions. A child born today should be kind, gentle and sympathetic and fitted for welfare work as one career possible.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT KEN KOLLICK GRICK'D: So wie fegelcher yusht gapifa hen, mus es doh net long tzurick gore shonborelich nevlich gawest sei drunna in Barricks kounty. Aenicha waig, 's wor so nevlich os der Clayton Rex fon nagshd on Werleys Korner der blotz net finna hut kenna woh er onna gawolt hut fer 'n load kollick hola. Un so weit os sel awgait der Wilbur Snyder wor noch mit, un is farna har g'fohrra mit ma onnerra truck fer derwaig weissa.

Aryads unna drous hut der Clayton der Wilbur ferlorra im nevel, un der Clayton hut grawd gaduh wos 'n mensch duh sot won er aryads is un wase net woh hee — er hut g'shtopt, un gawort bis der nevel uf glorra dade. In ra shtuns' tzeit odder so is der Wilbur tzurick kumma un hut der Clayton g'such'd. Wie sie wenich gablauder'd hen kot sin sie widder uf der waig, un ferhoftich sei won der Clayton der Wilbur net widder ferlorra hut im nevel — un sel wor may os der Clayton shtanda hut kenna. Noh mit ous may langer worta, is der Clayton rum gadray'd un ob hame mit ma lara truck, sl shtarrick os er gae hut kenna.

BOLVIERT DER PORRA NET: Die Hilda Schnabel fon Long Swamp gebt nix drum fer ihrra pap der Henry Schnabel bolvierra, ow'r sie duts net os sie der Porra bolviert. Sel wor d'r gute doh net long tzurick wie die Hilda der Pap om bolvierra wor, un der Porra is datzu gadobt kumma.

Sie worra in da kich, die Mam uf ihr'm gawainlicha shtuhl, un der hund hut ra grawd on da fees galaiga. Die Hilda hut der Hennie yusht gute ei g'saf'd kot un wor ready fer die barshda fleiga mocha, wie der hund uf g'shprunga is un is, on die dier wie 'n shuss ous ra flint. Sie hen gore net denka kenna wos aw gang'd, net bis die Hilda on die dier is, un darta hut der Porra g'shtonna, un g'shmunt'ld fon ohr tzu ohr.

Die Hilda huts gore mechdich k'hoss'd — un arbadich noch so wie der Porra gawunnert hut eb sie ihn ferleicht net aw bolvierra wot. Sie hut 'm Porra ow'r glei tzu fershtae gewwa os sie ken hoarschnidder ous arwet duh wot, un os sie die line tziega dade on ihr'm pap — ihn dade sie bolvierra, un ken onnerere mensch.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Ol die Flossie maid un weibsleit os m'r sei lava gakent hen worra immer arrick damemeedich un gadrei — kon gore net fershtae wos dem shtorm Flossie fail'd, fer so rau un kaltie widdering bei bringa.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Isaiah 55:1-5.

Continuing our study of yesterday concerning the proclamation of the Gospel to the uttermost part of the earth, we have the first word of four which we want to remember in connection with the program of action assigned to the Church. The name of the evangelical prophet, Isaiah, means the same as the name, Jesus, the root meaning of both being 'salvation.' The prophecy of Isaiah covers the whole of New Testament doctrine by way of anticipation. The first word referred to above is Ho!—with which chapter 55 begins (after the wonderful crucifixion chapter, 53). It begins the cry of the water-carrier, calling everyone that thirsteth to come to the waters (of salvation), even he that hath no money is invited to come to receive without money and without price what Isaiah's God has to offer. This call (coming from the Son of David, Who is Jesus), as in yesterday's commission, is to go out into the Gentile world, to the nations which know not Israel's God, v. 5, but who shall come to know Him through the ministry of His ambassadors, preachers and missionaries, as they proclaim salvation to Jew and Gentile alike through faith in the crucified Son of God.



BOOK NOTES

An Unknown Contribution to PG Lore

It seems strange that in our times when "things Pennsylvania Dutch" are in vogue an important book on this subject should be completely overlooked by our contemporaries inside and outside the Keystone State. Yet such is the fate which befell a book that only recently reached the editor of the "Eck," namely Part I of "Volksgruppenrecht in den Vereinigten Staaten," a volume of 600 pages by Heinz Kloss, and published in 1940 by the now defunct Essener Verlagsanstalt in Essen. It is devoted to ethnic groups speaking languages other than English and consisting of natives of native parentage.

There are chapters on Louisiana (78 pages), Pennsylvania (94 pages) New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, California, Ohio, Puertorico (46 pages), Hawaii and on eleven states with minor linguistic minority groups of colonial descent, including such widely scattered groups as the French - Americans of Northern Maine, the Russians of Alaska, the New York Dutch and the Spanish Americans of Florida.

In the chapter devoted to Pennsylvania (pp. 216-310), we first read an introduction (17 pages) on the overall history and distribution of the Pennsylvania Dutch and on the significance of their linguistic troubles. Seldom if ever have some of the basic facts of our history been stated so succinctly as on these pages. Particularly meritorious is the author's attempt to isolate, in statistical terms, the extent to which the vast numbers of 19th century German immigrants to Pennsylvania settled in the original Pennsylvania "Dutch" territory; his conclusion is (p. 223) that of the first and second generation Germans roughly 15 per cent came to the Deitsch area while roughly 30 per cent settled in and around Philadelphia and 55 per cent in the western and northern parts of the commonwealth.

The emphasis in this book is, of course, on the history of linguistic rights. For the first time we have all the pertinent details as to the printing, in the German language, of the journals of the house, of the session laws, and of the Governor's messages. All quotations from the statute books and from the journals of the house — and there are 67 of them for Pennsylvania alone — are given in English. Some of the most important items are an 1837 law providing for the printing, in German, of the session laws, an 1863 law providing for public notices to be published in German in eight designated counties (Berks, Northampton, Lehigh, Lancaster, Schuylkill, Lebanon, Montgomery, York), and a 1863 rule of court stating that under certain circumstances legal notices might be published in a German paper only "at the option of the party."

Contrary to statements by Gustave Koerner, A. B. Faust, Chas. J. Handschin and others there never was a law — supposed to have been enacted in 1837 — permitting public schools to be conducted in German, but there was a long succession of equivalent opinions by our State School Superintendents, beginning with the 1836 statement "Care has been taken during the last year to correct the impression, that a German school cannot be a common school" and fading out around 1885.

It is time that at long last PG historians should take cognizance of this book which, by the way, contains valuable information concerning Pennsylvania Germans in Maryland (pp. 490-93), Virginia (pp. 495-497) and, impressively, Ohio (pp. 427-460). No cultural history of our people will be complete without drawing on the wealth of material here assembled; it seems a pity that Frederic Klees had not heard about it when he wrote "The Pennsylvania Dutch" (1951). The edition was destroyed, in 1943, by bombs hitting the publishers warehouse but after the war some copies found their way to leading American libraries so that today it is available on the shelves of the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, The Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Harvard College Library and Michigan University Library. After having read the book, the late Henry L. Mencken wrote to the author: "Dr. X lent me his copy of your excellent work, and I went through it with the greatest interest and pleasure. You have done a really magnificent job. It should be translated and reprinted in this country. . .Nothing covering the ground so extensively is now known here." In reviewing vol. I, Prof. Werner J. Cahnman (New York City), himself a political refugee under the Hitler regime, wrote in the American Journal of Sociology, 53, 1948, p. 309: "It would indeed be a good thing if a commission consisting of a historian, a sociologist, and an expert in public administration could be formed to devise an American version of Kloss's book."

Is the Pennsylvania German dialect dying, or is it only recovering from a serious illness? Death notices have been appearing periodically for the past century. The most recent that has come to the attetnion of the Editor is Don Yoder's announcement "the dialect is dying, and fast" (Summer issue of **The Pennsylvania Dutchman,** 1956, p. 38). But such death notices, as Mark Twain remarked upon a premature announcement of his own death, are somewhat exaggerated. How long does it take a language or a dialect to die? It is a question we could wish the late H. L. Mencken to have answered.

Be that as it may, those who love the dialect and desire its perpetuation will be interested in reading Russell W. Gilbert's article "Religious Services in Pennsylvania German" published in the May, 1956, issue of **Susquehanna University Studies,** Selinsgrove, Pa.

The High German literary language as preached in our rural Pennsylvania churches began waging a losing battle more than a century ago. What was heard from the pulpit by our grandparents was really not High German, but rather a glorified Pennsylvania German dialect. This too vanished in the course of the 1920's. But the many secular **Versammlinge** and banquets in various Pennsylvania German centers fostered a renewed interest and pride in the dialect. At first hesitant in the belief that church services might lose in dignity, some of our pastors became more courageous and conducted services in the dialect. In the last few years there has been a steady increase of such services in which at least the sermon and a few hymns were offered in the dialect.

In this interesting article Professor Gilbert considers at some length the nature of such services and mentions the pastors who have given impetus to conducting them. He attempts to present the general background and history of German services in eastern Pennsylvania, differentiating between those in the **Schriftsprache** and those with dialectal influences, but he is also at pains to present the problems involved in the preparation of material for worship in the dialect.

The July-September, 1956, issue of The Historical Review of Berks County contains an article **"Pennsylvania German:** The Picturesqueness and Directness of the Dialect," by Elmer S. Gerhard, in which he deplores the emasculation of the dialect at the hands of philologists and in his own words prefers "to turn to something more graphic and pictorial and of more interest than the dissecting and disemboweling of the dialect." The author, only recently deceased, was an occasional contributor to the ECK.

John A. Hostetler's valuable article "Amish Costume; Its European Origins" appeared in the August - September, 1956, number of The American German Review. Russell W. Gilbert's short article "An All Pennsylvania German Church Service" appeared in the same number of this magazine.

Mention must be made of Ida R. Reichard's "Quilts and Quilters" published with illustrations in the July-September 1956 number of **The Historical Review of Berks County.** Nowhere was the art of quilting more zealously practiced than among the Pennsylvania German housewives although indebted for most of their patterns to their Anglo-Saxon neighbors.

The last issue of **Christian Living** (October, 1956) contains an article by Maurice A. Mook "A Community That Failed." It is the story, told briefly, of a community founded by the Amish in northern Chester County in the early 1770's, where one can still see the stone ruins of the first Amish Mennonite meetinghouse built in America. The community died a natural death when the last members moved away in 1834. Photographs of early tombstones in the old graveyard illustrate the article. For a more complete account of this settlement the author refers the reader to his article "An Early Amish Colony in Chester County, Pa.," in the **Mennonite Historical Bulletin** for July, 1955.

ICH HAB MICH GSCHEMMT

's waar'n driewer, dunkler Daag gewest
Un alles waar mir letz;
Hab Koppweh ghatt un schwerer Kalt—
Hab gfiehlt wie'n aldi Gretz.

Noh hot's aafange reggere un
Ich hab ken Amberell;
Schuhsole dinn un gums deheem—
Was dutt mer in so'n Schtell?

Grummle — wann mer menschlich iss,
Des hawwich aa geduh;
Dass Kleeder nass warr'n un der Hut,
Verhaust mei neie Schuh.

So waar der Daag dann darricheweck
Hunnert percent Verluscht;
Ich hab gegrummelt, bissel gflucht—
Was hoscht du un was duscht!

Un wie ich dann die Schtross naus bin,
Was iss des ich aablick—
En Soldaat ohne linkse Hand,
Die recht die draagt en Grick.

Ferwas die Grick? En Bee waar ab,
Bissel owwich de Knie;
Sei Gsicht waar all vermerkt un
Verdreht, ich weess net wie.

Er waar am Schwetze mit me Freind,
Un wie ich geh verbei,
Hab ich ihn heere saagge, "Well,
's hett schlimmer kenne sei."

Do waar er uffgebuggert, un—
's hett schlimmer kenne sei!
Un ich waar gans, zwee Hend un Fiess,
Un Gsicht so gut wie nei.

Heet's schlimmer kenne sei? Well, fleicht,
Doch guck wie leicht er's nemmt;
Wu greecht ich Ursach grummle, un—
Ich hab mich ernschtlich gschemmt!

Der hot en Leweszeit gelebt
In yuscht paar Monet, fleicht,
Bei Daag im Schnee un Dreck, un nachts
Der Himmel uffgeleicht

Mit Blitz vun dausend Flinteschuss—
Alle Sekund in Gfaahr;
Er waar net meh wie zwansich, schur,
Doch Kopp weist groo-e Haar.

Ich hab mich gschemmt, un des iss waahr,
Mich gschemmt bis schier zum Dod;
Noh kummt's mir ei, wie Yaahre zrick
Mir oft die Mammi rot:

"Es macht nix aus bischt iwwel ab
Un druwwel kummt dir zu,
's gebt ann're Leit, vergess des net,
Meh iwwel ab wie du."

En Rot geht oft zu eem Ohr nei,
Zum ann're widder naus;
Doch kummt sie heem wann gsehne watt
En Beischpiel aryets draus.

RALPH S. FUNK—1945

DIE HAUSBUTZGICHTERE BRECHE WIDDER AUS

Die Polly hot die Woch widder die Hausbutzgichtere grickt, un ich schreib daer Brief im Bett. Ich weess net, wann ich raus kumm, verleicht gaar nimmi. Wann ich schtarreb, dann hawwich die Versicherung, dass wu ich anne geh, watt ken Haus meh gebutzt. Die Schuld, ass ich mei Bett net verlosse kann, iss des.

Die Polly hot aafange Hausbutze em Mundaag Marye, awwer die Gichtere hen schunt en Woch devor in ihre gschafft ghatt. Em Mundaag Nacht waar ich ans Hollerhecke fer en Buschel Riewe anne duh, as der Sammy Sensewettter vun mir g'wunne hot uff de Leckschon, un ich hab en Latt agents aagedroffe, as Gleeder, Kaddun, Zucker un so Sach verkaaft hen zum Meik Blotner fer sei neier Schtor. Sie waare all feine Kaerls — hen Schtitzehied gewore wie meiner, weisse Hemmer un feine Gleeder aaghatt. Sie hen's aafange uffsetze aus der schwaze Boddel un es erscht ass ich gewisst hab, waar ich widder bummeraalisch voll. Ebaut elf Uhr hen sie mich heemgfiehrt, un wie ich an unser Haus (ich meen der Polly ihre Haus) kumme bin, hawwich ihre gerufe fer runnerkumme un mich neihole un ins Bett duh. Wie sie kumme iss, sin die agents fattgschprunge. Ich hab ihre gsaat, dass ich glaawe daet, der Schlag hett mich in die Bee gedroffe, awwer wie sie mei Ochdem geroche hot, dann hot sie gsaat, sie daet denke der Schlag waer mei Hals nunner, un sie daet settle mit mir der naegscht Marye. Ich bin die Schpeicherssteeg nuff uff Hend un Fiess un sie iss hinnenooch un gschwowe mit de Hend. Dienschdaag Marye hot sie mir gerufe fer uffschteh un's Feier mache. Ich bin zum Bett raus wie en Haas, un der zwett Schritt bin ich in en Teeblettli voll Karrebet tacks gedrede. Datt iss der accident ghaeppent. Ich bin die Schteeg nunner as wie en Bundel Langschtroh iwwer en Schneegruscht. Ich hab gemeent, es hedde en Dutzend Esel mich gekickt un dernoh waar's gans Haus uff mich gfalle. Wie ich gschtoppt hab, hawwich ken Gensehaut meh ghatt — un net viel anneri. Ich hab der Polly gerufe, dass ich waer dod un sie sett kumme mich dabber auslegge, eb ich so schteif daet warre. Sie iss kumme un hot graad gschickt fer der Doktor Heffeifinger. Er hot mich exemment un hot gsaat, ich hett dreiunzwansich Ribbe verbroche, un hett aa 's Gnetz verschprengt. Er hot mir die Bois gfiehlt, mei Zung beguckt, mir drei Pilferin gewwe, un mich zwee Daaler getschautscht. Ich hab mich verschwore, ich daet die Pilferin net nemme, un die Polly hot gsaat, er waer schaad sie eweckschmeisse un weil die Katz schunt e paar Daag der Rotzer hett, daet sie ihre die Pilferin gewwe. Sie hot. Die Katz iss nau dod. Wann ich in meim Lewe widder uffkumm, dann will ich selli Katz schee vergraawe, weil sie mei Lewe gseeft hot. Wann ich ungfehr dod geh sett, dann will ich hawwe, ass du all mei Gleeder gricksecht, der Billy Bixler soll die Halb-Beind-Boddel Kefferbrieh hawwe, as ich unnich em alde Sammy Sensewetzer seim Hoischtock vergraawe hab, un die Polly soll alles schunscht hawwe. Es soll ken Loiyer gedingt warre fer der Wille schreiwe, schunscht daet er unser Heemet verkaafe fer sei Bezaahling.

Der Wille iss gemacht mit meim gude Verschtand — des iss, mit so guder Verschtand, as ich in meim Lewe ghatt hab, un eenich eens vun de Arrewer as kickt, der soll gaar nix hawwe.

BOONASTIEL (Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933.)

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Editorials

A Nice British Gesture

The feeling of the British for the people of the United States has been eloquently indicated during the past few years by their spontaneous response to the proposal of a few enthusiasts that a ship like the historic Mayflower be built and then be presented to the people of the United States.

The proposal revealed the fact that England is full of people who cherish the historic movement that sent the tiny shipload of English settlers to Plymouth Rock in 1620. Promptly pounds, shillings and pence poured into the fund which came to be raised for carrying out the idea.

The plans of Bethlehem Steel Co.'s naval architect, William Baker, were adopted. Then in a shipyard in Plymouth, England, just about all the mechanics who remain from the days of wooden shipbuilding were assembled; the keel of the ship was laid and the body of the ship was constructed.

Early in the week, the launching took place amid happy ceremonies. It was a gala day thruout the country and was the biggest news of the day.

Completion of the tiny ship is expected by early next year. Then she will be sailed across the Atlantic, just like her illustrious predecessor. The voyage will be planned to correspond as closely as possible with the voyage thru stormy seas in 1620 and it probably will take as many or more days.

However there will be a lot of differences, brought about by the changes in the times. While there were no photographers—television, news-reel and stills—on the Mayflower of 336 years ago, there will be four such modern experts aboard, so that a complete record of the trip will be made.

There will be other differences to safeguard the lives of the modern Pilgrim Fathers such as modern navigation instruments and radar. The perils of scurvy, which the women and men of 1620 had to endure by nature of their diet, will be avoided for there will be ample fresh foods carried in modern deep freeze units, in addition to canned foods of large variety.

On arrival in the United States the ship's company will be the nation's guests in a round of entertainment and welcome, at whose conclusion the ship will be presented as a gift to the people of the United States.

By reason of the press and the movies the American people already know a good deal about this project and they must have approved it heartily. They will be glad to see the complete consummation of the good wishes of our British kissing - cousins, thousands of whom will have made the project possible by their hearty and spontaneous contributions.

Every Leaf Valuable

If the City's bureau of highways has not been overwhelmed by responses to its offer to give the sweepings of leaves from the streets to any one desiring to convert them into mulch or compost, then it should be.

Many thousands of our people are proud of their homes with their shrubbery, sod and gardens. Large sums of money are spent for mulches and fertilizers. While sweepings of leaves may not have the initial attractiveness of mulching materials that have been carefully baled and do not have the immediately powerful effects of chemical fertilizers they do have a long-range value.

One need only consider that our forests grow without cultivation and without artificial fertilization. Trees evolve from saplings into giant growth, fed in large part by the annual fall of leaves which initially form a mulch and then rich compost.

Not a leaf that falls from our trees in Allentown should go to waste if a place can be found where it can gradually turn into food for growing things and complete nature's wholesome cycle.

Dangers in Overweight

It has been observed by economists that in the United States during its nearly two centuries of existence a civilization with overabundance of food has been developed; that this is an historic phenomenon; that all previous civilizations have lived constantly with the spectre of starvation in their midst.

But with overabundance of food another problem has been developed for millions of Americans. It is estimated that one out of six Americans is ten per cent or more above his ideal weight. Nutrition experts say that many of our people are not only overweight but paradoxically are undernourished. Of further discomfort for many is the report of the statisticians and actuaries that the fat ones die young, while medical science notes that excess pounds are either a diagnostic indication of certain diseases or that the excess poundage predisposes the system to become easy prey to disease.

Accordingly overweight is a problem in preventive medicine. As the Health News Institute in a recent issue points out, it calls for counsel and care of a physician just as certainly as other pathological conditions.

Yet overweight doesn't manifest itself dramatically, like cancer or tuberculosis. It's a bodily state which tempts us to experimentation, and lends itself to appeals to vanity rather than to serious self-concern.

If you're overweight, The Health News Institute warns, remember that while you may think you have an aesthetic problem, it's also a medical one. It could be glands, bad eating habits, or a variety of factors — not the least of which may be the psychological drive which creates the so - called "compulsive" eater. Doctors have found that it is generally true that the fat person is the person who eats too much.

In emphasizing once more that obesity is a medical problem, the Council of Foods and Nutrition, in an official statement in the Journal of the American Medical Association, recently declared: "Ethical advertisers of foods recommended for weight - reducing regimens have likewise stressed the importance of a medical consultation prior to reduction of the food intake. Weight reduction may be harmful to health or even endanger life if undertaken without full understanding of the problem."

A low caloric diet may be an unbalanced diet, in which event your physician may wish to supplement your reducing routine with vitamins. Or he may prescribe certain drugs to be taken in connection with the diet he recommends for your particular case.

Again, the whole point is that excess fat is an individual condition, and calls for the physician's individual attention. Any one particular diet or "reducing plan" may or may not be the right one for you. There's only one rule for dieting that's completely safe and wise: See your doctor first.

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.

Praise for the Press

The Editor
Allentown Morning Call

Dear Sir:

We are glad for the opportunity that National Newspaper Week presents in reminding us to pause and reflect on the great progress that has occurred through the years in the newspaper field.

This progress, which had its origin in the Peking Gazette which dates back to 1350 A.D., consisted of only a single page of information.

Our modern newspaper which is a collection of departments divided into various sections such as local news, world news, editorial comments, sports, society news, religion, art and other timely items of interest is a far cry from the original newspaper.

The Call-Chronicle circulation of nearly 100,000 does much to carry out the slogan, "Freedom's Key to Better Living," and is a great service to an ever-widening community.

We are grateful for this opportunity to express our appreciation for the many services rendered to the community without any material reward which means so much to the many readers in this area giving us newspapers that the City of Allentown can well boast of.

We of the Soroptimist International Club whose one objective is service, can well appreciate your great efforts and extend our heartiest congratulations to you.

Sincerely,
The Soroptimist Club
of Allentown, Pa.
(Mrs. Charles Reichardt
Press Chairman)

Modern Atlas



Varied Views of Suez

By WALTER LIPPMAN

The differences about Suez between this country and its allies, Great Britain and France, do not really stem from such views as we may have on "colonialism." They stem from a differing practical judgment as to how to deal wisely and effectively with Col. Nasser's seizure of this canal company. There is no difference on the fundamental point that all the nations of the world have indubitable rights in the use of the canal, and that these rights must be protected by a regime established under an international treaty. The question of colonialism does not arise. For Egypt is not a colony and nobody is claiming that the canal zone is anyone's colonial property. What we, together with the British and the French, are claiming is that the rights which are pledged by the Treaty of 1888 shall be made secure.

How substantial are our actual differences it is difficult to say precisely. For none of the three governments was prepared for Nasser's coup. None had a considered policy. Each reacted at the outset rather by its reflexes than by reflection. Since then, the three Foreign Ministers have met twice at big international conferences. But they have been, it would seem, too preoccupied and too hurried to make sure that they understood one another.

Our differences are not clear or sharp. But they seem to turn on two points, neither of which has anything to do with colonialism. The one point has to do with military force. The other has to do with a policy to follow in working towards a solution.

It is not true, as has been suggested abroad that this country is unconditionally opposed to a resort to force, or that responsible American opinion has been opposed to the little mobilization of forces in the eastern Mediterranean. We have been troubled and even frightened at what we thought we were hearing from London and Paris about the objectives for which these forces might be used.

Nobody has opposed, almost all would approve, having forces available as a precautionary measure to prevent anti-Western riots such as occurred in Cairo in 1952. Nor would there be American opposition to the use of force, even in spite of a Soviet veto, if Nasser closed the canal or violated the rights which are guaranteed under the Treaty of 1888. We drew back from the suggestion, which has been at least semi-official, that these forces might be used to overthrow Nasser. That, in our view, would be illegal and immoral use of force. We drew back too from the idea that military force might be used to impose on Nasser the kind of regime which the 18 nations have proposed. In our view, these proposals cannot be made into an ultimatum and should be treated as negotiable.

Those of us who take this view believe that it rests on a correct appraisal of the military and political situation. We believe that military intervention is almost certain to entangle Britain and France in a prolonged guerrilla war, as in Algeria and Cyprus, if Egypt has the backing of the Soviet Union, of India, and of virtually all of Asia. We think such a war would be easy to start and hard to finish.

Key to Success

From this it follows, so we believe, that a settlement must be sought by negotiation, and that the key to a successful negotiation is to work towards an international regime for the canal which has the support of the Soviet Union and of India. There is little doubt that the vital interests of India are identical with our own, and that they call for the free use on reasonable terms of an efficient canal. As for the Soviet Union, though it has no such vital interest in the canal or, even perhaps, in a workable settlement, it is on record as supporting the Indian plan.

Our view, it is evident, differs from the view of those who believe that the prestige of the West will collapse in the Middle East and in Africa if we avoid a show-down with Nasser, if we do not overturn him or at least punish him. Our answer is that the circumstances are not now right for a showdown, and that no showdown should be had unless and until Nasser has committed a gross and deliberate violation of international rights.

For the time being, if we can negotiate a settlement, the principle will have been vindicated that the canal is an international waterway, and that it is not under the unfettered control of Egypt alone.

(Copyright 1956)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE ADDIE UN DER JIM: Driwwa nagshd on da Huffa Kerrich sin tzwae leit — 'm kalanner noh, bei yohrra, un in da gadonka, yung un munder. Elf yohr sin sie shun dart driwwa dahame — der Jim Steigerwalt un sei Addie — yar der Jim woh ols g'shoft hut im Allentown Hoch shule gabei uf da 17d shtross doh in da shtadt. Der Jim un die Addie sin tzomma kumma wenich shpote im lava — der Jim wor 'n widmon, un die Addie dahame, un hut ocht gewwa uf ihrra Pap woh aw bei yohrra wor. Ols 'n glead fon da sama lodge, is der Jim gonga der bruder p'sucha, un is in lieb g'falla mit da Addie — un sie hen k'heiert.

Socha fer longa yohr sin shae doh hee gonga, un sin elf yohr tzurick nous ins lond gatzoga — net weit ob fon da Huffa kerrich. Darta worra sie harlich un fergneach'd bis der Jim gronk werra is etlicha yohr tzurick — un die Addie, fleisich un uf galaibt wie sie noch immer wor, hut ocht gewwa uf der Jim uf die aller faddersh'd manier.

So long os sies lawfa hen kenna, sin sie meila weit noch da bus galoffa fer rei noch da shtadt kumma, un wie der Jim der waig nimmy mocha hut kenna hut die Addie der waig laenich gamocht. Alsa mohl hen freind un nochberra sich erbarm'd un sie rei noch da shtadt gabrocht, un sie widder tzurick hame ganumma. Ae mohl is ow'r unglick ihrra waig kumma, un die Addie hut sich wae gaduh, un kon yusht net gute werra.

Darrich der summer wor sie eiferich on da awet, jelly un onner g'shlecker waisa mocha, hut schnitzt gadart un aenich ebbes un allas gabroviert, fer doh un darta paar bensa mocha. Der Jim helft mit uf alla waiga os er kon — ow'r darta sin sie tzwae leit bei yohrra — un now is die Addie noch uf ma radder shtuhl.

M'r sin froh tzu hoerra os der John Shaffer fon 1518 Bradford shtross doh in da shtadt sie uf Labor Dawg noch Dorney Park ganumma hut fer die Lodwarick Party nemma. Sel wor 's aintsich'd mohl im fergongna summer os der Jim fon hame wor — un die Addie, won sie widder fon hame kumt, wase m'r net. Fer ihr'm wasa foos ruh gewwa huck'd sie now uf ma radder shtuhl, un helft sich un 'm Jim, da beshda waig os sie kon.

M'r hen des shtick g'schriva in da hoffning os ol ihrra freind un bakontschoft, wissa maiga ferwos die Addie nimmy tzu sehna is doh in da shtadt wie ols ihrra gabrouch wor. Wos noch mainer is, hoffa m'r, leit gaina sie p'sucha, odder shicka na korta un schreiva na — ihrra posht is, Barton R.D. 1, Pa., un der nahma, Mr. and Mrs. James Steigerwalt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r wolla uns badonka tzum Jim un da Addie fer die gabutzdawg kort un onnerra bilder—un won die gabutzdawg kort aw shier fier mohnet shpote is.

Edgar A. Guest

PROMOTED

The lady looked at me and smiled:
"I've been promoted by a child;
Another title now I own,
Henceforth as auntie I'll be known.

"Before today I'd never asked
In just what ways an aunt is tasked,
And how by doing various deeds
An aunt from day to day succeeds?

"My wiser friends, who aunts have been,
Tell me that I must stay serene,
And when a family trouble starts
Must always take the children's parts.

"This I learn, although alone,
To love the youngsters as my own,
And for them hasten out to buy
What parents think they must deny.

"Well, while I live, it seems to me,
A generous aunt I want to be.
With everything I can supply
To spoil the children I will try."

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A U.S. emissary of good will, just back from a tour of the Far East, tells of an address he made to a large audience of native women, urging that they fight for equal rights for their sex. The ladies were delighted —so much so, in fact, that they bought an 18-year-old girl and presented her to him as a gift. (He diplomatically refused, of course.)

(Copyright, 1956)

Horoscope

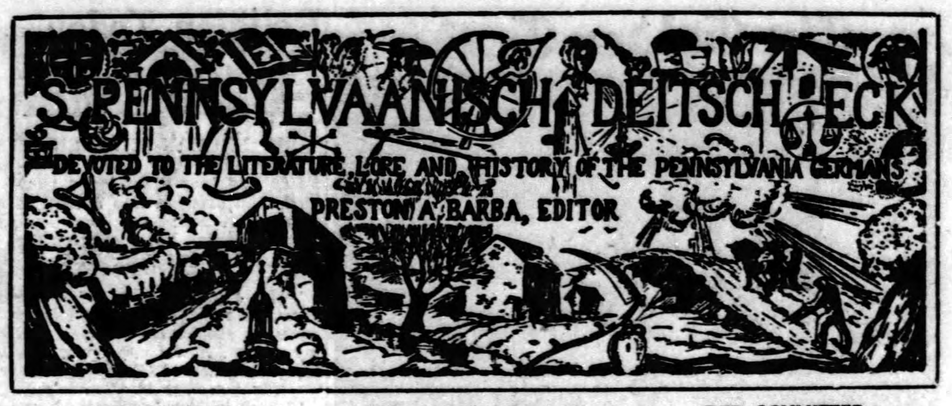
Prospects for you are propitious, including promotion and liklihood of benefits through relatives and distant interests. Today's child is likely to have an original and refined personality and possess sound judgment and musical talent.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 2:7-9

The Second Psalm is a very remarkable Messianic prophecy. Yesterday, in verses 4-6, Jehovah said that He had set (or anointed) His King upon Zion, whence, according to Isaiah 2:3, the Law shall go forth, and the Word of Jehovah from Jerusalem. We should at this point also read the remarkable Messianic Psalm 110, where we see Jesus, the Son, sitting at the right hand of His Father, waiting for the day when His authority shall go forth out of Zion, with the rod of His strength, the rod of iron of Ps. 2:9, destroying those who persisted in rebelling against His government. Verse 6 of Ps. 2 has the verb in the past tense, as though it had already happened, as it will in the future, purposed long ago in the plan of God for our sick world. At verse 7 Jesus speaks, telling us that He had heard His Father (the LORD) say to Him: 'Thou art My Son; this day have I begotten Thee,' a statement quoted by Paul in Acts 13:33, referring to His resurrection, the beginning of a new dispensation (Col. 1:18). And, according to Ps. 2:8, the Father asks the Son to indicate the time when He shall wish to take over His inheritance, the Gentile nations, the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. The time may be near at hand!



ZUM AADENKE

Harry Hess Reichard

Was kann mer saagge in paar Lein',
Wann Kummer packt eem sehr?
Wann uns en guder Freind verlosst
Iss Mitgefiehl so leer.

Doch saag ich des — er waar en Freind
Zu yeder wu ihn kennt;
Un schunscht waar immer'n gut Watt wann
Sei Naame waar genannt.

En Mann gewest — ya ehrlich, fromm,
Er lebt die "Golde Ruhl";
Glaabt an sei Gott, fiehrt Glaawe aus
Mit Leit un in der Schul.

Er hot uns Eifer gewwe oft,
Kehrt selwer eifrich nooch
Im Schreiwe un im Sammle Sach
In unser Mutterschprooch.

Un wott mer nenne all die Ehr
Zu ihm mer gewwe sett,
Deet's Bicher nemme — net paar Lein—
Un all die Zeit mer hett.

Sei aerdlich Zeit waar schee un lang,
Doch hot noch viel im Sinn;
Awwer's Lewe iss so ennerlich-
Der Faade, ach wie dinn!

Dann kummt en Engel, der Faade brecht,
Un nemmt ihn bei der Hand;
Noh fiehrt ihn naus, eb mir's erwaart,
Zu 'n schenner, besser Land,

Wu scheint die Sunn en ganser Daag,
Wu iss ken Sorg un Schmaerz;
In Friede lebt er eewich datt,
Sowohl in unser Haerz.

Sept. 4, 1956 —Ralph S. Funk

PG POLITICS IN 1882

One of the most remarkable distinctions between our Pennsylvania Germans is that which ranges the counties and townships inhabited by the **wehrlos,** or peaceable sects, with one political party; and those where the Reformed and Lutherans are strongest with the other. We might once have thought that the Democratic party was the war party; but during the great rebellion the counties of Berks, Lehigh, and Northampton still remained adherents of the Democratic party in its opposition to the war. The county of Montgomery, in the eastern part of the state, is thus divided; the Mennonites, Schwenkfelders (with Quakers), are almost invariably Republican; while the strong Democratic townships are almost entirely Reformed and Lutheran. Of course there are in all such localities many who do not belong to any religious body.

A Democratic editor in the same county of Montgomery says that he does not know a Mennonite or Schwenkfelder who is not Republican; so also are the great majority of the German Methodists. He, however, added that the Reformed and Lutherans are nearly equally divided in politics. But every politician who knows the people must concede that the counties which are the stronghold of these two churches are an immense Democratic stronghold.

Mr. H., of Easton, tells me of a man who stood looking at a procession in honor of the funeral of Jackson, Harrison, or some other distinguished person. In the procession were Freemasons, Odd-Fellows and other socieities. "Oh," said he, **"des ish alle letz!** That is all wrong. There ought to be only two societies — the Democrats and the Lutherans. If a man lives up to the principles of General Jackson and Martin Luther, that is enough." He took his boys to delegate or town-meetings. "Now, boys," he said, "are you going to vote the Democratic ticket as long as you live? Always stick to the Democratic party, and carry out the principles of General Jackson. If you intend to do this, you can vote for delegates." (This anecdote is a little injured by the introduction in the beginning of the name of Harrison, who was a Whig. But it was given to me by a person of a well-known Democratic and Lutheran family).

A few years ago, in an adjoining county, an adherent of the Democratic party told me that the word democracy has a magic sound for the people of Lehigh. "A Democratic parade," he added, "can easily be got up in Allentown two miles in length, composed in a great measure of farmers on horseback; and in Presidential campaigns sometimes farmers' daughters also appear on horseback in the procession. A skillful speaker, generally a lawyer, who speaks the dialect, and who will frequently introduce the words democrat and democracy, can lead the crowd. Even if he do not speak the dialect, if he will introduce those words, he can bring out the applause of his hearers."

An acquaintance tells me of a political speaker in Berks County, that Democratic stronghold. He was telling of **die Demokratie,** which he said goes over hill and dale, over the sea, and strikes the seat from under kings. "And if you ask where that democracy comes from, they will tell you from Berks County."

From "Pennsylvania Dutch," and Other Essays by Phebe Earle Gibbons, Philadelphia, 1882.

IN MEMORIAM

Harry Hess Reichard

THE sad news came to us in Europe. Harry Hess Reichard, after a lingering illness, had departed this life on August 26. Local and metropolitan papers attested to his place as an educator and folklorist. But the Editor of the ECK cannot forego, even at this late day, offering his own humble tribute. In Harry Reichard the readers of the ECK and all others interested in the Pennsylvania Germans have lost a true friend, an able scholar and an eminent exponent of the cultural life of our people.

As friends and associates our lives and interests ran parallel for a span of wellnigh sixty years. As young men we stood together at the threshold of our academic careers. After our college years we both entered upon graduate work, he, at first a zealous student of the classic languages at Johns Hopkins and I as a student in Germanics at the University of Pennsylvania. True to his deeper interests he later turned to the field of Germanics. We had both found our life work as teachers of German. When Harry Reichard was teaching at the Annapolis Naval Academy I was at Western Maryland College. When later he was Professor of German at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. I was teaching German at Indiana University. Later we followed each other to Heidelberg College at Tiffin, Ohio. I came to Muhlenberg College as Professor of German in 1922 and Harry Reichard came to Muhlenberg as Professor of German in 1924 and here we labored together in harmony for a quarter of a century. He was retired as Professor Emeritus in 1948 and I in 1951.

Dr. Reichard's greatest ambition was to be an inspiring teacher and as such he is remembered by generations of college students who live to bless his memory. Devoted to his vocation as a teacher he yet found time to do many other things. Indeed it would be difficult to determine whether he will be remembered longest as a great teacher or as an eminent participant in fixing the place of the Pennsylvania Germans in the cultural history of our nation.

Harry Reichard received his doctorate from Johns Hopkins University in 1911. Of ancient Pennsylvania German lineage both paternally and maternally it is natural that he should turn for his doctoral thesis to a subject that lay close to his heart: the dialect literature of the Pennsylvania Germans. His thesis grew into a stately volume that was published in 1918 by the Pennsylvania German Society under the title **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and Their Writers.** As an historian of our dialect literature Dr. Reichard was a pioneer. This book remains to this day indispensable for all students of the subject. It has stimulated and encouraged others to further research.

Dr. Reichard was an active member over many years of both the Pennsylvania German Society and the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. As a supplement to the above-mentioned work on our dialect literature the Pennsylvania German Society in 1940 published Dr. Reichard's **Anthology of Pennsylvania German Verse** as Vol. XLVIII of the Proceedings of that Society.

One of the founders in 1935 of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society he served on its Board of Directors for many years and at the time of his death was an Honorary Vice President. For Vol. I of the Society's Yearbooks he wrote a valuable introduction to the reprint of Charles Calvin Ziegler's DRAUSS UN DEHEEM — Gedichte in Pennsylvanisch Deitsch, Leipzig, 1891. For the publication of Clarence F. Iobst's comedy EN QUART MILLICH UN EN HALB BEINT RAAHM (Vol. IV, 1939 of the PGFS) he wrote an informative introduction in which he traced the beginnings of PG dialect plays. For Vol. V I(1941) of the Yearbooks of the PGFS he prepared an anthology "The Christmas Poetry of the Pennsylvania Dutch" with an excellent introduction. To **The Pennsylvania Germans,** edited by Ralph Wood and published by the Princeton Press in 1942 he contributed the chapter "Pennsylvania German Literature." During his latter years he was occupied in editing a collection of Pennsylvania German plays to be published by the Pennsylvania German Society, a task still unfinished at the time of his death, but which will be carried to its completion by Mrs. Reichard, his capable helpmeet in his literary labors.

Many thousands who know little of Dr. Reichard's enduring work as a scholar will remember him as a genial lecturer and entertaining speaker before many clubs, family reunions, Grundsau lodges and dialect Versammlinge, and especially for his inimitable character portrayal of Assabe Mumbauer through a number of years in the radio broadcast "Assabe un Sabina Mumbauer vum Elledaal."

His labors are ended. In Harry Hess Reichard the Editor of the Eck has lost a valued friend and associate of many years. The world at large has suffered an irreparable loss in him as an authority in the field of Pennsylvania German lore and literature and a beloved exponent of the culture of his people.

—P.A.B.

DER SCHNITTER UN DIE BLUMME

Es iss en Schnitter — der Dod heest aer—
Sei Sens hot en scharfer Schnitt;
Die zeitich Frucht refft aer hie un haer
Un die Blumme degschwische mit.

"Soll ich nix Scheenes hawwe?" saagt aer,
"Die zeitich Frucht — iss sell all?
Der Geruch vun de Blumme liew' ich woll sehr,
Doch gewwich sie widder ball."

Mit Draene hot aer die Blumme aag'schaut
Un gekusst ihre Bledder siess;
Er nemmt sie — 's waar ihm aavertraut
Beim Haerr vum Paradies.

"Meim Harr sin die Blumme lieb un waert,"
Saagt der Schnitter, un schmunselt gaar;
"Sie sin ihm Aadenke vun der Aerd
Wu aer en Kind mol waar.

Ich blans sie aus — un sie bliehe fatt
Imme Gaarte himmlisch schee,
Un die Heiliche draagge die Blumme datt
Uff Kleeder weiss wie Schnee."

Un die Mutter gebt ihre Blumme — dutt's woll
Mit Draene un mit Schmarz;
Awwer dass sie sie widder all sehne soll,
Des glaabt sie in ihrem Harz.

O, net mit Grobheit, net in Zarn
Iss der Schnitter zu uns kumme;
Aer iss en Engel gschickt vum Harrn,
Daer nemmt unser liewe Blumme.

(Longfellow's "The Reaper and the Flowers," translated by Charles Calvin Ziegler and published in his Drauss un Daheem, Leipzig, 1891; edited with introduction by Harry Hess Reichard for Vol. I (1936) of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society)

GLEI GEHT DIE WELT UNNER

Es hot en Latt gude christliche Leit ass schur sin, ass die Welt deet glei unnergeh. Sie sieme sich arrig zu farrichde. Deel sin immer am Ziddere. "Ya," saage sie, "die ledschte Zeide sin do." Deel Leit hen en aardlicher gschpassicher Weg fer sich reddi griegge fer die Zeit, wu die Welt unnndergeh soll. Sie nemme all ihre Zeit uff mit Fehler finne mit denne, wu net glaawe wie sie duhne.

Viel Yaahre zerick waar en gscheider Mann in Boston. Sei Naame waar Emerson. Er un eens vun seine Freind hen moll en Mann aagedroffe, ass immer am Schwetze waar vun der Zeid wu die Welt unnergingt.

"Was deet dihr denke," hot er gfrogt, "wann ich saagge deet, ass die Welt glei unner gingt?" Der Emerson hot gsaat, "Ich kennt gut duh unni die Welt." Sei Freind hot gsaat, "Ich geh nix drum, eb sie unnergeht odder net. Ich wuhn in Boston." So fiehl ich aa ebmols.

Nau es iss niemand in der Welt, ass weess wann die Welt unnergeht. Wie der Heiland noch uff der Aerd waar, hot er gsaat, "Niemand weess die Zeit. Ken Mensch, net die Engel im Himmel, ya, iwen der Heiland net, nur Gott selwer." Ferwas sedde mir aareme Mensche mehne die Zeit waer schier do.

Leit hen geguckt fer sehne die Welt unnergeh fer schier 1900 Yaahr, un doch schteht sie als noch. Mir sedde so lewe ass es nix ausmacht, was vorfailt. Wann mer uff der rechde Seit iss, macht's nix aus. Eb die Revolution gfochte iss warre, hen die Assembly-leit en Meeting ghalde in Connecticut. Uff eemol iss es dunkel warre midde im Daag. "Nau geht die Welt unner," hen sie nanner gsaat. "Loss uns heem geh." Noh iss eener uffgschtanne un hot gsaat, "Ich weess net eb die Welt am Unnergeh iss odder net, awwer wann sie unnergeht, waer ich es liebscht an meinre Aerwet. Loss uns die Inschlich-lichter aaschtecke un unser Aerwet fattfiehre." So deet ich aa saagge.

Mir sin uff der Welt fer duh was mir duh sedde. Loss uns fattmache in unsre Aerwet. Loss uns duh, was mir duh sedde, un sell isss des: "Du sollscht der Haerr dei Gott liewe un dei Nochber wie du dich selwer liebscht."

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Last Days of Autumn Pageant

With prospects of pleasant weather during the weekend our people by the many thousands will be contemplating enjoyment thru motor tours during the next two days — an opportunity for enjoyments that may not be presented again in 1956.

Not in many years has the autumn show been more brilliant than during this season. Remarkable weather for this season has permitted the rich coloration of forest trees and many species of shrubbery to change quite gradually so that our Pennsylvania scene has been a riot of beauty during recent weeks. No killing frost has brought swift and abrupt ending to the show. Nor is it likely that such a frost will occur, at least in this immediate area, during the weekend.

So today and tomorrow should be availed of by those who love the beauties of nature. They can make pleasant and leisurely trips thruout local countryside.

It may be the last opportunity of this year to see "the year's last, loveliest smile." All too quickly will come "the melancholy days of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear."

Natural Gas, New Era

The many thousands of gas consumers thruout this entire area, as well as officials of the Lehigh Valley Gas Division of the United Gas Improvement Co., noted the opening yesterday of a new era and the ending of an old when natural gas from far off fields in Texas began flowing from the huge transcontinental pipelines into our local mains and the use of manufactured gas came to an ending.

The prime consideration of the distribution company in effecting the change appears in the parent company's title: "Improvement." It is assured that the natural gas will be an improvement over the gas that was manufactured as a by-product for many years at the coke works of Bethlehem Steel Co. in Bethlehem. It will be better than the hotter gas that was manufactured during the past two years.

The principal expectation of consumers is that it shall be an even better fuel than the satisfactory fuel which it has been getting in the past. This would seem to be assured from the fact that natural gas has a higher heating value than either of the manufactured gases that they have enjoyed heretofore.

It may take a bit of time for our housewives to become accustomed to this change. But just as they adapt themselves to many other changes in their domestic arrangements just so they can be expected to adjust themselves to the new gas and to do it gladly because it is in line with general improvement.

Law to Protect Bridge

For what is believed to be the first time in Lehigh County's history, our County Commissioners have enacted a law, namely one which establishes regulations for use of the Hamilton St. bridge across the Lehigh River by motor traffic.

Since this is the first time that the County Commissioners in all the history of that organization — a history that goes back to the year 1812 — it can be realized that only a very serious situation could have demanded it.

This situation as our people of course know is the questionable strength of the bridge. It is certain that it cannot sustain unlimited traffic. It also is certain that since limitations must be put upon traffic, there must be measures to enforce those limitations. It also is certain that the penalties for violation of limitations that are demanded in order that the bridge may be protected from harm must be so heavy as to deter any violations.

So fines up to $300 have been decreed for vehicles in excess of six tons gross weight or use of speed in excess of 15 mph.

The bridge must be saved for light traffic for it will be a long time until an adequate structure can be planned and built to take its place and to handle traffic without limitations upon weights and speed, except for reasons of safety.

The regulations must be vigorously enforced. To this end it is assured that law enforcement authorities are going to be especially vigilant concerning violations and that the way of the offenders is to be made hard.

Substitute for Fluorine

In the continuing controversy in many communities concerning the value of fluorine in preventing tooth decay there is earnest contention on the one hand that this element should be introduced into all drinking water. On the other hand there is contention that it either is, or can be harmful to various parts of the body and that, harmful or harmless, it should not be introduced into the water of those who do not want it or do not need it.

Since fluoridation, harmful or harmless, has been held up indefinitely in many communities, including our own, there may be hope for those who desire it deeply in what may be a highly important discovery by a University of Wisconsin biochemist.

Dr. P. H. Phillips recently made announcement of extensive tests that have revealed to his satisfaction at least an easily available natural tooth decay preventive, as against the chemical preventive fluorine.

This natural preventive he claims to have found in oat hulls — the bran of that grain. Since no one gets the hulls of oats in oat meal or other oaten products, ground hulls would have to be introduced into those products in order to get their virtue.

Experimenting with laboratory animals Dr. Phillips claims that these shorter lived animals showed remarkable freedom from or long delayed deterioration of their teeth when oat hulls were introduced into their diet.

Suspecting that fluorine might be occurring naturally in the hulls he tested their chemical content but reports finding that some chemical other than fluorine was responsible for delaying decay.

So if there be persons who are highly intent upon achieving tooth protection and do not wish to fluoridate their own water to this end, then it should be simple and at least harmless, if not indeed helpful, to use oat hulls in their diet. As a fibrous food it should have some at least of the merits of wheat bran which is highly recommended and widely employed by those who look upon food as something more than three meals to be enjoyed during the periods of mastication. These persons regard all meals and all foods as the materials by which their bodies are constantly kept in good health and strength and in condition that requires no stimulants or medicines.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Isaiah 61:1-2

'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me.' In this statement we have the three persons of the Trinity represented, for in Luke 4:21, Jesus, having read this verse in the Nazareth synagogue, said: 'This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.' The passage continues to declare the work of the Holy Spirit, operating through the Son, because the LORD had anointed Him to preach good tidings unto the meek; to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.' Now, according to Luke 4:19-20, Jesus stopped reading at this point, that is, at a comma and closed the book. He did not read: 'and the day of vengeance of our God,' for He came the first time to die for our sins, so that there might be a Gospel ('Good tidings') to preach unto the meek (the proud will not receive it). But when He left this world by way of His ascension, His disciples were told by two heavenly messengers that 'this same Jesus, Who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven,' Acts 1:11. Then the sentence omitted, referring to the day of vengeance of our God, will go into effect for those who have rejected His salvation.

Horoscope

Business should prosper exceedingly, but watch your romantic or domestic affairs to see that they do not interfere with your career. Born today, a child may be keenly observant, quick-witted and an excellent conversationalist.

Votes Nobody Will Get



Sanctity of Treaties

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The sanctity of a treaty — whether the promises men live by will be kept — is the only real issue in the Suez Canal controversy.

Time was, just a few decades ago, when world opinion centered on ways and means of arbitrating or settling — by an international commission of jurists — all questions of a "justici able" nature. The idea was that, if it was a "legal" question and not one that involved "national honor," nations should be prepared to let impartial judges settle it.


Lawrence

Is the world today devoid of jurists who can examine the Treaty of 1888 which provides for management of the Suez Canal? Why should there be talk of war or exaggerated claims about "sovereignty" which have little to do with the matter when the words of a treaty, duly signed by the principal nations using the canal, cover that subject and provide what shall be done in various contingencies?

The Suez Canal Treaty of 1888 itself, which is of indefinite duration and has never been abrogated by the nations that signed it, says:

"Article 1. The Suez Maritime Canal shall always be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to every vessel of commerce or of war, without distinction of flag. Consequently, the high contracting parties agree not in any way to interfere with the free use of the canal, in time of war as in time of peace. The canal shall never be subjected to the exercise of the right of blockade.

"Article II. The high contracting parties, recognizing that the fresh - water canal is indispensable to the maritime canal, take note of the engagements of his highness the Khedive (of Egypt) towards the Universal Suez Canal Company as regards the fresh - water canal; which engagements are stipulated in a convention bearing date the 18th March, 1863 . . .

No Obstruction

"They (the signatories) undertake not to interfere in any way with the security of that canal and its branches, the working of which shall not be exposed to any attempt at obstruction . . .

"Article VIII. The agents in Egypt of the signatory powers of the present treaty shall be charged to watch over its execution . . .

"Article IX. The Egyptian government shall, within the limits of its powers resulting from the firmans (decrees of the Turkish government), and under the conditions provided for in the present treaty, take the necessary measures for insuring the execution of the said treaty.

"In case the Egyptian government should not have sufficient means at its dispoal, it shall call upon the imperial Ottoman government (Turkey), which shall take the necessary measures to respond to such appeal; shall give notice thereof to the signatory powers of the Declaration of London of the 17th March, 1885, and shall, if necessary, concert with them on the subject . . .

"Article XIII. With the exception of the obligations expressly provided by the clauses of the present treaty, the sovereign rights of his imperial majesty the Sultan (of Turkey), and the rights and immunities of his highness the Khedive (of Egypt) . . . are in no way affected."

The nations signing this were Great Britain, Germany, Austria - Hungary, Spain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Russia and Turkey. Since those days, the form of government in some of these countries has changed but, unless a treaty is specifically repudiated, it remains in force as an obligation of the government that has succeeded the regime that signed the document. Also Turkey's rights over Egypt itself were given up as a result of changes brought by World War I, but the Egyptian government is still bound by the same legal obligations as it was when it existed as a political entity under Turkish rule. Successors or heirs to contracts are bound by the provisions of those contracts.

There is and has been no question, therefore, about the "sovereign" rights of Egypt in reference to the canal and surrounding territory. The only limitation on Egyptian "sovereignty" is the one Egypt herself accepted when she undertook to keep in operation the 1888 treaty. She continued to function under it until the recent seizure of the canal property itself. This act apparently was a violation of the specific obligations of the treaty, but it did not render the treaty null and void.

How long does the treaty run? The canal company contract has until 1968 to go, but the treaty of 1888 says:

"The high contracting parties agree that the engagements resulting from the present treaty shall not be limited by the duration of the acts of concession of the Universal Suez Canal Company."

So the legal questions are clearly evident from a reading of the treaty. Can a nation go back on its word and yet claim it is observing the treaty? Why should the parties to the 1888 treaty agree to a mutual abrogation unless a new treaty benefits them? Cannot the dispute be resolved by an agreement among the users of the canal negotiated now with the Egyptian government but retaining the overall protection of the 1888 treaty?

This is a problem for lawyers — not for soldiers. Surely in the United Nations, or outside of it, a juridicial commission can be formed to render a legal opinion — even if advisory — on the obligations of the present Egyptian government and the other parties to the 1888 treaty. If contracts can be broken at will, international order will be disrupted and wars will result.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOW SOTS LAWFA: Yar bei jupps, wons Alt Deitsch beer now net lawft wie wosser beim Clair Price in Longswamp, is es net 'm Stanley Miller fon Brookdale, un 'm Paul Dougherty fon da Ridge Avenue doh in da shtadt, ihrra shuld. Socha missa heit tzu dawg gaadfertis'd sei so os leit wissa wos die bisnis leit tzu ferkaufa hen — ungfare so wies Alt Deitsch beer beim wert Clari Price.

M'r worra da onner dawg drin beim Clair blauderra, wie 'n grossie ooving wor farna on da dier. Wons naicher on da Grishdawg gawest wear, hetta m'r denke kenna der Belsnickle kaimt, ow'r in shtadts fon sel'm, wie die dier uf gonga is, war sot nei g'shtiv'ld kumma os wie der Stanley Miller, un tzwae uf gadress'da gentleleit.

'S airsht hen sie mohl awenich rum k'huck'd blauderra, un noh so gore wissa wolla wos unser g'sheft wear. Die weil os m'r so halver gamoodmos'd hen 's maich'd ebbes basonders in da luft sei, hen m'r na g'sawt m'r dada bobier socha ferkaufa, un kaimta ous Reading. 'N altie fraw hut uns mohl g'sawt, 'n glaenie note lieg don un won dade ken shawda, ow'r hen noh so halver gawinsch'd m'r hetta g'sawt m'r kaimta fon aryads shunshd bei os wie fon Reading. Der Paul hut grawd wissa wolla wos m'r denka dada fom neia wertshous os uf gamocht dade werra in Reading — ebbes os m'r gore nix gawist hen dafon, un hen 'm noh g'sawt unser g'sheft wear ol drous im lond — wista sare wenich wos aw gang'd in da shtadt. Der Clair un der Stanley hen die meiler ferpetz'd os m'r ken floxsawma kern da longa waig nei sheeva het kenna.

Oh yar, m'r hen fergessa tzu sawga war der onner gentlemon wor beim Paul Doughtery — sel wor der Bill Thompson fon Nei Yarrick, un woh ferparbas doh riwwer kumma wor fer der Paul 'n nei g'sheft larna — 'n boxa waisa uf duh mit buddla drin, fers Alt Deitsch beer adfertisa. Wie sie die gons barshtub iwwer guck'd hen kot fon aim end bis ons onner, hen sie 'n blotz g'funna woh sie gamaint hen os ihrra waisa shae gucka dade. Der Clair hut aw grawd ferwillich'd os sies darta heee shtella maichda — wie long os es shtaid won so kerls wie der Jeff Fenstermacher darmlich werra wissa m'r net.

Aenicha waig, der Paul un der Bill sin nous on ihrra mashine, un sin nei kumma mit ma halva glofter huls, un ganunk farvich bobier fer fons Longswamp badecka. Der Bill wor der shreiner, un hut weiters ken druvel kot fer die negel shloga — allas wor fohr gaboar'd — evens der Stanley hut ken halt aw shloga briecha. Ow'r ich kon eich sawga, sis allas ganau in nonner gamocht werra — 's airsht 's g'shtel, un noh hen sie allas badeck'd mit shae farvich bobier. Der Paul glawwich hut seinra fraw shun helfa bobier in shank duh — er hut sich 'n aryer guter g'shick gewwa kenna.

Wie si 's gons g'shtel badeck'd hen kot mit rote un weiss bobier, hen sie awfonga buddla nei hanka ow'r sie worra ol lare. M'r hetta arrick galicha tzu blieva bis es gons waisa fartich wor, ow'r hen noch paar onnerra bletz kotta fer ob shtoppa un hen ferlossa missa. Sie worra ow'r noch eiferich on da arwet — der Stanley un der Clair om tzu gucka, un der Paul huts g'sheind wots hondwarick ferarnsht larna fer sellie kevich uf shtella.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r weara ferleicht noch awenich langer beim Clair un da boova gabliva, ow'r die Anna Warmkessel woh osl noch maint der Robbin Roberts wear 'n shwartzer, un dade shpiela mit Brooklyn, is nei kumma fer brolla wie fiel os sie gawunna het, wetta uf die Yanks.

Won die Anna uns g'sehna het, het sies grawd gablotch'd war m'r weara, un eb sies noch glawbt os der Clair mohl g'shpielt hut mit da Yanks wissa m'r net — m'r sin fert eb sie widder awfonga hen blauderra fon sella zocha.

Edgar A. Guest

JOE SMITH

Joe Smith, the perfect candidate,
Has made the printed page.
Nobody speaks of him in hate
Or bitterness or rage.
No vote that he has ever cast
Has earned from any one a blast.

Joe Smith must walk the middle lane,
And neither left nor right.
His friends and foes do not complain
Of Joe by day or night.
And should be either sink or swim,
No critic will find fault with him.

Joe Smith is one I can present
From all shortcomings free.
He'll make a good vice-president
If chosen he should be.
The badge of shame he's never worn.
No man can point at him in scorn.

Joe Smith has kept his record clean,
Unspotted and unblurred.
His face no one has ever seen,
His voice no one has heard.
Since he is one we'll never see,
He'd make a perfect nominee.

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BOOK NOTES

The lively panel discussion about The Changing Pattern of Pennsylvania German Culture which took place at the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society, held at The Pennsylvania State University in October, 1955, has been specially printed in the July, 1956, number of Pennsylvania History, the Quarterly Journal of the Pennsylvania Historical Association, at the request of the Pennsylvania German Society. — The short papers presented by the panelists are the following: "Family Life and Recreation" by Russell Wieder Gilbert; "Language" by Albert F. Buffington; "Church Life and Work" by William J. Rupp; "The Mennonites and Amish" by John A. Hostetler; "Arts and Crafts" by Walter E. Boyer. Moderator for the panel discussion was Maurice A. Mook, Professor of Anthropology at the Pennsylvania State University, who also prepared the papers for publication. But for a few deletions the papers were published with a minimum of editorial emendation.

What novelists have done with Pennsylvania German motifs and characters in English fiction is the theme of Preston A. Barba's article "The Pennsylvania German in Fiction" published in **The Dutchman**, Spring issue, 1956. After a lengthy consideration of the fiction that has appeared in the years 1935 to 1955 the author concludes that the achievements in this field are not commensurate with the nation-wide surge of interest manifested in those years. He believes that, despite some notable achievements, the great novel about the Pennsylvania Germans, exploring with imagination and literary skill the historical, psychological and sociological lengths and breadths of our people, still remains to be written.

The summer (1956) number of The Pennsylvania Dutchman, now issued from Bethlel, Pa., fairly surpasses all previous numbers. A contribution of particular interest is Andrew S. Berky's "Yesteryear in Dutchland" with H. Winslow Fegley's remarkable photographs of rural Pennsylvania German life half a century ago. These were reproduced from the collection of Fegley's photographs in the Schwenkfelder Libary collection, "the most exhaustive and revealing photographic study of Pennsylvania German culture yet made." Among the shorter articles Alfred L. Shoemaker's "Moshey and Bellyguts," "Rise of Interest in Dutch Antiques" by Earl F. Robacker, and "Witchcraft in Cow and Horse," printed from an unpublished manuscript prepared by Thomas R. Brendle and Claude Unger, all of them richly illustrated, will engage the interests of special readers. For content and originality of presentation this reader would give first place to Dr. Yoder's "Plain Dutch and Gay Dutch," a most informative article, not so much for the specialists, but for the larger reading public.

Two important linguistic studies, long in preparation, Carroll E. Reed's **The Pennsylvania German Dialect Spoken in the Counties of Lehigh and Berks: Phonology and Morphology**, University of Washington Press, Seattle 1949, and **A Linguistic Atlas of Pennsylvania German** prepared by Carroll E. Reed and Lester W. Seifert, Marburg-Lahn 1954, have been well reviewed by Paul Schach in the German **Zeitschrift fuer Mundartforschung**, Bd. XXIII, Heft 2. Reed's and Seifert's studies of two areas, Berks and Lehigh, rest on direct observations and data scientifically presented. Perhaps one can hardly hope in this day of easy transportation and free intermingling to delimit and confine dialect pecularities to stated areas, and yet in a general way these two investigators would seem to have succeeded in indicating that the Alemannic dialect of southwestern Germany and the upper Rhine have had a stronger influence upon the dialect as spoken in Berks County, while Lehigh shows more characteristics of the Rhenish Franconian dialect and especially that of the Rhenish Palatinate. These two works have received the high praise of scholars. Professor Schach in his review expresses the hope that some of the problems will receive still further consideration in a more comprehensive publication.

In the 29th Annual Report of that very active Society for the History of the Germans in Maryland, founded 70 years ago, is an article by Klaus G. Wust, "German Immigrants and Nativism in Virginia." Despite the title it contains material of interest to us here in Pennsylvania. In this article the author attempts to bring together, both from primary and secondary sources, the facts and events that led to the rise of nativistic feeling against the Germans. This wave of antagonism did not of course concern that old stock of German and Swiss settlers that had seeped down into the Shenandoah Valley from colonial Pennsylvania. Professor Wust points out that the ephithet "damned Dutchmen" which originated in Virginia when Captain John Smith betstowed it upon four treacherous German laborers way back in 1609 was occasionally applied to one or more of their number when quarrels arose, yet it never really had a collective connotation until it was added to the political vocabulary around 1850.

The mass migration of Germans into the Valley of Virginia began with 1725. The majority of these settlers had sojourned for some time in Pennsylvania or New Jersey or New York before arriving there. It is these who engage our interest here. Although they originated in various parts of Germany they were nevertheless homogeneous. In the first place they were Protestants, chiefly Lutheran or Reformed; further, they were for the most part of peasant rural stock, and finally, they were all united by the desire to live and prosper, a free people, on their own land. These Germans, like those in Pennsylvania, became Americans long before they gave up their language and their way of life. These early Germans, considerable in number, lived among their English - speaking neighbors in Virginia without any serious political repercussions all through the 18th and early part of the 19th centuries. Indeed the **Valley Dutch**, as they were known, were fully accepted by their Anglo - Saxon neighbors. Indicative of their benevolent attitude is the expression of Thomas Jefferson, who while touring in the Rhineland wrote his secretary, William Short: "The neighborhood of this place is that which has been to us a second mother country. It is from the Palatinate on this part of the Rhine that those swarms of Germans have gone who, next to the descendants of the English, form the greatest body of our people. I have been continually amused by seeing here the origin of whatever is not English among us."

The body of Professor Wust's article has of course to do with the gradual rise of hostility against the Germans that settled in Virginia in the first half of the 19th century. However, the Democratic Party often defended these later German immigrants in the face of the antagonistic Whig Party. But the editor of the Democratic **Enquirer** of Richmond in the fall of 1854 did not hesitate to write: "The German brings us in the best instances great learning, warm social feelings, and domestic refinement, yet in far too many cases he is less favorably represented, and the last quarter or half million that have come over seem infested with the wildest radicalism . . . Yet, of our American Germany as a whole, we must say that it is a great blessing to us, enlarging our wealth by its decided agricultural taste, confirming our freedom by its decided protestant tendency, balancing the Celtic immigration by its intellectual independence and habitual pursuits, and promising at least to learn the thrift and quicken the artistic taste and social feelings of the Anglo-Saxon."

The author's consideration of the Germans in Virginia in politics and their part in the Civil War as pro-Union, all this lies outside the immediate province of us Pennsylvania Germans and yet not altogether without interest.

Pennsylvania History, Quarterly Journal of the Pennsylvania Historical Association for April 1956 contains an article, "Symbols and Stones," a study of folk art motifs on 18th century tombstones in Pennsylvania German churchyards, by Preston A. Barba. It is in substance the paper which Dr. Barba read before the members of the Pennsylvania Historical Association at the Annual Meeting held in Easton, Pa. on October 13, and 14, 1955.

DIE BESCHT ZEIT VUM YAAHR

Zu deel Leit iss es der Winter,
Un des iss ihr greesschte Freed,
Wann der Schnee deckt Busch un Felder
Gleich wie mit me weisse Kleed.

Sie hen net gans so viel Aerwet
Un setzen im waarme Haus;
Sie gleichen zu faahre im Schlitte
An die parties aryets draus.

Zu deel Leit iss es im Friehyaahr,
Wann unser alt Aerd uffweckt;
Wann Beem un Alles mitnanner
Sin gans mit Blumme bedeckt.

Wann Sach widder aafangt waxe
Un guckt so frisch un so schee;
Un Feggel sin widder am Singe
Un Ieme brummen in Klee.

Zu Ann're iss es der Summer
Mit Daagge so gliedich hees,
Mer kann sich schier net richte,
Un's macht em grittlich un bees.

Die denken yuscht an die Aernzeit
Vun Weeze un all so Frucht;
Ann're — vacations un picnics,
Wu gute Zeite mer sucht.

Doch loss mich Schpotyaahr rote
Fer die beschte Zeit vum Yaahr;
Do kumme die Obscht un dergleiche,
Un Daagge so schee un klaar.

Die Hitz iss nau dann vergange,
Die Soot-frucht geht in der Grund;
Do sin die Haase so wusslich
Un Grundsei sin fett un rund.

Yuscht guck selli Ebbel henke,
Beere so schee wie'n Gedicht;
Die Keschte in ihre legle,
Die lachen em recht ins Gsicht.

Yuscht sehn mol all selli Farwe,
Geel, Brau, un Rot wie Blut;
Yuscht Gott kann so'n Pickter mache,
Un Alles Er duht iss gut.

Un ich will eich net verschrecke,
Doch iss 's waahr ass ich saag-'s iss en Beischpiel vun unserm Lewe
Druff zu denke alle Daag.

Die Friehyaahr-zeit iss die Yugend,
Do waar'n mir munter un frei;
In Zummer-zeit waar die Aerwet
Mit Schwitz un Sarye dabei.

Un naut kummt's Schpotyaahr vum Lewe,
Die Haar sin gschtreemt mit groo;
's iss die bescht Zeit vun de Yaahre,
Vun all die Zeit mir sin do.

Der Aerwet iss ball veriwwer,
Die beese Daagge verbei;
Mer schteht wie der Bauer un rechelt,
Was Profit sett unser sel.

Die Kinner sin uffgewaxe
Un naus gange in die Welt;
Mer deet die Gedechtnis vun ihne
Net gewwe fer eenich Geld.

Mer denkt zrick iwwer die Yaahre,
Iwwer Sarye un Angscht un Freed;
Nau un dann waar'n fleicht paar Dreene,
Un alsemol waar's em leed.

Doch darricheweck iss des Lewe
Genehm wu deel Friede iss;
Un manche Seegge waar'n unser,
Wu waar'n net verdient, gewiss.

Zu gschwind iss der Winter uff uns,
Der Dod, wie Schnee, deckt uns zu;
Un wie die Aerd geha mer schlofe
In unser ewiche Ruh.

Oktower 1941 —RALPH S. FUNK

YAAGE MIT HUND

Es iss wunnerbaar leidlich fer gude Hund hawwe, wann mer naus geht yaagge. Die Hund kenne des Wilbert rieche. Sie duhne die Naas nunner schier uff der Bodde, noh kenne sie die Schpur halde.

Wann die Hund zu de Hauns Familie gheere, fange sie aa singe: "O woo, O woo, O woo!" bis es eem kalt der Buckel nunner geht.

In dem Schtaat Pennsylvania darref mer ken Hasch yaagge mit Hund. Die Yaeger gehne naus mit nanner, en Latt uff ee Drupp. 'Die Helft mache ass wann sie Hunde waere. Sell geht net hatt mit Deel vun ne. Sie greische un gauze un browiere die Hasch geegge die Kalls dreiwe, wu die Flinte hen.

In Kanada darref mer Hasch yaagge mit Hund. Es hen mir Kalls gsaat, sie waare drowwe am French Rewwer in Kanada gewest. Maryets frieh sin die Yaeger naus genumme warre mit Boote. Noh hen sie sich gschtellt. En Weil dernooch hot eener die Hund weck vum cabin gfiehrt. Des waar Gschpass.

Die Hund hen geh welle. Es waar oft Schnee uff de Hecke. Die Hund sin drunner darrich. Der wu sie gfiehrt hot, iss grumm bucklich unner die Hecke darrich un der Schnee iss ihm ins Halsgnick gfalle. Noh hot er die Hund losgelosst. Sell hot awwer gegauzt un gezawwelt. Eadlich hen sie me Hasch sei Schpur grickt. Noh hen sie ihn geegge die Yaeger gedriwwe.

Do rum hen sie Hauns fer Haase yaagge un Veggelhund fer Fassante un Badder-rieseln yaagge. Seller Weg kann mer glei ebbes zu schiesse griegge.

Es waar moll en Kall drauss mit me Hauns. Der Hauns hot en Haas uffgeyaagt un hot ihn geegge der Yaeger gedriwwe. Der Yaeger hot uff der Haas gezielt. Awwer er hot zu lang gewaart fer Abdricke un wie er dann gschosse hot, iss der Hund umgfalle.

Er hot me Mann verzeehlt vun seim Yaagges. "Hoscht ebbes gschosse?" hot der Mann ihn gfrogt. "Ya, ich hab mei Hund gschosse," hot der Yaeger gsaat. "Waar er wiedich?" hot der Mann gfrogt. "Well," hot der Yaeger gsaat, "er hot geguckt ass wann er 's net gleiche deet." Ich denk, es hett aa niemand schunscht sell gegliche.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Opinions Are Based on Facts

If the public expected to learn just what went on behind the barred doors of the Lehigh County Prison prior to the escape of a trusty last June, the official report of the Prison Board left much to be desired.

But even if the somewhat vague and sketchy report and the procedures on which it was based were disappointing to those who expect reasonably free access to the deliberations of their elected and appointed officials, it did accomplish some good.

In the first place, the Board reaffirmed a code of rules and regulations for the Prison, a code which it hopes will correct the "indications of inefficiency and minor inaccuracies" which it says it found: regulations that it believes will eliminate what it called "disharmony and disloyalty among the personnel and administration of the prison."

These regulations should, of course, make certain that those who must be placed in custody for the protection of the society they have disregarded, remain there for the prescribed length of time, that society is protected from them either until they themselves have seen the error of their way or until it no longer is legally possible to keep them segregated.

In this case, only members of the Prison Board who heard the thousands of words of testimony purported to have been taken, have any ideas of what the facts are. They, then, are the only ones qualified to render an opinion and for that opinion there is no review by the public because the public was barred from learning the facts.

Because it was denied the facts on which to base its own opinion, the public may question the opinions and findings of the board. Only the board — and of course those directly involved — know whether there was inefficiency, whether the charges of minor inaccuracies were justified. Only the board knows whether it acted properly, whether it was too severe in its criticism of the staff of the prison personnel or whether stronger disciplinary measures should have been taken to protect the public.

Only the future will tell whether the steps that have been taken are good ones.

New Cars Bow

Like a proud but nervous father at his daughter's debut, the auto industry is anxiously awaiting the public's reaction to the 1957 cars.

The industry's price and hope stem from such engineering improvements as increased horsepower, lower - longer silhouettes, fuel injection and a fold-away steel roof. The nervousness comes from wondering how the estimated $17 billion to be spent for new autos will be divided among U. S. manufacturers: General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, American Motors (Hudson, Nash, Rambler) and Studebaker-Packard.

From Jan. 1 to Sept. 29, 1956, U. S. manufacturers turned out 4,322,244 passenger cars in contrast to the 6,003,603 manufactured in the comparable 1955 period, a drop of about 30 per cent. The Big Three — General Motors, Ford and Chrysler — produced 4,088,126 cars in that 1956 period, or 96.6 per cent of the total production. American Motors for that period produced 76,298 cars, or 1.8 per cent of the total output, and Studebaker-Packard, 67,820 cars, or 1.6 per cent.

Unlike their situation at this time last year most car dealers are not seriously overstocked now. On Oct. 1, 1955, dealers had had 538,375 leftover new cars in their showrooms. On Oct. 1, 1956, dealers had only about half that number of 1956 models.

Optimistic predictions about 1957 have been issued from several quarters. Roy Abernethy, American Motors vice president, estimated Oct. 2 that car sales in the U. S. would total between 6,500,000 and 6,700,000 in 1957, a 10 per cent hike over the anticipated 1956 total, though below the record 7,170,000 cars sold in 1955. Sen. A. S. Mike Monroney (D-Okla.), chairman of a Senate subcommittee which investigated auto marketing in 1956, predicted Sept. 8 that 1957 would be a good year for the industry, adding that the abnormally high 1955 sales were "the result of over-selling, over-extension of credit terms and blitzing of the market." After Monroney's and other committee probes of the auto industry, Congress authorized auto dealers to sue in federal courts to recover damages from manufacturers who failed to act in "good faith" in complying with a dealer franchise or in canceling it.

L. L. Colbert, Chrysler Corp. president, said Oct. 3 that the auto industry's display of confidence in the future by expanding in 1956 despite a drop in car sales from 1955 inspired the rest of the nation and helped stabilize the whole economy. Ford reports it spent $209,000,000 to rebuild its old models, Chrysler, $300,000,000. Studebaker-Packard signed an agreement with Curtiss-Wright Aug. 6 to provide the auto firm with capital and management guidance.

Carl E. Fribley, president of the National Auto Dealers Assn., said Sept. 27, "This is not a face-lifting year as far as the new ones are concerned. We will have vastly improved cars to sell . . . in all lines."

Biggest determent to buying in 1957 is expected to be tougher credit terms and higher price tags. Ford, for example, has announced price increases up to $112, with the biggest increases for the cheaper models.

Censors Have Dirty Minds

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

I have been looking through a new book, published in England, called "Obscenity and the Law," and it has left me more than ever convinced that all censorship accomplishes more harm than good — until we can agree on a definition of "obscene."

The dictionary is no help. It defines "obscene" as "foul, disgusting, offensive to chastity or modesty, lewd." Now, obviously, these are all synonyms, and none of them really defines the essence of obscenity.

I happen to believe that there are some eternal and universal moral values that do not depend on the time or the place or the person. But I do not think that what we call "obscenity" falls into this class.

Few things are more subjective than any society's attitude toward sex. Fifty years ago, the word "leg" was deemed indecent; we feel now that this was not "morality," but merely a false prudery. And, fifty years hence, our own attitudes may seem just as squeamish.

Now, any group or sect has a right to lay down a code of morality for its members. But society as a whole cannot prescribe what is "decent" in a legal sense — because the standards of sexual decency depend on usage, which changes from generation to generation.

When self-appointed legal censors try to judge literature, or plays, or paintings, on the basis of "obscenity," they almost always do more mischief than good. It is an historical commonplace that they attack the great works of art and pay no attention to the tons of pornographic trash that flood the market.

It is an interesting fact about prudes that they are obsessed with sex. They find it everywhere — even where it scarcely exists. The man who is attracted to censorship is basically a man with a dirty mind - and ralling against obscenity is the way in which he gives free play to his sex-obsession.

Pornography quickly disappears into the sewers of a culture, while great art stays alive no matter how bitterly it is attacked on "moral" grounds. There seems to be a natural law which separates the artistic wheat from the sensational chaff.

Children, perhaps, should be protected from certain kinds of over-stimulation. But, beyond this, any legal attempts to censor the arts are ridiculous, futile and often dangerous — because the people who do the censoring are invariably those who are looking for dirt in every corner. And what you look for is what you find, if you look hard enough.

Factographs

The deadly python has long teeth, but no poison fangs. It kills its prey by coiling around and crushing it. The python is strong enough to crush almost any foe.

It is estimated that there are approximately one million men in the United States who wear some form of wig or toupee.

The raccoon is one of the few American mammals that has no living relatives n the Old World.

Since the invention of the first auto, there have been some 600 different makes of cars built and marketed in America.

The Roaring Forties is the name given to the seas between 40 and 50 degrees north and south of the Equator.

Don't Find Them Much Anymore



Was the GOP Saved?

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

A political party which is only one man is no longer a political party. Without any criticism of the President, it is a truism that the Republican party existed before President Eisenhower was born; it may not continue after he ceases to be President, just as the Whig party died in the United States or as the Liberal party has become moribund in Great Britain.

What Paul Hoffman has tried to prove in an article which appears in a fortnightly magazine is that there is no Republican party except in the personality of Dwight D. Eisenhower. It is a dangerous article to publish at this particular moment because it gives the impression, were it not known to be otherwise, that the author desires Eisenhower to be defeated by reading out of the party several million loyal Republicans who have faithfully stood by it while other Republicans were basking in New Deal patronage and honor


Sokolsky

Hoffman, who managed to get a $15 million Fund for the Republic donation from the Ford Foundation, in effect, reads out of the party, some of its most important Senators, who are the Republicans to organize the Senate after the 1956 election, and who would preside over committees with which the White House would have to deal. He says that there are two splinter groups in the Republican party. One consists of Sen. Joe McCarthy, Sen. William Jenner, Sen. Herman Welker and Sen. George Malone. This group he calls the "unappeasables." Each has been elected by the people of his state, whereas Paul Hoffman holds no position in the Republican party and has never been elected to any public position.

Second Group

The second splinter group he regards as "faint hopes," meaning that they might be brought around to abject obedience to the White House. This consists of Sen. Henry Dworshak, Sen. Andrew Schoeppel and Sen. Barry Goldwater. Selected as the decoy for them is Sen. William F. Knowland who, according to Hoffman, has had differences with the White House on such questions as our China policy but such differences are "in the process of resolution," a phrase which stultifies Knowland and gives the impression that in some manner he has been bought off — an obvious impossibility both as to the buyer and seller.

Whatever inspired Hoffman to produce this article with these closing paragraphs is hard to understand:

"Given four more years of Eisenhower, his labors may achieve something unique in American politics, a party that is fundamentally pressure-proof; something profoundly superior to its great rival, the Democratic party, whose irreconcilable differences leave it permanently open to the pressure of contending narrow-interest groups.

"Second only to his labors for peace, the creation of this new party may go down as Eisenhower's greatest achievement."

If President Eisenhower is reelected by a huge popular vote and he carries with him sufficient Senators and Representatives to give him a Republican Congress, there can be little question but that his authority will be paramount, but there will be no such "pressure-proof" as Hoffman forecasts, as this is a republic not a despotism. If, on the other hand, the popular majority is narrow and the Congress remains Democratic, then he will have difficulties because this campaign has engendered much bitterness between Eisenhower and the Democrats and the attempt of his partisans to read six or eight Republican Senators out of the party. Each of these men serves in the Senate regardless of who sits in the White House and each can vote as he chooses. Eisenhower has already discovered the cost of pushing Wayne Morse out of the Republican party.

Apathy

The poor registration and the apathy of the voters would indicate that the people are not emotionally spirited over either Presidential candidate. Where there is any excitement, it is local: it is over a candidate for the Senate or a Governor. For instance, in Massachusetts, there is more interest over the gubernatorial election than over the Presidency and the Democrats are really excited over the possibility of Foster Furcolo's being elected Governor. In New York State and in California, the Senatorial races have stimulated more interest than the Presidency. In Washington and Oregon, the Senatorial races are the works.

In this respect, 1956 differs from 1952 when Eisenhower waged a crusade and Stevenson shocked a nation by his intellectual brilliance. This year, they are just running against each other.

(Copyright 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

ICE FISHING

My friend likes fishing through the ice.
He thinks a cold north wind is nice.
Above a hole he sets a shack
And after dark he'll haul it back.

He'll bait his hook with fingers numb
And sit and wait for perch to come,
While market places, warm with heat,
Would sell him more than he could eat.

I quarrel not with any man
Who gets from life what fun he can.
If what he chooses I despise,
I don't find fault or criticize.

I like a warm and cozy nook,
A grate fire and well-written book.
Some pleasures don't seem worth their price;
I don't like fishing through the ice.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

BY BENNETT CERF

Harold Ross, founder of the New Yorker Magazine, was a perpetually inquisitive genius who "read the Encyclopedia Britannica for fun."

It was Ross who persuaded Raoul Fleischmann, baking millionaire, to invest an original $50,000 in the venture, and then pony up a cool half million more later. It was Ross too who got stars like Thurber, White, Benchley, and Dorothy Parker to contribute pieces for a fraction of what others would have paid them. "Hal" invented the "profile," too. The going rate was then $150 tops, for which the writer had to check and recheck his facts, and write and rewrite until Ross was satisfied. Nobody ever resigned.

London Punch sized up "Hal's" value to the New Yorker in one short sentence: "Ross was the only guy at the party."

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

Fair progress should be made in business affairs during the year. Domestic life is most propitiously signified. Today's child should be ambitious and practical.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ALTIE SHWOVA G'SHICHT: Tzwae alta Shwova, 'n mon un sei fraw hen mohl ous gamocht fer nous gae die welt sehna. Sie sin gonga mit goul un wogga, un wie sie 'n halva dawg fon hame worra hut die alt fraw so droashtmeeding tzu ihr'm mon g'sawt, "Dawdy, ich hob gore net gawist os die welt so gross is."

Sie sin gonga fon dawg tzu dawg, un hen nochts ob g'shtopt on bauerra heiser, un woh sie immer gute uf ganumma sin werra. Wie sie dahame fert sin paar wocha dafor wor der mond gons glae — im ledshda fartel. Ow'r den gawissa owet wor der mond shae, rund, un fol. Wie der alt mon der mond g'sehna hut, hut er g'sawt tzum mon woh sie dabei iwwernocht worra, "Herr Gott, ihr hen ow'r 'n grosser mond doh fer die grase fom shteddle."

Wie sie wiel om travla worra hen sie onnerra Shwova aw gadroffa aue drous fer londschoft sehna, un sin mit nonner gonga,-'n gonsie drup fon na. Mohl ae dawg sin sie uf 'n noshion kumma ainer odder aenie dade faila, un hen yusht net ous mocha kenna wen 's sei maich'd — worra evens net gons shure eb sie ebber kartz weara odder net.

Endlich is es aim ei kumma os sie tzu sechtzaed gawest weara, un sie hen ous gamocht fer mohl tzaila, sehna eb ebber faila dade odder net. Noh hut der woh die tzailerrei duh hut solla g'sawt, "Wel, ich bin ich, un duh bish'd ains," un hut tzu sel'm gawissa wohs nagshd beim g'shtonna hut. Un so hut er noh fert gatzailt, "duh bish'd tzwae, duh bish'd drei," un so aw fert nuf tzu fuftzae, ow'r hut der sechtzaed net finna kenna. Hut net gawist os er ol daweil fergessa hut fer sich selwar nei tzaila.

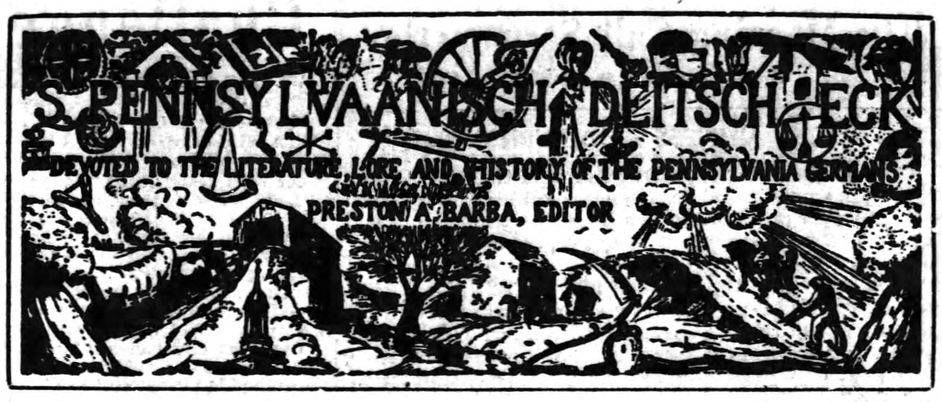
GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Die welt wor ols fol Shwova shtories — die leit woh die sawg wor sie weara so dum won sie heiser gabout hen hetta sie ken fenshterra nei weil sie gamaint hetta 's wear besser fer helling nei drawga in seck, os wie fer fenshterra in die heiser mocha.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 6:3-6

Great prosperity, even in a material sense, was to follow the observance of the commandments of the Lord, as v.3 indicates. God Himself promises this. Verse 4 is for the Jew an important one, and certainly for the Christian also. It is called the 'Shema,' the first word in the Hebrew text: 'HEAR, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord.' (The word Lord is Jehovah in the Hebrew text). The word 'one,' echad in the Hebrew text, deserves study. It is the word for unity, as in Genesis 2:24 husband and wife are one (echad) flesh, a great mystery, Eph. 5:32. Yachid is the Hebrew word for one, absolutely, as in Genesis 22, which speaks of Isaac as Abraham's only son. Elohim, the Hebrew word for God, has a plural ending, im, and may well contain the germ of the doctrine of the Trinity, 'three in one.' Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are one God, in contrast with the polytheistic heathen religions in the lands about Israel. God's people were to have no other gods, nor were they to make any images. The Law was not merely to be inscribed on tablets of stone, but it was to be in their hearts, for they were to love the Lord their God with all their heart, soul, and might. Jesus quotes this in Matt. 22:37.



SIM SCHMALZGSICHT

Once Locally Famous Allentown Humorist — By HEINZ KLOSS

In the second half of the 19th century Lehigh County became a center of High German writing and printing for and by the Pennsylvania Germans. Today it continues to be a center of writing and printing in the Pennsylvania German dialect. One of the active figures in this development was Charles W. Weiser, who wrote over the penname of Sim Schmalzgischt.

Charles W. Weiser was born in Allentown, April 10, 1863 and died at Fullerton, near Allentown, November 2, 1924. He was one of the early owners of the Allentown Morning Call and later on the editor of a morning paper, the Allentown Democrat, for which he wrote most of his Pennsylvania German letters. From 1917 to 1920 he was co-editor of the Morning Call. Early in the 1920's he joined the editorial staff of the Allentown Record. In 1923 he retired, but shortly before his death in 1924 he once more began to write for the Morning Call.

Weiser has the distinction of having brought out in 1913 a periodical **Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine,** which, since E. H. Rauch's **Pennsylvania Dutchman,** which had appeared forty years earlier (1873), was the first magazine again to use Pennsylvaanisch as its main medium. It was written exclusively in the dialect, while Rauch's magazine remained bilingual. The only forerunner to Rauch was Samuel Ernst (died in 1909), who in 1870 at Millwood Gap published the trilingual **Acorn and Germ,** the title of which was in the following year changed to **Der Waffenlose Waechter** (for which compare R. C. Wood: The Pennsylvania Germans, 1942, p.156 and also "The Pennsylvania Dutchman," Nov. 1, 1951).

The only successor to Weiser was Frank Bilger, whose abortive **Foulks-Frueind"** appeared in Lebanon in 1938 (compare **The Pennsylvania Dutchman,** Nov. 15, 1951). In the publication of his magazine Weiser collaborated with Charles W. Rinn (died in 1922), who acted as manager, and with Bill Steinke, who made the cartoons for the magazine. In the first number of **Sim Schmalzgsicht** we read this announcement:

"The magazine has but one mission to perform. It will strive to entertain, to amuse, to drive away dull care with the aid of Sim Schmalzgsicht and his Ledder Eck Poshta Folk."

Earl F. Robacker, in his Pennsylvania German Literature (1943, p.141), describes the first issue of Weiser's magazine as "subjectively written, somewhat in the manner of an occasional small - town newspaper. It is filled with references to local personalities, and contains short anecdotes, a woman's corner, interviews, etc., but is essentially a collection of trivia."

Sim Schmalzgsicht did not get beyond the fourth issue. Its originator certainly deserves that we grant him some more attention, if only to be remembered by dialect fans for this singular magazine adventure. That Weiser was a talented humorist may be seen from the following "Brief fum Sim Schmalzgsicht," which appeared in 1912 in the **Democrat and Item.** The "Ledder Eck Poshta" it may be said for the benefit of readers who do not live in Lehigh County, is not an invented locality. On the contrary it is the dialect translation of the official English designation "Leather Corner Post." We have retained Weiser's original spelling.

Ledder Eck Poshta, Obril 2

Os ier Demograad kerls net room gooka missen fer en neier kartoonist is net der Suss Hinkelkepper ierer shuld. Won sie ierer waig kot het, wear der Schteinke, udder der Schweinickel, wie de Jud Schtrumpfoos ien haest, heit in der chail udder dode. De Suss is wiedich iver ien. Sie secht er het sie shondbohr insult un het en rechta norr foon ierer germocht. Ier wissen ich hob eich de letscht wuch g'schrivver we der Johnnie Fridrich un ich ons Mike Hinkelkeppers waaren un we de Suss om flannel kucha dake mocha waaar un hut uns eigerlaada tzu bleiva fer mitdaag essa. Well, der kartoonist hut en pikter germocht foon der Suss un es hut sie gerwissa om dake ous rulla mit mer waergelhulz. Now, aenich ebber sut wissa os mer ken flannel kucha dake ous rulla dutt. Ich kon de sacha oll recht schreiva over ich kon ferdult sei net de pikters aw nuch mocha.

We de Suss sell pikter g'saener hut is sie haecher in de luft gonga os der Levan sei laeves waar mit seim aeroblane. Sie hut duch g'flucht un g'haust os orrick waar un hut em Mike en biggel eisa on der kup g'schmissa we er gerlacht hut. Sie hut g'saad sell pikter wear en schlander un sie gingt graad noch Ellensdown der Schteinke pakka lussa un daet nuch drei hunnerd dousand dahler damages klaima. Der Mike huts net gerdu os er mit gonga is, un noh is sie rivver kooma tzu mier un hot g'saad os ich un de Cass un de olt Jud Schtrumpfoos sutten mit gae. Mer hen ferschprucha mer gingten mit, un mer sin aw. Ich hob de aesel ei g'schpont un mer sin ob.

De Suss hut g'saad mer gingten aersht tzu em France Gildner, wu sie goot kenna dutt, un tzu em Mal Gross wu sei offis bei em France hut. De tzwae lawyers waaren in der offis we mer nei kooma sin, un de Suss hut graad aw fonga blauderer. Sie hut em France g'saad os der Schteinke het sie g'schlandered un sie wut ien reshta fer libel. Sie hut em France un em Mal olles ous gerlaigt. Der France hot noh g'saad:

"Well, Suss, ich glaab os du en schtarrik kase husht."

"Shure hov ich. Es is en reglar limbarrier kase fer schtarrik. Es is en libel uff mich fer de leit weiss tzu mocha os ich wear so dum os ich net besser wissa daet os flannel kucha dake ous tzu rulla mit mer waergelhulz, hut de Suss g'saad.

"Ovver," secht der France, "du musht aersht malice weisa."

De Suss hut der kup wennich gergrotzt we mer evver dutt won mer wennich gerpuzzld is. Noh hut sie so schlow g'saad:

"France, ich waes net feel foon denner ferdolta law bisniss un wos du saagsht koomt mer keryose fohr. Es gookt sheer gaar we hexerei, so dem nonsense, ovver ich denk ich muss es evver due won ich den Deitcher fonga will lussa. Waart bis ich nivver tzu em Milt Kuntz gae. Er kon mer ferleicht rous helfa."

Mer hen ferdult sei net gewisst wos dem deer faela dutt. Mer hen gerwisst os sie keryose is un mer hen sie gae gerlust. Glei kumt sie widder in de offis un hut ebbes eigerwiggelt kot. Des hut sie uff der desk gerlaigt. Sie hut es bobbier ob germocht un hut tzu em Mal Gross g'saad:

"Doh g'schwint, Mal! Gooks aw! Un Sim un Cass un Jud, ier sin tzeiga os ich em Mal's gewissa hob."

Es waar en schtik ice!



When Bill Steinke draws a cartoon showing Suss Hinkelkepper rolling out flannel cake dough on a pastry board she tries to have him arrested for slander. Receiving no consideration at the hands of Mal Gross and Francis Gildner she threatens the cartoonist's life, but Bill Steinke is rescued by Harry Blank who catches him in his wash basket when Bill leaps from the Morning Call fire escape.

"Wos in der himmel welt faelt dier?" hut der France g'froakt.

"Ei," hut de Suss g'saad, "ich hob yusht gerdu wos du g'saad husht ich du mist — em **Mal ice** weisa ub ich der Schteinke fonga kent lussa. Ich hob der g'saad so socha daeten mich on hexeri germohna, un sie dooen aw, ovver ich daet aenich ebbes den booger in de chail tzu griega."

"Du husht mich net recht ferschtonna, Suss," hut der France g'saad. Du musht **malice** weissa uff em Schteinke seina side."

"Ach, du lieva willa," hut de Suss g'saad we sie de hend in de hae gschmissa hut. "Ich glaab os ier oll ferrikt sin! So ferdultie hexerei os ier in der law bisnisss hen hov ich net g'saener de tzeit os ich nuch Reading gonga bin we unser kuh bloodichie millich gevva hut un der hexa dukter hut g'saad ich mist der kuh en blinda haas ae mohl der daag fer drei wucha weisa. Woh du maensht ich ginkt nooner on de Demograad offis un daet der Schteinke ummechtich slogga, noh es schtick ice uff sei side laega un den longbaenich Mal Gross nooner nemma un em Mal es ice weisa uff em Schteinke seina side sin ier gaar ferduld g'foold. Koom on Sim un Cass un Jud! Mer gaen nooner on de Demograad offis un ich nem de law in mei aegner hend. Ich weiss sellem kartoonist os de Suss Hinkelkepper besser wisse dutt os flannel kucha dake ous tzu rulla mit mer waergelhulz."

Mer sin noh nous un graad nooooner on de Demograad offis. Mer sin nei un hen en dinner longa kerl wu gookt we der Abe Linkorn g'froakt wu der Schteinke waer. Er huts uns ous gerlaigt un mer sin uvvernuff. Gons hinner in rer glaener kooma is. Ich glaab werhoftich os sie ien dode germocht het. Sell waer tzu orrick gerwest. De Suss waar so haes keppich gerwest os der Dukter Chake Widelich ierer sex ice gream sodas gevva hut sie ob tzu keeler. Sie is ols nuch folsh un schweart sie daet aeva kooma mit em Schteinke. Es kent sei os sie mohl in de offis schneeka dutt won er sie net ekshpekta dutt un dutt iem en gaar ferdoltes uff der reesel hocka. Won sie dutt is es sei aegnie shuld. Er het wissa sulla os mer ken flannel kucha dake ous rolla dutt.

—SIM SCHMALZGSICHT

You have noticed how skillfully Weiser draws the cartoonist Bill Steinke into this tale and other contemporaries some of whom will be well remembered by our older readers. Although some forty years have passed since Weiser wrote the above letter the jolly cartoonist still visits Allentown and his old friends there.

The reader will have noticed an outstanding peculiarity in Weiser's spelling of the dialect, namely the inserted "r" in words like **gergrotzt, gerlacht, gerdu, germocht,** which cannot be explained phonetically. This peculiarity becomes even more pronounced when he writes the dialect in his later years. He also uses a final "r" in past participles and infinitives of verbs as for example: **gschmisser, gschlofer, macher** and **nemmer.** This peculiar use of an unphonetic "r" spreads also to other categories of words in Weiser's writings as in the plural of nouns: **zelter, awger, boover,** and in **alter** (the plural of the adjective) and **tzommer,** and in the singular of the noun "gebei" (building), or as Weiser has it, "gerbei." Who will explain this peculiarity?

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Editorials

Stick To Facts

Like any other American, County Commissioner Norman H. Flores has the right to his own opinions and an equal right to express them freely.

But when Norman Flores or any other public official speaks publicly or privately on matters involving their own particular levels of government, those they represent have the right to expect them to distinguish facts from opinions and when facts are concerned to give them accurately.

For reasons which he himself understands best, Commissioner Flores chose to be inaccurate when he participated in a recent panel held in Emmaus to present varying views on the proposed Lehigh County Health Department, one of the issues that will be on the November ballot.

He said, for example, that establishment of a health department in the county would mean a one-mill increase in the tax rate and over the years could increase the millage up to four additional mills.

Based on the present $200,000,000 real estate assessment of the county, a one mill tax levy raises $200,000, less approximately $8,000 for collection costs and discounts. The four-mill levy he suggested would by the same figures — figures which Flores himself provided a few weeks ago — give the county a net yield of $768,000.

Estimated costs for the operation of a full-fledged Department of Health serving all Lehigh County equally, range from $184,100 a year to $205,000 a year and of that amount half, or from $92,050 to $102,500 would come from county funds. The balance would come from state funds. The $92,050, even on Flores own figures, represents less than one-half mill on the present real estate assessment, an even smaller rate on the basis of the new assessment now being prepared. Flores has said before that he has no idea of what that assessment — a more accurate appraisal of real estate values than the one on which the county now operates — will be.

He told the Emmaus group, too, that there is no assurance that the state will provide matching funds during the first year of the department's operation. He claims, however, to be familiar with the Act of the Legislature authorizing the establishment of such county health departments, a law which specifically provides the basis for grants during the first year of operation. He also had, prior to the meeting at which he spoke, the assurance of the State Secretary of Health that the Legislature has appropriated funds to cover the costs of such programs during the current biennium.

He told residents of Lehigh County, too, that if the County Board of Health paid its nurses $5,000 a year the commissioners would have to pay the same rate to nurses at the county home, leaving the inference that $5,000 salaries were contemplated for those nurses. Actually in a tentative budget, a copy of which Flores also has, the salary for 14 county public health nurses is estimated at $3,882 a year each, with about $5,000 for the director of nursing.

Mr. Flores has indicated that as a commissioner he is "neither for nor against a county health department" but that as an individual he will vote against it.

That, of course, is his privilege and the privilege of every resident of the county registered to vote on November 6.

But when Mr. Flores, who is a commissioner, gives the public information, the public has the right to expect that this information be factual and correct, uncolored by the opinions to which he is entitled and which, of course, he may express if he labels them as such.

He may be correct that ultimately it may be necessary to raise the county tax rate four mills. If such an increase becomes necessary, however, it will not be for the support of a department of health. What could necessitate it is the insistence of the people of the county that they be given some of the services and facilities they do not have — such as a replacement for the long-neglected Hamilton St. bridge over the Lehigh and an adequate county hospital for the aged and chronically ill.

A Real Ambassador

Few men have the privileges and the opportunities George M. Keenan has enjoyed and fewer still exercise them as he did during the 38 years he has been associated with the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co.

It will be his privilege, when he retires next week from his post as the company's vice president in charge of engineering, to look back across the entire development of the organization, to know that he had an active part in building it into one of the major industries of its kind in America.

As a young engineer just a year or two out of college, he became associated with one of the small companies that joined to form the utility that today serves some 681,000 customers in 29 Pennsylvania counties. Although other enterprises challenged him, he elected to remain with the company and to grow with it.

During the years he had a part in developing facilities that replaced scattered "teapot" generating plants, the largest of which produced 30,000 kilowatts. Two of them, the huge Sunbury plant and the Martins Creek plant, both constructed under his supervision, alone have a capacity of 745,000 kilowatts.

But George Keenan did more than simply direct the construction and operation of power plants and power distribution systems. He took time to give loyal service to many community organizations, to his fellows in many walks of life.

He will, therefore, be remembered not alone as a great engineer who developed facilities that better serve the community but, in the words of his associates who knew him best, for his "wisdom, fairness and judgment, for his devotion to his community, his church and his family."

Such a man will be an outstanding ambassador of the American way of life to those of other lands. As such an ambassador, George Keenan will do far more for the people of Greece, to whom he is going as a consulting engineer, than simply develop power facilities.

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.

21 October 1956
The Editor,
The Morning Call,

Dear Sir:

I was amazed to find in this morning's (Oct. 21) Call (page 13), the account of our hearing last evening, on the killing of protected hawks.

We deeply appreciate the publicity that the Morning Call has given to this violation of the laws of the state. But the account was very much loused up!

The birds were not killed at Hawk Mountain Sanctuary — an unfortunate error. Ten hawks of 3 species (Broad - winged Hawks, an Osprey, and the rare Peregrine Falcon) were shot from blinds by the four men found guilty, at that part of the Blue Mountain in Lehigh County, just 16 miles east of Hawk Mountain.

Among those present at the hearing were Mr. Harold Mitchell of Buffalo, N. Y., president of the N. Y. Federation of Bird Clubs. There were also members of the Buffalo Museum of Science, and the Rochester (N. Y.) Hall of Science.

This weekend we have visitors from twenty States, from Ireland, Australia, Romania, elsewhere.

Most Sincerely
Maurice Brown, Curator.

THANK YOU, MAYOR HOCK

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.
Allentown, Pennsylvania.
Gentlemen:

Officially, as Mayor of Allentown, and unofficially, as a local citizen, permit me to congratulate you for your outstanding public service in presenting the series of articles pertaining to the two important questions that will appear on the ballot this November the sixth relative to the bond issue for sewers and streets; and, to the matter of a County Health Unit.

You provided both issues seemingly unlimited space. The reporters handling the assignments did a magnificent job in a most objective manner.

As a result, an informed electorate will make the ultimate decisions. In America, this is as it should be.

Sincerely,
Donald V. Hock

Strange Bedfellows



How Far in Eastern Europe

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The insurrection in Hungary has raised the question whether the anti-Russian movement in Eastern Europe will stop at Titoism or become an anti-Communist uprising. Nagy, who is the Hungarian Tito, was not able, it appears, to cope with the rebels in Budapest, and was compelled to call upon the Red Army to quell the uprising.

There have been demonstrations in Warsaw which went beyond Titoism, being both anti-Russian and anti-Communist. But in Poland the Gomulka government seems to have had enough prestige and enough police power of its own to deal with the trouble without calling upon the Russians.

We are, we must realize, poorly informed about a situation which is in large part hidden from sight and in rapid flux. But, as a working hypothesis, I would say that the critical place to watch is Poland, and that in Poland the immediately critical issue is whether the Gomulka regime and the Kremlin are able to work out what amounts to a new alliance.



Lippmann

Poland is of all the satellites the critical country. Both Germany and Russia are vitally interested in Poland because the Polish plain is the avenue on which have marched all the armies that have invaded Russia. For the Germans, the Polish plain is not only the avenue of the Russian advance into Europe but, since World War II, Poland has annexed German territories which the German nation has never renounced.

2 Red Spheres

Poland's pre-eminent importance lends credence to the report, which has come in this week, that Marshal Tito reached an understanding with the Kremlin during his visit to Yalta in which they divided Eastern Europe into two spheres of influence. The Poles would be in the Russian sphere and Hungary and possibly Romania and Bulgaria would be in Tito's sphere.

The critical issue in Poland is whether the new Polish regime will stabilize its foreign policy; more specifically its policy toward Germany and the Western world beyond Germany. We know what Gomulka wants. It is to renew the Soviet alliance which guarantees him against Germany.

The old alliance, which goes back to the end of World War II, was imposed upon a Polish puppet government by the Red Army, and it has depended on the infiltration of the Polish Army by a controlling apparatus of Soviet officers. Gomulka's uprising has destroyed the foundations of the old Soviet-Polish alliance.

The question is whether a new alliance can be formed based not on Soviet domination but on the mutual interest of Poland and the Soviet Union. The indications are that Gomulka wants this to happen, and there are credible reports from Moscow that the Kremlin, despite what must be deep suspicion of Poland, wishes to negotiate with Gomulka.

Unless the Polish crisis is stabilized at about this point, with Gomulka in power, with Russian military and ideological control dismantled, but with a Polish-Russian alliance renewed, then we may expect to see, I would guess, the Polish crisis become a far - reaching crisis of the European continent. For it will then spread to and involve not merely the rest of Eastern Europe and the Balkans but the two Germanys. There is no telling what would come of such a crisis. For the essential character of the crisis would be that there was no power and authority — be it Soviet, Western or local — to organize Central Europe.

Titoism Best

In the interests of peace and of freedom — freedom both from despotism and from anarchy — we must hope that for a time, not forever but for a time, the uprising in the satellite orbit will be stabilized at Titoism. It is in the interests of the Western world that the Soviet Union be helped to accept Titoism in its empire and that it should not feel that its own security is menaced.

For with Titoism in Eastern Europe, the military threat that the Russian Army will invade Western Europe is radically reduced. The danger of a World War beginning in Europe will be even less than it has been these last two years.

It is not in our own interest that the movement in Eastern Europe should go so far that no accommodation with Russia is possible. For that could lead to bloody deeds in which we would be called upon to intervene, our honor being involved, though we could not intervene, knowing that the risks were incalculable.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Charles Morton tells about a stonemason who rebuilt a chimney for a wealthy Boston lady. He did so good a job that she hired him to remake another flue in her mansion.

The dowager, however, didn't pay her bills — especially those submitted by what she considered "unimportant little tradespeople." In spite of this the mason responded when she built a new wing on her house. He installed a new fireplace and chimney.

Shortly afterwards, he received a frantic call. The new flue wouldn't draw, the fine new room was full of smoke. He rushed over, but this time announced firmly that he wouldn't lift a finger till his bills had been paid in full. The rich lady, coughing with vexation and smoke, wrote a check, the mason climbed to the roof and (presto!) the fireplace began to draw magnificently.

He then tootled off, check in pocket and — in the back of his car the pane of glass he had laid across the top of the new chimney when he'd installed it.

With election time in the offing, here's a good catch question that may trip up your friends: name four men who were candidates at least three times for the office of President of the United States. The answer: Grover Cleveland, William Jennings Bryan, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Norman Thomas.

"I was upset," admitted a Smith sophomore to her roommate, "when Tony kissed me tonight."

"You've been kissed before," reminded the roommate.

"Not in a canoe," countered the sophomore.

(Copyright 1956)

Personal Prejudices

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

The chief difference between the mature person and the insecure person is that the former finds some model to look up to, while the latter seeks some less favored individual to look down upon.

Why do we always associate the word "discipline" with punishment in reference to children — when it carries no such meaning in reference to the discipline of an athlete or an artist? The word, after all, comes from "disciple," and involves educating by example, not by chastisement.

Most pertinent comment I have heard on recent trends in the dramatic profession comes from Sacha Guitry, the French film director, who said: "It used to be that a person would take acting lessons to become a star. Now, a person takes acting lessons after he's a star."

Is there any more frustrating feeling than hanging on to a telephone receiver for an interminably long time, with the growing conviction that the hotel or office switchboard operator who instructed you to "hold on, please" has gone out to lunch or dropped dead?

Youth has really fled when the thought of toasted marshmallows is sickening rather than inviting.

Those who are most bitter when a blessing has suddenly been snatched away from them by Providence are usually those who were least grateful for getting this undeserved gift in the first place. We forget all too easily that everything we have, including life itself, is a free gift we have done nothing to merit.

A teacher who is taken advantage of by his or her class is always lacking in self-respect; children have an intuitive knowledge of character, and instinctively know which personalities can be successfully defied.

Why film a serious book like "1984," unless you are going to follow the story faithfully? Otherwise, the people who have read the book will reject the film as a travesty, and frivolous movie-goers will not patronize it, anyway.

The only honest and accurate campaign button a lot of people should wear in their lapels would simply profess: "More For Me."

No style slogan has been more abused recently than the absurd and indiscriminate wants to sell — soon including, no doubt, two-toned suede shoes.

How did the "bee" come to be in quilting-bee and spelling-bee?

Today's Text

DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 28:63-67

Here we read of the conditions of the Jews 'scattered' throughout the world—usually referred to as the Dispersion. Beginning near the end of v. 63 we read: 'And ye shall be plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it. And the Lord shall scatter thee among all the people, from the one end of the earth unto the other; and among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say: Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say: Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see.' No newspaper more accurately than these verses described the sorry conditions under which the Jews were living in Germany when Hitler was sending his agents into Jewish homes, day or night, and dragging father, husband, or son, with no advance notice, to the crematoriums — one of the most horrible pages of history. But the story does not end here.

Horoscope

Practice self - restraint even in face of unjust provocation, and so avoid contention, and permit yourself to be a winner in your next year. Today's child may be good - natured, impetuous and ambitious.



SIM SCHMALZGSICHT'S OWN MAGAZINE

In last week's Eck our readers made the acquaintance of the locally famous Charles W. Weiser, who wrote over the penname of Sim Schmalzgsicht. His Pennsylvania German letters dated from Leder Eck Poshta in the early 1900's had won for him the acclaim of the readers of the Allentown Democrat and Item and of the Allentown Morning Call. He was the forerunner of the widely read Morning Call columnists Obadiah Grouthomel (Solomon DeLong) and Pumpernickle Bill (William S. Troxell).

Perhaps it was the favorable response to his dialect letters from Leder Eck Poshta that led Weiser to undertake the publication of a magazine entirely in the Pennsylvania German dialect. It was a courageous venture. Weiser may not have known that another newspaper man had ventured upon a similar publication forty years earlier. E. H. Rauch's bilingual magazine **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** had appeared in January, 1873 and with the March issue of the same year vanished again. It was a noble failure. But surely he was acquainted with **The Pennsylvania German Magazine**, founded in 1900 and "devoted to the history, biography, poetry, folklore and general interests of the immigrant Germans and their descendants in Pennsylvania." In the year 1913 this notable magazine was engaged in its last painful death struggle. But Charles Weiser was not deterred from his cherished plan. The first number of **Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine** appeared in July, 1913. It lies before us now, as we write. Bill Steinke, whose cartoons illustrated the magazine, no doubt also did the drawing of Sim Schmalzgsicht which was to grace the cover page of the magazine and which is reproduced in the Eck for today.

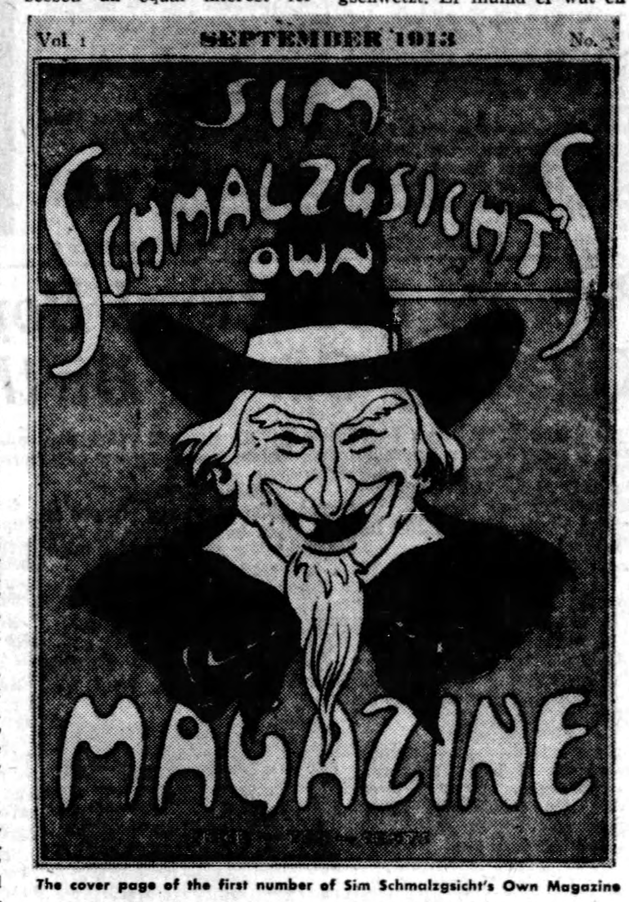
Since this little magazine, professedly "'the only Pennsylvania German humorous publication in the United States," is now a collector's item and not readily accessible our readers may find it interesting to learn more about its contents. We quote from the publisher's announcement on page 1 of the first number of the magazine (July, 1913):

"Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine" makes its bow to the public. We do not pretent to claim that it is going to "fill a long-felt want." We are not even confident that there is any great demand for it. We believe, however, that there is a field for such a publication, and there is none other like it in the United States, or elsewhere. The Magazine has but one mission to perform. It will strive to entertain, to amuse, to drive away dull care with the aid of Sim Schmalzgsicht and his Leder Eck Poshta folk. Sim is well known to the reading public of Eastern Pennsylvania. His fame has even extended beyond the borders of the state since he began writing weekly letters from Leder Eck Poshta for the Allentown Democrat. In his new sphere as editor of a genuine magazine he has a wider and more fertile field to cultivate. He will tell some truths in his picturesque way. He may use satire and sarcasm freely to drive home a truth, but the arrows that he will shoot from his literary bow will have no poisoned tips and there will remain no sting, even though he hits the mark, and Sim can shoot fairly straight. 'Nix fer ungoot' will be Sim's motto." — The magazine was to be published once a month at Allentown and the subscription price was $1.00 per year.

Let us examine the contents of the first number, consisting of 16 pages with 12 additional pages of advertisements. It contains the following sections: a. Editorial beim Sim; b. Chuly in Histry; c. Schporting Depart. beim Mose Biffle; d. Die Pikter Gallery; e. Der Weibsleit erer Eck bei der Em Hofferdeckel; f. Waesht du nuch? g. Interviews mit Grossa Leid; h. Leder Eck Poshta Neichkaeta; i. Peffer, Sols un Mustard. — This is the pattern of contents also followed in the succeeding issues.

In the second number of the magazine (August, 1913) Weiser and his business manager, Charles W. Rinn, announce: "The first issue of Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine came up to all expectations of the publishers, who take this opportunity of returning thanks for the substantial encouragement given them by the public, particulary by the people of Allentown. It is a pleasure to state that subscriptions have been received from as far west as Chicago and as far south as Florida. These subscriptions came from people who formerly lived in Pennsylvania and who are familiar with the dialect and appreciate its rich humor. The list of subscribers will grow with each issue." And in the third number (September, 1913) we read: "The third issue of Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine shows a most gratifying increase in circulation. The fondest hopes of the publishers have been realized and the success of the publication is assured."

Despite these rosy expressions on the part of the publishers, the third number of Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine was also the last. (Earl F. Robacker in his **Pennsylvania German Literature** states that the magazine perished with its fourth issue. We have never seen a fourth number and cannot be certain that such exists. We seek correction if in error). The reasons for the failure are not so readily determined. Although Pennsylvania Germans read their newspaper columnists with delight and enthusiasm, they are reticent in subscribing to Pennsylvania German magazines. It must also be pointed out that Sim's frequent references to local characters and celebrities could not have possessed an equal interest for readers outside this immediate area.



The cover page of the first number of Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine

Pennsylvania German humor can hardly be said to be delicate and subtle, but could it be that Sim's humor spread so generously over the pages of the magazine was a bit too robust and lusty? But let us see. No doubt our older local readers will still enjoy the humorous treatment of such local celebrities as General Trexler, Alfred L. Reichenbach, Dave Horn, David Miller, John Graeflin, Jacob Waidelich, Harry Ruhe, Capt. Harold McLain (Chappy) and others. But let us see.

From "Chuly in Histry" (in the magazine for July, 1913) we choose at random the following:

Der Brit Roth hut sei hund laerner "Marching Through Georgia" bloffa. 1910.

Der Woody Newhard hut mohl germaind er wut en porrer gevva. 1876.

Der Kunnel Trexler hut sei rode necktie net finna kenna. Er hut en gaeles aw du missa. 1906.

Der Davy Miller hut awfonga de glebbereisa tsu shcpiela fer der Saegersville Bend. 1889.

And from "September in Histry" (from the magazine for September, 1913):

Der Rich Iobst hut de maus in Emaus gerdu. 1910.

Der Chon Sefing hut en address germacht on der konwenshun foon Old Maids un Widweiver on Leder Eck Poshta. De old Jud Schtrumpfoos hut preside. Der Chon hut g'saad won er sellaeves nuch Kongress gae daet gebts en law os even de grumbaenicha maid menner hovva misten. De delegates hen orrik gercheerd un de Em Hofferdeckel is ummechtich worra foon fraeda. Der Dukter Tommy Weaber, wu mit em Chon gonga is, hut sie tzu gerbrucht we er deivelsdrek unnich ierer naas gerrivva hut. 1912.

Der Kony McFadden hut oyer gerblontz fer egg plants tzu raisa. 1896.

De Queen Mary hut em Koenich Chorch aens in der reesel g'hokt we er ierer fohr g'schmissa hut os sie kent net so goot bud boy macha os sei mam ols germacht hut. 1912.

We cannot inform our readers of the tragic conclusion of Em Hofferdeckel's narrative **"Em Gnecht Sei Rewench,** Udder, Waer Hut Limbarier Kase im Pap Sei Whiskers Gerdu?", of which the first chapter had appeared in the second number of the magazine (August, 1913). The story was continued in the third and last number of Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine. The second chapter ended with the parenthetical remark: (Als nuch mae es naegsht mohl). But there was no "naegsht mohl" and so we shall never have the answer to the question "Waer hut limbarier kase im Pap sei whiskers gerdu?"

We offer our readers further examples of Sim Schmalzgsicht's humor:

Der Sam Biery os en Bauer

Der Sam Biery maent er wut ons baurer gae. Ich hob doh der onner daag mit em Sam gschwetzt un er hut mer g'saad er waer des glaeder ferkaafa duch gaar grisselhoftich laedich. Er hut orrig ensusiastik gschwetzt. Er maind er wut en spechulty macha foon hinkel un obst. Er saagt er het de dinga uff g'schtuddierd, het lessons by mail gernooma un daet now olles wissa waeich baurer — so feel os der Dan Hopkins un der Percy Fenstermacher wissa daten. Noh hut er g'saad:

"Sim, ich hob der shensht Northern Spy haana os du saener wit. Ich grik aw dael Early Rose hinkel, dael Shofenaas, Russets, Ben Davis, Baldwins un onrer fancy schtock hinkel. Ich gae aw nei fer obst. Ich blons Plymouth Rock ebbel. Weiss Leghorn baerer, Rhode Islond Rode gwidda un Buff Orpington pashing.

"Du sutsht mohl my Northern Spy haana saena! Er waes mae os dael mensha. We ich nuch Washington waar helfa der Wilson inaugurata hut sella haana haemwae kot fer mich. Ollagather Corner Post. Cartoons by Bill Steinke.



Queen Mary slugs King George for claiming that his mom's potpie is better than hers.

John Sefing's suffragette speech at Leather Corner Post. Cartoons by Bill Steinke.

Der Sam is wull uff mer bauerei uff gebrucht worra over ich bin bong er hut sei lessons wennich uffgermixt grikt."

Sim Schmalzgsicht did not hesitate to run ads in the dialect in his magazine. We have no way of knowing whether his patrons enjoyed increased business in consequence of these ads. Here are a few examples:

About Lewis Lyon's "Meats of Quality" at 43 North 7th St., Allentown, we read:

Der Lewy Lyon is der mon
Os eich goot flaesh ferkaaf kon.
Er hut ken onners in seim schtock;
Er schpaart eich gelt fer eirer sock.

It is election time, 1913, and W. H. Bregenzer, Coopersburg, Pa. appeals to the voters with the following:

HELLO, BOOVA!

Ier missen net fergessa os ich en kondidaat bin fer

Klarrik fon der Quarter Sessions Court

My Demograadisha freind sutten oll on de Primary
Elekshun gae, Dinshdaag, September 16, 1913.
Ier kennen mich un wissen os ich de offis recht filla kon.

Ich winsh der ols glik in der welt,
En shaenie frau, en bal full gelt.
Uff lekshun daag doon on mich denka
Un doon mer oll eirer schtimma shenka.

And last but not least:

LAES ES IM MORNING CALL

Wes Evver Es Sei Soll — Sis Alles Dort Drin
Die Neichkaeter von Leddern Eckposhta, von Berlin,
von Echypt, von China un von Mexico un Chapan.
Aller Dag, Frish, Klar un Gut Geschrivva

THE MORNING CALL

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

101 N. 6th St., Allentown, Pa.
Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle

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Editorials

Vote, You Lucky American

Inasmuch as many millions of adults who were eligible to vote remained away from the polls at the Presidential election in 1952, it is reasonable to assume that millions will not record their opinion on Tuesday next unless some tremendous urge s eeps over them during the next few days and the trip to the polls is made on Election Day.

More than two centuries ago the great churchman, John Wesley, took a deep interest in the parliamentary elections in England. In a ringing appeal to the voters in his constituency he urged: "Act as if the whole election depended on your single vote, and as if the whole Parliament (and therein the whole Nation) depended on that single person you now choose to be a member of it."

That truthful advice is just as important and meaningful today as it was back in 1748 when the great leader of Methodism spoke those words.

It is advice which counters and therefore should discourage the indifferent and defeatist attitude of so many voters who make no resolves to vote and who remain away from the polls because they think that their one little vote is too insignificant to bother about the casting thereof.

Yet the importance of "just one little vote" has been emphasized again and again in American affairs as it probably was in John Wesley's time. And may occur on Tuesday.

The most recent instance which has been recorded was that where one vote brought about the election of a mayor in Newark, O.

It is also recalled by historians that President Rutherford Hayes was elected by a margin of just one vote in the Electoral College while five States — California, Idaho, Oregon, Texas and Washington — were admitted to the Federal union by a margin of a single vote.

In more recent years it will be remembered that the Draft law was enacted by Congress in 1941 with a margin of just one vote and up in New Haven, Conn., only five years ago a mayor was elected with a majority of only two votes.

Thousands of contests have been decided by scant margins and could have been reversed if a mere handful of "my-vote-won't-count" electors had cast ballots.

Yes, American Voter, you have only one vote. But it is just as big as the vote of the President of the United States and the vote of the President's wife when they go to the polls in Gettysburg on Tuesday.

And don't forget that your vote is a free one; that it is not going to be counted for a dictator or a dictatorial form of government, and therefore for political slavery.

Just one vote is yours, but it is a vote with the power of the snowflake or the raindrop that in itself may seem insignificant but in the great mass of American votes assures our people of free, untrammeled democratic decisions under a republican form of government.

This cannot be said of elections in all lands. Elections are held in some only when rulers permit. Choice of men and of government is pre-determined. Not only is the voter's single vote a non-entity but all the votes of his fellows as well. Elections in such days as those of Germany in Hitler's time were a travesty upon the democratic processes. Elections have continued to be cruel frauds perpetrated upon many people in many lands.

It is different in America. In the election booth each American possesses a power equal to that of each and every other American. Here is a freedom such as few peoples in world history have completely possessed but toward which the hearts of most of mankind have turned.

Americans have been and are unusually fortunate. But this good fortune has not been availed of by all at previous elections.

The hope is that things will be different on next Tuesday; that the greatest turnout of electors in history will crowd to the polls in every city, town and rural area.

To each and all the wise injunction goes forth to every eligible person: "Vote, you lucky American."

Slow Obedience to Cease-Fire

By almost unanimous decision, the General Assembly of the United Nations early yesterday morning ordered a "cease fire" in the warfare going on in Egypt. The Assembly then adjourned to wait results which are slow in coming and very likely will be disappointing when they do come.

Certainly there is no immediate willingness on the part of Great Britain, France and Israel to change their evident military plans for driving Egypt and President Nasser to their knees.

After seven years of serious border forays by Egypt, in which the nations of the world took little interest and did nothing, the Israelis took matters in their own hands. Capture of the Sinai Peninsula in three days of fighting was the result. They have shown no disposition to give up their gains by retirement across their borders and seem unlikely to do so until they have some assurance of protection from their enemies in the future.

Great Britain and France are continuing in the military program which called for destruction of Egypt's air power before invasions could be begun. Much of Egypt in the Suez Canal area promises to be overrun with French and British troops before the ending of this week. Protection of the great canal for international transit is the alleged motive for the action.

There is very evident determination on the part of the three nations, to whom the cease fire demand from world opinion went forth, to accomplish a big and perhaps a necessary job. That job, without war, would be agreed upon quite generally to be a job in the world's best interests. This job is the "cutting down to size" of the boastful, intransigent President Nasser and the elimination of his desire to keep the Near East in uproar.

That war was resorted to in order to achieve such ends is the indefensible position in which the nations that engaged in warfare find themselves. It is a position from which they will find it difficult to extricate themselves. They have committed an act that long will rise to plague them in their relations with the other nations of the world.

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.

Why Vote for Health Dept.

Dear Editor:

The many Lehigh County citizens who have been working long and hard for the establishment of a Lehigh County Health Department welcome the public statement in this column from Commissioner Schellhamer as to why he thinks citizens should vote against the Health Department proposal. We have too long been faced with the situation where our county commissioners state publicly that they are "neutral" and behind the scenes work actively against the proposal. Now the record is straight for Mr. Schellhamer.

Since 1951 when the new county health law, Act 315, was passed there has been much study of this new program and consideration of its application in counties throughout the state. We believe it is a good sign that Lehigh County is in the vanguard of those counties undertaking to institute a modern public health program rather than a straggling county as Mr. Schellhamer infers might have been better. We are glad that this program has not been forced on any counties but that the counties have been left to decide this matter for themselves. Our Lehigh County Medical Society has been actively interested in this program since 1952, as Commissioner Schellhamer well knows, since a letter went to the county commissioners on February 2, 1952, urging that they establish a county-wide health department by resolution, as permitted under Act 315. Their failure to act has resulted in a four-year delay in Lehigh County. We of the Referendum Committee think decision has been delayed too long and are glad the citizenry will now have a chance to vote on the question.

By Commissioner Schellhamer's own admission this proposal has been presented to the rural residents by opponents as an attempt to further regulate or regiment the farmer of our county. There is absolutely no evidence to substantiate this position. Quite to the contrary the factual evidence is in the other direction. A county health department can deal more effectively with problems of stream pollution, well contamination, and nuisance abatement than can the present fragmentary and uncoordinated health authorities operating in our county. The farmer stands to bene-

Continued on Page 21, Column 6

Tom Thumb



Second Thoughts

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The American position, as President Eisenhower declared it in his television address on Wednesday evening, is now markedly different from what until then it had been supposed to be. The terms of our U.N. resolution—the resolution which Britain and France vetoed — meant that Israel had committed an illegal act, one which it had no moral right to commit.

The inspired comment from official quarters in Washington accused Britain, France, and Israel of aggression. Everything pointed towards a policy in which the United States would lead the accusers, perhaps by applying economic sanctions and probably by action in the General Assembly.

But what the President said defined a quite different American attitude: "As it is the manifest right of any of these nations to take such decisions and actions, it is likewise our right, if our judgment so dictates, to dissent." If it is the manifest right of these nations to do what they are doing, then, of course, the President cannot and will not attempt to have them judged aggressors. What he will do is to "dissent," to point out that "the action taken can scarcely be reconciled with the principles and purposes of the United Nations."



Lippmann

The policy of dissenting, having acknowledged that they have a "manifest right," is a very different thing from a policy of leading a movement to have them judged guilty of aggression. The President's policy means, if the line he laid down is now followed, that we shall regard the U.N. not as a tribunal to judge, condemn, and punish but as an organ to mediate and promote a settlement.

The President's position, which reflects the second thoughts of the Administration, is wiser than the first angry and unbalanced reaction in Washington on Monday. If the original line of policy, which was embodied in the Lodge resolution, had prevailed, we would have had to go on to seek to condemn not only Israel but Britain and France as well, rallying the world in partnership with the Soviet Union against them. This would have made our present differences, which are not now radical, into an irreparable conflict.

What, taking the situation as we now find it, is the American interest? In the first place, to refrain from moral judgment. If we do not, we shall find ourselves arguing that Nasser is not an aggressor when he crosses his frontier, which he has been doing several times a week, provided only that he uses small forces every time he crosses the frontier.

The true friends of the United Nations will recognize that Nasser by his raids into Israel, his intervention in North Africa, by his intrigues in Jordan and Syria, has created problems of security which the United Nations have not been able to solve. It would be a mortal blow to the United Nations if it transpired that the practical effect of its operation was to invest an aggressor like Nasser with immunity.

Therefore, in the interests of the United Nations, which is also a vital interest of the United States, let us insist that it be an organ for the solution of the problems of Suez and Palestine and not a tribunal of judgment.

The Franco-British action will be judged by the outcome — in the first instance whether the military objectives are achieved in a reasonable time and at not too great a cost. If they are not achieved the decision will have been a gigantic blunder which may well have catastrophic consequences. The American interest, though we have dissented from the decision itself, is that France and Great Britain should now succeed. However much we may wish they had not started, we cannot now wish that they should fail.

If their action is successful, then the standard by which it will be judged is how statesmanlike is the settlement which they propose. I assume, or at least I hope we have a right to assume, that London and Paris have no illusions that they can restore the old Suez Company, or something like it under another name. The moral credit of Britain and France, which is now shaken, can be repaired if they use with great imagination and magnanimity the power in the Middle East that they are now fighting to gain.

Then the surgical operation, though painful, will have been justified.

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Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Hawaii is a movie maker's paradise. The natives have become so used to Hollywood shenanigans, in fact, that Clark Gable and Hank Fonda can wander entirely unmolested the length of Kalakaua Avenue. Even when Esther Williams appeared on the coral sands in person, she attracted no more attention than a local wahine waddling by in her shapeless muu-muu (moo-moo).

"Wahine" means "woman," and a muu-muu is a garment patterned after the unflattering covering that most missionaries years ago hastily draped over native maidens who were blissfully nude. One such maiden is supposed to have flung the covering angrily hence. It landed on a cow which registered even more vociferous indignation: hence the name, muu-muu. The missionaries meanwhile, with purity assured, proceeded to do mighty well. Their descendants are the recognized aristocracy of the Islands.

(Copyright 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

WAY OF LIFE

One can be very rich and still
stay poor,
Renowned and be unknown,
Be very wise and be a boor;
Acquainted, but alone.

One trait can be displayed by
much
Which skill and greed have
gained.
One can be proud and out of
touch
With heartache, tears and
pain.

What better use of life to take
Than see and feel and heed
The poor and hear the pleas
they make,
And share their desperate
need.

'Tis not within ourselves alone
Lie merit and success,
But in the thoughtfulness we've
shown
To others in distress.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

Your outlook is favorable in the main. There is a probability of gain through some unexpected means. Today's child may be prudent and loyal.

Keep Up Spirits

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

We commonly think that our waking lives are divided into time for "work" and time for "leisure." This is not the way the ancients divided their lives, and I think they were right and we are wrong.

The ancients made a division into three parts, instead of two: work, leisure, and recreation. What we today call "leisure," they called "recreation" or "amusement."

This is more than a verbal distinction, and the difference helps to explain why so many elderly people in the modern world are faced with the "problem" of leisure time, and feel they would quickly die if they were forced to stop working.

A man's mind has three deep needs, not two. There is a need to engage in productive labor, to feel oneself a part of the everyday work in the world. There is a need for relaxation, to rest the mind and exercise the body.

But there is also a third need, which we ignore, and which the ancients described as "leisure." This is the need — often unconscious — to cultivate the mind, to sharpen the sensibility, and to expand the spirit for its own sake.

Leisure time, in past ages, was divorced both from work and from recreation. It was a time for study and contemplation, for examining art and listening to music and discussing those fundamental questions of life which we are too busy to think about while working and too stimulated to think about while enjoying ourselves.

By developing his powers in these directions, the ancients knew that a man makes the best preparation for old age. As a person grows older, he loses his capacity to work, and his recreations become severely limited.

Without the practice of genuine leisure, he becomes a shell emptied of its content: restless to work again, and unable to find enough satisfaction in the fishing or the golfing that used to make so welcome a relief from work.

There comes a nagging need, whether or not he is aware of it, to find values that go beyond himself, to expose all those marginal areas of human life which neither his work nor his recreation allowed him to do. And a "hobby" is no solution, for at best it is a playing with trinkets; and a man's soul, in his final years, cries out for something more substantial than these aimless toys of old age.

(Copyright, 1956)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 7:17-22.

There are two principal passages in the New Testament which speak at some length about Moses (about whom we have been reading for some time), the first of which I wish to quote from the new Revised Standard Version, beginning at Acts 7:17, a part of the defense Stephen is making before the Council in answer to the question of the high priest: 'Is this so?', referring to false charges brought against Stephen, who says: 'But as the time of the promise drew near, which God had granted to Abraham, the people grew and multiplied in Egypt, till there arose over Egypt another king who had not known Joseph. He dealt craftily with our race and forced our fathers to expose their infants, that they might not be kept alive. At this time Moses was born, and was beautiful before God. And he was brought up for three months in his father's house; and when he was exposed, Pharaoh's daughter adopted him, and brought him up as her own son. And Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he was mighty in his words and deeds.' (read Exodus 1 and 2:1-10). We continue tomorrow.



DER SIM SCHMALZGSICHT VUM LEDER ECK POSHTA

The last two numbers of the ECK have been devoted to a consideration of the work of Charles W. Weiser (1863-1924) as a Pennsylvania German newspaper man and dialect columnist. His letters of Sim Schmalzgsicht written from Leder Eck Poshta (Leather Corner Post) had delighted the readers of the Allentown Democrat. Encouraged by their popularity Weiser now ventured to publish a small magazine **Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine,** about which we told our readers in last week's ECK. The first number appeared in July, 1913. Unfortunately this little magazine which seemed to have begun so hopefully was destined to come to an early end. After the failure of this publication Weiser continued his activities as a successful newspaperman, now as co-editor of the Morning Call, later as a member of the editorial staff of the Allentown Record. He retired in 1923, but for a short time before his death his letters by Sim Schmalzgsicht written from Leder Eck Poshta once more appeared in the Allentown Morning Call.

The following letter consisting of a number of small stories and anecdotes under the general title "De Alte Zeiter," appeared in the Morning Call for October 27, 1924, hardly a week before Weiser's death and within all likelihood it was the last piece he wrote. However, it shows no decrease of his ability as an easy and spirited narrator in the dialect, and as such Charles W. Weiser will live in the memory of dialect fans — as long as there are any — chiefly of course for that rare venture, **Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine,** a magazine written entirely in the Pennsylvania German dialect.

(In the following letter the original spelling has been retained).

Leder Eck Poshta,
Oct. 26,1924
De Alter Tzeiter

We der Jess kenn lemons mae kot hut

We ich doh yetz gsawd hob, der alt Jess Schaffer hut als en schtore kot on der Sivvet un Hamilton schtrose, in Allentown, wu es Shankweiler un Lehr's schtore now schtae dutt. Der Nelson Weiser war sei Klarrik. Mohl ae orrier haeser dawg im summer hen dael foon der jokers in der schtadt ous gfoonер os der Jess ous lemons war un sie hen ous germacht en trick uff der Jess tzu schpeeler. We ich in me onner brief gsawd hab, de Jess war orrick excitable un es war easy sei "nanny" zu grieger un de boover hen gerplanned em Jess sei gaes tzu grieger.

Es is en kerl nei kummer un hut gerplaudert mit em Jess un em Nelson un noh hut er sei schnupduch rousgrickt un hut sei schtarn ob gerbutzd un hut gsawd:

"Whew, es is ovver haes! Ich denk ich nem dael lemons mit hame un luss de alt lemonade macher fer supper. Es it tzu haes fer koffee tzu soufer dorrich so'n hitz. Jess, we ferkawfsht du de lemons?"

"Ich bin orrik sorry," hut der Jess gsawd, "over mier sin gons ous lemons. Sie sin uff em waig foon Phildelfy un ich gook fer sie aller minnoot."

Noh is der Jess hinner in der schtore ganger un hut tzum finshter nous gergookd nivver nuch Salsbarrik. Seller mohl hut mer en glohrer view kot foon Salsbarrik un en Phildelfy waig wie de Sivvet Schtrose net so fiel uff gerbaud war.

"Ich kon ovver nuch ken sign saener foon der fuhr," hut der Jess gsawd.

"Well, ich kum schpaeder rei," hut der kerl gsawd, we er tzum Nelson gerwinkd hut.

Glei kumt nuch en Kerl un hut gsawd: "Jess, de alt will lemon kustard mache. Geb mer en dutzend lemons."

"Ich bin orrik sorry," hut der Jess gsawd, "ovver mer hen ken lemons. De fuhrer sin uff em waeg un sie kenne aenichie minnoot kummer."

Noh hut der Jess widder tzum finshter nous gergookd nivver gaeich Salsbarrik un hut der kupp gshiddeld un ebbes germummeld. Der Kerl hut aw ferschprucher schpaeder nei tzu kummer.

Der drid kerl is glei nei kummer un hut gfroagd fer lemons. Des ding hen sie uffghalder fer en longie tzeit. Es letsht is der Jess so ungeduldich warrer os er hinner ons finshter gschprunger is, hut nous gergookd un kumt widder fonner in der schtore un greischt:

"Nelson, grick der pencil un schreib "Feer fuhrer uff em waig foon Phildelfy un duch ken lemons."

Fer feel johrer war's en schprichwat in Allentown tzu sawger "Nelson, grick der pencil un schreib, Etc." Dael foon der alter Kerls doon de schtorie waeich em Jess sei lemons als nuch fertzaeler.

Es schtaener haus wu der Jess schtore drin kot hut is runner gerisser warrer about 1870. Aener Hiskey is um's laever kummer wie sie 's haus runner gerrisser hen. Der Reuben Shimer hut noh es gerbei wu now dot schtae dutt gerbaud. Shankweiler un Lehr's hen's de tzeit graeser germacht. De pusht offis war mohl in sellem gerbei un dot is wu der Globe schtore gschtardt is warrer by Clelland, Simpson un Taylor, wu foon Scranton kummer sin. De schtore schtub war in mer shape foon mer L un hot gfront uff der Hamilton un der Sivvet schtrose. Im eck war de Empire Bank freer gerwest un offices schpaeder.

Der Benchy laesd Lings-hendich

Der Benchy Hommerschteel kon net laeser ovver er macht als en bluff os won er kent. Der onner dawg hot er uff der porch foom waertshaus ghuckd un hut en tzeiting es unnersht evversht in der hond kot. Der Tom Oswald, der mayor foon der Jefferson schtrose, Allentown, war huvver on der alt Jud Schtrumpfoos ierer haus painter un hut am waertshaus gerboard. Er hut der Benchy gsaener mit der tzeiting es unnersht evversht in der hand. Noh secht der Tom:

"Bisht on der tzeiting laeser?" — "Yah," hut der Benchy gerontwart mitous uff gooker foon der tzeiting.

"Feel neichkaeter in der tzeiting?" hut der Tom gsawd.

"Plenty, un noh nuch," hut der Benchy gsawd.

"Ovver Benchy, du husht de tzeiting unnersht evversht," hut der Tom gsawd, we er gamaind hut, er wut em Benchy sei bluff roofer.

"Sell is oll recht," hut der Benchy gsawt, "sell is der waig os ich immer laiser du. Ich bin lings-hendich."

Hut de Kalline schlofer gfiled

Der Henry Bossam dutt so orrick schnorrikser. Sei frau, de Kalline, dutts ovver net meinde. In fakt, em Henry sei schnorrikser akt grawd uff sie we singes dutt tzu en kindt un sie schloafd glei drivver ei. De tseit os sie gheird sin war der Henny ken nacht foon hame bis doh jezt we er gertzugger is warrer fer uff de federal jury in Phildelfy. De aersht nacht os der Hennry foon hame war hut de Kalline net en wink gschlofer. De naegsht nacht war's same ding. Noh hut sie tzu ierer mawd, de Debby Schpeellumber gsawd:

"Debby, won des ding noch so fot macht ae nacht mae war ich narrish."

De Debby is en gscheid maedel un hut gsawd "Never mind, ich glawb os ichs fixer kon os du schlofer konsht de nacht."

We de Kalline ins bed gonger is, is de Debby mit nuff. Sie hut ebbes unnich em schatz kot. Noh secht sie:

"Now gae in's bed un brovveer tzu denker os der Henny daet dot leier un waer om schnorrikser."

De Kalline hut de awger tzu gedrickt un de Debby hut sich naevvich's bed uff der budda ghuckd. Glei hut's grawd germacht as won ebbes hot schnorrikser daet.

Ich daet meiner sex schwearer os der Henny waer im bed," hot de Kalline gsawd.

"Ruich, un halt de awger tzu," hut de Debby gsawd. De tzucht hot fot germacht un ivver dem hut de Kalline fesht gschlofer. Noh schtaed de Debby foom budda uff un drawgt en grossie file un hoof eiser nous. Aller ovet hut sie de Kalline schlofer gfiled.

Der Joe hut en hotter job

Der Professor Joe Held, der aegner foom gertrainder Hovver Lice Cirkus, wu aw en expert motorman is fer de Trakshan Kampny, hut en neier van. Er is now der chief engineer uff der Weiss Diamond Express os runner dutt foon Allentown nuch Slatington. Der Joe is en orrier singer un dutt de passengers entertainer mit seiner Caruso schtim. We er ovver uff der Slatington run kummer is hut er ous gfonner, os feel Welsher uff seller line runner doon un os es goot waer won er Welsh lanner daet fer sich solid tzu macher mit der Welsh passengers. No hut er awfanger Welsh lessons tzu nemmer. Es is en hotter job. Sex mohl hut er sei jaws shund ousnonner gschmisse, ovver er secht er daet tzu schticker bis er "De Schnitzelbonk" in Welsh singer kon.

Het mae chance im wasser

On der meeting foon der Haeser Uffer-League hut der Mose Biffel ger-argued os en Kerl wu nuff gae daet in mer aeroplane daet net mae chances nemmer os en kerl wu nei gaet schwimmer nemmer dutt.

"De Heck os er net dutt," hut der Yuni Naasblum gsawd.

"We machscht du sell ous?" hut der Mose gsawd.

"Ei," hut der Yuni gsawd, "Wann er kerl nei gaet schwimmer un es dutt ebbes happener tsu iem, gaet er dreimohl unner eb er dode gaet, ovver en kerl wu in en aeroplane gae dutt un es happend ebbes gaet yuscht ae mohl nunner, so hut der kerl im wasser drei chances tzu aens for der kerl in mer aeroplane."

Noch em general diskusshun hut's haus em Yuni recht gevver.

—SIM SCHMALSZSICHT

HALLOW-EVE

Hexe, Geischter un Katze,
So schwaz ass wie en Kohl!
Sie grinse raus an yedre Eck—
O mei! yuscht guck emool!

Sie kumme darch die Fenshter,
Sie rapple uff em Dach;
Sie baddre mich uff aller Seit—
Ich weess net was ich mach.

Sie schpringe, tschumpe, fliegge,
Sie schleiche ei un aus;
Es iss kee Schtubb wu sie net sin
Iwwerm ganse Haus.

Sie gleiche mich verschrecke,
Es macht ne viel Blessier;
Sie lache wann ich greische duh,
Sie hen gaar ken Manier.

Es sin yuscht Kinner ennihua,
Ich ken die alte Tricks!
Es macht ne Zeitverdreib,
Un schatt doch niemand nix.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
1862-134

SO SCHPRICH

's waar frieh im Schpotyaahr—
well, du weesscht,
Wann maryets Reife leit—
Do such ich's alt rot Unnerhemm
Un zieg mir's aa bei Zeit.

Noh kummt en Daag waar's aardlich waarm,
Un's hot mich gschwitzt wie Feier;
So hawwich gschwind mei ewwerscht Hemm
Abgschmisse in der Scheier.

Die Fraa saagt ass sie Zucker brauch,
Grumbeere aa, en Beck;
Ich loss mei Aerwet un mei Hemm
Un nemm der Paad zum Eck.

Fer naus geh noch em Schtor am Eck,
Em Weeg noh waar's zu weit;
So get ich iwwer die Felder zu
Un mach dann wennich Zeit.

Graad zu iwwer die Felder naus,
Ans Schmitte Scheier verbei;
Do kummt ihr Bull zum Falter raus
Un's scheint er wiedich sel.

Nau was der Bettel denkscht waer letz,
Ass der aagengt wie sell:
Hab rumgeguckt — yuscht fer'n Segund—
Noh kummt's mir ei — un schnell!

Mei Unnerhemm, 's waar rot—du Grund—
Was dutt mer in so'n Not?
"Geb immer uff dich selwer acht,"
Des iss en guter Rot.

Es hot mol eener zu mir gsaat:
"Dreffscht aa en wild Gedier,
Guck ihm graad in die Aagge nei,
Noh dutt er nix zu dir."

Ich hab's prowiert, 's hot nix gebatt,
Er kummt mir schtarrigger zu;
Do schafft mer sich dann aus em Weg—
Des hawwich gschwind geduh.

En Baam nuff — graad so gschwind ich kann,
Kummt ebbes zu mir datt:
"Music hath charms to soothe the beast,"
So laaft en alt Schprichwatt.

Druff zieg ich's Drumbel aus em Sack
Un schpiel mol wunners siess;
Es scheint des macht der Bull meh bees—
Er hackt Grund mit de Feiss.

Er halt mich datte uff em Baam,
Un weil ich kumm net bei,
Hen Nochbere mich alliwwer gsucht,
Un Nammidaags am drei

Mich gfunne endlich eff em Baam,
Der Bull vum Feld geyaagt;
Un was ich denk vun selle Schprich,
Hawwich dattt de Nochbere gsaagt.

Ich hoff deel vun de schmaute Kalls
So schlicke Sache saagge.
Mol selwer kummen in die Not,
En Bull prowiere yaagge.

Im Oktower 1932—RALPH S. FUNK

NOTE

In the ECK of last week we expressed the belief that Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine came to an end with the third number (September, 1913). Through the courtesy of Mrs. Harry Hess Reichard we have before us the fourth and last number. Its cover page has the imprint Vol. I—October-November 1913—No. 4. Mr. Weiser, in publishing this number to cover two months, must have sensed the early demise of his magazine, although he makes no announcement to his readers. In content and arrangement it is similar to the first three numbers. Familiar local characters appear. John Hittel is interviewed; Joe Hart appears in "de Pikter Gallery"; there is an anecdote about Brit Roth; and there are cartoons by Bill Steinke. It contains Chapter III of the narrative "Em Gnecht Sei Rewench. Udder. Waer Hut Limbarier Kase im Pap Sei Whiskers Gerdu? and promises "Als nuch mae es naegscht mohl." But with this number Sim Schmalzgsicht's Own Magazine vanishes from circulation. It was a courageous venture and a regrettable failure.

We also point out that the caption under the cut of the cover page of the magazine in last week's ECK should read "the third number" instead of "the first number."

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Editorials

38 Years of Armistice

Sunday will be Veterans Day. But, to a great many of us it continues to be known as Armistice Day.

Sentiment aside, it just may be that Armistice Day still is a more appropriate appellation.

The dictionary defines an "armistice" as "a brief cessation of arms, by convention; a temporary suspension of hostilities, by agreement; a truce."

Remember November 11, 1918? Can you recall that great day when a general armistice between the Allies and the Central Powers brought an ending to World War I? Certainly it will always be remembered by all who went thru the celebration and rejoicing that took place from early morn until night and then continued on to the dawn of another day.

V-E Day and V-J Day in 1945 weren't in it with that wonderful day when a world war came to an end. It was our first world war and we fondly believed our last.

The world had been made safe for democracy and except for some skirmishing among some benighted peoples in the far off corners of the earth, there was to be no more war.

But while the Allies were defeating the Kaiser, even Russia, dark, oppressed Russia, last European stronghold of monarchial oppression, had thrown over its Czars.

Peace had come into full flower.

Though monarchies had been wiped out or permitted to exist in name only, the world on that grand, jubilant day, did not reckon with the ambitions of men—men who rose through perversion of their power and again plunged the world into a holocaust of far, far greater proportions in 1939.

A second world war was battled and won. Then came the Korean invasion and United Nations intervention, followed by other warlike excursions in various parts of the world. Truly November 11, 1918, merely marked "a brief cessation of arms."

So, while the term "Veterans Day" takes cognizance of our gallant men in all military endeavors by our nation, the state of the world today is that of armed camps, of narrow lines and an uneasy truce between them. Wars have been fought but there has been no permanent settlement. There is nothing more or less than an Armistice that is being observed by some nations only because they have not considered it timely to break the truce.

God grant that free peoples everywhere may never cease to look ahead, to aspire everlastingly to that vision of the day when peace shall reign among men.

Then it will be, and not until then, that Armistice Day will be a misnomer. Then to the ranks of the veterans, whom we honor today, there will be no need for a single new recruit!

Verdict for St. Andrew's

After four years the most question as to responsibility for collapse of the bell-tower of St. Andrew E. and R. Church at 9th and Gordon Sts. has been tried before and decided by a jury.

Public sympathy thruout the four years undoubtedly has been with the congregation of the damaged church which faced extensive cost if the tower were to be replaced at the congregation's expense. However sympathy does not determine law in such matters. The issue had to be presented fairly and squarely to a jury of twelve "tried and true" persons. That jury yesterday afternoon returned with a verdict of $33,763 for the Church.

Thus the jury approved the congregation's contention that the City has a responsibility to keep its sewers and catch basins in good repair; that there had been public negligence in the discharge of such responsibility and because of such negligence damage had occurred to the church property and should be paid for by the City.

If this case follows precedent, appeal will likely be taken by the City. Losers in law suits are not wont to accept verdicts without protest but all losers start appeals "with two strikes against them" when verdict by a jury has to be contested.

Straws in the Wind

It must have been somewhat disturbing to our readers yesterday when they noted a dispatch out of Norfolk, Va., saying that the commander of the Atlantic Fleet has put the men on his more than two hundred warships on a 24-hour alert basis or what the Navy terms a "port and starboard watch."

Under such an order every ship's company is limited to liberty for no more than half its numbers at any one time. In other words, every crew must be ready for any emergency at any moment of the day or night.

Is another Pearl Harbor anticipated and is it being prepared against? Do some desperate men abroad feel they are like rats in a trap and that they can break out only by a supreme warlike act? And must our military forces be alert to such an act?

That such fear may be shared in other parts of the world may be indicated in a move by Iceland yesterday where the United States again loomed upon the Arctic horizon as a sun of bright hope instead of the black day that some of that nation's statesmen considered us only a few months ago.

Taking up the cry of politicians who sought popularity with the tawdry slogan "Yankees go home," there was some action that might have led to Iceland's denial of the use of air bases in her country by American forces.

Yesterday the entire complexion of things seemed to have changed in Iceland. The serious nature of events in Europe is causing a reappraisal of the value of continuing American air bases. Icelanders are not feeling comfortable. They observe that the Russians are crushing the Hungarians and are threatening to replace all satellite armies with Russian troops.

Nothing so menacing has occurred in Europe since Stalin's death. Certainly if Iceland knows a good thing when it sees it, American air forces will be encouraged not only to remain but to expand their numbers and striking power. There can be no telling when the necessity for action will arise.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

On his beautiful estate near Monte Carlo, Somerset Maugham, author of "Of Human Bondage" and many other best-sellers, is mourning the loss of 252 palm trees killed by the unprecedented cold of the 1955-56 winter.

"The cypresses could be straightened," he told us, "but 200 - year - old palm and olive trees are gone forever." There was a man working in the top branches of a tall tree while we watched. Suddenly he leaped several feet from the bough to the roof of the villa. "He gets 400 francs for that job," commented Maugham. "Maybe writers aren't so badly paid, after all."

Maugham added that from here on in he expects to devote himself principally to essays. "First," he said, "an author publishes for the money, of course. Later, if he's lucky, he can afford to do it for the prestige."

Mrs. McTavish, wed two years, recovered from a serious operation and her doctor said to her husband, "It's all the more remarkable because she really needed that surgery four years ago."

"Ah," beamed Mac, "in that case, I'll ask ye to send the bill to me father-in-law."

(Copyright 1956)

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE WORRIER

I'm sure we were meant to be
restless and fret
And worry a bit when we can't
meet a debt,
But to all who have trusted me,
day after day,
It is better to pay off than
laugh off, I say.

"Let the other man worry!"
I've heard some declare.
That is easy to do, but it's also
unfair.
So, give me the worrier who
can't forget
The doctor or merchant to
whom he's in debt.

It's all right to grin, if a grin
you have earned,
And a fellow may laugh when
his furrow is turned,
But still there are times when a
joke is unfit
And a fellow in trouble should
worry a bit.

(Copyright 1956)

'Whew!!!'



Conservative Voters

By DAVID LAWRENCE

The American people have again voted "conservative." They have given the executive branch of the government to a non-radical, conservative-minded Republican President and the Congress to a coalition of conservative-minded Republicans and Democrats. Incidentally Mr. Eisenhower describes himself as a "dynamic Conservative" — he certainly is not a radical.

The radical wing of the Democratic Party, on the other hand, has suffered its worst defeat since the New Deal was born in 1933.

The people — who have a habit of voting "against things" — cast their ballots against Adlai Stevenson, who made a campaign that completely fumbled the main issues. He centered his attack on a personal question — the life span of his opponent.



Lawrence

Mr. Stevenson publicly predicted that Eisenhower probably would die during his second term and that Nixon would become president. Thus, Mr. Stevenson, discussing what he called the "central truth" of the campaign, said in a nationwise telecast from Boston last Monday night:

"I must say bluntly that every piece of scientific evidence we have, every lesson of history and experience indicates that a Republican victory tomorrow would mean that Richard M. Nixon probably would be president of this country within the next four years."

Mr. Stevenson then assailed Vice President Nixon, as he did repeatedly in the campaign, as a man who couldn't be "trusted." The innuendo was resented by millions who knew that Mr. Eisenhower does trust the Vice President completely.

While minor spokesmen in past campaigns have made reckless statements, nothing in the history of American politics reveals anything in such bad taste and so ill-advised coming from the lips of a presidential candidate himself.

But the Democratic nominee's lack of good judgment was apparent on other phases of the campaign, too, throughout the critical weeks of October. He tried to scare the American people by alarming statements about the effects of "fallout" from hydrogen-bomb tests. He was willing to risk an end to H-bomb tests. He implied all sorts of things were happening already to milk being fed children or would happen to bone formations of children of the future — even though all this had been denied by competent scientists of the highest rank.

Many voters turned away from Stevenson in the critical weeks of October. They were indignant over the attacks made by Adlai Stevenson against Dwight Eisenhower as a man who allegedly had been — even before his illness — a "part-time President."

An examination of of the election returns in many states shows that, where Ike increased his majority, the total vote in many states didn't go up much. Yet the switch from Stevenson was very large indeed. Many people just didn't like Stevenson's attack on a popular idol — a man whom they trusted and believed to be honest and one who had served his country too long to shirk his duty when elected President of the United States.

The international crisis, of course, helped to re-elect the President, but long before the Egypt-Israel war broke out, the public-opinion polls showed Ike running far ahead of Stevenson, anyway. The American people just didn't want a change. They were, generally speaking, satisfied with economic conditions and the incumbent administration's policies.

As for Congress, it is being said now that the Democrats are the "majority party" because they won control of both houses — even though by a narrow margin. But it is also a fact that in the districts and states in the north where there were candidates of both parties in the field, the Republicans won more of the contests than did the Democrats.

Thus, there were 79 seats in the House — mostly in the south — won under the Democratic label in districts where there was no Republican party opposition. There were five Republican seats not contested this year. Leaving out these uncontested seats, the Republicans won 197 seats and the Democrats 154.

Also, outside of the south, the Republicans won 17 and the Democrats 12 seats in the Senate. There were six "unopposed" seats in the south where the Republicans made no contest. These facts disprove the claim that the Republicans are a minority party in the north today.

The mixed results in the congressional election shows it to have been fought out on local issues and to have been decided on the basis of the popularity or unpopularity of local candidates and on the influence of local conditions. The incumbents — the veterans in campaigning — did better generally than did the challengers.

So divided government — irresponsible government — continues. The partisan fight continues, too. The Democrats in the main will not cooperate with the President to pass any measures except those demanded by a nationwide public opinion. This means that, on many important but less understood issues, the Democrats will block any legislation that can help the Republicans — just as has been the case the last two years.

The campaign between the parties, therefore, goes on, and a responsible system of government—a parliamentary system that is more suitable to America in an atomic age than the present horse - and - buggy model — is still far from being considered. One of these days an international crisis will reveal the shocking need of a Congress and presidency in a single party responsible together to the people and removable only in elections held when the people want them held.

(Copyright, 1956)

Boasting Public

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

While visiting the State University of Iowa recently, I noticed that the Iowa license plates this year seemed curiously denuded. What was missing was the familiar legend under the numbers: "The Corn State."

I asked my host about this, and he said, "We finally got rid of it — too many people were kidding us about it when we drove out-of-state, and anyway Iowa's distinguished for a lot of other things besides corn."

This struck me as a most encouraging reversal of the current trend toward self-advertisement on the part of communities and states, and perhaps the beginning of a wholesale rebellion by the people against carrying these silly slogans on their auto plates.

About half the states have gone in for this vehicular boasting — "America's Dairyland," "The Wheat State," "The Treasure State," and similar nonsense — culminating in my own state's nostalgic legend, "Land of Lincoln."

When the slogan was adopted, not many years ago, a member of my family suggested that in view of Illinois' flat terrain and monotonous vistas, a more appropriate motto might be "America's Scenic Wasteland."

It is psychologically odd that while we consider it extremely bad form to brag as individuals, we see nothing wrong with collective bragging by regional or cultural or corporate groups.

No man would call himself "the greatest little citizen in the world," but dozens of self-assertive towns advertise themselves as "the greatest little city in the world."

Now, I happen to like living in Illinois, and it doesn't matter one whit to me that our scenery is uninspiring, that we have fewer lakes than Minnesota, fewer cows than Wisconsin, less corn than Iowa, less wheat than Kansas, or less alfalfa than Nebraska.

Nor does the fact that Lincoln spent a few years of his youth in Illinois have any significance one way or t'other. So did Al Capone. What we like about a community or a region are the people we know, not the trees or the rivers or the crops or the figures in history books.

Loyalty is a sense of belonging — not to the "biggest" or the "most" or the "best," but to a group we feel at home with. When a man feels the need to boast about his community — as when he publicly brags about his wife or his home — we have a right to suspect he does not quite believe it himself.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

Your business should prosper in the next year, but you may encounter some passing disagreements, so be on your guard, using goodwill to overcome any obstacles. A fine, strong character is likely to develop in the child born today.

The name "gopher" is a corruption of the French word "gauffre," a honeycomb, applied by the French settlers in America to burrowing animals which "honeycomb" the sail.

The tobacco plant was taken to Europe in 1558 by Francisco Fernandes, who had been sent by Spain to investigate the products of Mexico.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Habakkuk 2:4.

Today is the four hundred and seventy third anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. In the years 1927 and 1930 I had the privilege of visiting the various cities of Germany in which he worked; Eisleben, where he was born and where he died; Wittenberg, where he preached, taught, and was buried; Eisenach, and the Wartburg Castle where he translated the New Testament into German; and Worms, the scene of his trial and the site of a majestic monument of Luther and his helpers. In 1930 I had the unusual privilege of attending a municipal celebration of the 400th anniversary of the adoption of the Augsburg Confession. The coming of our (Missouri Lutheran) tourist party was well advertised, so that in every city we were welcomed, and had a church service, which always included the singing of Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott (A mighty fortress is our God). Let me call attention to the Reformation slogan: 'The just shall live by his faith,' as found originally in Habakkuk 2:4, and repeated in Romans 1:17, Galatians 3:11, and in Hebrews 10:38. For its meaning, read John 3:36, and read all of these passages.



THE VACILLATION OF BENJAMIN GAUMER

by ELSIE SINGMASTER

"WHEN I wass young—"

"Dat wass a good many years back, Sarah," interrupted old Peter Gaumer, ungallantly.

"When I wass young," Sarah Arndt went on, — "and dat was n't so many years back as when you wass young, Pit Gaumer, — de girls had more spunk as dey haf nowadays. Nobody would 'a' taken it from a feller dat he went on Saturday wis one girl and de next wis anoder girl."

Perhaps de girls wass more anxious to get de fellers den as dey are now," said Peter, slyly.

"Nosing of de kind," old Sarah answered sharply. "It wass dat dey had more spunk."

"Well, who has n't now no spunk?" queried Peter, balancing a little more comfortably on the hind legs of his chair as he leaned against the tree in front of the Fackenthals' house. "Sit once down on de bench, Sarah, an' tell us from dese girls what haf n't no spunk."

Sarah sat down on the wide bench. She was a little old woman with sharp black eyes, which peered forth uncannily from under her black silk sunbonnet.

"Why, it iss Chofina Neuweiler and Mary Kuhns what are me too soft. Benj Gaumer he—"

"Now look a little out, Sarah! Benj iss my nephew."

"I don't care what he iss. He goes wis bos de girls."

"Well, I gif him right. Two girls are for sure better dan one, Sarah."

"Well, I sink it iss a sin an' a shame. When I wass Mary, I srow him ofer, or make him pretty quick srow Chofina ofer; or when I wass Chofina, I do de same sing. He would n't go twice wis anoder girl when he had once started to keep company wis me, dat I can tell you! We will easy see which one has de most spunk."

"Perhaps he don't know yet for sure which one he wants."

"Den I gif him notice he must pretty quick find out, dat iss what I would do." Old Sarah rose with a nimbleness which belied her seventy-five years, and went briskly away, and Peter gazed meditatively up the street to where, on the Neuweilers' door-step, sat Jovina, the daughter of the house, with his nephew, Benjamin Gaumer, by her side.

"Benjamin was in reality the most miserable young man in the Pennsylvania German village of Millerstown; for Benjamin halted between two opinions, or, to speak more correctly, between two girls, and though most of his waking thoughts for a year had been devoted to an effort to decide between them, he seemed to grow each day farther from a solution of the difficulty.

Mary Kuhns was the prettier of the two. She was short and plump, with light, fluffy hair, blue eyes, and a skin which no amount of exposure to the wind or sun could harm. Her voice, as Benjamin often said to himself, was "like old man Fackenthal's pigeons what coo so pretty." The women, alas! called her "flirty," which, translated into the masculine vocabulary, meant that direct glances were not the only method by which Mary beheld her fellow-man. She was so short that she could stand under Benjamin's outstretched arm, and he often remembered with delight how she fled to him for protection when Weygandt's old mooly looked at her in the lane. He had encouraged her with shameless deceit to think the mild beast dangerous, and she clung to him helplessly. Fortunately, he was not at hand the next day to see her walk through Weygandt's meadow, where there were thirty cattle, and switch them, even savage old Tom, with a willow switch as she passed.

There were times when Benjamin was positive that Mary was his choice. Then he grew hot with jealousy of John Weimer and Jimmie Weygandt, to whom she freely dispensed her favors, and he made up his mind that, before another day passed, Mary should be his. But — and in this hesitation lay his undoing — before he decided finally, it would be well to see Jovina once more.

Jovina was not pretty, except for her dark eyes. She was tall and spare and sallow, and her hair was a dull brown. Jovina, however, could cook, and for that reason her popularity was equal to Mary's. Plain cooking is not counted much of an accomplishment in Millerstown, for every woman is a good plain cook. There were a few, however — Jovina, Savilla Arndt, and Linnie Kurtz, — in whose skillful hands cooking had become a fine art, and Jovina perhaps excelled all the others.

"Chofina can bake sirty-sefen kinds cake," her mother claimed proudly. "And she need n't look once in de receipt-book. She can make, of course, pancakes an' funnel-cakes an' **schwingfelders** an' waffles, besides. De sirty-sefen means fancy cakes."

Besides this, Jovina could make yeast-beer and root-beer and half a dozen fruit-vinegars. Her chicken and waffles, her **schnitz un knepp**, her **latwerk** (apple-butter), were the envy of all the other women. Her soap was always the whitest, her dried peaches and corn were the most tasteful, her liver-pudding, sausage, and **pannhaas** (scrapple), the best in the village. Was it any wonder that the delicious flavors of the products of her skillful hands veiled for a while Mary Kuhns's saucy face and dimmed the tender glances of her blue eyes?

Had Benjamin been more sophisticated, he might have ascribed the duality of his love-affairs to the naturally polygamous instincts of man. So advanced a theory, however, had not yet become part of Millerstown's ethics. Each man was expected to love, cherish, and, in many cases, obey one woman, be she sweetheart or wife. Girls were allowed, on account of their natural fickleness, to change their minds. Any masculine wanderings from the narrow path of single - hearted devotion, however, were considered evidences of woeful weakness of character. Hence Benjamin, who had once shared Millerstown's old - fashioned opinions, and who had no new theories with which to console himself for his inconstancy, was thoroughly miserable.

"It iss n't any oder way about it," he would say despairingly to himself. "I must pretty soon decide. When I don't, den John Weimer or Jimmie Weygandt will perhaps get her. But perhaps it iss n't **her** what I want, but Chofina. An' den when it **iss** Chofina, she iss pretty spunky, an' perhaps she won't haf me when I put it much longer off."

As he ate Jovina's crullers and molasses-cake, he looked with eager anticipation down a long line of years during which crullers and "fine-cake" should be his daily fare. When he had thoroughly satisfied his hunger, he decided to ask her to be his. Then, as he ate still more, he began to think that perhaps he had better see Mary once again before taking so irrevocable a step. Mary's eyes were so blue, and there was such an alluring dimple in her chin! Mary was always so sweet-tempered, and Jovina — well, Jovina had a mind of her own.

Ten minutes on the Kuhns's dim, vine-shaded porch with Mary by his side convinced him that it was not Jovina that he wanted at all. Poor, desolate Jovina, she would probably be heartbroken when she heard he was to marry Mary, but that, of course, could not be helped.

In another ten minutes he had again changed his mind; for Mary gave him a piece of chocolate-cake, "which I myself baked," she explained. Now Mary's was the exception which proved the rule of Millerstown's good cooking. Even everyday necessities, such as pie, bread, and fried potatoes, grew into strange things in her hands. When she attempted anything as ambitious as chocolate-cake, the result was sad to behold and worse to taste. At the first bite, Banjamin's lips puckered over a huge lump of baking-soda, and he said fervently to himself: **"Nee, bei meiner Seele! Des du ich net!"** (No, by my soul! This I will not do!") Again the star of Jovina was in the ascendant. Should he ever get the taste of that soda out of his mouth? Certain delicious crullers suggested themselves as an antidote, and firmly convinced that "good cooking iss more dan good looks, for cooking lasts, and looks don't," he determined to seek Jovina the next day and offer her his heart and hand.

Jovina, however, to whose ears had penetrated some gossip concerning her willingness to share the attentions of her lover with another, was, naturally enough, in a bad humor, and the sharpness of her voice and the angry flash in her black eyes reminded Benjamin by force of contrast of another voice which was always soft, and other eyes in which he never saw aught but tenderness. Mary Kuhns was the girl who should be the future Mrs. Benjamin Gaumer. Mary, however, again fed him cake, with results disastrous to her prospects.

Thus it went on all the long summer. Millerstown did not for a moment appreciate Benjamin's situation, and undertook to tell the girls plainly what it thought. For its pains it got only a laugh from Mary and a scathing "It would be a fine sing for Millerstown when de folks would learn once to mind their own business," from Jovina. Evidently the girls did not purpose to take any one into their confidence. No one thought of admonishing Benjamin. He had always been too ready with his fists to make that an inviting task.

The girls, meanwhile, who lived near each other on Church street, continued to be good friends.

Then one day Mary, coming out of Jovina's gate, met Sarah Arndt. The old woman greeted her with a sly smile.

"Well," she began, "did n't she do you nosing?"

"Who?" Mary asked in frank amazement.

"Ay, Chofina."

"Why, of course not. Why should Chofina do me anysing?"

The old woman laughed shrilly.

"Sure enough! You need n't act as when you didn't know what she said from you and Benj."

"From me and Benj?" A faint color began to show on Mary's cheek.

"Yes. She said dat you wass trying to get Benj Gaumer away from her, and dat she would settle you once."

"What will she do?" Mary spoke in haste.

"I don't know; but you better look a little out."

"I guess I can take care of myself; you can tell her dat once." Mary slammed her own gate defiantly.

That evening old Sarah stopped for a moment at the Neuweilers' to tell Jovina's mother that Mary said that she "would 'a' srown Benj long ago ofer, only she liked to tease Chofina." Both Jovina and Mary might have known better than to believe Sarah's tales, but the subject of their common lover had, through long teasing, become a sore point. So Mary walked by Jovina one day on the street without speaking to her, only to realize a second later that her trouble was unnecessary, as Jovina had turned her head the other way. After this there was openly declared rivalry between them for Benjamin's attentions. Whether they wanted his love was another question. Mary was just as cordial to John Weimer and Jimmie Weygandt as she was to Benj, and whether Jovina would ever really accept him was doubtful.

"Perhaps he gets after all left," said old Sarah. "Perhaps Mary will take one of de oders, and perhaps Chofina will at last get her spunk up and not haf him. When I wass young, girls had more spunk, dat iss what dey had. No man could fool so long round and yet mean nosing by it."

Meanwhile poor Benjamin grew more puz zled as each day went by. Mary's smiles seemed to grow more winning and her eyes deeper, and Jovina's "fine-cakes" lighter and more delicious. Then suddenly, almost without realizing it, he was engaged.

One Sunday evening he went to see Jovina, assuring himself, as he walked up Church Street, that Jovina was the girl for him. His last call on Mary had not been very satisfactory. She had seemed less confiding, less sweet than usual, and had several times spoken harshly to him.

"She has also a temper," he said to himself. "I sink I take de cooking."

To be continued

NOTE

We are privileged to reprint one of Elsie Singmaster's earliest and most popular stories. "The Vacillation of Benjamin Gaumer" was published in the Century Magazine for March, 1906. Since our reprint must appear serially, the readers may wish to keep the next issues of the ECK until the completion of the story. It is reprinted here by courtesy of the author and Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

IN HARREBSCHT

Die Bledder falle sachte
Un leise ass wie der Schnee;
Sie glense rot un brau un geel,
Un alles guckt so schee.

'S iss yeder Busch en Gaarde,
Un yeder Baam en Blumm,
Un hinne draa die Barye bloo

Schtehn wie Soldaade schtumm.
Draa denke macht mich draurich,
Die Yaahre gehn dohie
Yuscht wie Bledder vun de Beem,
Un niemand hinnert sie.

Mer kennt die Yaahre farwe
Yuscht wie die Bledder schee
Mit gude Daade dass mer daet,
Dass Mensche kennte seh.

Noh waer des Mensche-lewe
Anschtatt en Schand en Pracht,
Un die Yaahre daede falle
Wie der Schnee so sanft un sacht.

—Louise A. Weitzel
(1862 - 1934)

FLIEGENDE BLEDDER

Es dutt net yuscht reife wann der Harrebscht moll do is, awer es gebt en lot anner Sache fer weise ass es nimmi lang geht bis der Winter do iss. Do sin deel Schae ass mir erfaahre um die Yaahreszeit.

Die Veggel griegge sich reddi fer noch de South fliege. Sie kumme zamme in grosse Truppe. Mer sehnt sie fliegge, ebmols so viel ass mer die Sunn schier nimmi sehnt. Sie kumme runner in de Felder fer zu fresse. Oweds schlofe sie uff unsere Schaddebeem. Un was sie duhne zu unsere Autos iss en Sind un en Schand.

Wie wisse die Veggel wu sie hie welle iwwer der Winter? Wie finne sie ihre Weg an der neemlich Blatz alle Harrebscht? Un wie finne sie der Weeg widder zerick zu uns? Ich weess des net. Ich glaab net ass ebber 's weess. Ich glaab ass der lieb Gott denne Veggel der Weg weist, iwwers Land un iwwer der See. Awwer wie kann en kleener Voggel so weit fliegge? Gott allee weess des. Es Schnarr-veggli iss es klenscht Veggli ass iss. Mir saagge in Englisch "humming bird." So en klee Gedier wiegt net iwwer paar ounce. Sie gehne noch Sid Amerika. Un anschtatts iwwers Land fliegge, nemme sie der graad Weg iwwer der Gulf of Mexico, 1800 Meil unne gschtoppt.

Awwer es Schenscht ass mer sehne kann alleweil iss die Bledder im Busch mit ihre viele Farrewe. Deel sin feierrot, deel hell geel un en lot sin dunkel brau. Wie sie so warre kann mer net verschteh.

Die Saft geht aus de Bledder un sie warre los uff em Baam. Iwwerdem losse sie geh, noh sin's "fliegende Bledder." Deel Leit reche sie uff un verbrenne sie. Mer soll sell net duh in der Schtadt. Deel duhne sie uff Heife hinne im Hof, un duhne bissel Grund druff. Bis neegscht Firehyaahr sin sie dann zamme gfault. Sell gebt guder Mischt.

Ya, die Bledder sin am Fliegge. Mir eldere Leit verschtehne sell. Mir kenne nimmi zu lang am Lewensbaam henke. Iwwerdem sin mir aa "fliegende Bledder."

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Big Fellow Gets Off Easy

Remembering the bluff by which President Nasser of Egypt evidently thought he could get the Aswan Dam built with Western money and technical help, all the while that he was receiving hundreds of millions of dollars worth of arms from Russia instead of practical help, readers of the many statements from various parts of the world about Russian "volunteers" for service in Egypt may be prompted to believe that this will turn out to be another bluff.

It will have been noted that the threats of volunteer help generally came from minor officials and oftener than not out of foreign embassies, far removed from both Russia and Egypt. Thus they may have been "trial balloons" sent out by the big fellows but attributed for purposes of possible retreat to a "high official", an "official spokesman" or some other masquerader.

So if some of the positive statements by President Eisenhower, made directly by him and not by "a White House spokesman," have brought pause to Red plans for making Egypt another Korea, the whole thing can be shrugged off by the Reds as entirely a myth from the very beginning.

Dangers in the Near and Middle East are far from dispelled however, even tho a pitiable police force of a few hundred men, recruited from some of the smaller nations, has arrived in Egypt. It is merely a token force, but that token fortunately is the evidence of world opinion which can and should be a force mightier than all the Armies of the world.

That force has yet to prove itself. In recent days Israel has reported raids by Egyptian commando troops who sneaked out of Egypt and now are operating from inside Jordan on Israel's eastern boundary. Nightly these fedayeen make raids destructive to life and property. Thus there is continuation of the aggravations — the "aggressions" as President David Ben Gurion properly termed them in his "Person to Person" interview with Ed Murrow early in the week. Not a voice has been raised in the U.N. over these raids.

Furthermore, not one evidence of United Nations reproof for Russia and protection for Hungary has been given in Eastern Europe.

It was easy and it seemed brave for U.N. to censure little Israel, and to implement the censure with the dispatch of troops. It is not so convenient for the U.N. to implement censure for Russia by sending troops to Hungary. U.N. bravery failed there. In that land a brave people continue their opposition in spirit if not in overt acts to the heavy hand of the robbers who have fattened upon their toil for a decade as overlords have kept them under the iron heel.

The cries of Hungary to the world have not yet penetrated the Iron Curtain in the hearts of her oppressors. The world has stood idly by while a patriotic, freedom-loving people has decided in the words of Victor Hugo that "If we must suffer, let us suffer nobly."

A Beautiful Phenomenon

One of the prettiest and usually very satisfactory astronomical phenomenon is that of a total eclipse of the moon. With weather favoring, our people who are abroad during tonight's midnight hour will witness this phenomenon, the only one visible in this part of the world in 1956.

The moon will be full. In fact, total eclipse can occur only during that phase of the earth's satellite. Beginning at 11 o'clock tonight, when the moon enters the outer shadow of the earth, there will be steady darkening of the brilliant moon's surface until totality is reached at 1:08 a.m. This will continue for a little over an hour and a quarter, after which there will be recession of the shadow and return of the moon's full light at 4:35 a.m.

William Engle, science editor of American Weekly, has poetically termed such a total eclipse "a piece of magic in the sky." And he has given some scientific facts that will be interesting to the laity. Thus he points out that, since there is no reflected heat in moonlight, you won't notice any temperature drop during the eclipse. But if you were on the moon, you would put on a wrap or two. The moon's temperature, when full sunlight falls on it, is 215 degrees Fahrenheit. During an eclipse the temperature plummets as much as 270 degrees.

From the moon, if you were there during an eclipse, you would see the earth gradually become a solid black ball, or circle, with a bright halo around it. The halo would be sunlight on the earth's blanket of atmosphere. You see no halo around the moon when you look at it from the earth during an eclipse because the moon has no atmosphere, no air, or at least so very little that our finest instruments can't prove that any exists.

It has no water, either. Its rocky surface holds no moisture. It is really a desolate orb.

So if you are like most others you'll forget its real characteristics. You'll be glad after the eclipse to see it merely as it seems to be: A piece of magic in the sky.

Spinsterhood Their Destiny

It may not be a fact conspicuous in any of the smaller communities of the nation, but in the national aggregate it is an important fact that the number of women has been increasing so rapidly that there now are 1,400,000 more women in our population than men.

Most of this big difference has come about in the past five years. It is being increased in the women's favor (or should it be termed disfavor?) at a rate of nearly 140,000 a year.

What are the causes for this condition in a country where annually the figures for male births far exceed those of girl babies?

The Census Bureau answers with some other statistics, such as the higher death rate among men and a decrease in our immigration accretions. These for years were largely made up of fortune-seeking males.

It is obvious that the destiny of spinsterhood lies ahead for an increasing number of young women. And it might be observed that Leap Year is rapidly nearing its end. With it — tradiational feminine privileges will be suspended for the next four years.

A Voice in the Wilderness

It did not make the headlines on busy Election Day 10 days ago, but Sen. Knowland had his answer to Soviet Russia's brutal treatment of Hungary. A lot of people will agree with him that the situation calls for (1) worldwide condemnation of Soviet Russia as an aggressor; (2), expulsion of the Soviet Union from the United Nations; (3) application of economic sanctions against the Soviet Union and its allies; (4) withdrawal of diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union, and (5) organization of an international, military, volunteer "crusade for freedom," dedicated to driving the troops of the Soviet Union from Hungary.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

IT ISN'T SO EASY

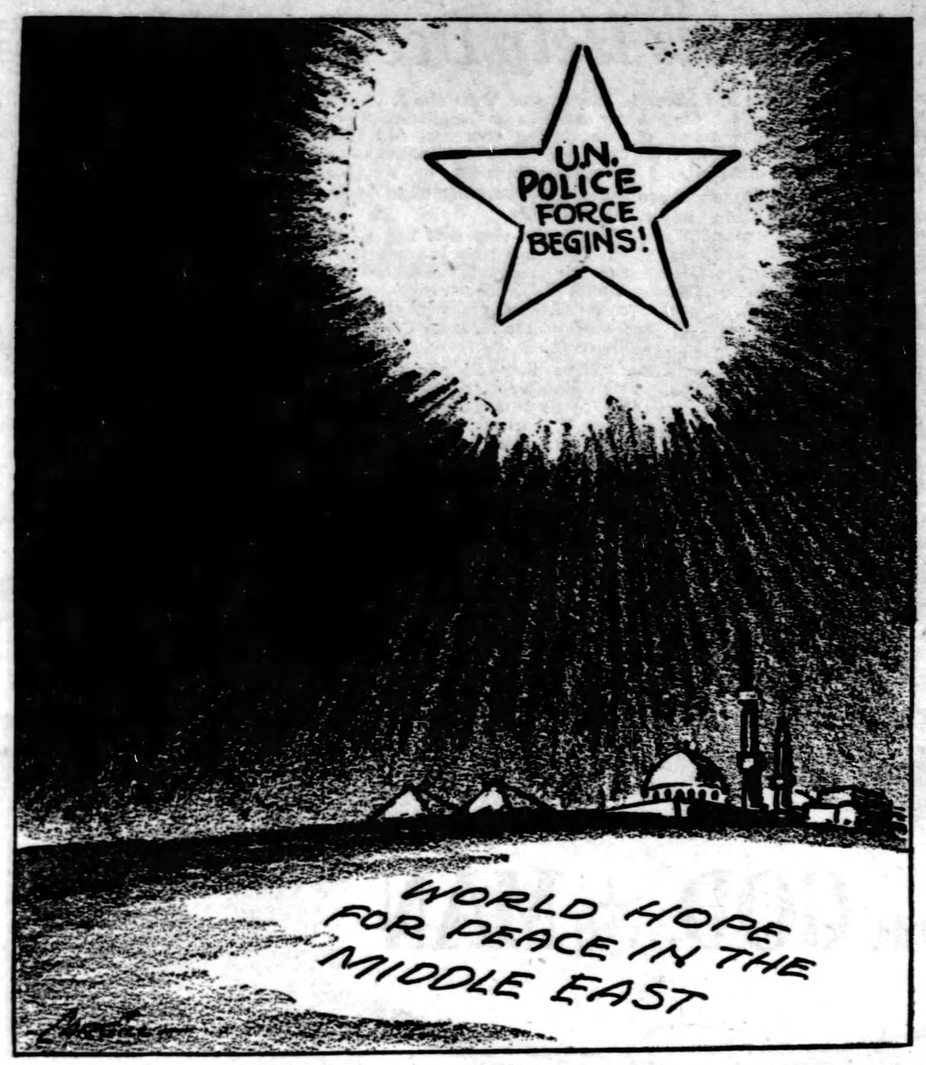
It isn't so easy to smile
When troubles are heaped on your back,
When you are depressed all the while
And all of your future looks black.
It isn't so easy to grin
When you struggle along in despair,
But the things that are easy to win
Don't call for much fortitude rare.

And the things that are easy to do
Aren't worth very much after all.
It's the man who can smile when he's blue,
Who can grin when he's had a bad fall,
Who can give blow for blow with a smile
That the world cannot always keep down;
It's the difficult thing that's worth while.
That's why we don't value a frown.

It isn't so easy to smile
When troubles are coming your way,
But you'll find that the effort's worth while;
A stout heart will laught at dismay
It isn't so easy to grin
When you find that your plans have gone wrong,
But the man who can do it will win.
He cannot be hindered for long.

(Copyright 1956)

I Wish I May, I Wish I Might—!



Reds Need Watching

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The President's statement about Russian "volunteers" in Egypt cannot fairly or reasonably be interpreted as an attempt to avoid American responsibility and to pass the buck to the United Nations. There are no doubt men in Washington who would like to do just that. But it could not be done in this case even if we wanted to do it. For if the U.N. allows a force of Russian volunteers to be organized in Egypt and Syria, it will be a disastrous blow to the United States. But it would be a fatal blow to the United Nations.

So we must read the President's statement as a call upon the United Nations to seize the problem which has been brought into the open by Egyptian and Russian declarations about volunteers. What would be the position of the U.N. if, after demanding Russian withdrawal from Hungary and British and French withdrawal from Egypt, it allowed a Russian army to enter Egypt and Syria? The President is entitled to say that he is going to work through the U.N. because he has a right to insist that the issue is one which the U.N. cannot evade.



Lippmann

It goes without saying that the trained military personnel that Nasser and the Soviet government have been talking about are not in any true sense of the word volunteers. They could not be recruited, equipped, and transported to Egypt except by the Soviet government. It is inconceivable that the Soviet government would not have the final say as to how, where, and when they were to be used. There can be no doubt that, once established in the Middle East, this Russian force would have the power to make and to unmake the Arab governments, and thus to dominate the whole region.

The question is not one which can be disposed of by resolutions which do no more than to express an opinion. The question is whether, Great Britain and French having withdrawn from Egypt, the U.N. will permit Russia to enter Egypt.

The latest reports available as this is written suggest that both in Cairo and in Moscow there is a disposition not to plunge ahead with the volunteer business. The President's first warning must surely have had something to do with this. Moreover, as the withdrawal of the Anglo-French forces is assured, there is no reason which the Soviet government can publicly avow to justify the sending in of its own so-called volunteers.

This is a very considerable gain. But we have no right to suppose that the Soviet government is, therefore, giving up the idea of creating a Soviet military force in the heart of the Middle East. There is much credible evidence, uncovered through the capture of Egyptian documents and an examination of the captured Russian munitions in Egypt, to indicate a strong probability that a Russian military base is being prepared. The evidence indicates that military supplies have been shipped into Egypt to await the later arrival of the volunteers, that is to say of the Soviet personnel.

For the moment it may be that the occasion has passed when the Soviet government will move a great mass of volunteers into Egypt. But the world must reckon with the probability that such personnel will be coming, nevertheless, coming quietly and in small numbers over a period of time.

This means that the United Nations police force has a long tour of duty ahead of it. It will have to do more than to supervise the British, French and Israeli withdrawal. It will have to do more than to deal with the Arab-Israeli border problems.

There is a great vacuum of power in the Middle East which was created by the original withdrawal of the British from Suez in 1954. Nasser has tried to fill that vacuum. But Nasser's Egypt is not a great power, and Nasser's role in the history of the Middle East has not been to create the Pan-Arab empire he talks about. His role has been to open the door of the Middle East to the Russian empire.

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

Co-operation with those with whom you come in contact will make your business successful during the year ahead. Today's child may be devoted to the performance of duty.

For Sunday, Nov. 18—A year of steady progress is indicated. Today's child may be artistic.

A survey shows that the average American girl of 20 years has had at least five blind dates.

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An elderly couple from Philadelphia chose the Ile de France for their Eastward crossing of the Atlantic last summer. Both of them were exhausted and determined to have a solid night's rest on their first night at sea, so each took a potent sleeping pill and hit the sack. It was late the following morning when they woke up and summoned the room steward to fetch them breakfast.

He was a long, long, time answering the bell. "None of us slept a wink all night, of course," he explained to the bewildered couple. "Everything is a bit disorganized this morning. We will dock in New York at 4:30 this afternoon."

When he left the cabin, the wife exclaimed, "I'll not put up with that sort of thing all the way to Southampton! You just get dressed and make the purser give us a new steward!"

The husband dutifully toddled off to the purser — and that's when he found out that the Ile de France had rescued over 800 survivors from the ill - fated Andrea Doria and was indeed steaming post-haste back to New York.

Old man Crowther pulled at the coat lapel of the owner of the crossroads store and cackled into his ear, "I'm not allowed to talk tonight, Ed. Doctor's orders. He says this hoarseness can get real serious if I aggravate it. Don't say a word to anyone, he warns me. So I aim to do just exactly what he says. Danged if I want to lose my voice for keeps. So if you'll just bring out a sheet of paper and a pencil, Ed, I reckon I'll write down what I want to buy and you can get it for me just as easy as if I come in here and spent five minutes describing it to you."

The owner of the store provided the paper and pencil and Old Man Crowther carefully wrote out "one can of terbaccy."

A banker in Phoenix, Arizona, read a number of surveys, all of which indicated that women control the greater part of the nation's wealth. "Apparently," he commented, "the hands that rock the cradle also cradle the rocks."

(Copyright 1956)

Respect First

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Any country that can make Elvis Presley a millionaire in one year (as reported recently in a trade magazine) has too high a standard of living.

Three words most commonly mispronounced — even by educated persons — are "formidable," "lamentable," and "conversant," all of which should be accented on the first syllable.

Our efforts to win friends abroad by foreign aid will continue to prove futile until we learn that the under-privileged nations want respect first, and material help only second; the latter without the former merely provokes resentment.

Speaking of foreign lands, one of the best of the new LP records is "An Actor's Holiday," in which the enormously gifted Theodore Bikel sings folk-songs from ten countries — including a couple of devastating satires on folk-singers.

Each decade, fewer and fewer doctors are willing to make house calls; pretty soon it won't be safe to get sick anywhere but in the hospital.

The recent spate of books on the late Bernard Shaw reminds me of what an eminent music critic said when an ambitious young composer brought him an "Elegy on the Death of Beethoven." He shrugged, "It's not bad — but think how much better it would have been if you had died and Beethoven had written the Elegy."

The man who says "I am only hurting myself" when he does something contrary to law and reason forgets that society sits in a big boat, and the passenger who drills a hole under his own seat is letting water into the whole boat.

Does anyone remember who made the trenchant observation that the difference between genius and talent is that talent gets paid for it?

It's false politeness for a man in the front of an elevator to stand aside and let out the women from the back, when he could expedite the crush simply by getting out first himself.

The children of the rich get bored and rebellious because they have too many activities, and the children of the poor get bored and rebellious because they have too few activities — in both cases the parents fail to provide a proper balance between recreation and repose.

(Copyright, 1956)

Today's Text

DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Jude 9.

There is in this verse a strange statement about the archangel Michael, contending with the devil about the body of Moses. About this, much has been written, but there is very little agreement as to what it refers to. It is possible that it refers to the time when, according to verse 6 of the last chapter of Deuteronomy which we read last Thursday, Moses died on the Mount Nebo and was buried there in a valley without any one knowing the location of his grave. It is natural that one should ask why this should have been thus ordained. Satan appears to have laid claim to the body of Moses, for he could have exhibited the body as a 'relic,' and thus impose a system of idolatry upon Israel. But Michael, chief of the good angels, contended with the devil, disputed about the body of Moses, and thus succeeded in preventing Satan, chief of the evil angels, from getting possession of Moses' body. Among many explanations, Josephus, the Jewish historian, states that 'God hid the body of Moses, lest, if it had been exposed to view, it would have been made an idol of'.



THE VACILLATION OF BENJAMIN GAUMER

by ELSIE SINGMASTER

Continued

THE STORY THUS FAR: Benjamin Gaumer is the most miserable young man in Millerstown (present-day Macungie) and all because he cannot choose between Jovina Neuweiler and Mary Kuhns. Such duality in love-affairs was not a part of the Millerstown ethics and the gossips were busy. Mary Kuhns was the prettier of the two. She was short and plump with light hair, blue eyes and a voice so gentle "like old man Fackenthal's pigeons what coo so pretty." Indeed there were times when Benj was positive that Mary was his choice. But before he decided finally he wanted to see Jovina Neuweiler once more. Now Jovina was not really pretty, except for her dark eyes. But could she cook! Of course every girl in Millerstown could do plain cooking, but "Chofina" could bake thirty-seven kinds of cake, and that meant fancy cake, without even looking in the "receipt-book." And as Benj ate of Jovina's crullers and molasses cake he looked with eager anticipation down the future years. But Mary's eyes were so blue and ten minutes on the vine-shaded Kuhns porch with Mary convinced him it was not Jovina that he wanted. But ten minutes later he had changed his mind. After eating a piece of Mary's chocolate cake "which I myself baked" and puckering his lips over a lump of baking-soda, Jovina's star was again in the ascendant. And thus it went all through the long summer. Mary's smiles seemed to grow more winning and Jovina's cakes more delicious. But one day he concludes that Mary has also a temper. "I sink I take de cooking." But does he?

He did not find Jovina on the front door-step, where she usually received him, and, wondering a little, he opened the gate into the side yard and went around to the back porch to inquire of Mrs. Neuweiler whether her daughter had gone away. To his surprise, he found Jovina herself, in a new and most becoming pink dress, rocking vigorously back and forth in the rocking-chair.

"I sink you are fixed up pretty fine for de back porch, Chofina," he commented, gazing admiringly at her.

"Why, Benj?"

"Why, you ought to be sitting out front where de folks can all see your fine new dress."

"I am not fixed up for de folks," said Jovina.

Benjamin's mouth opened in astonishment. That coquettish remark from staid Jovina, who often harshly criticized Mary Kuhns for "making de men sink too much from demselves!" Jovina, who had yielded to an unaccountable impulse to be "flirty," blushed suddenly and becomingly.

"Shall we den go out front," she demanded with asperity.

"Well, I guess not," said Benjamin, firmly, as he sat down on the step at her feet. "I sink we will stay here — anyhow, a while. Your dress iss for sure fine!"

At this Jovina, who usually "gafe him a mousful" when he began to flatter, smiled sweetly.

"Look a little out; you might make me vain," she said.

"I guess it iss no danger, Chofina. Do you want to go dis efening in de church?"

"Ach, I don't know. Do you?"

"No."

"Well, den, I guess we won't go."

Benjamin gasped. Was Jovina actually making an effort to please him? Not once during the evening did she show any of her "spunk." She agreed with everything he said. Usually they had long and heated discussions about religious matters. It was just the time when the "New Baptists" were leaving the "Jonathan-Kuhns Baptists," and Jovina, who went, did not agree at all with Benjamin, who stayed. It was quite by accident that Benjamin introduced the subject this evening. He had such an exhibition of Jovina's temper the time they discussed it that he might have known better than to try again. This evening, however, Jovina only said sweetly:

"I sink it would perhaps be better when we would talk from somesing else."

Whereupon, with all doubts driven from his mind, Benjamin proposed, and was immediately accepted.

"When shall we den get married, Chofina?" he asked.

"Oh, I sink I can be by Sursday all ready. I haf chust dis week made me dis new dress, an' I will buy me a coat an' hat."

"But, Chofina, I sought it took much longer to get ready to get married!" he exclaimed in surprise and consternation.

"It does not take so long of course as when we were going to housekeeping for ourselfs. We will, of course, lif here wis mam and pap. An' you haf dis new suit to get married in."

"Yes, b-b-but—" this mad haste took away his breath — "dis iss me pretty much of a hurry. No — no — Chofina," — he saw her figure straighten in the moonlight — "I did n't mean nosing by it! I meant — I meant — could we get a minister so soon, Chofina?"

"I sink it would be a good sing when we would go ofer to New Chersey. Den all de busybodies in Millerstown need n't know nosing about it beforehand. I heard you say once dat when you got married dat would be de way what you would do. Besides, we need ofer in New Chersey no license."

"Yes, but—"

"I will of course tell mam and pap, an' you can tell Wednesday efening your mam. Den we can slip easy Sursday morning away."

"So occupied was Benjamin with his own thoughts that he scarcely knew how the rest of the evening passed. Finally he bade her good night and went home.

"It iss me too much of a hurry, dat iss what it is," he said miserably to himself. "It iss n't dat I don't want to get married, or dat I don't want Chofina; but — but dere iss Mary Kuhns."

The old puzzle rose like a specter to harass him.

"Perhaps it wass only in my mind dat Mary wass de last time ugly to me," he thought. "Perhaps she wass a little chealous from Chofina. Chofina iss me too homely."

He forgot Jovina's pretty new dress and the flush on her cheek. He knew now, once for all, which he wanted: it was Mary. He could feel the touch of her little hand and see the coquettish gleam in her soft eyes. And poor Mary! What would she do if he should marry Jovina? Perhaps it would break her heart and she would die, and he would be to blame. Mary was such a little girl! She was not big and strong like Jovina, who was almost as tall as he. What should he do? He could not go and tell Jovina that he had been mistaken. In the first place, she might hold him to his promise, and there would be an awful scandal, which would effectually put Mary beyond his reach. On the other hand, she might angrily release him, and he did not wish to break with her entirely. That would mean that he would have to take Mary, but he did not want to be driven to it.

His round and rosy face dropped in such doleful lines when he looked in the glass in his room that it made him almost sick with pity for himself. All night Jovina, tall, dark, and inexorable, seemed to stand beside his bed.

Nor was he any less miserable on the eve of his wedding. He had seen Jovina only once. Then she was very sweet to him, and there was a soft flush on her cheek. He began to feel easier. The same afternoon, however, he passed Mary on the street, and the alluring tilt of her chin sent him back into despair. He could scarcely attend to his work in the cigar-factory. The boss frowned, and the boys chaffed him gaily.

"You act as when your mind wass away some place. Perhaps it iss ofer by Mary, or perhaps Chofina. Which one is it anyhow, Benj?"

Benjamin frowned only a trifle less darkly than John Weimer, who said, "Esel!" (Donkey!) under his breath.

When Benj went home for supper on Wednesday, a big plate of crullers occupied the place of honor in the center of the table.

"Chofina Neuweiler gafe dem to me," his mother explained. "I wass once ofer dere a little while dis afternoon. My! but Chofina iss a good cook. Don't you sink so?" She looked at him inquiringly, but his mouth was full and he did not answer. "I belief perhaps she iss going somewheres off tomorrow."

"Why do you sink she is going somewheres off?" Benjamin had not yet announced the fact of his approaching marriage. That would be the first decisive step, and he hesitated to take it. Now, however, he realized that the time had come when it could no longer be put off.

"Ach, nosing; only her mam said to her somesing about 'when you come back, Chofina,' and I sought perhaps she wass going somewheres off."

Thereupon Benjamin announced that he and Jovina proposed to journey the next day to New Jersey to be married. His mother, who had never liked Mary Kuhns, expressed her approval; and, buoyed by this and the memory of her crullers, he went to see Jovina in a fairly cheerful frame of mind. They planned to make the journey by trolley, starting at five o'clock in the morning. He decided not to notify the men at the shop that he was not coming, but to let his mother send the boss word after he had gone. It would be a good joke on Millerstown.

As the evening wore on, and Jovina seemed to prefer long silences to conversation, his cheerfulness waned. He saw John Weimer go swifty past in the dusk, and a furious jealousy added to his soreness of heart. He did not want to marry Jovina Neuweiler; he wanted to marry Mary Kuhns. Jovina noticed his gloom, but whether or not she suspected its cause, there was a solemnity about her good night which warned him that his choice was irrevocable.

He needed neither the alarm-clock nor the sound of his mother's voice to arouse him the next morning. Indeed, he was awake long before it was time to get up, and he was not sure that he had slept at all. He ate so little breakfast that his mother was frightened.

"You will feel bad when you do not eat somesing, Benj. Come now; here iss some raisin-pie."

He silently shook his head. The unaccustomed splendor of his Sunday clothes worried him, and there was something about the exceeding tightness of his high collar which reminded him of the other yoke he was about to assume. He stole through the streets to the Neuweilers' more like a thief than a prospective bridegroom, and, avoiding the boardwalk, went around to the back door upon the grass. Jovina met him at the door, the bright pink of her dress reflected in the glow of her cheeks.

"Say, Benj," she began, "you go a little ahead down to de trolley, an' I will come a little behind. Den when de folks see us dey will not know dat we are wis each oder."

Thus admonished, Benjamin sped away with a sudden lightness of heart. The evil day was postponed for a few minutes at least. When Jovina met him down on Main street, however, his despair again overwhelmed him. The next time he saw that spot he would no longer be free. No longer could he live his own life. No longer could he join the boys in the gallery of the church on Sunday evenings; he would have to sit with Jovina. No longer could he dash gaily around the Copenhagen ring at the Sunday-school picnics, winning a kiss for a forfeit from every girl whose hands he could slap. He would have to stay close by Jovina now. And, worst of all, nevermore could he join the gay group on Mary Kuhns's door-step; nevermore could he take her walking or trolley-riding. Nevermore could his hand linger caressingly on hers as he bade her good night; nevermore would her glances at him be aught but straightfoward and direct. He was back for the moment on the Kuhns's porch in the summer dusk, and Mary was laughing as she tried to get her hand away. Benjamin smiled.

"Benj!" He came back to the awful present with a start. This was not dusk; it was dawn. The girl at his side was not gentle Mary; it was tall, stern Jovina — Jovina, whom he was about to marry!

"Well?" he answered dully.

"Don't you see den de car!" she exclaimed.

He raised both arms in a wild signal to the motorman, and the car, speeding toward them like a Juggernaut, stopped with a great grinding of the wheels.

"It would haf been a fine sing when we had got left!" commented Jovina as they climbed aboard.

As they passed Sarah Ann Mohr's, that good lady was just opening her front door. Benjamin ducked his head, hoping she had not seen him. Jovina, however, gaily waved her hand, and, as Benjamin looked back, he beheld Sarah Ann, her fat arms akimbo, the light of knowledge beaming in a broad smile on her cheerful face. Their engagement was announced.

As they sped past the creamery, the farm-wagons with their shining cans had begun to drive up, and again Benjamin bent his head. Jovina, however, sat all the straighter, proud in the consciousness that she wore a becoming new dress and that she was going to be married. There was little conversation between them. She called his attention to Jimmie Weygandt as he started around his wheat-field, scythe in hand, to mow the first row before the reaper; and Jimmie, who neared the fence as they turned the corner by his fields, waved his hat and shouted. Jovina's "Hello, Chimmie!" was the only answer he received. Already Benj could see him seated by Mary Kuhns's side on the porch, dark in the shadow of the honeysuckles. The more his face darkened, however, the more cheerful did Jovina become. She hummed a hymn as they dashed on, she admired the goldenrod flaming into splendor in the fence-corners, and presently she slid along the bench toward Benj.

To be continued

AM BED-DAAG

In the spirit of Thanksgiving we offer here John Birmelin's beautiful dialect translation of the 23rd Psalm.

Der Haerr iss mei Hieder; es waerd mer naeryets nie nix fehle.

Er fiedert mich in griene Felder; un zum schtille Wasser fiehrt er mich.

Er schtaerrigt mir die Seel; er fiehrt mich uffem rechte Weg, um seines Naames Wille.

Un gengt ich darrich die dunkle Dodes-schadde, deet ich gaar ken Unglick faerrichte; weil Du bei mer bischt; Dei Schtock un Schtaab, die dreeschte mich.

En Disch hoscht Du fer mich gedeckt, un graad var meine Feind.

Mit Eel hoscht Du mei Kopp begosse, un hoscht mir eigschenkt iwwervoll.

Gudes un Barmhazichkeet gehn mit mir all mei Lewe lang; in Gottes Haus darref ich immer wuhne.

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Editorials

Ready When Necessary

Moving to end the crippling waterfront strike that is costing the national economy an estimated $20 million a day, President Eisenhower used the tools the American people provided through their Congress when he invoked the national emergency provisions of the Taft-Hartley Law.

The reluctance of the President to use the politically controversial and explosive statute is indicated by the fact that only three times during the nearly four years of his administration — once in a double-barrelled action — has he used this means of protecting the nation against strikes that threaten the health and safety of its people.

He used it first in 1953 in the East Coast dock strike and again in 1954 in separate actions to end C.I.O. and A.F.L. wage disputes at atomic plants at Oak Ridge, Tenn. and Paducah, Ky. In the A.F.L. disputes at Oak Ridge, operation of the Taft-Hartley provisions amounted to little more than the appointment of a fact-finding board, inasmuch as the workers did not strike. When the C.I.O. workers at Paducah voted to go back to their jobs, the federal government did not press for the 80-day strike injunction.

It is possible, of course, that except for the imminence of the political conventions last summer, the President might have used the law to bring a more speedy end to the 36-day steel strike, the effects of which are still plaguing the nation.

President Eisenhower, who in accepting the nomination for his second term pointed out that for the first time in history a complete steel contract was negotiated and signed without direct government intervention, correctly sees the federal government's role in labor-management disputes as one of suasion rather than coercion. He has shown his eagerness to clear the way for state and local governments to act in disputes, indicated in his special message to Congress two years ago recommending changes in the Act.

The President's sparing use of the emergency procedures that are at his command may, however, not signify reluctance as much as reflect the relative labor-management peace that has characterized his administration.

What is significant is that when the welfare and safety of the nation is threatened — as it is in the current strike that has continued for more than a week and that is tying up the commerce produced by 200 ships — the President is willing and ready to use the tools that have been provided for him.

In the current strike, all other attacks on the problem have failed. The law of the land has now been invoked and there is every indication that it will be heeded. After all, only once in a major strike did a union defy the law and in that instance John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers felt its teeth when they were fined $1,420,000.

On the March

The magnificent job Allentown merchants do in making their stores, their wares and their shopping areas attractive has been demonstrated day - after-day for years, but probably never more effectively than it was yesterday when crowds believed to be without precedent jammed the city for at least one phase of their holiday preparations.

No parades, no spectacles, no artificial stimuli were necessary to bring men, women and children from miles around into stores where they have come to know shopping will be a pleasure, where experience and their reading of newspaper advertising has taught them they will find real values in anything they want to buy, and where they know that crowds or no crowds they will find a very real and warm welcome.

All this is not a matter of accident. Allentown is an important shopping area because its merchants, individually and collectively, have made it attractive and convenient by keeping their stores up-to-date, by providing complete lines of merchandise of every conceivable nature, and by offering services rarely matched in other communities.

Convenient parking facilities, although they were jammed yesterday, are just one example of how far the merchants and those allied with them, have gone to make this city the shopping center of an area that extends even beyond the widest concept of the Lehigh Valley's normal bounds. Extensive delivery services, good street lighting, broad highways leading to the city, expanding policing, public and private training programs for sales people are a few more.

To all of them the merchants of the city contribute. For many of the advances — advances which the entire Lehigh Valley Community shares — they have set the pace as they showed the way.

Together, those who have established and continued to develop this city's great shopping area, who have stocked those stores with the goods the world creates, who have priced those quality goods correctly and who have told their story in widely-read newspapers, have helped keep Allentown a city on the march, a city to whose doorsteps others beat a path to become part of the kind of vibrant pulsating life they saw yesterday, they can see almost every day.

Unpredictable

As was to be expected, there have been complaints that this country's Central Intelligence Agency had no advance notice of the Hungarian revolt, of the Israeli march into Egypt, or of the armed intervention of the British and French in the Middle East and that as a result America was caught unaware.

Certainly the CIA is not and ought not to be above criticism when such criticism is warranted. On the other hand, its performance cannot be measured by unreasonable standards.

All evidence so far available from Europe is that, while Central Intelligence and others were aware at unrest in the Satellite states, neither the Soviet Union nor the Hungarians themselves anticipated the rebellion that errupted with student riots last October.

As a matter of fact, what the reports do indicate is that the uprising was a spontaneous conflagration fed by a succession of repressive measures by Soviet forces attempting to cope with the outbreak. It gathered momentum until suddenly, to the surprise of Hungarians and Russians alike, a full-fledged revolt was in progress.

Since the morning of October 22 no one in the Kremlin itself knew what was about to happen. For Hungarians and Russians alike, the tune — doleful as it proved to be — was played almost entirely by ear.

There is evidence, too, that in the Middle East the CIA knew at least 24 hours in advance that the Israelis would march into Egypt and also were as certain as anyone could be that the British and French planned their joint action.

President Eisenhower's official announcement that this nation "was not informed" in advance in no way indicated that the administration, through its own CIA sources, did not know about the imminence of either of these moves in the dynamite-laden Middle East.

The CIA—or any other agency of national, state or local government — deserves to be cchided for not being on the job. In this instance, however, because in one case it was unable to foresee the foreseeable and because in the other it's information was not "official," the CIA deserves no more censure than does Governor Leader for being unable to forecast that a snowstorm practically without parallel in these parts would in hours completely paralyze Pennsylvania's third largest community.

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.

Mr. W. Reese Super, Secretary
Chamber of Commerce
462 Walnut Street.
Allentown, Penna.

Dear Mr. Super:

The politicians of Allentown were naturally very much disappointed when the six million dollar bond issue was not approved by the voters. According to newspaper accounts City Council is interpreting the vote to mean that the people of Allentown want more economy in city government. Our newspaper also tells us that City Council is having secret meetings behind green doors. Why the secrecy, of course, everybody is wondering.

It is only natural that the Allentown people want economy in their government. In other words they want to get their money's worth, so if we haven't been getting our money's worth, then City Council is definitely doing the right thing. However, when a bond issue fails, the politicians usually like to use the setback to accomplish their end in the future and as a taxpayer I am inclined to feel that probably was the reason for the secret meetings.

Continued on Page 7, Column 1

'Where A Man Can Raise A Thirst'



Speaking for Liberty

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Every now and then when American citizens of foreign birth or ancestry express themselves sympathetically toward lands where they have kinsmen or sentimental interests, a hue and cry arises about "hyphenated Americanism." Many Americans without such foreign ties speak out, too — and they get criticized for it as trying to involve America in foreign wars. Similarly, business men with profits to make abroad naturally express themselves for or against policies that might affect their relations with countries where they have investments. This, too, often brings adverse comment.

The argument most often advanced is that Americans sometimes put their own interests above those of the United States. What is often forgotten, however, is that Americans are not governored by the totalitarian concepts of suppression but speak out frankly in protest when human liberty is trampled upon anywhere in the world.

In fact, an examination of the platform planks of the two major political parties over a period of the past 100 years shows clearly that American citizens, irrespective of countries of business affiliations, have expressed emphatically their sympathies with the cause of the oppressed in general and with the peoples in particular who have struggled for self - determination or independence.



Lawrence

As far back as 1888 the Democratic party's platform declared its "sympathy with the efforts of those noble patriots, who, led by Gladstone and Parnell, have conducted their grand and peaceful contest for home rule in Ireland."

Then in 1896 both the Republican and Democratic platforms came out for the independence of Cuba from Spanish rule.

Again in 1900 the Democratic National Convention followed the same pattern when it viewed "with indignation the purpose of England to overwhelm with force the South African republics," and extended in the name "of the entire American nation," sympathy to the Boers "in their unequal struggle to maintain their liberty and independence." Also in 1900 the Republicans favored mediation by the President in the Boer War—a civil war in South Africa.

Only 36 years ago — in the San Francisco convention of the Democratic party — there were expressions of sympathy "for the unfortunate people of Armenia" and an appeal to our own government "to render every possible and proper aid to them in their efforts to establish and maintain a government of their own."

In the same year — 1920 — the Democrats in their platform expressed their "active sympathy with the people of China, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Yugoslavia, Poland, Persia and others who have recently established representative government and who are striving to develop the institutions of democracy."

Then came a firm reiteration of support by the Democrats in that 1920 platform "for the aspirations of Ireland for self-government."

In 1924 a friendly word is found in the Democratic platform for the new republic of Greece, and a condemnation of the Lausanne Treaty because it "barters legitimate American rights and betrays Armenia for the Chester oil concession."

Jewish Pleas

Declarations in favor of Palestine began to appear during World War II. The Democratic convention of 1944 said:

"We favor the opening of Palestine to unrestricted Jewish immigration and colonization and such a policy as to result in the establishment there of a free and democratic Jewish commonwealth."

The Republicans that same year said in their national platform:

"In order to give refuge to millions of distressed Jewish men, women and children driven from their homes by tyranny, we call for the opening of Palestine to their unrestricted immigration and land ownership so that in accordance with the full intent and purpose of the Balfour declaration of 1917 and the resolution of a Republican congress in 1922, Palestine may be constituted as a free and democratic commonwealth. . ."

In 1948, the Democratic convention pledged "full recognition to the State of Israel" and approved "the claims of the State of Israel to the boundaries set forth in the United Nations resolution and consider that modifications thereof should be made only if fully acceptable to the State of Israel."

The Democrats, also in 1948, said:

"The United States has traditionally been in sympathy with the efforts of subjugated countries to attain their independence and to establish a democratic form of government. Poland is an outstanding example."

In that same year the Republicans said: "We welcome Israel into the family of nations and take pride in the fact that the Republican party was the first to call for the establishment of a free and independent Jewish commonwealth."

In 1952 and 1956 there were platform planks adopted at the two major party conventions telling the once free peoples of Central and Eastern Europe that they would not be abandoned, and expressing sympathetic interest in Israel.

Throughout the years the major political parties have repeatedly shown concern for the peoples of new republics abroad and have manifested a continuous sympathy for them in their efforts to attain or preserve their independence.

(Copyright, 1956)

A Cycle Ends

By HADYN S. PEARSON

Man measures this experience we label Life in terms of years, months and days. Time is the one common denominator, the only common possession of the more than two billion human beings on this planet. Man is prone to look and live in two directions; he looks to the future for the realization of his plans and he dreams of the past with nostalgic longing. Rare is that person, philosophers tell us, who stands on the razor-edge of present time and from it extracts the full juice of life.

Now a cycle is ending. Four great and profound rhythms distinguish each journey of our planet around its sun. Earth rotates on its titled axis and according to the season, turns or holds its northern face to the life-giving light. Within a 12-months period there are times of dormancy, resurrection, growth and harvest. Each major segment of the cycle contributes to the oneness of Nature's Master Plan; each setment is a basic rhythm that has given its part to the life process.

Time plays no favorites; Time is an impartial and impersonal master. It seems only a brief period since farmers went forth in spring sunshine and opened Earth's breast for seeds. That period of year passed and men cultivated the seeds they had planted in full faith that ancient promises would be fulfilled. And that promise was fulfilled at the time of harvest, for it has been written that after the blossom, there should be the ear and then the full grain in the ear.

Now Year is locking up. Meadows and fields are brown and gray and grasses bend low to the soil that gave them birth. The voice of the North Wind is heard in the land and Winter's advance legions are sweeping down from northern tundras. A cycle is ending and the final accounts are being posted. But in the great and eternal plan, Time goes on. To man, struggling to keep his footsteps pointed upward, another chance is given. For even as a cycle ends, there is a new page, clean and unsullied, waiting for the record which each human being will write.

(Copyright 1956)

Edgar A. Guest

MAN'S UTMOST

On him the spotlight never stayed,
He lived and died unknown to fame,
And yet a happy home he made.
The role of neighbor well he played
And as a father did the same.

He trudged to work from day to day,
On time he turned the time-clock key,
He carried home his weekly pay;
Not much he ever had to say—
In truth a silent man was he.

He dropped the working tools of life
And left for realms to start anew,
And being freed from strain and strife
He left behind a sorrowing wife.
What more than that can mortals do?

(Copyright 1956)

Horoscope

A fair amount of success should attend your next year. A frank and sincere character is indicated for today's child.

Today's Text

DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 15:1-32.

This is the well-known 'Lost and Found' column of the BIBLE. For the expression, 'Lost and Found' see vs. 6, 9 and 32. We have a lost sheep, one out of a hundred in vs. 3-7; a lost coin, one out of ten, in vs. 8-10, and a lost son, one of two — the incomparable story of the so-called Prodigal Son. Since we have been speaking of the good, great, and chief Shepherd the last few days, it will be interesting to read again about the shepherd seeking a sheep that has gone astray from the flock, a type of Christ as a shepherd concerned for lost humanity. The occasion for this chapter was a criticism which the Pharisees and Scribes made in these words: 'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them'. (One Sunday morning a girl startled her mother, who had not attended church, by telling her that the Pastor had mentioned her name in the morning text, which said: Jesus received sinners and Edith with them! Edith was her name. It would be well if every text and sermon could be thus personalized). My readers will readily understand that the older brother of the prodigal son, objecting to his father's love for his returning son, represents the cavilling Pharisees and Scribes. (The story continues tomorrow).



THE VACILLATION OF BENJAMIN GAUMER

by ELSIE SINGMASTER

Continued

"It hardly seems true dat we are going to be married, does it now?" she asked.

"No, it don't," he said quickly. Was Jovina beginning to have doubts as to the wisdom of their proceedings? "Are you sure it iss den for de best, Chofina? Are you sure we haf not den hurried ourselfs too much? Do you sink we had perhaps better go back?"

"No, indeed, Benj! I am sure," Jovina interpreted his questions as the effort of a doubting lover to assure himself of her affection.

"You will den nefer repent?"

"Nefer, Benj; nefer. I — I haf lofed you dis long time; I —" Jovina's remarks were suspended while she grabbed for her hat, which threatened to blow off in the blast created by the tremendous speed at which they dashed through the street of the next village — "I wass not fery happy for a long time till I found it wass I and not Mary Kuhns what you lofed."

Benj groaned. Was it right for a professing Christian — a Jonathan-Kuhns Baptist at that — to enter into an agreement in which the other party was the victim of a delusion? Would it not be better to break the fact to Jovina that it was not she whom he loved best, but Mary? Again, however, his old doubts assailed him.

"If I do dat, den Chofina will nefer look at me again. Suppose I should den want her! An', besides, if Chofina wants to say dat we wass going to get married, and den I wouldn't, eferybody will belief her; for Sarah Ann she saw us going off in de trolley. When a fellow an' a girl go off so early in de morning in de trolley, it means dat somesing iss up."

He could not understand how it was that he had happened to propose. He forgot again Mary's heavy chocolate-cake and her coldness to him. Nor did he think of Jovina in her new dress blushing softly as he complimented her.

They reached the county-seat before he was aware. There, even though it was only six o'clock, the town was thoroughly awake. The day seems to begin an hour earlier in southeastern Pennsylvania than in other places. The cars which passed as they waited for the Easton car were crowded with men going to their work down at the wire- or rolling-mills. A little later a crowd of girls and women on their way to the silk-mills and shoe-factories would fill the streets. A man who was sweeping the old-fashioned double porches at the United States House at the opposite corner threw down his broom as he helped the porter carry out the heavy satchels of departing guests at the house, who dashed wildly across the pavement and into a carriage, meanwhile calling to the driver to "Hurry up once or we miss the train!" Already the doors of an establishment at the other corner swung vigorously back and forth. Men pushed them in swiftly, then came out more slowly, wiping their lips. The car-dispatcher, standing in the middle of the tangle of tracks, shouted strident Pennsylvania German oaths at the motormen and conductors, who in turn answered him as gruffly.

When the lumbering "double-trucker" marked "Easton" swung around the corner from Hamilton street into Sixth, Benjamin and Jovina climbed aboard and began the second stage of their journey. There was little danger that any one would guess that they were prospective bride and groom. The frowns on Benj's brow did not lift for an instant, and, as time went on and all her efforts at conversation failed, Jovina's face also lost its cheerful expression. Benj gazed mournfully out of the window on one side of the car and Jovina on the other, he with bent shoulders, and she with head high in the air.

It was about eight o'clock when, having left the car at Easton, they crossed he Delaware bridge into Phillipsburg, New Jersey.

"I sink it iss perhaps early yet to go to de preacher," said Benj, after a long silence. "Perhaps we had better take a little walk once. De folks do not get so early up here like in Lehigh County."

"All right," assented Jovina, cheerfully. "I wonder where dese steps go." As she spoke, she pointed to a flight of steps which fell from the street-level.

"We will see once," he answered. She followed him down the steps, which lay along the side of the steep river-bank. At the foot they came upon a little railroad station. The tracks followed the windings of the river along the New Jersey side. Overhead, on another road, thundered the heavy freight-trains back to their own county-seat.

"I sink dis would be a pretty good place to rest," said Jovina as she spied the seats in the little waiting-room. "It iss noisy here, but it iss quiet, too."

She led the way thither, and they sat down. The station-agent eyed them curiously as they waited for half an hour in solemn silence. Then Benjamin arose, and Jovina, who had begun to think that Phillipsburg, even if it were slower than Lehigh County, would by this time be thoroughly awake, prepared to follow.

"You wait here a little," Benj commanded as she gathered up her pocket-book and her gloves. "I will go first out and walk up an' down a little."

"Well, I guess I go wis."

"No; you will get tired. You stay here." There was such sternness in his voice that Jovina sank back. Did he purpose to run away? She determined to change her seat to where she could watch every inch of the little platform. Just as soon as he started up the steps he would find her at his side. She yielded for the first time to her suspicions that perhaps Benj was beginning to repent, and she grew each moment more angry.

"If it wass not for one sing he might go back," she said to herself. "An' dat iss dat by dis time all Millerstown knows eferysing about it. Sarah Ann Mohr she saw us, and, besides, I told mam and dat by dis time she could tell. Go back and not married, when I start out to get married! I guess not! It iss too late now for him to sneak out of it. If he only knew somesing what I know, he might be glad enough. But dat sing Iil not tell him — not yet, anyhow. In a half-hour we will be marrio den it will be time enough."

In spite of the firm purpose betokened by Jovina's tightly pressed lips and flashing eyes, she was, at the end of a half-hour, still the same Jovina Neuweiler. As Benj walked up and down the platform, he realized that the time for procastination was past. Each moment his anguish grew more intense.

"It don't make anysing out now what happens," he thought. "I would be willing to do wis-out Mary, too, and nefer get married, if only I didn't haf to marry Chofina. I don't care for cooking or nosing. Mam's cooking iss me plenty good enough."

Wild thoughts of flight sped across his brain. There, however, stern, watchful, implacable, sat Jovina. He looked nervously at his watch. It was already after nine o'clock. He expected each moment to see her at the door, beckoning him to follow her up the steps. Presently she appeared.

"Benj!" she called. "What time iss it at your watch?"

He pretended not to hear, and she called the second time in tones which admitted of no misunderstanding.

"I don't know for sure. Wait once; I look." He drew his watch slowly from his pocket.

"It iss somewheres near nine," he said weakly.

"Well?" demanded Jovina.

"Well? well?" he repeated in confusion. "How do you mean wis 'well,' Chofina?"

"I guess you know what I mean. I sink it iss a funny sing when—"

"Chofina, wait once." He interrupted frantically the rush of her speech. "I haf a plan. Wait once a minute, Chofina."

Jovina waited at least five.

"Well?" she said again.

"Why, it says here on de time-table dat a train goes to Riegelsville at nine-sirty. I used to know a preacher what wass preaching dere. Don't you — d-d-don't you —" Benj stammered madly in his excitement — "don't you sink it would be a good sing to go once down dere an' get married?"

Jovina considered the proposition for an insant. The railroad ran down the Jersey side of the river. Had it been the Pennsylvania side, she would have concluded that Benj wished to delay the ceremony until it was too late in the day to get a license. In Jersey, however, they would need no license, hence he could gain nothing by delay. She did not object satisfying what appeared to be only a harmless whim. It was only nine o'clock, and they had the rest of the day before them.

"But, Benj," she exlaimed, "it will cost to go down to dat place. We haf spent already a good deal money."

"What do I care for money!" he said, with reckless prodigality. "We haf safed on de license."

"Haf you got de tickets?"

"No; wait once. I get dem." He vanished swiftly into the station. As he waited for his change, he looked back. There stood Jovina in the doorway. Her hat cast a shadow across her face which to him appeared like a deep scowl.

"Ach, I'm coming!" he said hurriedly. Had it begun so soon as this, that she would watch him every minute? The cheerfulness caused by the prospect of a delay vanished instantly. He pictured Mary at his side. How differently she would have acted!

It never occurred to him to help Jovina up the steps of the car. He climbed up himself and sank despairingly into the first seat, half of which was already occupied, whereupon Jovina, who followed close at his heels, seized him by the arm.

"Are you den not right?" she demanded, and he rose and followed her to a vacant seat. Presently she called his attention to a strong odor of mint which seemed to envelop them.

"It iss a powwow doctor lifs along here," she explained. "Sarah Ann Mohr told me once from him. Lots of folks come from Beslehem an' Nazares an' lots of places in Norsampton County ofer. He gifs much medicine, an' it smells of mint."

Benjamin, however, plunged in despair, heard not a word. Nor did the conductor's loud "Riegelsville! Riegelsville!" make the least impression upon him. He did feel, however, Jovina's clutch upon his arm.

"It iss Riegelsville," she said. "Come on!"

Benjamin came. Now at last his bachelor days were ended. He made, however, another brave effort.

"I sink perhaps dat preacher has mofed away."

"It don't make nosing out when dat one has moved away. I guess dere iss anoder."

Jovina kept her hand on his arm till, having left the station, they followed the other passengers toward the dark opening of a covered bridge.

"Wh-where are you going?" he queried.

"Can't you see de town iss ofer here? We must pay first toll, I guess. De town iss on de oder side of de bridge."

Benj paid, forgetting for once in his life to count the change. When they stepped again upon solid ground, he suddenly halted.

"Chofina!" he almost shouted, "we are again in Pennsylvania. It wass de rifer what we crossed."

"Well, what of it?"

"We can't get married in Pennsylvania wisout a license."

"Den we go back to where we come." Her voice was terrible in its sternness. Was this his little game? Benj, however, had never before been within a dozen miles of Riegelsville, and knew nothing of its topography. He regarded this as a special interposition of Providence in his behalf.

"But, Chofina, it would not bring good luck to go back to a place for a second time to get married."

"We are going to Phillipsburg to get right aways married. Dat iss what we are going to do." To Jovina the only ill luck which could possibly befall was further delay. "Come on; it iss pretty soon perhaps a train back." Again she laid her hand on his arm. "Come on. But what iss now de matter?" For Benj had suddenly stopped at the opening of the bridge.

"I — I haf — haf lost my pocket-book!"

"Well, you must 'a' dropped it here. Come on; let us look once. When did you last haf it?"

"I don't know," he almost wailed. "I paid de tickets an' de toll from some loose change what I had. I might 'a' lost it efen in Millerstown already. How will we den get home, Chofina? I haf only a few cents loose change any more."

For a few minutes they searched diligently.

"It ain't here," said Benjamin. "Ach! what will we do? Where are you den going, Chofina?"

Jovina had started toward the station.

"Come on!" she said.

But I haf no money! We can't walk."

"You haf de tickets, anyhow, to Phillipsburg. We can sit in de station till de next train comes."

"But we can't walk from Phillipsburg to Millerstown, I guess."

"Benj Gaumer," she commanded, "dere iss one way, and only one, what you can get home besides walking. Dat way I will tell you when we get to de station." Thereupon Benjamin followed her.

"I haf plenty money of my own," she announced; "but I don't take no strange fellows trafeling round wis me. I would take a fellow if I wass married to him, and no oder kind; dat I can tell you, Benj Gaumer! You need n't say nosing now. When we got to Phillipsburg once it will be den time enough."

(To Be Concluded)

SUMMARY

All doubts seem for the moment to have been driven from the mind of the vacillating Benjamin Gaumer. He proposes to Jovina Neuweiler, and is immediately accepted. Jovina insists upon getting married in the very next days and suggests that they go secretly to New Jersey. Thus the busybodies in Millerstown will be fooled and besides, no license is required in New Jersey. Benjamin dislikes being hurried. The old uncertainty again rises like a spector to harass him. He remember his last hours with Mary Kuhns. Perhaps her temper existed only in his mind. Perhaps she had been only a bit jealous of Jovina. Poor little Mary! She was not big and strong like Jovina. Perhaps, he thought, it would break Mary's heart if he married Jovina. He now knew, once and for all, that he wanted Mary. What should he do? He could not go and tell Jovina that he was mistaken. She might hold him to his promise, and if she should angrily release him, then he would without choice be driven to take Mary. Vacillating Benjamin Gaumer! But very early the next morning Benjamin and Jovina take the trolley car in Millerstown. It was only six o'clock when they arrived in Allentown, the county seat of Lehigh County.

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Editorials

First of Acid Gang Convicted

There seems to be little question that the brutal attack upon Victor Riesel, our labor columnist, was committed by a man now dead at the hands of the same element of Gangland that hired him to destroy the sight of this brave newsman.

Society cannot deal with a dead man but on Thursday in New York it dealt emphatically with three of the men who were partners in the crime in that they shielded the perpetrator of the atrocity during days after it had been committed.

A jury found the three men guilty and sentence of five years in prison and $10,000 fine was imposed upon the alleged "finger man" in the diabolical plot. Two-year sentences were meted out to the other two.

But the law has not finished with the gangsters. Four men still remain under indictment for the planning and carrying out of the crime thru a hired thug. Trial for these will be begun in the near future. This almost certainly will be waged even more vigorously, both by prosecution and defense, than was the case with the trial of the three minor hoodlums. Justice still must be done by the brains and the financing of the plot.

All Gangland must feel itself threatened when kingpin members of its organization no longer wield their vicious power over law and order and are jailed and prosecuted just like the little fellows, the miserable pawns whom they use in their despicable plots to control government, business and even the media of communication, as the Riesel attack demonstrated.

More Should See Preserve

It is nice for our people to know that their attractive Game Preserve on the outskirts of Schnecksville had a close to record year from the standpoint of attendance.

Now that the Preserve has been closed to visitors during the winter months it becomes possible to compile the records. These show that 13,846 motor cars entered and made a tour of the Preserve during the spring and summer months and that more than forty thousand persons paid an admission fee.

These figures of course are considerably under those of 1955 and 1954, the latter the banner year in all the history of the institution. None of the figures include the thousands of children who do not enter into the statistics because they were admitted free of charge.

It does seem that with almost universal possession of transportation by our own people and by the many millions of people in this general area of the United States, attendance figures should become larger.

Here is an attractive exhibit that has an asset, unusual for the general run of exhibitions of animals. This is the great expanse of the park. It is a much richer and more satisfying experience to see big game animals in their natural habitat, instead of being confined within small areas.

It is especially interesting for Americans to see American bison roaming upon hillsides and clustered in herds in much the same way that the pioneers saw them when they were pushing the American frontiers to the Rocky Mountains and preparing the way for the huge nation that is the American people of today.

Refugees to Latin America

In much the same way that the United States reacted to the Berlin Airlift in 1948 when that great city was cut off from communication with the West by arbitrary Russian action, so the United States is setting up a mighty machine for the transportation of the thousands of Hungarian refugees from their haven in Austria.

General J. Lawton Collins, who before his retirement was Army Chief of Staff, has enlisted as an unsalaried assistant to Tracy S. Voorhees, whom President Eisenhower named as coordinator of the refugee program. It will be Collins' duty to get the military planes together for another gigantic airlift, this time for unfortunate human beings as against the Berlin enterprise, which was concerned mostly with the hauling of coal and food to the beleagured and isolated Germans in West Berlin.

Plans now are to speed the movement to five hundred persons a day from West Germany to the United States — West Germany having been selected as the base so that Austria cannot be charged with violations of neutrality. Within little more than a month it is expected that the 21,500 Hungarians who are to be admitted to this country, will have been transported to this country. There local committees, like those in our own communities, are planning for their reception and placement in homes and in jobs.

But twenty some thousand seems likely to be a drop in the bucket in the relief program, unless the Communists can block the stream of refugees which still numbers about three thousand daily arrivals in Austria.

This would seem to be the time to be putting an idea into effect which Congressman Francis E. Walter enunciated early in October in Geneva when the Intergovernmental Committee on European Migration was in session there.

Mr. Walter at that time reemphasized his stand during his four years' membership in this international committee that South American countries have vast unused lands which could be used for resettlement of many thousands of refugees. It was at Mr. Walter's insistence that Congress enacted legislation necessary to this country's participation in such a land resettlement program.

Under this legislation, the President of the United States is authorized to allocate a part of the $15 million Latin American Development Fund for the purpose of promoting such land resettlement programs designed to contribute to the economic development of the various Latin American countries and to the enhancement of their industrial and agricultural productivity.

Thus the United States is willing and prepared to assist in the implementation of resettlement programs mutually agreed to by migrant - sending and migrant-receiving countries.

However, as Mr. Walter pointed out at Geneva, the United States cannot and is not authorized to originate plans and programs. He went on to say:

"Under the terms of our new law a Latin American country — ANY Latin American country — would have to make available land suitable for resettlement of migrants, while a migrant - sending European country would have to contribute its share of financial and economic assistance to the new settlers.

"When a preliminary arrangement is reached between the two countries, the United States would then examine such bilateral agreement and determine the ways and means by which it would offer its technical services and its financial assistance to such a plan.

"I wish to stress, however, that the initiative would have to be taken by a Latin American country desirous of receiving European migrants for land resettlement."

It is now clearly up to the countries of Latin America, who are in a position to offer land and make other arrangements, to take this first step for humanity and freedom's advancement.

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.

Deaths From Heart Attacks, Not Hunting

Editor—

I have been reading The Morning Call during the hunting season and I want to compliment you and your sports staff on separating heart attack victims from victims of gunfire. A great many writers in other papers still headline heart attacks as victims of hunting accidents. Actually, there is no more reason to charge up a heart attack victim while hunting than charging up a heart attack victim at a football game.

Thanks again for your fair and straightforward reporting, I am

Yours very truly,
Logan J. Bennett
Executive Director
Pa. Game Commission

Christmas Cards



Isolated Hungary

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Contrary to what the secretary general of the United United Nations had been led to believe by the Kadar delegate in New York, the Kadar government in Budapest is not now willing to discuss arrangements for a visit on Dec. 16. For all practical purposes that government is not only refusing to admit the observers from the U.N., it is refusing to admit the secretary general himself. How can this refusal be reconciled with the obligations of a member? Surely there can be no real doubt about the inherent right of the official agent of the United Nations to discuss with any government that belongs to the United Nations any question with which the United Nations are concerned.


Lippmann

In the Egyptian affair no one, not Britain, France and Israel, not Egypt, not the governments which are hesitating and abstaining about Hungary, has questioned the right of the secretary general to go to Cairo to implement a resolution of the General Assembly. On what ground can his right to go to Budapest be questioned now? And on what ground could any member of the U.N. justify its own failure to uphold the authority and to defend the rights of the United Nations?

Kadar's delegate in New York, Imre Horvath, should be refused the right to speak or to vote in the General Assembly until his government in Budapest admits the secretary general. This would be the appropriate reply to what is in substance a refusal by the Kadar government to maintain full diplomatic relations with the United Nations.

It does not, of course, mean the "expulsion" of Hungary, which as a nation is a lawful and welcome member of the United Nations. Nor is it a withdrawal of the recognition of the Kadar government, even though in law it is not the legitimate government of Hungary. The proper rule for the United Nations is to deal with de facto governments. But the refusal to let Horvath speak or vote in the General Assembly would be to suspend in New York the diplomatic relations which have been suspended in Budapest.

Red Power

The refusal to receive the secretary general is consistent with the fundamental policy of the Kadar government, of the Soviet Union and of its satellites. This is to prevent the United Nations from dealing with Hungary. This policy is being enforced by the paramount power of the Red Army in Central Europe. Because of that military power the resolutions of the U.N. are ignored, its agents are kept at a distance. Hungary is a country under the military occupation of the Red Army and the supreme law in Hungary is the law laid down by the Red Army.

But this assertion of military force is being rationalized by the claim which has made an impression in many capitals, that the Red Army is acting lawfully in Hungary and that to interfere with what it is doing is to violate Article 2 of the Charter. This article denies the right of the U.N. "to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state."

In this connection, I would recommend the study of a memorandum, first published in the middle of November, by the International Commission of Jurists, which has its headquarters at The Hague. This memorandum is called "Hungary and the Soviet Definition of Aggression." It contains the clearest and most succinct account available of the events in Hungary which led up to the Kadar usurpation.

I would be surprised if anyone who reads it with an open mind will disagree with its conclusions — that Kadar is a usurper and a puppet, that his government is illegitimate, and that by the Soviet Union's own official definition of "aggression," as proposed to the United Nations in 1953, the Soviet Union's action in Hungary is aggression.

(Copyright 1956)

Life's Mirror

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Two women were chatting at the restaurant table next to mine. "I won't go to that play," one of them said. "There's enough suffering and misery in the world without going to see any more in the theater."

A few minutes later, the same woman was talking about a mutual acquaintance. "The trouble with Vivian," she was saying, "is that she wants to be happy all the time without paying any price for it. But in this world you don't learn to appreciate things unless you know what it is to suffer."

This woman saw no relationship between her two statements. To her, the theater — and art, generally — exists merely to give pleasure or relaxation. Suffering is only for the real world.

Yet, I suggest that art and life go hand in hand. If suffering makes a person better (and it may or may not, depending on how we react to it), then watching the travail of characters in a play can also make us better persons — if the play is worthwhile and we try to understand what the author is expressing.

True art helps us to comprehend and transcend our experiences, and not just to deplore them or endure them.

"Hamlet" ends in death for all the major characters, and is by no means a "pleasant" play; even its rich vein of humor is bitter and bawdy. Yet this tragedy can make us aware of our own self-doubts and self-deceptions, can help us appraise the distance between our ideals and our acts.

Nobody, except an emotionally sick person, would go to the theater just to witness squalor and misery. It is how the suffering is handled, how the human beings cope with their problems, that makes the difference between a morbid play and a play that, despite its grim theme, sends us from the theater with a heightened sense of the human potential for good and bad.

A society that wants only "pleasant" or "relaxing" plays is much like a person who wants only to be diverted and never to be reminded of the eternal verities in life. A person of this sort soon sinks into triviality and boredom; and a society of this type soon falls prey to the huckster, the juggler, the pitchman, who take our time and money and give nothing but bubbles in return.

There is, and has always been, much suffering and misery in the world. But the way to alleviate it is to learn to understand it in creative terms, rather than fleeing from it in art, or submitting dumbly to it in life. It is through art alone that tragedy acquires a noble meaning.

(Copyright 1956)

Factographs

Camels can endure great heat and can go for long periods of time without water. Food is stored in the humps of fat on their backs. They can eat anything and they thrive on the plants that grow in the desert.

Studies of Greenland indicate that at the island may be divided into at least three parts by canyons scraped out below sea level by glaciers.

Bicycles were introduced into America from Europe in the early 1800s. They were called velocipedes, hobby horses and dandy carriages at the time.

The pressure between needle and phonograph record groove is about 25,000 pounds per square inch.

Backstairs Passage is a seven-mile-wide channel which lies between the mainland of South Australia and Kangaroo island.

The total area of India is just about one-half of the United States, but there are three times as many people.

The Egyptian water clock was an early timekeeper. It was operated on the principle of the hour-glass.

The University of Illinois has owned and operated its own airport since 1945.

Bethlehem, birthplace of Jesus, is within Jordan.

There are about 14,500 moose in the United States.

Today's Text

DR. R. R. FRITSCH

1 Kings 8:23-27

Here begins the longest prayer in the Bible, that of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple in Jerusalem (RSV text): "O Lord, God of Israel, there is no God like Thee, in heaven above or on earth beneath, keeping covenant and showing steadfast love to Thy servants who walk before Thee with all their heart; Who hast kept with Thy servant David my father what Thou didst declare to him, yea, Thou didst speak with Thy mouth, and with Thy hand hast fulfilled it this day. Now, therefore, O Lord, God of Israel, keep with Thy servant David my father what Thou hast promised him, saying: 'There shall never fail you a man before Me to sit upon the throne of Israel, if only your sons take heed to their way, to walk before Me as you have walked before Me.' Now therefore, O God of Israel, let Thy word be confirmed, which Thou hast spoken to Thy servant David my father. But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, heaven and the highest heaven cannot contain Thee; how much less this house which I have built."

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

COMRADESHIP

He was fishing when a lad
He had never seen before
Came and asked what luck he'd had,
And sat with him on the shore.

He knew all the anglers' terms.
He inquired about the bait—
Was it minnows, was it worms,
He requested him to state.

You have tackle like my dad's,
Rods and reels appear alike.
Cast among those lily pads
And maybe you'll get a strike.

There's no age to rod and line.
As a universal clan,
Any boy of eight or nine
Can be comrade to a man.

(Copyright 1956)



VUM WACKRICH LEIE

Ebmols kann mer net schlofe
Un die Nacht scheint arrig lang;
Die Uhr schlaggt iwwer un iwwer,
Un es watt em angscht un bang.

Mer heert die Ratte laafe,
Die Meis naagge hinner der Wand;
Un es scheint 's iss alles lewendich
Im Haus un uff em Land.

Mer heert die Nochbere schnarze
Un schnaufe Katz un Hund;
Mer zehlt about sechzich Yaahre
Schtatt Minutte in yeder Schtund.

Mer heert die Automobils,
Wie sie reese uff der Schtross;
Es scheint ass wann der Deiwel
Waer gans lewendich los.

Mer heert die Micke graddle
Iwwer em Fenschter-Glaas;
Mer heert die Bledder falle
Un rassele uff em Graas.

Mer winscht es waer der Marye
Un die Nacht waer verbei;
Un wann er kummt — waahrhaftich,
Dann schloft mer immer ei.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL
(1862-1938)

DIE GRISCHDAAGSKUCHE MODDLE

In en Gedicht hab ich weil zrick
Vun Kuchemoddle gschwetzt;
Ver alders was hen sie gemeent?
Mir wolle sehne yetzt.

Der Aafang — well, 's waar weil zerick,
Paar hunnert Yaahr un meh;
Ken accident hot's aagebrocht,
Un 's waar aa net fer schee.

Sie hen net wolle fancy sei,
In Aarmut sell vermisst;
Vun grischtliche Unschuldichkeit,
Vun sellem viel gewisst.

Ihr Gott waar alles, Lewe nix,
Ihr Glaawe schtarrick, trei;
Im Dunkle un so hinne rum
Muss Dienscht gedriwwe sei.

So alles sie geduh hen
Darrich ihre Religi[illegible]eche dann
Vun Vadder un vun Sohn.

Un so ins Kuchebacke dann
Kummt der Gebrauch aa nei,
Fer Fremme weisse selle Weg
Sie vun de Brieder sei.

Die Moddle hen die gude Leit
An Biewel Lehr gemaahnt;
Ach, hett mer halb der Glaawe nau,
Wie die wu drauss gewohnt.

Mol sehne nau—Kamele—ya,
Datt waarn die Keenich drei,
Wu kummen aus dem weide Land
Mit deieres Gschenck un fei.

Die Baere kummen aus em Busch,
So wie die Lehre geht,
Un fresse mol die Kinner all,
Wu schpodden der Prophet.

Der Mann, sei Fraa,—ei, des waar schur
Die aerscht zwee Leit datt drauss
In sellem wunners Gaarde schee,
Wu Sind dreibt schpeeder raus.

Die Fisch — hot net der Haerr am See
Fimf dausend gfiedert datt
Mit fimf Leeb un zwee kleene Fisch,
Noh lehrt un schickt sie fatt?

Die Hunde — 's waar en Krippel mol
Am reiche Mann sei Deer;
Die Hunde schmeechlen Wunde bees—
Sie lieben meh wie er.

Der Haahne — ya, der kreeht dreimol
En kalder Marye frieh
Fer Petrus, der verleeggelt, flucht,
Er kennt der Herr net, nie.

Soldaade — die waarn immer rum
Un hen der Haerr geblogt;
Leit driwweliere waar ihr Gschpass,
Hen schunscht nix weider gfrogt.

Der Schtann — der schteht in Bethlehem
Un weisst der Weg zum Kind;
Ach, glicklich wer der Schtann nohfolgt
Un dann sei Friede finnt.

Des Dreieck — Vadder, Sohn un Geischt,
Die Heilich Dreieenichkeit;
Datt waar ihr Glaawe gecentered' drin—
Waer's yuscht so bei uns heit!

Uffkors, sin deel in schpeedre Yaahr
Zum Nitze kumme aa,
Mit des es unser Kinner pliest,
Die hen en Freed do draa.

Mer dutt sei Dienscht im Freie nau,
Un leid ken Schtrof un Schpeit;
Kennt nur die Moddle Zeeche sei
Zu uns wie seile Leit.

1936 —RALPH S. PUNK

OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS BAKING

Christmas holidays are a period of rejoicing throughout the Christian world, but nowhere in America are they attended by so much delightful "cult" as among us Pennsylvania Germans. Bethlehem, Pa., is the Christmas city of America. Eastern Pennsylvania is the **non plus ultra** area of Christmas "putzes" and of Christmas baking. In fact, but for scattered instances, there are no other communities in which one finds the "putz" and cookies cut or fashioned into all sorts of figures and designs. During the Advent weeks the Pennsylvania German housewife is busy with her baking. A sense of mystery pervades the house despite the telltale fragrance of spices that are rarely used at other times. From groceries and apothecary shops come currants, sultanas, citron, almond paste, pearlash, hartshorn, anise and cardamon seeds and other unusual products. Old cookie cutters and molds that have delighted the children of earlier generations are once more brought forth from their attic hidings. The housewife little suspects that some of these designs — horses, riders, roosters — are faint echoes from out of the remote pre-Christian past when animals, either actual, or in token forms fashioned out of dough, were sacrificed to Wodan, god of life and death, who with his myriad hosts rode through the stormy winter skies, just as little as she suspects that the signs, the so-called **Hexefiess**, which adorn our barns, are also left-overs from out of the ancient sun cult of our pagan ancestors who lived through the long winter nights of northern Europe 2000 years ago. But with the advent of Christianity in later centuries other familiar figures were added to cake and cookie forms — stars, sheep, shepherds, etc.

To the German of the 18th century almonds, raisins, currants, citron and orangepeel, and spices were precious articles, associated particularly with the Christmas season. With their exotic flavors and fragrance they conjured forth distant lands and climes. They had journeyed across the seven seas. From Arabia, Persia and the Indies, they had brought sunny phantasies into the long winter months of northern Europe. They were too precious for common use.—P.A.B.

Here are a few old-time recipes:

2½ cups sugar
½ pound butter
4 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons sherry
4 cups flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Cream together the sugar and butter, and add the eggs; mix well. Add the sherry. Sift together the flour and spices and stir into creamed mixture. Roll out very thin on lightly floured board and cut in the shape of stars, hearts, etc. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. for about 12 minutes.

GINGER NUTS

¾ pound butter
1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 cups molasses
8 cups flour (about)
4 teaspoons ground ginger
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Cream together the butter and sugar until smooth. Dissolve the baking soda in the molasses. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the molasses to the creamed mixture. Add enough of the flour to form a stiff dough. Roll out ½ inch thick on a lightly floured board and cut into small rounds about ½ inch in diameter. Place on a greased cooky sheet. Bake in slow oven, 300 degrees F. for about 15 minutes.

BELLYLAPS

This recipe comes from Mrs. Robert A. Wertman, Sr. The curious name of this unsophisticated Christmas cooky is veiled in obscurity. The proportions of this recipe bespeak a generous housewife, large families and many guests.

1 quart dark molasses
¾ cup butter or lard, melted
2 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons baking soda (about)
8 cups flour (about)

Combine molasses, melted shortening, and beaten eggs. Sift together the baking soda and flour and add to molasses mixture. Roll out the dough about ¼ inch thick on a lightly floured board. In the olden days it was customary to make large cookies of this particular dough and they were cut into the shapes of hearts, stars, eagles, horses and their riders. Place cookies on greased baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees F., for about 12 minutes.

HAZELNUT COOKIES

2 egg whites
½ lb. confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ pound ground hazelnuts

To the stiffly beaten egg whites add the sugar and beat until firm. Chill the dough and form into small balls. Roll in sugar and bake at 300 degrees F. on waxed paper until light brown.

STRITZEL
(A Moravian recipe)

2 yeast cakes
2 cups scalded milk (lukewarm)
12 cups sifted flour
4 cups raisins
2 cups currants
1 cup citron (fine chopped)
½ lb. butter
¼ lb. lard
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs, well beaten

Dissolve the yeast cakes in a little warm water and combine with the milk and about 4 cups of flour. Cover, and set aside overnight to form a sponge. In the morning combine the remaining flour with the fruit and mix well. Cream together the shortening and sugar, and add the eggs. Combine the sponge, floured fruit, and creamed mixture, and let rise again for about 10 hours. Turn into greased bread pans, filling about half full, and let rise once more until light. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. for about 1 hour. Makes 4 to 5 loaves.

LECKERLE
(A South German word denoting a delicious morsel).

4½ teaspoons baking soda
warm water
3 cups light molasses
1½ cups brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
4 teaspoons cloves
6 teaspoons cinnamon
½ lb. almonds, chopped fine
½ cup citron, chopped fine
12 cups sifted flour
½ cup brandy

Dissolve the soda in a little warm water and combine with the molasses. Stir in the sugar, butter, spices, nuts and citron. Add the flour, a small amount at one time, mixing well after each addition. Moisten with the brandy as dough gets stiffer and harder to work. (The last few cups of flour will probably have to be worked in with the hands by one of the men of the household). Cover the dough and set aside for about two weeks to age. Then roll out the dough ½ inch thick on a lightly floured board and cut into rectangles about 4 inches square. Place on greased baking sheets and brush each cake with milk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for 15 to 20 minutes. These cakes will keep more than 2 months (if you hide them).

For many other Christmas recipes see the new edition of PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKERY. A Regional Cookbook by Ann Hark and Preston A. Barba and published by Schlechter's, Allentown, Pa.

ZUM SANTA CLAUS

O Santa Claus, O Santa Claus!
Du scheener, liewer Mann!
Du bischt der Kall wu Alt un Yung.
So freehlich mache kann.

Ya, besser wie en Tariff Law,
O, Santa Claus, bischt du;
Du helfscht dem grosse Fabricant
Un der ganse Bissniss-crew.

Protection bischt zum Zuckertrust
So gut wie en Tariff Law;
Du nemmscht des Geld vum Daadi weg
Un vun der Mammi aa.

—EZRA GRUMBINE
(1845-1933)

WANN MER NET SCHLOFE KANN

Seiter ass der Kaschbar aelder iss, watt viel gschwetzt vun Sache ass ihn net gebaddert hen wie er yinger waar. Mer schwetzt nau vun Bauchweh, Zaahweh, Koppweh, un wie en alder Mann doyetz gsaat hot, iewen vun subway.

Awwer es macht nix aus vun was farriche Krankheete ass mir schwetze, mer kumme all endlich zu eem Loch raus. Was iss des? Wei, so viel alde Leit lammediere sie kennte net schlofe.

Sell muss nau en hagelsi Blog sei. Der Kaschbar hot sei Lewe ken Druwwel ghatt fer schlofe geh. Sei Druwwel iss fer wacker warre. Er fiehlt wie der Harry Lauder als gsunge hot: "Es iss schee fer maryets uffschteh, awwer es iss schenner fer noch weil im Bett leie."

Doch kann iewen der Kaschbar net immer gut schlofe. Fer was net? Well, es sin unnerschidliche Dinger ass eem wacker halte.

Ebmols riehrt mer ebbes uff ass eem vum Schlof halt. Mer hot gschpettelt iwwer ebber. Odder, mer hot verleicht ebber um Geld gebrocht. Noh, wann mer ruhich im Bett leit, denkt mer draa. Eem sei Gewisse fangt eem aa zu bloogge. Un mer kann darrich aus net schlofe. Mer watt unruhich. Es Koppekisse watt heess. Mer kloppt's allegebott uff, un doch kann mer net schlofe.

Was iss die Nacht so lang wann mer net schlofe kann! Dann un wann hab ich des erfaahre. Frieh im Owet heert mer die Automobils uff der Schtrooss. Endlich geht yuscht ebmols eener verbei.

Nau iss es nooch halb Nacht. Mer heert noch paar Leit laafe uff em Heemweg. Noh watt's ganz ruhich. Es iss nau geegge die drei Uhr Maryets. En paar Hund, weit fatt, gauze bissel. Die Grickslin singe im Graas. Noh heert mer en Train weit der Riggelweg drowwe. Was iss die Nacht so schtill — un so ewich lang! Wann's yuscht schunn Daag wear.

Eb zu lang fange die Haahne aa graehe. Noh singe die Veggel iwwer all. Glei iss es Maryerot. Noh kummt die Sunn uff. Ei, du liewer! Ich hab ken Aagvoll gschlofe die gans Nacht, saagt mer. Sell iss mir noch net oft bassiert. Es muss schlimm sei.

Der Kaschbar Hufnagel
vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Seal 'Cave' but Mark It

In their perfectly natural spirit of adventure two 19th Ward boys went just a bit too far in the exploration on Wednesday afternoon of what they and perhaps others termed a "cave" but which in fact is just one of hundreds of abandoned iron-mines. These dot the topographical maps prepared for the State of Pennsylvania fifteen years ago by the late Dr. Benjamin L. Miller, then professor of geology at Lehigh University. Most of them, happily, are sealed.

But "cave," or abandoned mining operation, it was one and the same thing to the two boys, as it has been to many other boys who, ever since the general cessation of iron mining in this section, have been climbing into the mine entrances. Then with torches and flashlights they explored the galleries and had the perfectly wonderful thrills that go with penetration of the unknown and the accomplishment of feats that give them a stamp of courage and resourcefulness among their fellows.

But in exploring what is known as Registered Mine No. 220 in the State's records, this pair of boys became lost. If they had visions of a fate and fame like that of Floyd Collins, or that of Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher, there was good reason. And if they gained new ideas about the hazards attending speleologists during all the years of exploration of caves in all parts of the world, and the troglydites in unrecorded centuries of man, their adventure may prove to have been of lasting value.

It is a characteristic of the mines of limonite ore that clay accompanying the ore can be treacherous. In all likelihood too, all, or most of the oak shoring of the mine long since rotted away. Fall of the roof of this, or any other of the mines that run in numbers from 1 to 261, could have killed these boys. As it was they passed a night and a little better than an entire day without food and water and in fear of being hopelessly lost.

Fortunately other boys in that area knew all about this so-called cave. Few are the daring spirits in that area which have not at some time or other tempted their fates in the darkness of the galleries that were cut out by miners three-quarters of a century ago. One such boy led the search party which saved the boys.

In the interest of public safety, it is commendable that the City promptly decided to seal this cave.

In the interest of the future the City should at the same time continue an historic marking of the site.

In urging preservation of such marking, we can go back to Dr. Miller who is remembered by his many students over a period of almost two generations as having made three long-range predictions concerning local mineral deposits.

The first, and most immediate of realization, was his prediction that the Friedensville zinc mines would be reopened because they contain, as he put it. "The richest ore body in the world."

His third prediction was that the vast ore bodies underlying the area from Emmaus to Fogelsville and Alburtis to Cetronia ultimately would become a vast mine from which low-grade ore would be removed by processes that would be developed then but which now are not known. This would reopen mines known as 262 to 282 on the State's map.

His second prediction (and this concerns Registered Mine No. 220 where the local boys were lost) was that the mines on the north side of South Mountain, extending from So. Dauphin St., on land owned by a Knecht Family, and extending westwardly to Emmaus would be reopened. He believed this development would certainly p r e c e d e the third because limonite ore is easier to handle, than the hematite and agnetite ores.

The "good doctor's" prediction about Friedensville and his corollary prediction that every spring and well would go dry in that valley has been fulfilled within the last few years.

Our young generation may see the fulfillment of his other predictions in their lifetime. When the dawn of such an era arrives it will be important that the whereabouts of the abandoned mines be known. So, let Registered Mine No. 220, after its brief day of notoriety, in conjunction with that of Russell Heckman and George Gregory, be sealed securely against hazards. But let it be marked for future purposes that may be of high value to the local economy.

Remember Christmas Seals

In the final spurt of dispatch of Christmas cards, many persons will wish to settle for that big sheet of Christmas seals which they received in recent weeks from the Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society.

Now is the time to express appreciation for those ornate little stickers that go so well with the envelopes of Christmas cards and with any and all packages.

More than that, it is the time to assure the TB society of continuing interest in and a desire to support the big work which it is doing on a county-wide scale.

Virtually everybody in this community has received a free X-ray picture within recent years. Every group that is considered to be of higher susceptibility than others is X-rayed every year. On a scientific basis continued attack is being made upon this insidious disease and this community has seen striking and highly satisfactory results.

The Christmas Seal sale will finance whatever program can be put on during next year. The more liberal the support, the bigger and more useful will be the program that will be carried out.

An Unpopular Paradise

If it were not for wives and children and other kin behind the iron curtain it is virtually certain that not a single member of the Olympic team which competed in Melbourne would be on the way back to Hungary. And every other Iron Curtain delegation would have been reduced greatly in numbers.

As it is, almost half the Hungarian team did not board ship. The defectors will strive to make a new life, under freedom, in Australia, or go to the United States or some free European country. Some are going to Austria to join their refugee families. Those who are going home admit, for the most part, that they are afraid of reprisals against their families if they do not return.

It is an interesting commentary upon the blessing vouchsafed by Communist propaganda to those in "the workers' paradise," that not one athlete in Melbourne defected from a western delegation to seek asylum in Russia or any other Communist - ruled country. What's wrong in Eden?

Of course there is much that is radically wrong when defectors from Iron Curtain countries to the West can be counted by the scores.

Hungarians Leaving Hungary



NATO's Big Questions

By WALTER LIPPMANN

The news from Paris about what is going on at the NATO conference is meager, there being no reporters present and no available transcript of what is being said. But two interesting questions have been raised. One is the theoretical question: how far can a member be expected to go in consulting NATO when the issue arises outside the regional limits fixed in the NATO treaty — say in the Far East or in the Middle East?

The other is a question of practical policy. It has been raised by the German Foreign Minister, Mr. Von Brentano, by putting NATO on notice that there may be an uprising in Eastern Germany similar to that in Hungary.

The theoretical question poses one of those problems that are insoluble in the abstract and can be solved only by common sense, loyalty and good will. In theory, the jurisdiction and the obligations of NATO have precise geographical limits. They include, for example, most of Western Europe but not Ireland, Sweden, Switzerland, or Spain. They include Greece and Turkey but not Iran or any other Middle Eastern country. NATO is, juridically speaking, not a general alliance at all but a collective pact for the military defense of a carefully defined group of territories. Theoretically, what goes on beyond the geographical limits of NATO is not the business of NATO.



Lippmann

But in fact, the NATO powers are bound to be concerned with anything which happens elsewhere that bears upon the effectiveness of NATO. Mr. Dulles, for example, seems to have said in Paris that we are not bound to consult with NATO in case we feel that we have to go to war over Formosa. According to the words of the NATO contract, especially the fine print in the contract, this is true.

But what if a war with Red China drew in China's ally, the Soviet Union? Is it our theory that NATO, and along with NATO, our bases in NATO territories could be neutral in such a war? So it is in the Middle East where in theory Britain and France have no strict legal obligation to consult NATO. But as the whole of NATO is involved in the manifold consequences of what they have just done in the Middle East, it is impossible to argue that the Middle East is none of NATO's business.

The point of all this is that whatever the letter of the contract may say, its spirit and its substance require continual consultation when the issue is peace or war in any part of the world. This obligation cannot successfully be defined in some kind of general formula. If this were attempted, so many holes would be picked in the generalization that it would be useless.

What is needed is not a formula of words but a habit, almost one might say an accepted routine, in the conduct of foreign affairs. There should be a habit of consultation among allies so that none is taken by surprise. And for that consultation it should not be necessary to convoke great conferences, or for the Foreign Ministers to shuttle back and forth in airplanes. The habit of consultation should prevail not merely at the summit but at the working levels of diplomacy.

East Germany

There is plenty for NATO to consult about without consulting very much in the abstract about how much it ought to consult. The question raised by the German foreign minister of what is to be NATO policy in view of the danger in East Germany is indubitably NATO business. The meeting now going on in Paris will be a great disappointment if it adjourns without taking serious notice of the East German danger.

To take serious notice would mean, it seems to me, not merely to wait and see whether an explosion has taken place and then to try to react to it, presumably with grandiose moral declarations. To take serious notice of the danger would be to take the initiative, to act now rather than to react later, to propose a renewal of negotiations with the Soviet Union for the unification of Germany, for the thinning down and moving backward of the armies, and for an all-European system of security.

(Copyright 1956)

Try & Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At Christmas time, a heavy-set gent in the toy department was obviously taken with a toy train that whistled, belched smoke, deposited milk cans, and, in fact, did almost everything but arrive at Grand Central Station forty minutes late.

"I'll take it," he said finally.

"Good!" approved the clerk. "I'm sure your grandchild will love playing with it."

"You're absolutely right," said the heavy-set gent thoughtfully. "I'd better have two."

"I can't make any time with my girl at all," grumbled a frustrated Harvard sophomore. "She seems to prefer reading a book to listening to my conversation."

"She might be susceptible," suggested a knowing instructor, "to a novel approach."

In Fort Lauderdale, Fla. a druggist hung this sign over his ice cream counter: "Take home a brick or two; company may drop in!"

(Copyright 1956)

Factographs

The only ice rink in Belfast, Northern Ireland, has been discontinued and some 3,000 persons — average age 19 — have signed a petition for its restoration.

Robert Schofield died because he was just too lazy to eat, his brother Harold said at an inquest in Nelson, England. "He did nothing but drink beer," said Harold.

Oil exploration was carried on in 13 of Mexico's states in 1955 and 15 new fields producing oil or gas were discovered, Pemex, the country's oil monopply, reports.

If Northern Ireland will abolish its "punitive death duties," outsiders willl come in and start businesses there, R. M. Moore told a merchants' meeting in Belfast.

Mrs. Jane Moyce, who single-handed drove off a bull that was attacking a man, has been awarded the British Empire Medal. She is a housewife of Ruislip, England.

Japan's population is just under the 90 million mark.

Horoscope

Indications are that an eventful year lies ahead of you. Your financial affairs should prosper. Very clever and quite good-natured should be the child born under these auspices.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

AT THE WEDDING

Together in the pew we stayed,
According to the plan,
And when the wedding march was played
To sniffle she began.
Unfeeling, she exclaimed, was I
So heartless to appear,
Since when the happy pair went by
I didn't shed a tear.

Men have a different point of view
From that of women fair.
I stood there, smiling in the pew,
And watched the loving pair.
Though she was sobbing as they passed,
Unmoved by that was I.
I heard the ritual first to last
And never sighed a sigh.

I saw the parson drawing nigh
To join that youthful two;
I never sighed a single sigh
Or sobbed a loud "Boo hoo!"
To me a wedding's an affair
Designed to last for years.
I wonder every time I'm there
Why women turn to tears.

(Copyright 1956)

THE HALF-WAY SPOT

Onward and upward runs the trail,
And steep toward the top,
But any man alive can fail
And choose the time to stop.
The many start, but only few
Keep on with courage stout.
But always there are stragglers who
Soon weary and drop out.

Men beat themselves it's often said,
A truth that all admit.
They see the hardships just ahead
And then decide to quit.
They fear to fail; they fear the worst,
But victory's denied.
No man will ever finish first
Who steps too soon aside.

No man will ever gain the top,
Though be it far or near,
Who suddenly decides to stop
From weariness or fear.
The half-way spot is not the spot,
Be pleasant though it may;
Should man stop, there 'twill be his lot
Forever more to stay.

(Copyright 1956)

Today's Text

DR. R. R. FRITSCH

1 Kings 8:55-61

After Solomon had finished his prayer, the longest prayer in the Bible, he addressed the large assembly of the people thus: "Blessed be the Lord Who has given rest to His people Israel, a c c o r d i n g to all that He promised; not one word has failed of all His good promise, which He uttered by Moses His servant. The Lord our God be with us, as He was with our fathers; may He not leave us or forsake us, that He may incline our hearts to Him, to walk in all His ways, and to keep His commandments, His statutes, and His ordinances, which He commanded our fathers. Let these words of mine, wherewith I have made supplicaton before the Lord, be near to the Lord our God day and night, and may He maintain the cause of His servant, and the cause of His people Israel, as each day requires, that all the peoples of the earth may know that the Lord is God; there is no other. Let your heart therefore be wholly true to the Lord our God, walking in His statutes and keeping His commandments, as at this day."

'Organization Man'

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

The best social studies, on the whole, are not written by the sociologists, but by educated laymen with a fresh eye and a fluent pen.

One of the freshest and most fluent social studies I have read in years has just been published under the title, "The Organization Man." Its author is William H. Whyte, Jr., assistant managing editor of Fortune magazine.

The "organization man," to Whyte, is the middle-class American who has taken the vows of organization life — in corporations, laboratories, law factories, colleges and foundations. He not only works for the organization physicly; he "belongs" to it, socially and mentally.

What effect has this tremendous growth of organization life had upon these millions of men who, in Whyte's opinion, set the climate of American society?

His book tries to answer this question in a number of fundamental ways—he analyzes what the organization man believes, how he is trained and tested, what stresses and neuroses he develops, how he lives at home, and where he hopes to arrive.

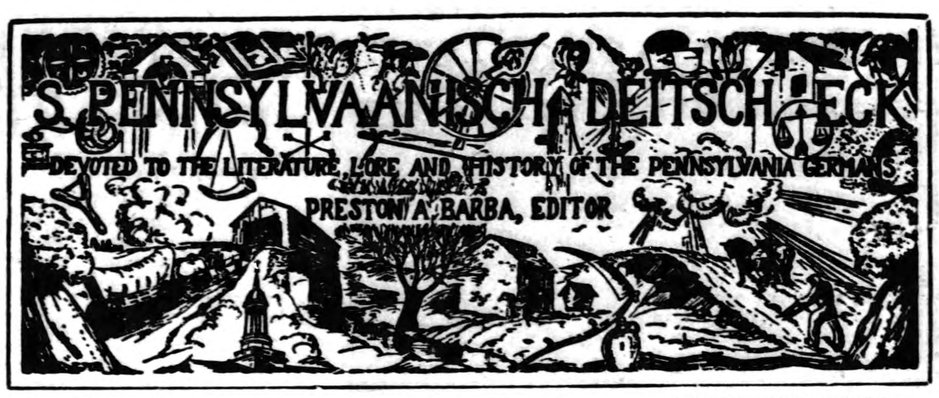
According to Whyte, there is a basic conflict between the individualistic beliefs this man is supposed to follow, and the collective life he actually lives; and in this conflict, he is searching for some faith to bridge the gap.

It is not the defects of organization life that perplex him, but its very benevolence: its security, its pension and profit-sharing plans, its social activities, its concern for his total personality. In return for all this, Whyte suggests, the organization demands his total personality—not merely his sweat, but his soul.

"The Organization Man" is more than a "provocative" book. After all, any book can be "provocative" if its author wants to be brash and irresponsible.

It is a factual, closely-knitted and closely-reasoned book based on three years of research and study by an editor whose position with the magazine has given him entree to the practical world of business. It should be read, and pondered, by every organization man—and his wife.

(Copyright 1956)



MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES

More than 85 years have passed since the following incidents and anecdotes were related to Phebe Earle Gibbons, a resident of Lancaster County. They were later published in the Appendix of her book **PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH and Other Essays,** the first edition of which appeared in 1872. It was the first book to reveal to the general English-speaking public a more comprehensive knowledge about the history and the lifeways of the Pennsylvania Germans.

Said a young man to us, "My daddy won't sit in no rocking-chair. He has a "crutch" (grudge) agin' a rocking-chair. It appears that the same objection has been felt by other Pennsylvania Germans. Wollenweber gives us a farmer talking to his children in the spring, who says especially that none of the girls is to sit in a rocking-chair on a working-day. In sounding the praises of Womelsdorf, Berks County, the same author tells us that the women are never seen sitting in a orcking-chair.

In Berks County a young publisher told me that when visiting the country and asking his subscribers how they liked his paper, he received answer that it was "a very nice paper for the cupboard." Being a large-sized paper, it was a good one to spread upon shelves to keep them clean.

Lancaster County men connected with the press have had similar experiences. One canvassing for a paper to be published in a small town came across an old man and his wife ty'ng covers on pots of apple-butter, and showed them a specimen copy. He was answered, "Ich verlang's net. Es macht net vier Haffe-deckel." (I don't want it. It won't make four pot-covers).

When the **Lancaster County Farmer** was started it was in small pamphlet form. A person in the office showed it to a man, who took hold of it, opened it, and looked at the other side, but believed he would not take it: it was almost too small to tie apple-butter crocks with.

I have spoken of old apple-butter. The following is condensed from a Lancaster paper of 1874: "A gentleman handed us a few days since a bottle of apple-butter made in 1820, being fifty-three years old last fall. It is still good, and retains its original flavor. It was part of the "housestire" (Hausschteier) of Mrs. R. of this county after her marriage." Apple-butter kept so long dries away to a very small bulk, but can be renewed by boiling it with water.

At a Quaker settlement in Lancaster County, nearly extinct among the "Dutch," a Quaker father urged his son to activity thus: "Let me see if thee'll go on and help me like a little Dutch boy would do, or whether thee'll linger and loiter about."

I was told some years back of farmers in Berks "worth from thirty to eighty thousand dollars who never bring wheat bread to the table except at Christmas and New Year's. This is from their great economy and desire to sell the wheat."

Mrs. R. of Lehigh County tells me that at her father's they baked wheat bread on Saturday, for Sunday, but during the week they ate rye.

When her brother-in-law returned from a visit to Ohio, he said "Drauss in Ohio iss es so schee. Sie essen lauder Wezebrod;" or, "Out in Ohio it is so fine. They eat nothing but wheat bread."

The severe economy of the Pennsylvania Germans has been mentioned. One New-Year's day I saw in a bank a young man who was asked to subscribe for something. He declined, and spoke of "our old Dutch rule that it is a bad plan to buy on New-Year's morning. Always get money in before you pay it out." In Northampton County an old resident is reported to have said, "Do you know the difference between a Yankee farmer and a Dutch one? When a Yankee farmer has apples, he sells the scrubby ones and eats the good ones at home; and a Dutch farmer picks out the scrubby ones to eat at home, and sells the good ones."

One of My Lancaster County neighbors has grain-bags that have been in use on the farm for about seventy years, and bid fair to last for twenty more. They were made from flax and hemp grown on the farm. A young member of the family says that their preservation not only shows the economy, but impresses him with proofs of the good judgment of those who made them, in selecting material, and in the thorough manner of their work. He adds, "All these characteristics were, I think, possessed in full measure by the people, somehow and somewhere misnamed Dutch, in whose hands the largest part of Lancaster County has become what it is."

The custom of barring out the teacher at Christmas appears not yet to be extinct in Lancaster County.

The scholars demand a Christmas gift, but are not always successful. One teacher near here walked calmly home, and allowed the scholars to open the door at their leisure.

HOLIDAY COOKING

With the approaching holiday season the housewife may wish to turn to recipes associated with the winter festivities. The following were translated from the German "receipt" book of a Pennsylvania German housewife who kept house in Lancaster from 1767 to 1811. Buying a frozen mince pie in your favorite food fair may be very convenient, but how impersonal. You will have no difficulty, and a lot more of excitement, in adjusting the following to your immediate personal need.

MINCE PIE

Cook tender in slightly salted water a fresh beef tongue and let it cool in the liquor it was boiled in. When cold, skin it, take about two-thirds its bulk in fresh kidney tallow (suet) and cut all fine with the rocking knife. Now weigh this, and take the weight of it in seeded raisins and in cleaned currants. Take the weight of all these in good sour pippins cut fine, 1 whole nutmeg grated, ½ ounce each of ground cinnamon and cloves, the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 1 handful each of candied orange and lemon peel cut fine, a glass of currant jelly. Wet with the best of cider and sweeten to taste with soft sugar. Put in a big crock, cover with a cloth, and when it begins to "crack" it is ready to use. (Of course she meant the cider and not the crock). Serve pies hot, and just before serving, put a tablespoon full of brandy in the vent of each one.

Perhaps you may wish to serve roast squabs or ducks. Your seven times great-grandmother roasted them before the fire on the open hearth. Whether you will roast yours in the oven of your gas range or in the electrical rotisserie, you will find no difficulty in using the following recipes.

ROAST SQUAB

Pick, singe and dress. Fill with cooked chestnuts and potatoes in equal measure. Allow ½ ounce butter to each bird. Roast before a good fire.

To serve this, take a cupful of boiled chestnuts, a cupful of stoned raisins cooked in just enough water to plump them. Mix and pour over all a pint of wine. Let stand over night. Make a sauce of tablespoon butter, tablespoon flour, and the wine drained from the nuts and raisins, 2 ounces fine sugar and a pinch of mace. Boil up and put in nuts and raisins and boil again when it is ready to serve. Begin to do this recipe a day before wanted.

ROAST DUCK

Dress a young duck and rub over night with salt and pepper.

For the filling, take of sour stoned raisins, currants, chopped sour apple and bread crumbs, a small handful each, and one large cooked mealy potato mixed with an ounce of butter while hot. Mix all together, fill duck lightly, sew up vents, truss into good shape and bake before a hot steady fire. Do not overdo.

Make a gravy by browning a tablespoon of flour in the drippings, adding the giblets (which should be cooked and pounded fine in a mortar) with the water they were cooked in. Boil up and it is done.

Garnish duck with thin slices of lemon. Serve with this a compote of cherries or red currants.

An acquaintance, born in Northampton County, tells me that at his native place the teacher was locked out not at Christmas, but on Shrove-Tuesday, and merely for sport.

A lawyer in Lancaster County describes a peculiarity of our people. In most places, he says, a man comes in, tells you what he wants, and perhaps retains you in his case. But here there is first a conversation on diverse subjects.

Another says that the country people expect you to hear an account of their ailings and those of their friends and the state of the crops before proceeding further.

A neighbor coming to our house to get a horse and vehicle, talked perhaps half an hour, as if on a friendly call, before she told her errand.

Another lawyer, named H. (of Pennsylvania German origin), has given me some of his recollection of Berks County. Berks is that county concerning which it has been a standing joke that its people still voted for Andrew Jackson—a well-worn joke.

"It must have been a select party," says Mr. H., that W. was at, if none of them got drunk."

The great dancing tunes in Berks are Fisher's Hornpipe, Washington's G r a n d March, Charlie over the Water, Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, and We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

"The walls in the stone houses in Berks are generally two feet thick, built like forts, with plenty of room to sit in the window-seats, but usually the landlord had a long bar-room table, on which he put chairs for the fiddlers. About every third dance they must have a drink, which frequent potations sometimes brought them to the floor, unable to distinguish sounds."

"The dancing they indulge in Berks," says Mr. H., "is not the fashionable kind, but is more exhausting than mauling rails in August, or thrashing rye with a flail. The figures are called out by some skillful person; the dances are called straight fours or hoe-downs, the dancers being arranged in four rows, in a sort of double column on each side. After the inside couples have danced and all have changed places, the former are allowed to rest while the outside couples dance."

A lawyer in Easton, from the State of New York, says that he never saw so large a body of people so honestly inclined as the Pennsylvania Germans. He speaks from a knowledge of the people of Northampton and Lehigh. They have an especial dread of the people of New England and New York, from their having been so terribly victimized by patent-rights' men. He adds that they are not a reading people, but by their careful and slow manner of getting along they really accomplish more than the people of New England and New York, who, he says, make a great display, and then frequently compromise with their creditors by paying fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar. A person present added of these Pennsylvania Germans that they never headed any great moral reforms and never drowned witches. (New England witches were hanged and not drowned. Ed.)

GRISCHDAAG HALDE

Mir hen viel Feierdaagge
Un niemand kann recht saagge
Was Grischdaag dutt bedeide;
Sie fresse un sie saufe
Schier alles was sie daufe
Un dowe rum wie Heide.

Sie kumme un sie gehne,
Die Alde wie die Gleene,
Un duhne nanner bsuche;
Die Mammi dutt viel backe,
Dutt alles sehr gut schmacke,
Der turkey un die Kuche.

Sie hocke hie un mache
So gleene scheene Sache,
Awwer nix vun viele Nutze;
Gewwe Schreib-babier un Bicher,
Un Schpelle un Schnubducher,
Kann kaum sei Naas nei butze.

Mir kaafe nanner Gschenker
Un schpende wie der Henker,
Un yuscht weil ann're duhne;
Noh muss mer widder schbaare,
Als wie mer hen ver Yaahre.
Un lewe uff Mosch un Buhne. ..

Der Daag sott viel meh meene
Zu de Alde un de Gleene,
Wie Bresents un viel fresse;
So duhne mir aa saagge,
Doch niemand dutt's recht glaawe,
Un dutt's so leicht vergesse.

—WILLIAM H. ERB

WIE MER YAAGT

Wie ich sol en kleener Bu waar in Barricks County hen mir als die menscht Zeit net viel englische Wadde gebreicht in unserm Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch. Fer sell kummt's mir aardlich vor ass ich net gewisst hab was en Yaeger iss. Mir hen als gsaat, **hunter;** un ebmols, **Schitz,** awwer sei Lewe net Yaeger.

Mir hen awwer als gschwetzt vum Yaagge. Mei Gremmem hot mir als gsaat, Waer lebt vum Fische un Yaagge, muss verrissene Kleeder draagge." Mir hen ebmols gsaat mir gingte schiesse. Ich hab an mei yunge Daagge gedenkt un ans laagge der anner Daag. Es waare etliche vun uns alte Bekannte ass nanner net oft sehne bei nanner am Esse. Es waare about achte vun uns.

Eener hot verzehlt wie er den Harrebscht drauss am Barrick waar fer browiere wilde Welchhinkel zu schiesse. Er hot sich gans ruhich ghalte fer en langi Zeit awwer er hot nix gsehne un nix gheert vun wilde Welschhinkel. Endlich iss er mied warre un hot sich uff der Bodde ghockt. Un er hot sei Flint nunner gelegt.

Er hot gemeent er deet Ebbes heere hinner sich. Er hot sei Kopp gedreht un datt waar en groosser wilder Welschhaahne. Er hot zu sich selwer gsaat, "Was sett ich nau duh?" Er hot gewisst wann er sich rum drehe deet un sei Flint vum Bodde uffenemme, deet der Welschhaahne abfliegge wie en jet-plane.

Er hot sich langsam rumgedreht, Zoll bei Zoll. Wie er gans recht ghockt hot nemmt er sei Flint sachtich uff. Der Welschhaahne hot "Brt, Brt!" gegluxt un iss hinner en Baam gange.

Fer ee halb Schtunn hot mei Freind sich ruhich ghalte. Endlich iss der Welschhaahne wunnerfitzich warre un hot hinnerm Baam raus geguckt. Mei Freind hot ihm der Kopp abgschosse. Der Welschhaahne hot 19 Pund gewoogge un waar arrig gut zu esse.

Ich hab an mei nephew gedenkt. Er waar im Busch fer Eechhaase zu schiesse. Er hot amme Baam nuffgeguckt. Vazich Fuss owwich em Bodde waar en Loch un en Eechhaas hot sei Schwans datt raus ghenkt. Mei nephew hot sich ruhich ghalte fer en Schtunn un hot ghofft des Gedier kaemt raus, aus em Loch. Wie die Schtunn rum waar, hot der Eechhaas sei Schwans neigezogge un iss drin gebliwwe. Sell waar ken dummer Eechhaas.

En Kall hot moll en Flint ghatt mit me Schpeckdief druff. Er hot die Haersch als paar Meil weck gschosse. Es hot als so lang genumme fer sie griegge, ass ihre Fleesch verdarrewe iss, eb sie hiekumme sin. Er hot noh die Kuggele weil in Salslaag gelegt. Noh, wann er en Haersch gschosse hot, iss es Fleesch gut gebliwwe.

Versechit vum Kaschbar Hufnagel vun der Lebanon News

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Editorials

Taxes That Will Raise Howls

Governor Leader's 12-man, bipartisan committee of business, labor and industry leaders has come up with a plan of taxation which they calculate will provide $240,000,000 a year and thus prevent the deficit during the next biennium which must be anticipated if the State's expenses are not drastically reduced.

It was quite a job that the Governor threw into the laps of his friends and fellow-citizens. All must have realized that of all the unpopular deeds that man can commit, that of recommending and imposing tax is just about the most unpopular.

But a program was asked for and the committee has given it to the Governor for his study. Perhaps he will recommend it to the General Assembly when it goes into session early next year.

Its immediate reception has not been very warm, to say the least. The few legislative representatives who were immediately interviewed seem to have been content that the three-cent sales tax be continued, but their first reaction was unfavorable to such recommendations as a one cent tax on a bottle of soft drink, continuing the one cent tax on cigarettes, which was imposed in 1955 as an emergency measure to provide flood relief; applying the sales tax to liquor and beer when served in public places, and making the full sale of a new item acquired in a trade - in taxable under the sales tax.

Already there are enormous taxes in the cost of beer and liquor to which the public long since has become accustomed. Proposed application of the three cent sales tax to these beverages probably has already provided the taproom crowds with the liveliest topic of discussion since the Egyptian and Hungarian difficulties.

There will be lots of opposition in the various quarters affected by the other proposals but the objectors at the bars will probably be the most vocal and emphatic in their protests. They will not be wont to agree with those callous souls who believe that what they term the vices have broad backs and can carry any load that is put upon them.

Wait for the Ambulance

Over and over again physicians, surgeons and the police urge the public to keep calm at the scene of accidents and especially to move victims as little as possible, preferably not at all.

There is the touch of the Good Samaritan however in almost every person who happens upon the scene of an accident. There is a desire to help those who are injured and there is something heroic in loading an injured person into a car and dashing to a hospital with him.

This is all wrong, say those who ought to know. Again early last evening such an error was made when a young woman was hurried into a car after she had been struck by another car, and was taken to a hospital from Irving and Tilghman Sts.

At the hospital the opinion was expressed that a badly fractured leg was in much worse condition for the kind of handling that the girl got than if she had been permitted to await an ambulance with a litter and then removed to the hospital with a minimum of disturbance to the shattered bones.

The motoring public should take note of this accident and the lesson that it teaches. Move an accident victim little or not at all. Movement expecially by untrained persons and in vehicles unadapted to ambulance use may cause perforations of the lungs or other vital organs by sharp bony fragments. It may complicate compound fractures of limbs to the point that permanent disability will be the fate of the victim while in the case of fractured ribs or breast bone, death may be caused.

It will take a few more minutes but a life my be saved by calling and awaiting an ambulance.

A Warning to Aggressors

A lot of publicity was accorded early in the week to announcement from the Air Force that ten days ago more than a thousand medium bombers, using aerial fueling, flew non-stop missions averaging 8000 miles.

It was the first time that the Strategic Air Command had tested the operational ability of its striking force in such great numbers during a matter of a few days.

While the issuance of the news was designed to tell the American people that it will be possible to launch a retaliatory blow in the event of a sneak attack against the United States, it probably was designed more for foreign than domestic consumption.

There has been much fear that Russia, harassed in its satellite countries and disturbed by evidences of dissatisfaction at home over the domestic results of her policies, might adopt the traditional tactics of despotic governments which initiate a war to unite the home folks behind them against a foreign foe.

In effect, the story of these mass flights of bombers over the North American continent and into the arctic regions is a warning. It was certainly planned as a deterrent to sneak attack not alone against our military installations and forces but against our industrial centers and vast centers of population.

With more than a thousand jet bombers, able to engage in non - stop missions of 8,000 miles; moving at a speed of 600 mph and carrying bomb loads of ten tons each, massive retaliation is the threat and the promise held out to any desperate aggressors.

Crowded Lifeboat



Nehru's Visit

By WALTER LIPPMANN

There can be no such thing, I would suppose, as a measure of what was accomplished by Prime Minister Nehru's visit to Washington. His talks with the President were private, and the official communique is not communicative. It is fair to assume that out of the long talks there came not specific decisions but a "broad area of agreement" within which both men acknowledge the same general principles and express the same general intentions.

There can be no doubt that this is a very good thing indeed. But time alone will tell how the general agreements are construed by the operating officials in Washington and in Delhi and at the U.N. in New York. One might say, for example, that it is almost certain that Eisenhower and Nehru have much more in common than do John Foster Dulles and Krishna Menon. This causes one to wonder whether Eisenhower and Nehru agreed upon how, when they are separated by half the world, they can carry forward consultations which began at Gettysburg.


Lippmann

In thinking about private meetings of this kind between the heads of governments, most of us carry around with us the memory of the wartime meetings between Roosevelt and Churchill. Those meetings set the pattern and precedents in our age for meetings at the summit, and they have habituated this country to the expectation that great and important business will be transacted.

Roosevelt and Churchill used to bring along with them to these meetings their highest military and diplomatic agents, and they made agreements and reached decisions on which the two countries then acted.

This image is now quite misleading, and we must clear it from our minds. This is particularly true of the meeting between Eisenhower and Nehru. For these two men would not if they could, and could not if they would, publicly adopt and pursue a joint policy. The essential principle of Nehru's policy is that India is to make no entangling alliance, is to have no fixed alignment with the Communist orbit or with the Atlantic powers. It follows that nothing in the nature of a joint program could have come out of the Gettysburg talks.

The real question is how far, since joint action is not to be expected, we may look forward to parallel action. The impression I gleaned from this and that is about as follows:

Nehru has been completely convinced of Eisenhower's sincerity as a man of peace. The notion has been widely held in Asia, fed by some mighty foolish speeches made over here, that the ultimate purpose of this country was a preventive war. We can, I believe, count on Nehru as a powerful witness in our favor in Moscow and in Peiping, and all over Asia.

Nehru, on the other hand, pretty well disposed of the idea that he is a crypto - Communist. Practically nobody who has known him, and is informed about how he governs India, has had this prejudice. But there has been so much talk by his enemies in America that his appearance in Washington was salutary and has done much to clear the air.

At the level of practical issues in foreign affairs we may distinguish three fields — China, the Middle East and Russia-and-Europe. My impression is that for India the highest priority is in her relations with China, with the China whose population is growing seriously, whose industrialization is proceeding at a very rapid pace.

No Links

As for the Middle East, I got the impression that India's action is not unaligned. It moves, so to speak, in a channel. One bank of the channel is the living memory of the old European colonial system in Asia. This tends to confine India to the role of a partisan of the former colonies, and to inhibit India as a mediator between East and West.

The other bank of the channel is in India's difficult and dangerous relations with the Moslem world, particularly with her own Moslem population and with Pakistan. Nehru is in no position, it would seem, to take any serious risks when Moslem sentiment is involved. This too inhibits him in the role of mediator.

As for Europe, my impression is that India does not regard the grave problem of Germany, of East Europe, and the Soviet Union as within her field of effective influence. She does not regard herself as a world power in the sense that she can or should play a principal part at such a distance from home. We must not, it seems to me, expect India to take a leading role in Europe.

What I have been saying consists of impressions and inferences, and nothing in it should be regarded as more definite or more authoritative than that.

(Copyright, 1956)

Brake on Marriage?

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

"I'll tell you what the trouble is," said a friend, as we were chatting after dinner. "It's too easy to get divorced these days. That's why all these kids make such crazy marriages."

"That may be so," I nodded, "but I think you're putting the cart before the horse. It's too easy to get married — that's the trouble."

"Society," I continued, warming up to my subject, "puts up qualifications for everything, but not for marriage. You can't even get a driver's license unless you know how to handle a car, understand the rules of the road, and have no gross physical defects.

"But any idiot can get married, almost on the spur of the moment, as long as he can scrape up $5, or whatever it costs to get a license in your state.

"There is no preparation for marriage in our society, no training for domestic responsibilities, except a few half-hearted college courses that come too late and say too little.

"You might protest that other cultures throughout history haven't set up qualifications, either, but there is one big difference — Romance alone, has been the criterion for making a marriage.

"Until the 20th century in our country, young people largely married for economic motives or because the families wanted them to, or for other practical reasons that might or might not have been justified. But at least they knew there was a "reason" for getting and staying married.

"If we are going to allow our young people to marry on a romantic basis, the least we can do is insist that they recognize what a marriage entails — the responsibilities, the emotional demands, the givingness and not merely the takingness.

"But instead, the films, the popular magazines, the best-selling novels, all lead up to the altar, and drop the young people there on their own. Our society emphasizes sexual attraction more than any other in the history of the world — and then we are surprised when our young people find that sexual attraction is not enough to hold a marriage together, and we blame them for breaking up.

"Divorce is a serious problem, a messy business, and I don't think young people take it lightly. But as long as we present marriage merely as a matter of moonlight and roses, they will rush into it headlong. If we made the qualifications for marriage half as difficult as the qualifications for any other job, we'd be attacking divorce where it begins — at the altar.

(Copyright 1956)

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.

Make No Change in Christmas Story

To the Editor—

This letter concerns "Christmas in Old Lehigh," a program presented at Parkland High School, on the evening of Wednesday December the 19th. The whole nativity scene was enacted in a Penna. German atmosphere. I understand that people were consulted concerning the Penna. German aspects of the program. Were any Christian clergymen consulted about the paganism of such a performance? Did the school gain the approval of the Christian Church to alter the Christmas story?

The performance was widely accepted by the people of this locality. If Parkland has taken it upon itself to change the Christmas story and gained a favorable response, the whole idea of changing the Christmas story will spread. Other schools will adopt the idea using different countries for the scene of the Nativity. It is not right to subject little children to such a distortion of the truth. It is with such an insidious start that basic truths are lost. The unique part of the Christmas story is that it has remained the same through the ages. Christ was born in a Jewish background, not Penna. German. Christ was placed in a lowly manger, not in an ornate Penna. German cradle. The star of Bethlehem was a star, not a hex sign.

It is unfortunate that modern minds always crave something new and different, but the Christmas story is one thing that cannot and should not be changed.

Mrs. Manuel Tubio
R. D. No. 3
Allentown, Penna.

'All This Just for a Day?'

To the Editor:

Overheard the other day in the shopping district: A woman heavily packaged remarked to another person, "All this for just a day."

You probably know as well as I do what she meant. But isn't it true how lost we can get in this material world. It isn't how much we give or get that counts.

Have we lost the real meaning of Christmas? I'm afraid we have. Years ago Christmas had a real meaning, as it still does for some people today. But, we in this fast modern age have lost something precious, something real, something beautiful.

We are all heading toward Eternity, some of us sooner than others. How will you, my good people who may read this, observe your Christmas? Are you buried in the material? Or are you going to see the Star as did the Wise Men of old?

It's up to you. You be the judge. For some day you will be judged, or "all this for just a day."

A Reader

Edgar A. Guest

SCHOOL BOY

With twenty or thirty young offspring to rule
With slow creeping paces the corner they turn;
No child ever willingly starts off to school.
No youngster is ever too eager to learn.

As Shakespeare remarked in his "Ages of Man,"
A boy with the shine of a freshly washed face
Creeps slowly to school at the ring of the bell
And the pace of a snail is the little chap's pace.

The teachers and parents all know this is so.
As it was, so 'twill stay as a general rule.
The pace of a snail will continue to be
The pace of a boy as he trudges to school.

(Copyright 1956)

Factographs

Moscow has been the capital of Russia since 1918, following the revolution in 1917. Before that, Petrograd (now Leningrad) was the capital.

Despite the theme of the famous children's song, London bridge never has fallen down.

The National Gallery of Art building in Washington cost about 15 million dollars to build.

Horoscope

Your business should prosper and make good progress. A very ambitious personality is likely to be noted in today's child.

Today's Text
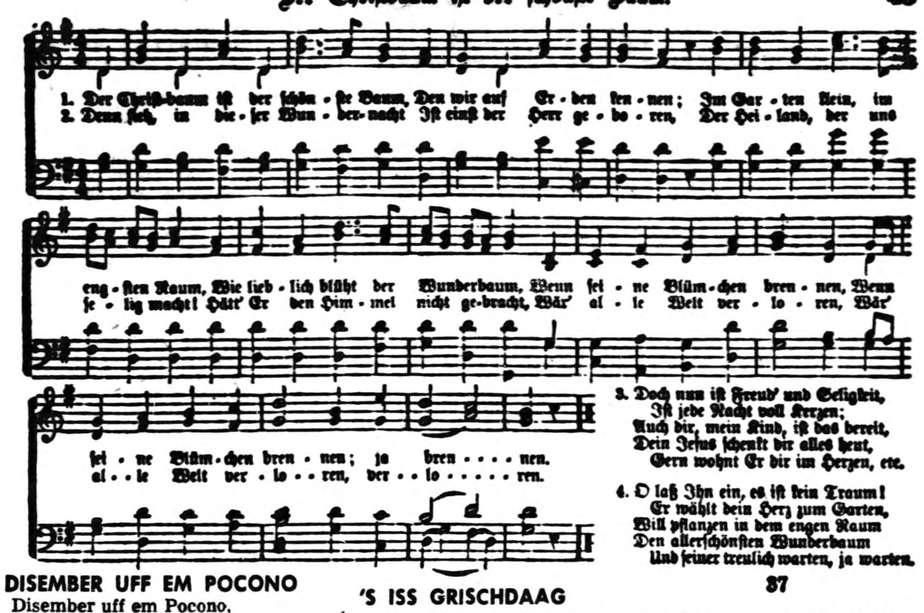
DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 1:57-79

When Elisabeth's son, John, was born, her neighbors came to congratulate her, suggesting that he be called Zacharias Jr. But his mother told them that his name was John, whereupon they objected, saying that there was no one in the relationship by that name. So they referred the matter to Zacharias, who had not been able to speak since the angel had promised him a son, for he could not believe it possible (1:20). So, when they asked him about the name of the child, he wrote on a writing - tablet that his name was John, which surprised the visiting friends. Then suddenly he was able to speak and poured out the joy of his soul in a poem, known in Church language as the Benedictus, vs. 68-70, the first word in the Latin text of v. 68: "Benedictus Dominus Deus Israelis." The reason why we stressed the meanings of the four names yesterday is that the Benedictus seems to have been inspired by them. Note in vs. 72-73 that God is remembering His holy covenant, "the oath" which He swore to our father Abraham. The word salvation in vs. 69 and 77, and the word mercy in vs. 72 and 78 (the equivalent of His grace) recall the meaning of the names of Jesus and John.



Der Christbaum ist der schönste Baum. 42



3. Doch nun ist Freud' und Seligkeit,
Ist jede Nacht voll Kerzen;
Auch dir, mein Kind, ist das bereit,
Dein Jesus schenkt dir alles heut,
Gern wohnt Er dir im Herzen, etc.

4. O laß Ihn ein, es ist kein Traum!
Er wählt dein Herz zum Garten,
Will pflanzen in dem engen Raum
Den allerschönsten Wunderbaum
Und seiner treulich warten, ja warten.

37

DISEMBER UFF EM POCONO

Disember uff em Pocono,
Datt reisst der Wind so kalt un roh;
Des macht die Backe rot wie Blut
Un macht dem Yaeger frischer Mut.

Was sin die wilde Haersch so gschwind!
Sie fliegge wie'n Disember Wind.
Fer dreffe nemmt's en guder Schitz,
En ruhichi Hand un kiehler Witz.

's Gewilbert macht en wilder Schprung,
Vum Maul do henkt en rodi Zung;
En Kuggel daerrich's zaarte Haerz,
En schtolser Yaeger fiehlt der Schmaerz!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

WIDDER UFF DER ALDE BAUEREI

Ich waar der anner Daag emol widder deheem uff der alde Bauerei, wu ich mei Kindheit zugebrocht hab, un ich kann mir net helfe dir ewennich dervun schreiwe. Ich hab noch alles gfunne, wie's veralders waar, except die Leit, awwer wie different dutt em doch alles vorkumme!

Die Bauerei waar unser Keenichreich, un es waar yuscht paarmols Yaahr, ass mir dervun kumme sin, un sell waar generally wann mer Sunndaags in die Kaerrich geh hen misse un zu ere dietsche Breddich harriche fer zwee lange Schtund weegge em Paulus un de Aposchtel, un der "brennede Helle" wu net ausgeht. Ich hett als liewer Glee-sume gebutzt odder en Kieschtall ausgemischt, ass gschtreht waar mit Welschkann-schtengel ass wie in die Kaerrich geh un die Weschpe watsche an der ceiling rum graddle. Awwer so waar's, mir hen net yuscht lanne schaffe, awwer do iss noch die alt Kammer, wu mir gelannt hen bede. Es hot mich paar Yaahr genumme bis ich es "Vadder Unser" hendle hab kenne — es waar in Hochdeitsch un die Wadde waare Latin zu mir, awwer endlich hawwich's ge'managed,' hab's hinnerschich un varschich un iwwerzwarrich bede kenne, ass der Schmok gflogge iss. Ich hab's aa net vergesse un will aa net.

Do sin die Felder. Was es als so weit gsiemt hot vun heem, wann ich uff em hinnere End vun der Bauerei waar. Die Felder hen viel greesser geguckt sellemols ass wie sie nau duhne. Die dunkle Ecke im Busch wu ich als geguckt hab fer Baere un Rumleefer, wann ich als es Vieh gholt hab, sin noch datt, awwer ich seh nau ken Gfaahr meh. Do schteht noch der alt Abbelbaum wu als der Daadi mit Wibbe supplied hot fer uns unnerdeenich halde. Er hot sei Lewe ken Ebbel ghatt, weil er alsfert zu close ge'trimmed' waar.

Do iss die alt Scheier, es Hoiloch, der Baahre, iewen die alde Bleck, wu mir als es Hoi gschwische raus geroppt hen fer Lecher mache fer Oier verschteckle fer die Oschdere — un dernoh sie verfriere losse. Do iss es alt Dreschdenn wu mir als Soode-weeze ausgeridde hen mit de Geil im Schpotyaahr, un winders sex Woche gedrosche mit me alde blooe tread-power un zwee blinde Geil. Der Waggeschopp, der Fudergang, der Geilsschtall wu ich als mich unnich der Drog gelegt hab am hinnere Gaul un gschlofe bis der Daadi die vedderschte Geil gschtriggelt hot ghatt un iss zu naegscht zerick kumme, dann bin ich als uff un dabber ans Scharre ass wann ich die gans Zeit gschtriggelt hett. Do iss die alt Schwell vun der Scheier wu ich als em Daadi sei fungel-neie Hufneggel neige-globbt hab. Der Seischtall mit de very Gletz owwe drowwe wu mir als geyust hen fer Walniss ausleffle - die Zeit wu mir uns reich ge-eschtemiert hen bei de viele Buschel ausgeleffelte Walniss ass mir ghatt hen.

Un do iss der ewwerscht Schpeicher im Haus. Die seeme Schpinne schpinne noch wie immer am seeme Blatz ass sie als hen. Die Oschderoier schtehne noch im alde Backkarreb. Sie sin so gfaehrlich ass en dynamite shell — wann mer sie schiddelt, dann verschpringe sie un schtinke wie Luder. Do schteht noch die alt Wieg. Was Kimmer un was Druwwel waare g'centered' in dem eende Schtick Hausrot? Do duhne mir all schtaerte un weinde uff mit me annere Schtick furniture gans wennich greesser — die Laad. Es macht nix aus wie reich odder wie aarem. E Wieg un e Laad — eeni so gut ass die anner — eb sie aus Beindhols odder aus mahogany gemacht iss.

Es iss net notwennich ass ich dir weider verzaehl vun der alde Bauerei. Du waarscht verleicht schunt selwer datt. Die Arrebschaft dervun waar net grooss, awwer die Lanning waar meh waut wie Gold. Mer hen lanne schaffe, hen ausgfunne was es koscht en Daaler Geld verdiene un wie en zu halde, un in unserem Lewe net nunnergucke uff der Mann ass schafft. Unser Arrebschaft waar gsunder Verschtand, en ehrlichi Hand un blendi Sand, un wann der Mensch sell hot dann iss er schur fer all die Blessier aus daere Welt nemme ass mer gut uff ee Lood faahre kann.

Aus BOONASTIEL
(Thomas H. Harter, 1854-1933)

'S ISS GRISCHDAAG

'S iss Grischdaag in der ganse Welt—
Wie kann mer des verschteh!
En siessi Duft iss in der Luft
Un weicht all, Grooss un Glee.

Die seem alt Welt, doch iss sie nei,
Verennert ihre Gang!
Uff Flieggel breed vun greesschte Freed,
So yubelt sie mit Gsang.

En kranki Welt, voll Grieg un Hass—
Wie kann so ebbes sei?
Uff Engelfiess, vun Hoffning siess,
So schleicht der Heiland bei.

Wu Mangel iss datt schleicht er hie,
So wie ver alters heit;
Des Lewesbrot fer alli Not
Vun Gottes Lieb bedreit.

Wu Kinner sin — ken Eldre do—
Familye heemetlos,
Datt finnt mer ihn mit Liebesgwinn
Un Blatz im Haz un Schooss.

Doch brauch er Hende des zu duh,
Un Leit willig zu geh.
'S iss wunnerbaar — wer geht sogaar
Kann bescht sei Lieb verschteh.

Un yeder Daag finnt sei Geburt
Vun neiem siess do hunne;
Des Kindel froh kummt zu ihm so
In ewich Kraft verbunne.
'S iss Grischdaag in der ganse Welt,
Un deeglich soll so sei;
Wann du un ich bekimmre sich
Wie Er — bleibt es debei!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

IMMIGRANTS WANTED

In the year 1755 Dr. Jonathan Mayhew who was preaching election sermons to his congregation in Massachusetts (just as many other ministers of the New England States did to their congregations), stated in his sermon, before the Governor and members of the Legislature of Massachusetts, that though Pennsylvania will have some inconvenience from too many unassimilated Germans coming among the people, yet the growth and prosperity of the province of Pennsylvania has become a fact largely because of the great number of German and Swiss people inhabiting there. He further said, that Massachusetts had too many English now to be hurt by the admixture of these foreign races, and that he advocated all proper measures to be used to encourage the immigration of foreigners from the Palatinate.

Indeed not only Massachusetts, but other provinces invited the German-Swiss to settle among them. As early as 1726 Governor Clarke of New York sent a circular advertisement to Germany, which was distributed far and wide, offering to give free, 500 acres to each of the first 200 families from the Palatinate that would come to New York. The invitation did not meet with any great success. This may be partly from the fact that the Germans who went to New York with Governor Hunter 1709 (about 3,000 of them), soon found the laws there not favorable to them. About 20 years later nearly all left and came to Pennsylvania.

For further information see H. Frank Eshleman: **Historic Background and Annals of the Swiss and German Pioneer Settlers of South-eastern Pennsylvania, Etc.**, 1917, Lancaster, Pa.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS SONG

Der Christbaum ist der schoenste Baum,
Den wir auf Erden kennen;
Im Garten klein, im engsten Raum,
Wie lieblich blueht der Wunderbaum,
Wenn seine Bluemchen brennen, etc.

Denn sieh, in dieser Wundernacht
Ist einst der Herr geboren,
Der Heiland, der uns selig macht!
Haett Er den Himmel nicht gebracht,
Waer alle Welt verloren, etc.

Doch nun ist Freud und Seligkeit,
Ist jede Nacht voll Kerzen;
Auch dir, mein Kind, ist das bereit,
Dein Jesus schenkt dir alles heut,
Gern wohnt Er dir im Herzen, etc.

O lass Ihn ein, es ist kein Traum!
Er waehlt dein Herz zum Garten,
Will pflanzen in dem engen Raum
Den allerschoensten Wunderbaum
Und seiner treulich warten, etc.

Some time ago our faithful informant over many years, Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, sent us a photostat of what he believes was the traditional song of the Pennsylvania German "Christ Fescht" of fifty or more years ago. He writes: "The last program at which I heard it sung was at Heidelberg Church, Upper Lehigh, about 48 years ago. After that the German language was dropped altogether from the Christmas program.

"A big hemlock tree was brought into the church and decorated in the usual manner, including a liberal number of wax candles. Some time near the end of the program the lights (which were then coal-oil lamps) were dimmed and the candles on the tree were lit. Then the audience joined the children in singing "Der Christbaum ist der schoenste Baum." This was very impressive and I am sure there are still hundred of the older people who remember this. Of course, lighting a hundred or more candles on a huge evergreen tree in a church was probably not according to modern standards of fire prevention, but the tree was green — freshly cut in a nearby wood — and I never heard of any accident occurring.

"The photostat is from a little book of Sunday school hymns for children: "Gesaenge fuer Sonntag-Schulen" compiled by C. J. Heppe and printed by the American Tract Society in 1866."

Since receiving the photostat from Mr. Hollenbach we have learned through Dr. Ernst Christmann of Kaiserslautern in the Palatinate that "Der Christbaum ist der schoenste Baum" continues to be a favorite song in Germany and is found even today in German songbooks and hymnbooks.

The reader will have noticed that neither composer of the music nor writer of the words is mentioned. Information from the **Deutsches Volksliedarchiv** in Freiburg in Bresigau, also by courtesy of Dr. Christmann, indicates that the verses themselves are old and came from an Alsation manuscript some time before 1840. But according to another source, "Das Weihnachtliche Lied" (Trossingen, without date) by A. Fett and T. Koob, one Johann Karl (1806-1887- wrote the verses and Georg Eisenbach composed the music in 1842.

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Editorials

Breath Wasted on Motorists

Even the traffic experts are becoming pessimists regarding the increase in traffic deaths upon American highways, especially during such protracted holiday seasons as that of Christmas and New Year's. After weeks, even months of publicity, designed to induce caution by motorists during the long weekend holiday season, which began on December 22, the motorists' answer to all the warnings and scares was a record toll of 707 deaths. In addition some 24,000 persons were injured in collisions and other types of highway accidents that are costing millions of dollars.

Today another weekend of holidaying for millions of Americans is expected to bring reports of close to five hundred deaths. The total may be even greater if motoring conditions similar to those of a week ago be repeated.

A sense of inevitability about all this is slowly overcoming the highway authorities and the safety engineers. They have been bending their efforts to build safer roads, to impose safety regulations and to educate motorists and all who use the highways to exercise greater care at all times and in all places where they may be moving.

For answer the motorists continue to dash over medial strips on divided highways and crash into cars moving in the opposite direction with fatality, as often as not, for the motorist who committed no offense but simply had the misfortune to be in the way of an offender. Motorists continue to fall asleep at the wheel, leave the highway and crash into poles or ditches or ram other cars in rearend collisions.

The highway builders engineer safety measures into the roads. But no way has been found to engineer safety measures into the heads of the thousands of motorists who drive along gayly and irresponsibly to their own or others' doom.

Too much horsepower, too much speed is the explanation for a vast amount of the highway carnage. Recklessness and a letdown in efficiency due to drinking of alcoholic beverages are blamed for another considerable part of the casualty lists.

There are some cases in which defective cars must be blamed, but the biggest blame always must go out to the defective driver. For the most part, the entire problem goes back to the individual, to uncontrollable, unpredictable man. He is the key to this, as he is to all other human problems. And he is the most difficult agent to control or to influence.

Get Salk Vaccine Now

For the first time in nine years, the ward in a Lexington, Ky., hospital, which in other years at Christmas time held polio patients, this year had none. So the nurses happily placed a "Closed" sign over its doorway. Then they added a significant legend: "Thank you, Dr. Salk. Let's keep it closed. Get vaccinated. Make next Christmas merry too."

There was a complete summation of one of the greatest triumphs in all medical history. And with it went the warning against complacency, now that the people of the United States have been assured of protection for young children, especially, but for any and all who might be stricken with the disease.

All over the United States the story that Lexington has been able to tell has been unfolding. Deaths due to polio during the past year were practically nil. Victims of the disease were vastly reduced in numbers everywhere that the vaccination program with Dr. Salk's preventive was widely followed.

All this has resulted however in a false sense of security in many communities. What had been hysteria in efforts to secure Salk vaccine when there was a scarcity has turned to indifference now that the pharmaceutical houses are able to produce it in any volume that could be demanded.

Millions of doses have been stock-piled in states where demand has trickled almost to nothingness. There is danger that it will lose its effectiveness. It should be used and not be held in storage. On the shelves of laboratories and hospitals it can do no good. Injected into children and young adults, especially expectant mothers, it almost certainly will prevent the disease. Where there is not complete success, the likelihood is that the disease will not afflict its victims in its most dangerous forms.

While the hot seasons are more favorable to the ravages of this disease, there is no season of the year in which it cannot strike. Furthermore, it will be an act of wisdom to secure the protection afforded by the vaccine at once. Its effects will carry on, perhaps for years and perhaps for life.

Certainly, it will be too late for many to await vaccination until an epidemic has developed and there is threat to all unvaccinated members of a community.

Filling Educational Gap

Any lamentations by men, or even women, that they were denied the opportunities of education when they were young and any self-pity that they may pour upon themselves for this lack of formal education, can and should be forgotten and discarded now that the Allentown school system provides education in just about any subject that men and women may desire.

It is timely to remind any ambitious people that, even if they did not enroll in the classes in the early autumn, there still is opportunity to spend many winter hours in educational improvement out at the High School in classes during the second semester.

Five new courses are being added to the curriculum, while there are vacancies in eleven other courses. Thus, while there is not the vast range of choice that was afforded to those who enrolled for the night school in September, there is plenty of opportunity still ahead. Enough is offered to fill all the spare time that almost any one may have to give to education and study.

The chance that was lost in the late teens and early adulthood can now be recovered by many, just as it is being recovered by the several thousand men and women already enrolled in the scores of courses.

But it takes ambition and willpower. It may even call for sacrifices in time and energy. But now, as at all times, there is no royal road to learning. To travel it requires dogged persistence and hard work along difficult roads for which there are no short cuts.

Love and Hate

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Purely Personal Prejudices:

Why is it that people always "take" a bus, "jump into" a cab, and "hop" a plane?

Mothers who look 20 years younger than they are, often have daughters who look 20 years older than they are.

It is absurd to think that adversity builds character. As Cardinal Newman once said: "There is nothing necessarily sanctifying about suffering; suffering merely makes bad men worse."

We need more skillful combinations of the traditional and the modern, which should not oppose but complement each other — like the handsome modern rocker I saw in a shop window the other day.

Until you can understand and accept the paradox that there is no earthly love without a touch of hate, and no hate without a touch of love, then you cannot understand the apparently contradictory things that people do for love or hate.

The re-uniting of families for the holidays reminds me of Robert Benchley's tart description: "There are three ways to travel — first class, second class, and with children."

And, speaking of the holidays, it's always depressing to a writer to remember that everyone knows the sentimental Dickens of "A Christmas Carol," but few people know the realistic Dickens of "Hard Times" and "Little Dorrit," which are far superior in their honesty and moral indignation.

Doesn't anyone else think it absurd for man to be prattling and boasting about "the conquest of space" when he can't conquer or even control a few cubic centimeters of space in his own rebellious head? Without self-domination, only evil can come from the domination of the physical world.

The nicest thing about using an electric razor is that a tired middle-aged man doesn't have to look at himself in the mirror in the morning.

After seeing the film, "The Ten Commandments," I'm convinced that DeMille would have done better to depict only one commandment, at one-tenth the cost, and make some dramatic sense out of it, rather than overwhelming us with a spectacle that exploits the very materialism it purports to attack.

(Copyright, 1956)

'And We Had to Stop the British'



Making Foreign Policy

By WALTER LIPPMANN

With inauguration day not far off, a large part of the President's business is the picking and choosing of men to fill the offices that become or, by his decision, are made vacant. It is normal at a time like this to think not only about who is to be sent to this or that foreign capital, and who is to replace whom in Washington: It is a time also when the administrative machinery comes in for reappraisal.

This is especially true of the machinery for conducting foreign policy. We know that the constitutional machinery comes down to us from a very different age. In this century, since the time of the first World War and the administration of Woodrow Wilson, there has been built up, largely by improvisation, an exceedingly complicated machinery for conducting U.S. foreign policy. So complicated is it that serious thought is being given to creating a new office for the vice president with the power and responsibility to see that all the different departments and bureaus responsible for a "policy" do in fact administer the same policy. There is even talk of a constitutional amendment to give the vice president, who as presiding officer of the Senate belongs to the legislative branch, a greater authority in the executive branch.



Lippmann

Experience shows, I think, that there can be no such thing as the one best type of machinery for conducting foreign policy. All depends upon the person of the President and upon how stabilized or how fluid is the world situation in which the policy has to be made and conducted. In tranquil times, for example, the President has usually been able to leave foreign affairs to the Department of State, which has administered them along the reasonably well-settled lines of a fixed policy. This was the case, for example, under President Coolidge.

But in the crises of the great wars, under Wilson and again under Roosevelt, the conduct of foreign affairs has been drawn into the White House. The Secretary of State has not been the foreign minister. He has been either a powerful figure in domestic politics, who could help the President with Congress and with public opinion, as for example William Jennings Bryan and Cordell Hull — or he has been a high civil servant like Lansing. In such times, when the White House has been the real foreign ministry, the President has usually employed special agents for the really delicate negotiations. The best known of these are of course Col. House and Harry Hopkins. But both Wilson and Roosevelt employed many other special agents who operated outside the foreign service and the Department of State.

The situation under Eisenhower is quite differnt from any that has gone before. Although we are not at war, the world situation is profoundly unsettled, and U. S. foreign policy in the critical areas of Europe, Asia and Africa is having to be reappraised, replanned, and refashioned. According to the precedents of our history, this would be a time when foreign policy would be made and directed by the President.

President Judge

But Gen. Eisenhower is not that kind of President. It is fair to say, I think, that except in the recent emergency when Mr. Dulles was ill, the President does not make and conduct foreign policy. What he does is to judge and to choose among alternatives that are brought to him by his staff officers. This would mean that the responsibility for initiating, for making, for building up policies would fall upon the secretary of state.

But the fact is that Mr. Dulles has a peculiar conception of his office. It is one which requires him not only to make and direct foreign policy but also in the big matters to administer it personally. This has meant his being away from his office so much of the time that it has been impossible for him to be in intimate touch with the conduct of foreign policy.

Thus, there is no one in Washington who has high authority and devotes all his time to the making of foreign policy. Yet foreign policy cannot be made by the under secretary of state, conferring with, let us say the secretary of the treasury and the secretary of defense. Under our system of government, the essential business of making high foreign policy cannot be delegated successfully beyond the secretary of state, and in time of great crisis it cannot be delegated at all.

The President's way of working being what it is, he needs closely and continually at hand a secretary of state, who, in effect, is another self. Without that, the responsibility for making foreign policy gets pushed off and chewed up in a complicated bureaucratic machine.

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The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

BEING GOOD

This being good is dreary stuff.
I'm tired trying to be polite.
Of "thank you's!" I have said enough.
Right now I could enjoy a fight.
I've gone to bed when I've been told,
I've put my books upon a shelf,
For Christmas I've been good as gold;
Next week, I'll start to be myself.

All errands willingly I've run,
I've brought his slippers down for dad,
Some bits of housework I have done.
I want to start in being bad.
About the house I want to shout.
I've eaten spinach when I should,
'Fore Christmas came I raced about,
But now I'm tired of being good.

There's fun in making too much noise;
I don't mind dirty face and hands.
But what delights her little boys
No mother ever understands.
I've answered promptly every call,
I've gladly helped whene'er I could,
But I've grown weary after all.
I want to stop this being good.

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THE TESTS

From selfishness and pomp and pride
A brave man has to turn aside,
Endure life's various pains and aches
And laugh at blunders that he makes.

The Lord knew babies all would cry,
And when grown older, frown and sigh.
He knew, beyond the slightest doubt,
That some of us would sit and pout.

He wants us brave; He wants us strong.
And wise enough to scorn the wrong.
He sent us down to live on earth
To face the tests and prove our worth.

CITY LIFE

Ask for silence; few will hear.
Barking dogs will gather near,
Droning seems to fill the sky
As the planes go speeding by;
Truck gears clash, as oft they will,
City life is never still.

Motor horns sound night and day,
Fire truck sirens clear the way
Followed shortly by police;
Bells and sirens never cease.
Here's a truth, though not profound:
City life is full of sound.

World wide little girls and boys
Gayly make a lot of noise.
The incessant sounds of strife
Seem to be a part of life.
Brave the clamor year by year;
You're alive if you can hear.

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Factographs

San Francisco's Union Square, a manicured garden with green shrubs, flower beds and tropical palms, covers an underground, four-story parking garage that handles more than 3,000 cars during an average day. Attendants, like firemen, use metal poles for a quick slide between parking levels.

The Greeks and Romans used various types of safety pins. Walter Hunt, a New York Quaker, was the first one to make a modern safety pin, in 1849.

The practice of filling teeth is believed to have been traced back to about 900 A.D.

The first railroad to get a land grant from the United States was the Mobile and Ohio Co.

George Washington laid the cornerstone of the White House in October, 1792.

Ostriches grow a new crop of feathers every nine months.

Horoscope

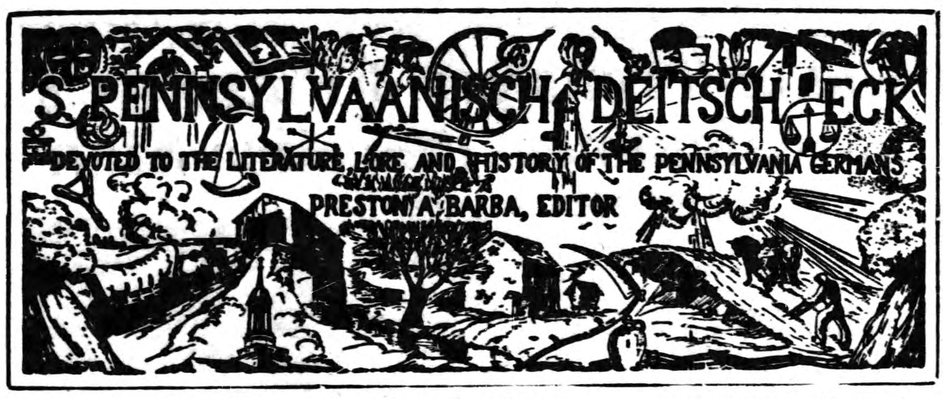
Do not be extravagant in your next year, or try to get rich quickly. A year of steady effort should bring you success and happiness. Today's child is likely to become a natural leader of others.

Today's Text

DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 2:21-24.

The name Jesus is the Greek form of the Hebrew name, Joshua. It is important, if we wish to understand Acts 7:45 and Hebrews 4:8, to know this, for in these two verses of the King James version, Jesus refers to Joshua, the successor of Moses. "Jesus" means Savior, and in Matthew 1:21, the angel of the Lord tells Joseph that Mary, who was engaged to him, should, as a virgin, have a son, to whom he was to assign the name Jesus, "for he shall SAVE his people from their sins." The same root of the Hebrew word for salvation is found in such words as Jehoshua, Joshua, Jeshua, Oshea, Hoshea, Hosea, Hosanna, etc., but we are so accustomed to the name Jesus, that it has become the outstanding name in history. At 40 days of His age, Mary and Joseph took the child to the Temple in Jerusalem for the purification ceremony of the mother, which meant that she was to bring a lamb or a pair of pigeons or of turtle-doves, according to her ability (Leviticus 12:18). She brought the latter, being perhaps unable to afford a lamb. But did she not bring a Lamb to the Temple in the person of her Son! An interesting incident follows (vs.25-35).



THE GREAT FLOOD

It may be that the oldest of our old residents remember hearing their grandparents tell of the great freshets of the Lehigh River in the years 1841 and 1862, descriptions of which were published in the then widely read German newspaper, the Allentown **Friedensbote.** But the flood whose terrors and devastations continued to be told and retold by the inhabitants of the Lehigh Valley through the following century occurred way back in the year 1786.

We have gleaned the following data from that valuable little German chronicle of local history **Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale,** a collection of reports about the first white settlers in this region. These reports were originally published in the **Friedensbote** and later gathered and published in book form by Ben Trexler under the imprint of Trexler and Haertzell, 1880-86, Allentown, Pa.

In 1785 the family of Colonel Jacob Weiss had removed from Philadelphia to Fort Allen and in time founded what is now known as Weissport. Many years later, in 1844, the aged Widow Weiss and her son Francis gave a report which later appeared in I. Daniel Rupp's **History of Five Counties** and which in substance is as follows:

In the night of October 6, 1786, between 10 and 12 o'clock the Weiss family were wakened from their sleep by somebody shouting "We are all surrounded." Their first thought was that they were being attacked by Indians, but they soon discovered that they were completely surrounded by water. The Lehigh had suddenly risen so high that the entire area around Fort Allen was inundated. In order to find rescue they were obliged to leave their house. But first they drove the sheep into the house and up the stairs to the attic. The other heads of cattle had found place on nearby hills.

The aged Mrs. Robinson, the mother of Mrs. Weiss, and the children were put on a wagon and taken to a higher spot nearby. Mrs. Weiss took place behind her husband on horseback, but soon had to dismount because the horse could not possibly make headway through the mud with the double burden. Several men then carried Mrs. Weiss to a hilltop in an armchair, east of the present-day canal. All this took place between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. About the same time the house of a Mr. Tippy, together with his wife and children, was swept away by the flood. Each parent was holding a child by the hand when the Tippy house struck a tree and was dashed to pieces. Both children were drowned. The parents clung to the branches of the tree, from where they were rescued by a Mr. Mullen who brought them to dry land in a boat. It was through this incident in the flood that it came to be known in after years as Tippy's freshet. It remained a frequent topic of conversation for generations. About a century later a certain J. W. Andreas, writing from Berlinsville, Pa., sent the following reminiscences in a letter addressed to the **Friedens-bote.** We translate from the German:

"As long as the Lehigh flows through the Gap in the Blue Mountain, the story of the night of October 6, 1786 A.D. will remain in the memory of man. Whenever I look, to this day, at the mark at the top of the little door of our old house clock, denoting how deeply the clock stood in the water, I am reminded of that night of terror.

My grandfather, to whom this clock belonged, was at that time living in the only house in the Lehigh Gap. At a late hour that evening two fishermen got out of their boat, at the place where Walnutport now stands and slowly turned their steps homeward. In those days neither the horn of the bootman on the canal nor the steam whistle of the locomotive broke the deep silence of the Lehigh Valley. Nothing was heard but the murmuring waters of the mountain stream. The night was dark. Black clouds towered high against the western horizon. Now and then a faint streak of lightning rent the blackness, followed by muffled peal of thunder. But out of this formation grew a storm which seized the entire region with terror.

It was during this fateful night that Fort Allen was inundated and that a voice wakened the family of Colonel Weiss, shouting: "We are all surrounded!" It was that terrible night in which Tippy's house, standing near Fort Allen was torn away. Both parents barely saved themselves on trees while both their children were drowned. That is how we came to speak of "Tippy's Freshet."

I mention once more the old clock of my grandfather Jacob Andreas, which, if it could speak, would have much to tell. There is no date on the clock, but we know that it existed long before the flood in 1786. On the face of the lock with its thirteen stars is the name of the maker: Joseph Geiger, Whitehall. The clock ticks off the hours and the minutes as well as ever, and if it goes on ticking until the 6th of October of this year 1886, it will have struck 5,694,000 times since that terrible night of Tippy's Freshet a century ago. — Thus wrote J. W. Andreas in his letter addressed to the **Friedens-bote** from Berlinsville, Pa.

NEIE RESOLUSHIONS

Ich hab schunn weil zerick gedenkt
Wann's Nei Yaahr widder kummt,
Fang ich en Resolushon aa
Un schaff yuscht siwwe Schtund;
Die Bauerei watt noh geronnt
Der systematic Weg,
Accordin' zu de letschte rules
Un alles uff zu date.
Vum Haus graad uff die Scheier zu
Un darrich alle Feld
Bau ich en drolley-weg datt hie
Un faahr rum dass es gnellt.
En automobile sulky Blug,
Der macht mei Sume naus;
Ich telefon graad wie ich's will
Bei telegraf vum Haus.
Ich grick mer hammocks fer die Kieh,
Un fly-nets fer die Sei,
Un bin am Schimmel-gaul sel Schwans
En Haarband, meiner drei!
Un wann die Polly melke geht
Frieh in der Maryeschtund,
Attached sie yuscht zu yeder Kuh
En laermich Maryeschdick.
Die Haahne warre all getreent
So yeders legt sei Oi,
Noh wann die Glucke briehich sin
Gebt's ennihau custard-boi;
En Gsangbuch fer die Gens dernoh,
Sell iss yuscht was ich grick,
So bei der lane ruff singe sie
En laermich Maryeschdick.
Ich mach die Scheier different,
Mit Portsche gans drum rum,
En Schtiepel druff mit Uhre drin
Ass schlagge alle Schtund.
Un do am Haus electric lights
Ass em schier gaar verblennt,
Vun selle duhn ich blendi nei,
Un Haschkepp an die Wend.
Ich schick der Jecky noch der Schul
Fer exerseise datt,
Mit so imbrufments do deheem
Watt er zu faul un matt.
Noh hock ich do im Schockelstuhl,
Wie lang? Ich weess net. Well,
Ich figger gaar net uff Eckschpens,
Mei creditors duhn sell.
Ich weess net wie, 's iss als der Fall,
Der alt Weg iss der bescht;
'S kann sei mei Resolushon macht
Verleicht mich endlich fescht;
Doch wann des Ding net schaffe will
Un alles geht zum Dreck,
Bau ich en mechtich battleschiff
Un hol der Schrief eweck.

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

FOLK FESTIVALS IN THE OLDEN DAYS

What a pity that our early German newspapers of this area have left us so little descriptive matter pertaining to our early markets, fairs and festivals. Our imagination must supply the color and the gayety that is only dimly denoted in the following advertisements which have been translated from the German.

(In the German newspaper **Der Friedens-Bote** (Allentown, Pa.) for August 14, 1821).

The Fair in Tripoli

On Friday and Saturday, that is the last day of August and the first of next September, a great and remarkable fair will be held at the tavern of the Undersigned in the village of New Tripoli, in Lynn Township, Lehigh County, to which all Hiester and Findlay people (political followers.—Ed.) are herewith invited. All possible arrangements for the cheer and enjoyment of the visitors have already been made. At the close of the festivities a gigantic balloon will be released, on which all our lively guests can fly home, if they so desire.

(Signed) SAMUEL ELY

(In the **Friedens-Bote** for August 23, 1822)

The Trexlertown Fair

The Undersigned herewith informs the public that on Friday, the 30th day of August an annual market or fair will be held in Trexlertown, Macungie Township, Lehigh County. Musicians, merchants and market tenders are invited to attend this festive occasion; and all other persons who wish to buy cheaply or to enjoy themselves in a decent manner, can depend upon it, that nothing that is dry or wet, sweet or sour, shall be wanting to cheer even the most down-hearted. The Whitehall-Music-Band will definitely be there to heighten our joy through their music. We also expect the Bethlehem Military Music-Band to be there.

(Signed) LUCAS TREXLER

(In the **Friedens-Bote** for September 15, 1826)

THE LEHIGH COUNTY FAIR

On Thursday and Friday, the 5th and the 6th of October a fair will again be held in Allentown. Everybody who can and wishes to enjoy himself in this manner is invited to attend. There will be no lack of all kinds of entertainment and heart - strengtheners(!), concerning which the handbills will give details. Also the famous Colonel Pluck is to be invited to attend this fair in full uniform and to exhibit his military skill.

(In the **Friedens-Bote** for August 20, 1835)

The Annual Fair in Millerstown

On Saturday, August 29, next, a fair will be held in Millerstown, Macungie Township. Everybody, old and young, far and near, are kindly invited to participate in the merriment. — The hosts will provide good eating, sweet drinking and pleasant music.

Wendell Kitzmiller and Sam Shnitzler Talk about Holidays

"Ich contend, Sam, dass mer meh Feierdaagge hawwe sodde," hawwich zum Shnitzler gsaat, wie mir heem sin vun der sexmol-die-Woch meetin ans Haffemoyers 'm letschte Freidaag Owed. "Ich contend, wann mer meh Feierdaagge hedde, dann waer die Aerwet blendi-er fer die Schaffleit. Nau datt iss der Neiyaahrs-daag, un der Washingtons Birsday, un Oschder un Pingscht-Mundaag, un noh kummt der Decoration Daag un der Arbor Daag, un dernoh der Viert Tschulei un der Labor Daag un der Sanksgivin un die Grischtdaagge — der Aerscht un der Zwett — un die Samschdaag - nammidaagge fer die aareme Benkleit, awwer sell sin noch net genunk.

"Wie waer's," hot der Sam so schpettisch neigeblaftst, "wann mer en rechter Feierdaag mache deet uff der anniversary vum Feier im Capitol in Harrisbaerrig un deet 'n der "gang" daag heesse!"

"O, well, du schpottscht yuscht nau, Sam," hawwich gsaat. "Awwer ich glaab, ass 's patriotic waer fer about zwee exdraa-i Feierdaagge alli Woch zu mache!"

"Wendell, ich bin bang, du wascht alle Daag narrischer. 'S sin alleweil schunn viel zu viel Feierdaagge, un alles was sie duhn, sie mache's yuscht unhendicher fer 'n ehrlicher schafficher Mann zu seinere Gschefte zu tende wie er sott."

Mei Daadi hot als gsaat wie er yung waar, hette sie sex Daag in re Woch gschafft un der siwwet hette sie gerugt odder waere in die Kaerrich gange, awwer heitichdaags wolle die Leit ee Daag schaffe un sex Daag Feierdaag halte in re Woch!"

"'s iss en Satt Unruh in de Leit. Wann sie net 'n Feierdaag hen, dann sin sie net zefridde, un sie zeehle die Daagge un die Schtunde bis dass widder en Feierdaag kummt fer en excuse ass sie fatt kenne vun heem. Ihre eenzichi Rugzeit iss en Unruhzeit — en Feierdaag — Sie fiehle sich net deheem, ass wann sie fatt sin, un sie kumme mir vor ass wie en verhext Kind wu sei Ruh genumme hot grickt. Ihre gans Lewe, Woch ei un Woch aus, iss bsuche geh, un ihre Heemet iss yuscht en Satt vumme schtopping-blatz wu mer sich so gschwind wie fatt schafft ass wie meeglich."

"Wann sie net an re picnic sin, dann sin sie amme Grischdaags - fescht odder an re Eiweihing, odder amme Eckschtee-leegge. Sie wisse wann die Dinge vorfalle. Wann sunscht ken Geddering iss, dann gehne sie an en Leicht, wann eeni zu finne iss uff zehe Meil naegscht."

"Fer e deel iss en Leicht yuscht so gut ass en picnic. Fer e Deel iss es iewen besser, fer datt eckschpeckte sie Kaffi un Siesskuche un en fust rate Esse!"

"Sie singe 's alt Lied ihre eegner Weg: "Dere 's no blace like home — to get away from! — Un wann sie deheem bleiwe misste, dann waere sie unzefridde un deede fiehle ass wie der alt Tschorsch Metzger, wann er en Daag kee Tschawduwack ghatt hot!"

"Ich saag nix geegge Feierdaagge awwer drei in re Woch sin zu viel, un was zu viel iss, des iss in der Bodde nei zu viel. Mir hen genunk," saag ich. "Der Mann wu uffschteht in der Semly odder im Congress fer noch meh zu mache, den sott der Schlag dreffe! Sell iss verleicht wennich rough gschwetzt, awwer ich meen alle Watt! Der Sache gans gut verschtanne, alt Moses mit seim siwwete Daag als en Rugdaag, hot die un wie er's gemacht hot, loss es Bleiwe!"

"Wann die Leit meh deheem bleiwe deede, wear's besser fer sie. Sie hette schier immer Aerwet zu duh in ihrem Haus, im Gaarde, odder uff der Bauerei, wann sie 's yuscht wisste. Un wann sie deheem bleiwe deede, dann deede sie aa ken Grankheet heem schleefe, ass wie sie oft duhne. Der Mumps, die Raedle, der Bloohuschte, 's Schallach-fiewer un der Kretz iss schunn e mannich Mol heem gschleeft warre vun re Karrebetlumpe party, vumme Grischdaagsfescht un darrich's unneedich Bsuche geh!"

"Sam," hawwich gsaat, "du bischt nix ass wie yuscht graad en dummer alter fogy un wann du mol an dei eegni Leicht gehscht, dann sin dei Nochbere un dei Familye viel besser ab ass wie so! Du bischt net patriotic, net fer drei Cent waut, odder du waerscht in favor fer meh Feierdaagge. Wann du en Funke vum echte, waahre jingo patriotism inside deinere zaehe runsliche Haut hettscht, dann waerscht du fer ennihau noch ee Feierdaag meh zu mache, un sell iss flag-daag.

Un noch eens. Ich denk es dutt's niemand deneie, dass noch en halb Dutzend odder so meh Feierdaagge waer 'n bully gut Ding fer Weeze zu baue un Grumbeere zu reesse!"

Wendell Kitzmiller, pen-name of Dr. Ezra Grumbine (1845-1923), who, in his day schoolteacher, banker and physician, is best remembered for his dialect writings both in prose and verse. He endeared himself to a wider public during the last 15 years of his life as the Hon. Wendell Kitzmiller, columnist first for the LEBANON REPORT and later for the LEBANON DAILY and SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Alles was das Herz vergnuegt,
Das wird dann stattfinden;
Tschin und Brandy, Wein und Bier
Haben die Wirth' zum Trinken.